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VOL. XLVII.

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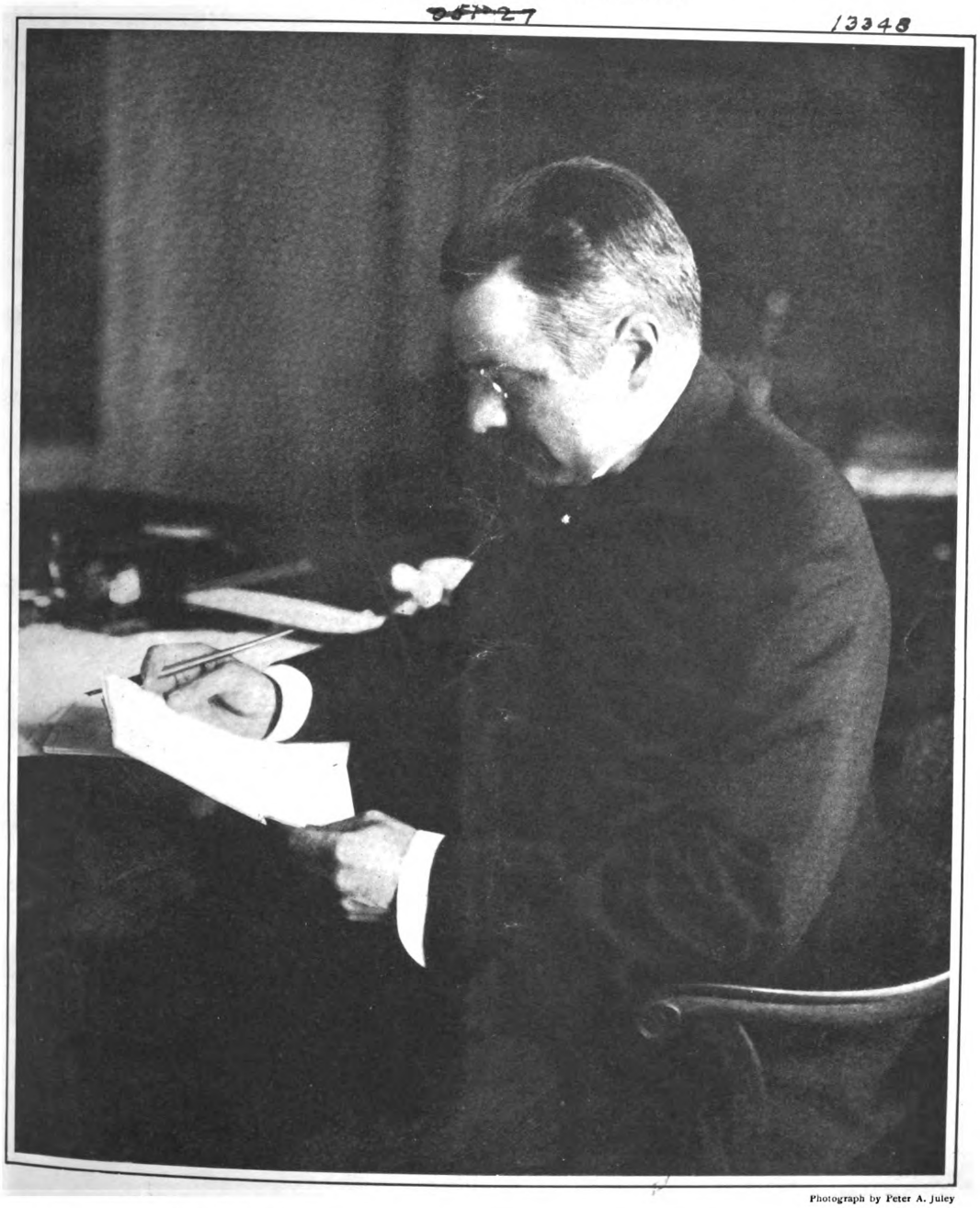
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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXI.—GEORGE B. CORTELYOU, *AET. 40*

See page 20—Editorial Section

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Aspects of the Monroe Doctrine in Venezuela

EXACTLY a century ago James Monroe was with Livingstone in Paris negotiating with the representatives of Napoleon for the scant privilege of depositing merchandise at the mouth of the Mississippi for reshipment, or, at best, for the purchase of a mere strip along the river, which was then practically closed to our commerce. The negotiations ended unexpectedly, before the end of the year 1803, by the proposal of the sale of the entire Louisiana Territory to the United States. This was the first premise of the Monroe doctrine, which it is not so generally remembered Monroe had himself a part in establishing. Livingstone wrote: "From this day the United States take their place among the powers of first rank; the English lose all exclusive influence in the affairs of America." The second premise was established to our own satisfaction in the administration of Monroe as President; and the conclusion seems now to be generally accepted by European powers. A century begun with the purchase of Louisiana has ended with England, Germany, and Italy praying the arbitration of the United States in the peaceful settlement of their quarrel with a small South-American state. A few years ago arbitration was asked by one of these under a certain compulsion; now it is voluntarily solicited by all. It is an enviable tribute to American diplomacy.

By what motives the powers were actuated in this request it were ungracious to ask. If self-interest were alone the motive, it would still be as encouraging as if the step were taken for purely altruistic reasons (something not to be imagined). What is of importance is that European nations, from whatever domestic motive, have been constrained, both by the position of the United States in this hemisphere and by the integrity and sanity of her diplomacy, to entrust to her Chief Magistrate the adjudication of their claims. This is not in itself a formal recognition of the Monroe doctrine, but it would seem to give added color to a policy of acquiescence in our position. Perhaps it has only forestalled an immediate and final settlement of the question; but it is more reasonable to believe that there is no serious disposition on the part of the European nations to begin the forcible partition of another continent.

It is true that Germany and Italy have had little extra-European territory to satisfy their earth hunger. They have had to be content with the crumbs which have fallen from the feasting of England, France, and Russia upon Africa, Asia, and the islands of the seas. Their eyes have naturally been following the streams of emigration to South America, and have no doubt looked enviously upon the unoccupied or undeveloped parts of that continent. It is easy to believe that under the direct and responsible guidance of these and other European peoples South America would more rapidly develop; it is a question, however, if, under such protection as this doctrine affords, the backward, turbulent people which now control the continent, are not ultimately to work out a better destiny, not only for themselves, but for the world at large.



Lord Lansdowne
British Minister of Foreign Affairs

Colonel John Hay
United States Secretary of State

Count von Bulow
Chancellor of the German Empire

The Three Ministers having the Venezuela Episode in Charge

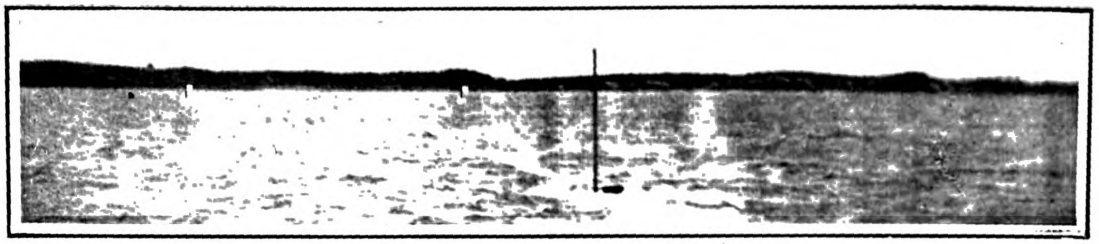
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THE FIRST STATE DINNER OF THE SEASON IN THE NEW WHITE HOUSE

On December 18 President and Mrs. Roosevelt entertained seventy people at dinner in the newly renovated state dining-room in the White House. All the lower floor of the mansion, with the exception of the Blue Room, is now completed, and after the dinner the distinguished guests went through the rooms, admiring the beautiful renovations in the old house

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Official Trial of "Moccasin"
Discharging a torpedo at target 150 feet long representing the vitals of a battle-ship

Progress Under the Sea

THE recent official trials of the *Adder* and *Moccasin*, the two submarine torpedo-boats which have just been added to our navy list, pronounce the doom of the surface torpedo-boat. In the history of warfare there has always been some method or weapon designed to weaken the enemy's power of resistance by making him morally afraid. This factor has of late years been supplied by the surface torpedo-boat, which has performed the same office for the modern navies as, for example, the painted dragons and the beating of tom-toms for the Chinese; and they have proved equally valuable. When the passing of each naval engagement found the results from the torpedo-boat to be *nil*, its much-vaunted moral effect naturally decreased, and there remained only some such incidents as the recent performances of the new submarines to give it its *coup de grace*. The fact that these boats have not only met the severe specifications of the Navy Department, with a handsome margin to spare, but that they have revealed a reliability hitherto unsuspected, has won over the doubting naval experts who know that a weapon, to be permanently useful, must produce some result more tangible than mere moral effect.

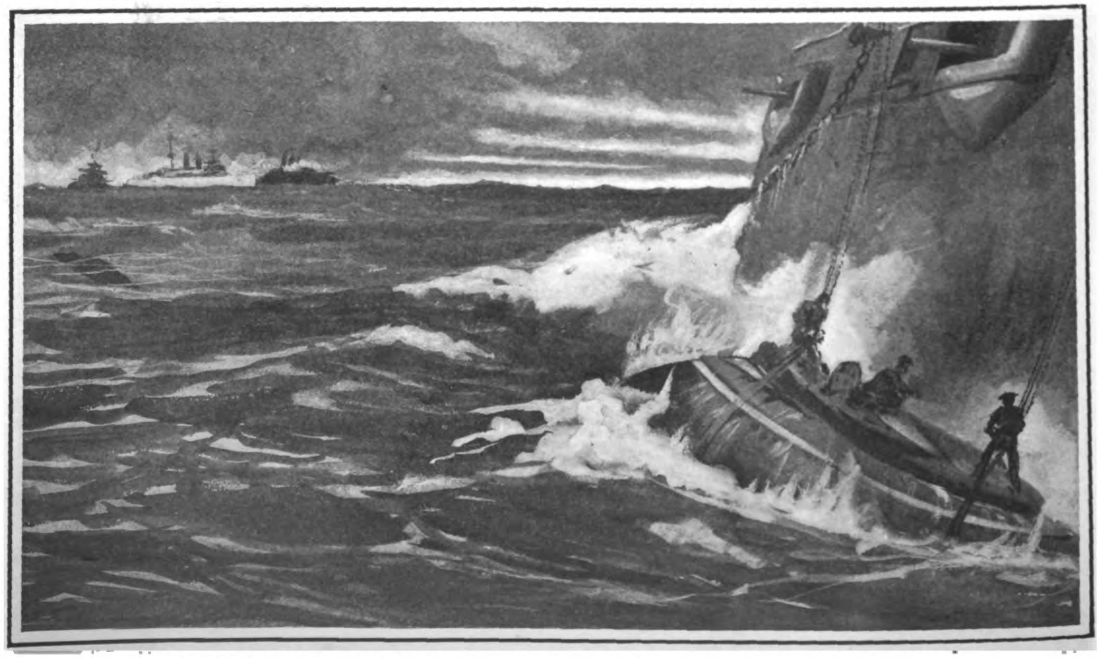
The one feature of the recent trials which impressed itself most strongly upon those present was the ability of the boat to maintain an accurate course when completely submerged.

A comparison of the official trial of the *Moccasin* with the requirements of the contract will demonstrate how well it was fulfilled. The programme for the speed and torpedo trials provided for a run of two miles under water, with a turn, the boat to rise at the conclusion of the run, and discharge her torpedo at a submerged target 150 feet long, representing that portion of a battle-ship containing her vitals and protected by the heaviest armor, the ends of the target being indicated by flags. During the run, required to be made at an average speed of seven knots, the boat was allowed to rise, to take observations, three times, but the interval of visibility could not exceed one minute. The Board of Inspection and Survey reported to the Secretary of the Navy that, after the *Moccasin* made her first dive, she steered a straight course midway between the flags marking the course, and at the end of the mile made a complete circle about the third pair of flags, and then headed toward the range flags denoting the target. Instead of being visible for one minute each time she rose, as allowed by contract, she was visible the first time thirty-five seconds; the second time, thirty seconds; and the third time, when she emerged to aim her torpedo, only thirty-five seconds. The Board states that during the run the vessel maintained a course at right angles to the target and midway between the range flags, and that her torpedo was discharged "*approximately toward the middle of the space between the target flags, the heading of the vessel being approximately normal to the target, so that an accurately regulated torpedo should have struck the middle of the target.* The torpedo, however, sheered sharply to the left, the trajectory being a well-defined curve, and passed about fifty feet to the left of the left flag indicating the target." It was, therefore, not the *Moccasin's* fault that she did not make a bull's-eye.

These results place the United States far in the lead of other nations in the development of submarine warfare. Although several other nations have from time to time conducted desultory experiments, our only serious rival in this field has been France, who now has either in service or under construction forty-four boats. But despite the great public interest displayed in the subject throughout France, and the inducements offered in the shape of prizes by the government, the inferiority of the French boats, as compared with the American, is marked.

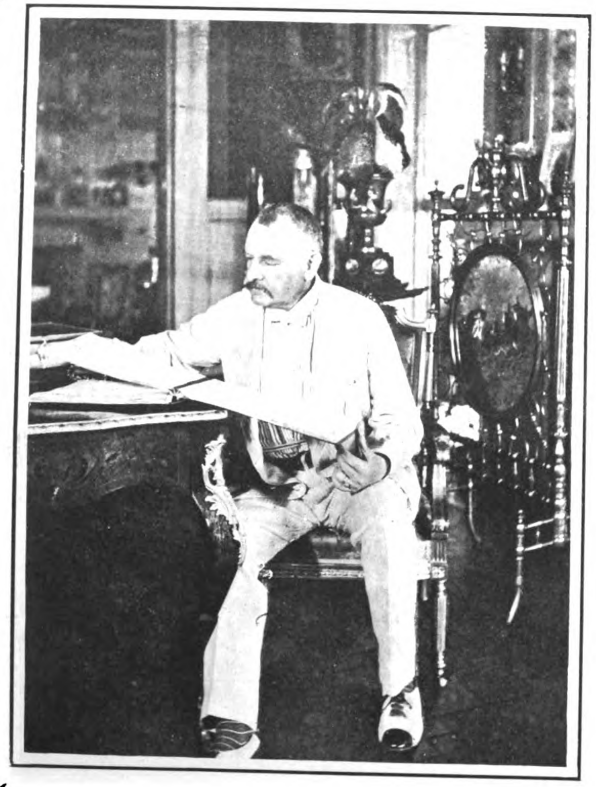
England is not considered our rival in the contest for the most successful design, for the reason that she has accepted the American theories governing the construction, and has adopted the Holland type invented by Mr. J. P. Holland. Six boats have recently been finished for the English government, and five more are under construction at the works of Vickers' Sons & Maxim, the company owning the English patents.

The distinct advantage possessed by this design over the French consists of the ability to manœuvre more quickly. As these vessels cannot always hope to approach their prey wholly undetected, and as they must frequently rise for observation, a short interval of visibility is essential to safety from gun fire.



New Method of lowering the new Submarine Boats from Battle-ship in actual Warfare

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Baron Hengenmuller
Austrian Ambassador to the United States



Baroness Hengenmuller and her Child

THE NEW AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR AND HIS FAMILY

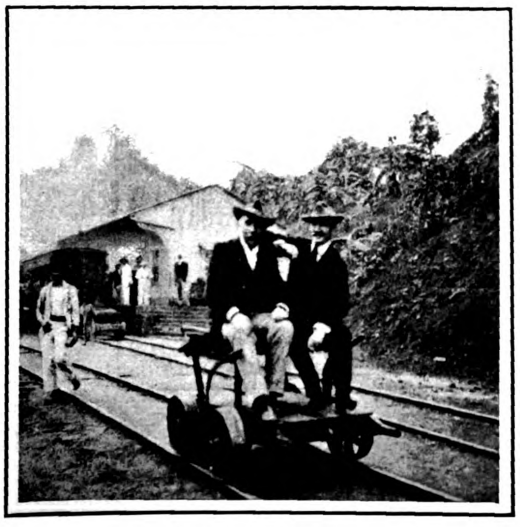
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The Man of the Hour in Venezuela

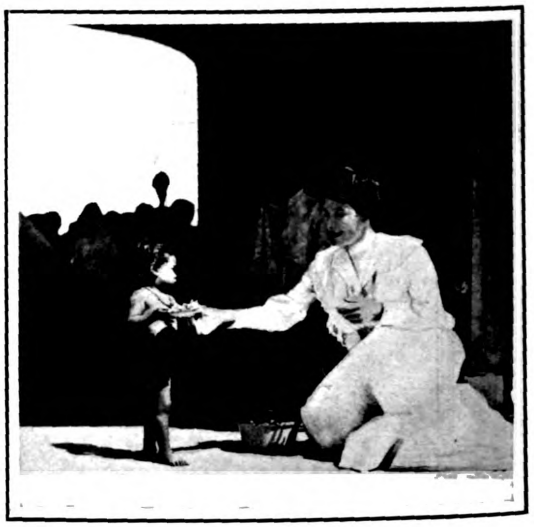
HERBERT WOLCOTT BOWEN, the United States minister to Venezuela, who is receiving such high praise in England, Germany, Venezuela, and the United States for his diplomatic course during the past few weeks, has been continuously in the service of the State Department for twelve years. Beginning as consul, he has risen through every grade in the service up to his present rank of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary; and every President except Roosevelt has promoted him. He has served as consul and consul-general at Barcelona, Spain; minister resident and consul-general and envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Persia; and now as minister to Venezuela. In 1896, when the agitation in Spain against the United States began to assume unpleasant proportions, Mr. Bowen was considered by the Barcelona police authorities to be in constant danger of assassination, such was the feeling against this country and all her representatives. During this period nineteen mobs appeared before the consulate, and on several occasions Mr. Bowen faced them at the risk of his life. On the day after the declaration of war he was escorted over the frontier on a train guarded by soldiers, being the last American official, if not the last American citizen, to leave Spain. At Venezuela, Mr. Bowen has had a peculiarly trying time. During most of his term the revolution of General Matos against President Castro has been in progress, but he has kept on such good terms with the Venezuelan President that now the latter seems to seek his advice on all matters of state, as though he were the very Venezuelan Minister of Foreign Affairs. It speaks well for Mr. Bowen's fitness for a diplomatic office, that England, Germany, Holland, Italy, the United States, and Venezuela are all gratified with the services he has rendered to each. Mr. Bowen is now in the prime of his powers. The son of the late Henry C. Bowen, editor and proprietor of *The Independent*, he was born forty-six years ago in Brooklyn, New York. He received his education in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and at Yale University, where William H. Taft, now Governor of the Philippines, and William H. Hunt, now Governor of Porto Rico, were among his classmates. He was also graduated later at the Columbia Law School with the degree of LL.B. *cum laude*. Although Mr. Bowen practised law only a few years before entering upon his diplomatic career, he has always kept up his interest in legal matters, and while he was at Barcelona wrote a short manual on "International Law," which has received considerable praise both her and abroad. He is also an accomplished linguist, speaking and reading, besides his native tongue, Spanish, French, German, Italian, and Persian. In the present connection Mr. Russel, the able secretary of the American Legation at Caracas, should not be forgotten. To no small degree has he contributed to Mr. Bowen's recent successes. He is now in charge of the British Legation, which Mr. Bowen has reopened under the Stars and Stripes, in order that all the foreign subjects who have sought refuge with him may be comfortably and safely housed. During the past summer, when the revolution had brought so many Venezuelans to the verge of starvation, Mr. Russel and Mr. Bowen rendered timely aid to the poor of Caracas with food and other necessities. In many cases this aid was distributed to the poor,who came in crowds to the door of the Legation.



Herbert Wolcott Bowen
United States Minister to Venezuela

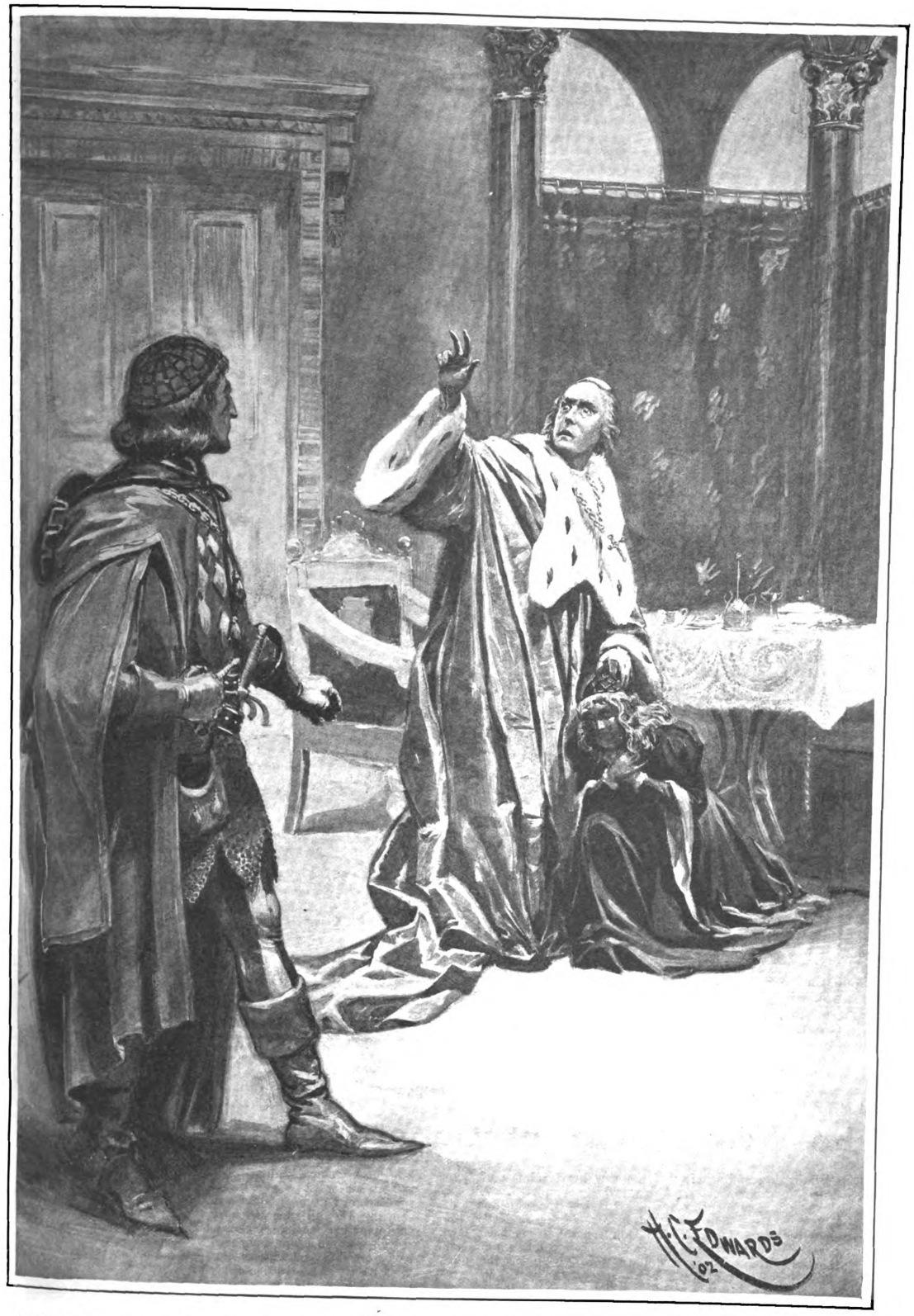


William W. Russel
The Secretary of the American Legation, formerly Chargé d'Affaires at Caracas



Mrs. Bowen giving Food to the Poor at the Door of the American Legation at Caracas

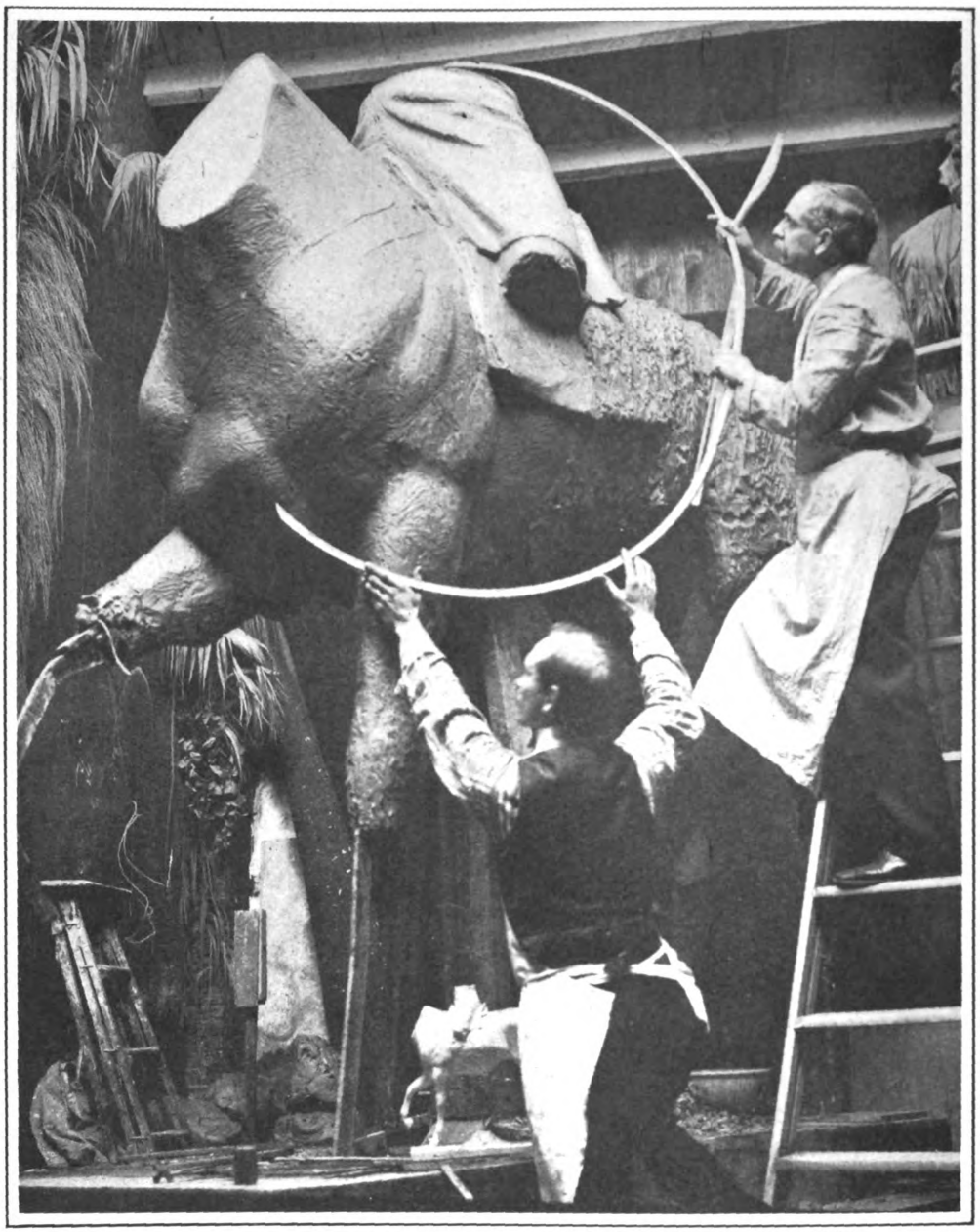
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MR. E. S. WILLARD'S PRESENTATION OF THE PLAY "THE CARDINAL"

Act III.—The "Cardinal Giovanni de Medici" (Mr. Willard) refuses to let "Filberta" (Miss Fealy) sacrifice herself to "Strozzi" (Mr. Roe). "Filberta," who is the fiancee of the Cardinal's brother, agrees to marry "Strozzi" to save her lover's life; but at the last moment the Cardinal saves her, and thus condemns his own brother

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Mr. Kelly

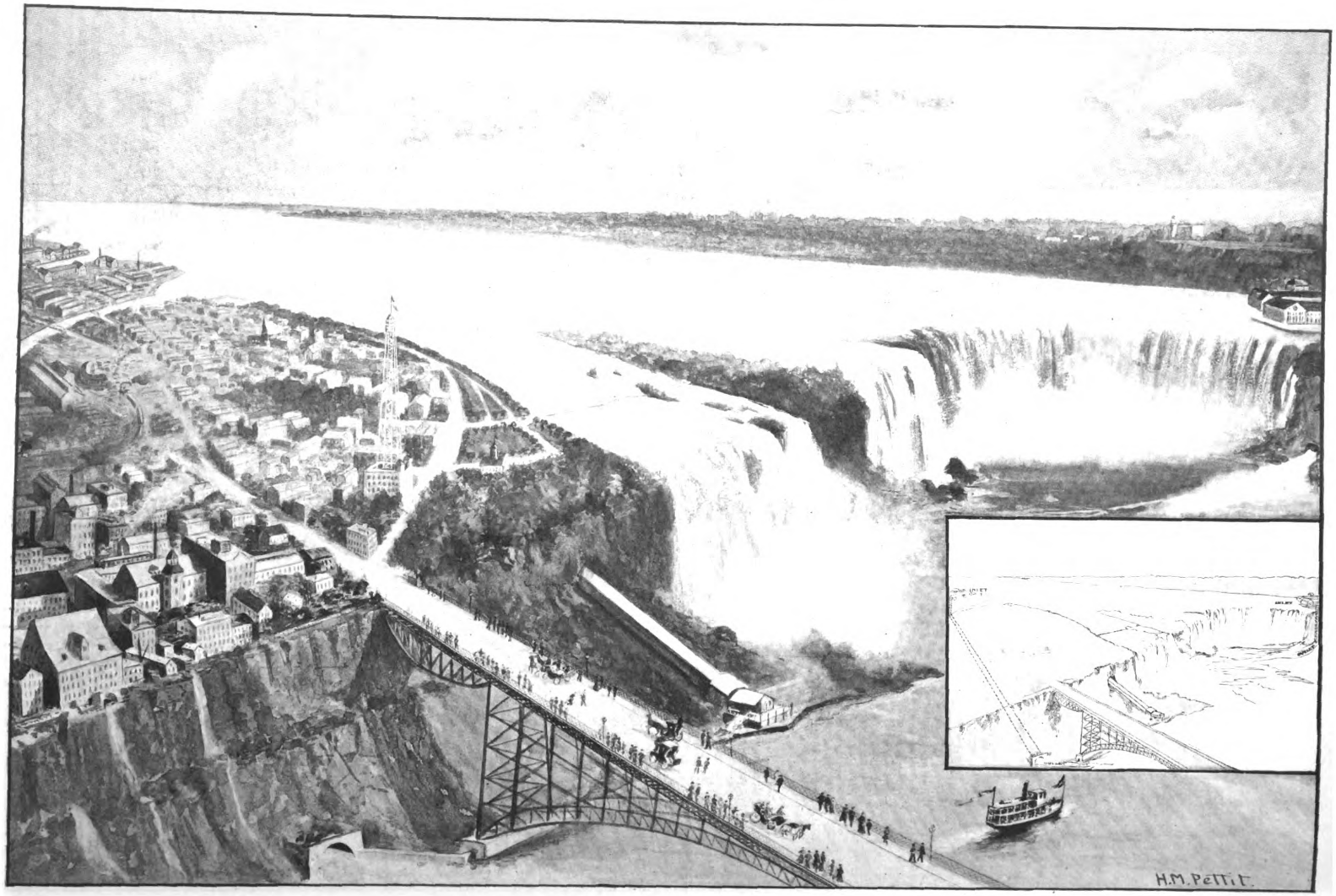
Blocking out the Horse in Clay

Mr. James E. Kelly at work on his heroic equestrian statue of General Fitz-John Porter, to be placed in Haymarket Square, Portsmouth, New Hampshire

The New Statue of General Fitz-John Porter

THE designing and making of the new heroic statue of General Fitz-John Porter, which, when completed, will be placed in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the old home of General Porter, have been entrusted to Mr. James E. Kelly, the well-known sculptor, of New York. The proposal to erect a statue to General Porter was made by one of the general's admirers and friends. Thirty thousand dollars were given for the purpose. The choice of Mr. Kelly to carry out the work, in view not only of his prominent position in the art world to-day, but on account of his wide experience in this particular field, cannot be too highly approved. Beginning with the well-known statuette of "Sheridan's Ride," most of Mr. Kelly's work has been done through the inspiration of military subjects. Apart from the groups representing military scenes, like his "Call to Arms," and so on, Mr. Kelly has modelled busts or statuettes of many of the most famous civil-war commanders, as well as those of a great number of our modern military men of prominence. The field is in a sense one that he has made his own, and his success makes him most eminently qualified to carry out the present commission. In all his work where it has been a question of modelling an equestrian statue Mr. Kelly has accomplished the rare result of showing the alliance between the figures without subordinating the principal motive of character. In this case the sketch of the statue was made and approved by General Porter himself. Shortly before his last illness the general expressed the desire that Mr. Kelly, who had already modelled a bust of him, make the sketch of him in war-time. This was done, and the sketch as drawn was enthusiastically praised by the general. This sketch is the one that has been used in developing the finished design of the present statue. It is particularly fitting that the old home of the general should be chosen. It is the one place of all others where the statue should stand. Those who recall the bitterness in the army career of General Porter, especially his friends, will undoubtedly accept the placing of the statue in this place as the most thorough vindication possible in a material way of the career of one of our great national heroes.

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THE FUTURE OF NIAGARA

Few people begin to realize the possibilities of Niagara Falls in commerce even now after the power-house on the American side has proved its practical value. On the Canadian side another huge plant is under construction, and the chances seem to point to the erection of a series of plants along both banks of the river in the near future. This drawing represents both the American and Canadian plants, and on page 31 the reader will find an interesting article on the possibilities of the great falls

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Type of Descendant of Mound-Builders



The Andross Urn



Ojibway Family Group

Descendants of the Mound-Builders

MANY scientists have persisted in the belief, up to this time that the mound-builders, like the cliff-dwellers, were wiped out in remote times, either by natural causes or by superior tribes. The late Professor David Swing advanced the theory that their mounds were constructed in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys as refuges in times of flood. Others held that the higher mounds were watch-towers, because they often contained no remains. It remained for Mr. Harlan I. Smith, of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, to announce that the Ojibway, or Chippewa, Indians living in the Saginaw Valley of Michigan to-day, are manufacturing many of the same objects and have much of the same culture as he excavated from the mounds near which they are living, and are, therefore, the descendants of the mound-builders. Further, traditions of the Chippewas, he affirms, state that in early times another people, Sacs and Fox, had a great village at the junction of the Shiawasse and Tittabawasse rivers, that the neighboring tribes united in a war of extermination and destroyed many of the villagers, burying them in two large known conical mounds. The remainder escaped to Iowa, where their descendants still reside.



The Smith Expedition excavating a Mound

The exact location of these strangers leaves the Chippewas with a clear and ancient title, extending back through the remotest historic times. It is readily conceivable that, as times changed and the aborigines came in contact with the whites, their culture changed to meet the new conditions and to procure the necessaries of life. They abandoned many of their manufactures as such products became useless. The chert arrow-points, and the rude factories where they were forged as weapons, gave way to more modern arms secured by exchange. Pottery-making became extinct in the presence of cheap modern utensils of tin or iron, readily obtained. So, too, disappeared the spear of the savage, stone hammers, knives, hoes, drills, pipes, ornaments, and so on, before the advent of better materials of the whites. To-day these people gather wild rice in almost the same manner as their forefathers. To invade the marshes and convey the product inland, canoes are used, which are different in form and construction from those used by their ancestors. Pappooses are still carried on the back, but in baskets which the women now make after modern patterns. Women's clothes of cheap prints have replaced the skins of the chase; and the men have doffed the coon-skin to rise to the dignity of the "plug" hat of the white trash. Clay pipes have replaced the ornamented stone. Among ethnological discoveries, few have been more important than these of Harlan I. Smith. They clear away one of the great mysteries as to who the mound-builders were and what were they like. Their mounds, as is clear, from the human skeletons found, were graveyards, where warriors were laid with their arms ready for the happy hunting-grounds, and where the women were buried with their pottery and wares, ready to keep house in the better world. No doubt, when the mystery of the mounds of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys is cleared up, they will be found to have had a similar origin. The mound-building peoples found, with prophetic exactness, the best and most-favored spots in the regions where their crude civilization developed. The roads they built were of little importance. They made no great thoroughfares, because they did not require them, and because the great pioneers in road-building—the vast herds of buffalo, which were not known to them as they were to the Indians, their descendants—had not yet shown the way toward possible expansion and development. The broad paths broken through the forests, across the continent, and over the summits of the water-sheds by the buffalo herds, made possible the migration of the mound-building tribes, and the Chippewas of the Saginaw Valley in Michigan are the direct descendants of these migratory peoples. As has been conclusively shown by the discoveries of the American Museum, their civilization, apart from the natural changes of environment and of contact with new peoples and new conditions, is the same. The discovery throws new light upon a little-known race, and points the way to still more important researches into the history of early American peoples.



An old Industry Revived



Remains in a Mound Exhumed



Indian carrying Pappooses

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending January 3, 1903

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COMMENT

CONGRESS will be in session again on Monday next, after the holiday recess. With the exception of a few days devoted to eulogies on the late Senator McMillan and on some Representatives, the business of legislation can be carried on uninterruptedly for the space of two months. Last year at this time Congress had the year before it, and it actually worked for three months, accomplishing, however, nothing more than the passage of the general appropriation bills and some crude legislation for the Philippines,—for which there is now crying need of radical amendment, as its principal author, Mr. Lodge, admits. If the spirit of the last session prevail in this, we shall have the same fruitless outcome. At the same time, a new spirit certainly prevails, and it is clear, as we pointed out at the opening of the session, that Congress is evidently at the command of the President, except on the great issues, and there is no doubt he can have much from the House, the Republican Representatives feeling grateful to him for re-election, and he is stronger than he was in the Senate. The work of the session, therefore, begins briskly. The House of Representatives passed the Philippine tariff bill before the holiday recess. This bill reduces duties from 75 per cent. to 25 per cent. of the Dingley rates. The larger rate was established at the last session in obedience to the decision of the Supreme Court's decision in the insular cases. It is interesting to note that this year the Democratic minority has acted more rationally than did the Democratic Senators last winter. Then, the objection to the Foraker amendment, which granted a reduction of 50 instead of one of 25 per cent., was opposed by the Democrats, because they would have nothing but free trade for the islands.

In the Senate, the Committee on the Philippines has agreed to report a bill establishing the gold standard in the archipelago. Congress was urged to make this provision at the last session, but it found the subject difficult, and was therefore content to leave bad enough alone. The consequence is that the insular government lost $1,000,000 during the year on the depreciation of the Mexican dollar, and it is to be hoped that the action of the Senate committee foreshadows the result in the two Houses. The Cuban reciprocity treaty gives so many advantages to the American producer and manufacturer that the Senate promises a speedy ratification. It is indicative of the President's power over the House that it seems inclined not to insist upon its right to pass upon the treaty. As a matter of fact, the House is unanimously of the opinion that changes in taxation cannot be effected by a treaty to which the House has not assented. In order to save its face, and to gratify the President, who disputes its constitutional law, and is probably wrong in doing so, a suggestion is made that the House pass a bill providing for the same reductions of tariff duties on Cuban goods as are provided for in the treaty. The House has also passed a bill appropriating $500,000 to enforce the Sherman act. This was pure demagogy. At first Representative Bartlett, a Democrat, suggested $250,000, and Mr. Hepburn replied with an amendment making the sum $500,000. It was simply a bipartisan race to catch the popular favor which it is thought that the President won by his anti-trust speeches. On the whole, the President's leadership seems to hold on the subjects that are coming before Congress in which its members are not deeply interested, but the overshadowing question, that of trust regulation, remains. Senator Hoar has presented the title of a bill, and has vaguely outlined its provisions. As we have thought, the Senator is yet very far from going as far as the President desires to go, and it is clear, so far, that, amiable and even subservient as Congress is in its new relations with the President, the majority is not inclined to give him his head on the trust question, nor on the tariff, nor on the currency.

The protest of the small body of Gloucester fishermen has killed the Hay-Bond reciprocity treaty which promised a profitable commerce with Newfoundland—a notable proof that Congress is not to follow the President against the opposition of certain interests. Still more selfish is the action of the owners of coasting-vessels, who were aroused by Congressman McCall's suggestion that the navigation laws might be suspended for thirty days for the relief of the coal consumers of the Eastern States. The coastwise trade has certainly taken advantage of an opportunity for oppression. Freight charges on coal from New York to Boston have been made higher than the charges from Glasgow and Liverpool to New York. So harsh have been the conditions imposed by the New England vessel-owners that one coal-dealer in Salem, Massachusetts, found that his cargo from a coal port had cost him $3 50 a ton. In consequence, the people who are asking for coal, but who cannot afford to enrich the water carriers in a single season, are behind Mr. McCall's request for a short suspension of the navigation laws which exclude foreign vessels from our coasting trade. The idea is to increase the competition in the carrying trade for the purpose not only of bringing down freight, but of increasing the supply of coal in the New England ports. To this benevolent movement the vessel-owners object. They want to keep the victim for their own particular plucking. They see an opportunity for coining the distress of others into money, and they insist that Congress shall leave them their pound of flesh. The worst of it is that Congress seems inclined to accede. The fundamental morality of the doctrine of protection and commercialism is that profit is the most sacred thing in the world, and that no business interest must be touched for the saving of life or for the betterment of the soul.

The case submitted for the United Mine Workers to the Anthracite Coal Strike Arbitration sitting in Scranton was not completed quite so quickly as was expected at the time

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when our last number went to press. Before the commission took a recess, however, and adjourned to Tuesday, January 6, it had time to hear considerable evidence from the non-union workers. For three days the arbitrators were deluged with proofs that men who ventured during the recent strike to exercise the inalienable constitutional right to sell one's labor when, where, and how one pleases were subjected not only to boycotting and terrorizing, but to actual maiming and killing. It was shown that after the wife and little children of a non-union worker had been chased from their home, the house and its contents were destroyed by fire. All the testimony relating to such outrages will, of course, be set forth by the arbitrators in their report, and is likely to have an effect upon public opinion for which the strikers are unprepared. Those who have watched the proceedings carefully from day to day express the belief that Mr. Mitchell and his coadjutors have failed to convince the arbitrators that the United Mine Workers need either a higher rate of wages or shorter hours of labor. More than one company has shown that its average payments to miners exceed by a tenth or more the six hundred dollars which Mr. Mitchell described as an adequate annual wage for a miner, while there was an abundance of evidence that, as things are now, the contract miner works only from two to six hours a day, and that even the laborers employed by a miner seldom, if ever, stay in the mines seven hours. On the whole, it looks as if publicity and the rigorous impartial investigation which Mr. Mitchell professed to want are unlikely ever again to figure among the demands of American labor-unionists. It was the labor leader who insisted, it will be remembered, upon arbitration, and he will thus have no reason to complain if he is hoist with his own petard.

We hope that Congress, which has been so swift to provide second salaries for officeholders employed in functions for which there is no constitutional warrant, will show itself equally expeditious in passing the Army and Navy bills, which recent events have proved to be simply indispensable if adequate preparations are to be made for the national defence and for the maintenance of our national policy. We refer, of course, to the measure which, by creating a general staff, would place our army on a level with the most vigorous military organizations of the European continent, instead of leaving it in the disconnected, not to say chaotic condition the deplorable results of which were exposed in our late war with Spain. Everybody acquainted with the improvements in military mechanism made by von Roon, von Moltke, and others during the last forty years, knows that a general staff represents not only the brains of an army, but also the nerve system by which intelligence and volition are telegraphed to all parts of the machine. Should we drift into another war before a drastic reform has been made in this direction, the present Congress will be held to a stern account, for it will have sinned not only against light, but in the face of a startling warning.

In view of what has just taken place in the Caribbean, and of the contingencies which it is now plain may confront us when we have built the Panama Canal, we take for granted that Congress will agree to an appropriation for at least two more battle-ships and two more armored cruisers. That is not all by any means, however, that the American people will expect Congress to do for the navy. Of what use will additional war-ships be if there are no officers and men to handle them? A comparative table compiled by Mr. Long, late Secretary of the Navy, showed that at the present time a first-class American battle-ship has only seventeen officers, as against twenty in Germany, twenty-six in France, and thirty-three in England. The total strength of officers and men of all ranks and ratings in 1900 was in the United States only 23,453, against 25,804 in Italy, 26,108 in Japan, 30,386 in Germany, 39,546 in Russia, 49,775 in France, and 114,880 in Great Britain. It is true that the English figures include marine infantry, whereas marines are not comprehended in the figures for France or the United States. It is certain that on the 1st of July, 1904, our navy will require upwards of 600 officers more than are on the register to-day; and they will not be forthcoming, simply because Congress has hitherto failed to adopt the urgent proposals of the Navy Department for remedying a grave and growing source of weakness. Should a war break out and some of our best ironclads have to lie in harbor uncommissioned for lack of officers and men to handle them, our people will know how to place the blame exactly where it belongs,—namely, on the shoulders of the present Congress.

Thoroughly to be commended is the resolution introduced by Mr. Hepburn in the House of Representatives just before the recess, a resolution inviting the Secretary of State to submit a detailed report of the expenditures of the Panama Canal Commission. The Walker Commission,—so called because headed by Admiral Walker,—has expended, it seems, over one million dollars in the prosecution of its inquiries, and, according to the official information thus far available, nearly $700,000 has been disbursed for the pay of officers and employees, including the pay of laborers hired in Central America. In view of the disclosures made by Senator Morgan, it is fitting that every item of this expenditure should be scrutinized by the people's representatives. Mr. Morgan asserted in the Senate that members of the commission had received, by way of compensation, one thousand dollars per month for a period of two and one-half years, besides all their expenses, which were liberally estimated. During that long period they had spent, he says, less than eight weeks on the isthmus. Under the circumstances, reasonable persons will concur with Senator Morgan in thinking that disbursements to be made hereafter in connection with the proposed interoceanic waterway should not be left to the discretion of the Executive, but should be fixed beforehand by Congress. He suggests that five thousand dollars a year, the salary of a United States Senator, should suffice for a canal commissioner, and that the latter should be obliged by law to spend a definite fraction of each year on the isthmus, where his supervisory functions are ostensibly performed. We must acknowledge that effectual precautions of the kind cannot be too promptly taken when we call to mind the monstrous wastefulness, to say nothing of flagrant embezzlement and bribery, by which the Lesseps Canal Company was disabled. If the detailed report which Mr. Hepburn has rightfully demanded shall show that our government has evinced a tendency to lavishness in the compensation given for even preliminary inquiries, the necessity of providing safeguards against future extravagance will be generally recognized.

It is a pity that the reciprocity treaty with Cuba could not have been ratified by the Senate before the recess, but we presume that the ratification will speedily take place after the reassembling of Congress. The treaty, as signed by President Palma, is not so favorable to the United States as Cuba would willingly have made it a year ago, nor is it as favorable as the draft which General Bliss laid before the Havana authorities. He proposed that, in return for reducing the Dingley dues on Cuban products twenty per cent., Cuba should grant tariff reductions ranging from fifty to seventy per cent. on a long list of articles produced in the United States. The largest reduction conceded to any American commodity in the treaty, as finally agreed upon, is forty per cent., but, with the conceded reductions in our favor, we certainly should be able to compete with foreign purveyors for Cuba's import trade, especially when we keep in view our far greater proximity to the island. An immediate ratification of the treaty is most desirable, not only in order to discharge a moral obligation and to stimulate Cuban industries, but also because it is regarded on both sides as a condition precedent to the concession of coaling-stations by the insular government. A naval and coaling station on the south coast of Cuba is urgently needed for the control of that part of the Caribbean which adjoins the projected Panama Canal. For the same purpose the Venezuelan island of Margarita is almost equally essential, and we could not, therefore, suffer Germany or any other European power to take possession of it.

We have formerly referred to the recklessness with which both parties in the House of Representatives, vying with each other in the effort to conciliate the labor-union vote, combined to pass the Eight Hour bill, without any regard to its effect on the efficiency of the national defence at a critical conjuncture. We suggested that the leaders of the House, while shirking their own responsibility, looked forward, probably, to an exhibition of more common-sense and forethought on the part of the Senate. If such was their expectation, they

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have not been altogether disappointed. The House bill, it may be remembered, prohibited any man engaged on government contract work from laboring more than eight hours a day, no matter how he might be willing or eager to spend his leisure time. When the bill came up for consideration before the Labor Committee of the Senate, representatives of the firms engaged in building war-vessels and furnishing armor-plate to the United States appeared, and testified that they would be unable to do any further work for the government if the conditions prescribed by the House of Representatives should be embodied in law.

Fortunately, the Senate Committee has since received an object-lesson in the high-handed demonstrations of British and German squadrons against Venezuela, the scope of which has been, no doubt, materially affected by the presence of the large American fleet under Admiral Dewey in the Caribbean. In other words, the fact has been driven home to the dullest perception that the Monroe doctrine is not worth the paper on which it was penned unless we possess a navy strong enough to enforce it. There is now not a single patriotic man in Congress who has not awakened to the possible significance of the huge additions being made to the German navy, and who is not keenly alive to the necessity of increasing our own war fleet as quickly as possible. To choose such a time for depriving ourselves of the services of our native ship-builders and armor-plate manufacturers by prescribing intolerable conditions would be one of those inexpiable blunders that are worse than crimes. The Labor Committee of the Senate has shown itself less blind to its duty than was the House. So largely has the bill been amended that its scope is limited to a very few industries, and an effort has been made to protect the manufacturers who are engaged in supplying materials to the government. The infringement of a workman's constitutional right to spend his leisure time as he pleases has also been limited to a provision that only eight hours a day shall be given to government work. Even in its amended form, however, the bill is objectionable, on the ground that it imposes restrictions which might paralyze our means of making prompt preparations for national defence in a sudden and grave emergency. Luckily the measure, as reported, is certain to receive searching discussion in the Senate, and its possible bearing on the welfare and safety of the republic will not be overlooked.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* moots a question which, beyond a doubt, is ripe for general discussion. Is it reasonable or becoming that this great republic, which, as the late Mr. Mulhall, the well-known British statistician, pointed out, is now considerably richer than the United Kingdom, or, in other words, richer than any other nation on the globe, should require its President to discharge the manifold, arduous, and responsible functions of his high office for the relatively meagre stipend of $50,000 a year? We call the stipend relatively meagre, because the President of the French Republic, who is elected for seven years, receives $250,000 per annum, and because even the thinly peopled and comparatively poverty-stricken Dominion of Canada allots $50,000 a year to its Governor-General. Nor should it be for a moment overlooked that, by comparison with the American Chief Magistrate, the President of the French Republic and the Governor-General of Canada are mere figure-heads, restricted, for the most part, to the stage-business of executive headship, the real powers and duties of administration being entrusted to a Prime Minister. From one point of view, indeed, an American President may be said to have no minister at all, for the members of his cabinet, being accountable, not to the House of Representatives, but to himself alone, and dismissible at his option, might be described as private secretaries, unprotected by a civil service law. President Loubet might go to sleep in the midst of a national crisis, for he is not personally responsible for any of the acts of the French ministers. His chief function is to entertain. The same thing may be said of the Governor-General of Canada. Outside of his decorative function, all he has to do is to sign the bills that are put before him by his cabinet: the hard work of administration is performed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues. Yet, although, under our Constitution, we hold our Chief Magistrate to a rigorous and exclusive responsibility, and although we exact from him more than all the work discharged by M. Loubet and Premier Combes combined, we pay him only a fifth of the sum deemed commensurate with the dignity and services of a President of the French Republic. That is to say, having begun by delegating to our Chief Magistrate powers and duties far ampler than belong to any European sovereign, with the exception of the Czar of Russia, we proceed by implication to assert that the task of guiding the destinies of the United States is less onerous, less momentous, and less deserving of reward than is the management of American banks and corporations, not a few of which pay their presiding officer a salary equal or superior to that of the President of the United States.

The King has prorogued Parliament for the holidays, which are to be protracted until February 17. His speech, which was read in the House of Lords, is an attempt at a history of the past year, rather than a forecast of the future. One might almost call it a budget of regrets and hopes. The most serious regret is over the Venezuelan difficulty, and we cannot doubt his Majesty's sincerity when he expresses his sorrow that Venezuela's many sins should have made this action inevitable. He alleges "unjustifiable and arbitrary acts against British subjects and property" as the cause of the war, and very innocently relates that, finding that Germany had also complaints to make, he decided to make common cause with Nephew Willy in an attempt to sit upon the South-American republic. If the regrets are chiefly about Venezuela, the hopes mainly hover over Africa, from the Nile to the Cape. We are still left in doubt as to the fate of the so-called "Mad" Mullah, who will probably demonstrate that he is very much alive, or, if he decides to stay dead, will doubtless drop his mantle on the shoulders of an equally "mad" successor, so that the rumors of war will still re-echo among the sands and jungles of Somaliland. Roseate hopes for the future of South Africa are added, and a string of very pretty compliments paid to the angel of peace in the form of Mr. Secretary Chamberlain, whose departure and difficulties we have already enlarged upon. There are more hopes about the Anglo-Chinese treaty, which is to secure valuable facilities and advantages not only for England, but for the world, and the Delhi Durbar is made the centre of a new rainbow of promise for India, where, by-the-way, an occasional renewal of the Deluge would be something of a boon. The King is even optimistic about the alliance with Japan, and speaks of Italy as co-operating with him in Abyssinia, so that, instead of the splendid isolation of the past, his Majesty may now boast that he has allies to burn.

Very significant as a symptom of the real motive force in the Venezuelan quarrel is the attitude of the German press, which has recently been filled with jubilations over the fact that the Monroe doctrine has been "blown sky-high" by the events at La Guayra and Porto Cabello. This expression is echoed by the press of Italy, which is rubbing its hands over Uncle Sam's discomfiture. It is not enough to say that the course of events will show that these good people have been somewhat forehanded with their self-congratulations; the point is that we are thus openly let into the secret of Germany's true feeling; and it is evident that the whole nation is solidly ranged beside Kaiser Wilhelm in his determination to blow our foreign policy into the air. Kaiser Wilhelm's distrust of the United States, or, rather, his apprehension of danger from our commercial and political expansion, is notorious, and has been expressed in many speeches and conversations. And there cannot be the smallest doubt that Austria and Italy agree in this with Germany, and regard our claim to exclude them politically from the New World, at the very time when we are pushing our way into the affairs of the Old,—gaining territory in Asia, and even interfering in the domestic concerns of Europe, as in Turkey and Roumania,—as a piece of intolerable arrogance, which must be snubbed at the first opportunity. A significant piece of news coming from Germany sheds additional light on this attitude of mind. It is well known that nearly all the production of Germany is now controlled by trusts, or, as they are called there, Kartells,—there being nearly three hundred in existence. About three-quarters of these have now established a "trust of trusts," with the avowed intention of contesting and driving back the "American invasion" in the German markets. This is, of course, not a mere speculative proposal, but the result of years of bit-

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ter experience and loss, and the German government, in the person of Count Posadowsky, fully sympathizes with the plans of the manufacturers. It is easy to see how this persistent pressure in Germany itself might inspire a longing to "blow the Monroe doctrine sky-high."

A son of the Marquis de Rudini is on his way to South America to search for El Dorado, or, perhaps he himself would say, to open up the El Dorado he has already found. He assures the world at large, and the Brazilian government in particular, that the Acre syndicate has no political purpose whatever, but is merely a company which has great faith in the wealth of that country, and is anxious to develop it commercially, not only on Bolivian, but also on Brazilian territory. He suggests that the best way to prove there are no ulterior designs upon Brazil in the Acre venture would be for the Bolivian syndicate to absorb some large and valuable concessions adjoining the Acre region, but which lie in what is indisputably Brazilian jurisdiction. We confess that we fail to see how this could reassure Brazil. She fears an attack on the sovereignty of the South-American republics, through the concession made by Bolivia, and to put certain territories of her own into the same position of menaced sovereignty hardly seems to us to be the most likely way to remove the fears of Brazil. However, the Marquis Carlo de Rudini is hopeful that he will be able to put the whole question before Brazil in a light so roseate that all her objections will vanish away, and he incidentally reveals the fact that he himself is the concessionary of certain valuable territories near Acre, but within the limits of Brazil. He is trying to bring about a merger with Sir Martin Conway, Mr. Whitridge, and the Acre syndicate. He even hopes to build roads and railways from the hidden treasure-house of Acre to the Madeira River, whence steamboats can carry its boundless ransoms down the Amazon to the ocean. The young marquis has a vision of immense fortunes to be gained in Bolivian cattle, rubber, gold, diamond mines, and so forth, with which his El Dorado is liberally stuffed. In this context, it is interesting to recall the present attitude of Italy towards Venezuela, and the exultation of the Italian press that the Monroe doctrine is an exploded fiction, a ghost that has been laid.

Recent advices from Spain are more reassuring. After a series of cabinet crises, a ministry has just been formed which, it is agreed on all hands, bids fair to be stable and enduring. Spain needs a Waldeck-Rousseau to combine the strong and able men of all parties in a ministry of talent; but in the mean time a condition of relative tranquillity seems fairly assured. We are also informed that the young King is toning down, or, to quote the words of our new ambassador to Austria, Mr. Bellamy Storer, has "acquired a repose of manner," which he apparently was much in need of during the first months of his reign. Mr. Storer also vouches for the fact that Alfonso has not "gone back on his mother," as Scotty Briggs said of Buck Fanshawe, or, if we remember rightly, "has not shaken his mother," was the exact phrase used. A warm tribute to the character and qualities of the Queen Mother is paid by the same high authority, who calls her "one of the best sovereigns Spain has had for centuries." Meanwhile the King's cousin has been arrested in a gambling-hall, and has retorted by challenging the prefect who caused his arrest. This opens up a picture of alarming possibilities for a distinguished official within our own city limits: Suppose that Mr. Doe, should that elusive gentleman be captured, were to reply by sending his seconds to Mr. Jerome, or that the big chief were to favor our Mayor with a like attention! But then the good sense of the Anglo-Saxon opposes martial challenges between individuals, though still tolerating much the same kind of thing between nations. Mr. Storer is responsible for the statement that a very amicable feeling for the United States is not a remote possibility in Spain, and that already there is far less ill-will towards us in the peninsula than might be reasonably expected. We wish the new ministry good luck, and hope the young King will continue to cultivate that repose of manner which befits the figure-head of a state, however gay and wicked he may feel inside.

A very high authority on international law, and especially on the significance and the reach of the Monroe doctrine, has given us his opinion on the request of the allies that the President act as arbitrator between them and Venezuela. His name, if we might mention it, would carry conviction to most minds. He takes the ground that the President ought never to act as arbitrator in any dispute in which that doctrine is involved. The reason is that this country must always be a party in interest in any such controversy, and it is a fundamental rule of legal ethics that one must not be a judge in one's own case. When a South-American country, like Venezuela, is embroiled with a European power, there is always danger, until the controversy is settled, that the United States will be brought into the quarrel. Even after judgment is rendered, this danger must continue. If, for example, in such a case as the attack of the allies upon Venezuela, the President, acting as arbitrator, should decide in favor of the South-American country, he could not escape the suspicion that he was moved by motives different from those which should govern a judge. The defeated parties would almost inevitably feel that he had been moved by his sympathy for the American party to the controversy, and that his judgment had been warped by the consciousness of his assumed duty to protect the American power from the slightest injustice.

The consciousness that such a suspicion existed would make the President quick to scent injustice. Such a suspicion of his motives, although it is not incompatible with perfect honesty, is harmful to a judge, and is properly dreaded by him. It is a suspicion which the President ought not to invite, and which the country, if it saw that it was inevitable, would not like to have him invite. Again, if the judgment should be in favor of the claimants, and they were thereby authorized to proceed to the collection of their claims, we might soon be placed in a false position. It is one thing for us to stand by and say to a European power: "You may fight out your quarrel with this American nation, but you must not take from it its territory"; and it is quite another thing to say, as judge: "Your debt is just, but you shall not employ the uttermost power of war and conquest for its collection." Would not the creditor power then be justified in responding: "You say, as judge, that our claim is just, but you threaten to become an ally of the judgment debtor, and prevent our collection of the debt if, in order to do so, we find it necessary to go beyond the limit of compulsion which you have set; in that case, the only just course for you to pursue is to guarantee the collection?" The course of wisdom, then, is to avoid the imputation upon our honor, or the pecuniary responsibility, by keeping clear of the quarrel until our own interests compel our intervention. The proposed intervention is excusable on no other ground than that our interests are affected. Therefore, in every controversy between a European and a South-American power, we are liable to become a party, and one who may become a party in an action is necessarily barred from being a judge.

The folly of England's alliance with Germany has been striking. There is no doubt in well-informed circles that Germany has sought to test the disposition of this country, and to discover the extent to which we can be led away from our insistence upon the Monroe doctrine. It is true that the German Emperor has recognized the validity of our rule that no European power shall permanently occupy new American territory; but he is eager to know if that is our real limit, and if we will always defend even that assertion. He shrewdly obtained the aid of England in this enterprise. On the other hand, the statesmen of Great Britain are convinced that it is for their interest, and especially for the interest of the Dominion of Canada, that the Monroe doctrine shall be upheld against Continental Europe, and that it shall mean much more than we have declared it to mean. For example: England would have us assert that no European power shall be permitted to take, or to occupy, a South-American state on invitation of the people of that state. To that extent our own official utterances have not yet gone. When, therefore, we consider England's enormous interest in maintaining the integrity of the Monroe doctrine, and the comparatively paltry nature of the claims of its citizens against Venezuela, and even of the slights suffered by British marines

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the alliance with Germany is seen to be a folly which demands explanation.

Not only does this alliance of Germany and England endanger English interests on this continent, but it is incongruous; it is opposed to the policy of the government, and it threatens to overturn what British administrations have been working for during more than a score of years. It is not probable, of course, that great harm will result from the affair to endanger the growing friendship between the two nations, but trained statesmen would have avoided the possibility of arousing popular distrust in this country, or of joining England with Germany in American imaginations. That the alliance is radically opposed to British policy, and to English sentiment, which is thoroughly loyal to this country, is shown by the outbreaks of criticism in Parliament and in the press. The whole affair is so strange, as well as foolish, that it is necessary to find the explanation for it below the surface. The truth is, as we have good reason to believe, that the primary responsibility rests upon the King. He was persuaded by his nephew, the Emperor, that the alliance could not involve him with this country; he was made to feel "like doing something"; he committed the nation; and Mr. Balfour's government has attempted to help him out. This was folly on Mr. Balfour's part, a folly that cut two ways, for, not only does it endanger friendly relations with the United States, it comes dangerously near being an unconstitutional recognition of the King's right to govern. The German Emperor's influence with his uncle is great, and in the direction of inducing him to assert himself, and Mr. Balfour was caught napping when he permitted the Emperor to prevail in this Venezuelan affair. For the sake of the King and of the Conservative party, Mr. Balfour ought to see to it that this does not happen again.

We are accustomed to look upon the Chinese as a race of very inferior mental and moral endowment: indeed, the popular opinion of them among the white races is that they are not very far removed, in the scale of being, from the higher animals. Now and again something happens to disturb our fixed ideas on this subject. We read some wise aphorism from Confucius, or come upon a Chinese poem instinct with delicate emotion, or are set wondering by some Chinese speech or essay in our periodical literature. Wu Ting-Fang, the eminent ambassador of the Celestial Empire to this country, has done much to give us a truer conception of the mental and moral quality of his countrymen, and in his own person he is a striking witness to the error of our general notions. In the January number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE he writes a polished and dignified article, full of quiet, deep wisdom. He claims that in intellectual endowment the Chinese are not inferior to any other people in the world. Only, their way of looking at life is different from that of Western peoples. As Aristotle said, man's natural and universal aim is happiness: it is in the means that we are generally mistaken, not in the end. The Chinese aim at happiness, just as the Americans do. The two peoples try to attain to it by utterly divergent roads, and Wu Ting-Fang clearly points out the divergence. The Americans believe it is to be reached by way of a feverish activity, in work and in play; the Chinese, by content and repose. Which is the happier nation? asks the writer. We are almost persuaded by his argument that China is, and a doubt rises up in the mind as to whether we in our Western world have not, after all, taken the wrong road. But we are quickly reassured. We know that, in a general way, our course is surely marked out for us by original temperament and natural environment—a combination which some call destiny—and that we could follow no other. The same is true for the Chinese. But the point we wish to make here is that a nation which knows how to be happy—that is, a nation which, by the proper use of such free will as it has in the matter, adequately fulfils its destiny—is worthy of respect and consideration.

How far is a man justified in turning the imperative necessities of his neighbors into his own exceptional pecuniary profit? Sometimes this is an academic question, so-called; to-day it is a practical one. If there is anything that folks need this winter more than anything else it is fuel. But because they need it so much, prices creep up, and up, and up. The mine-owners say it costs them but little more than in the past; the transportation companies declare they are getting no more out of it; the dealers, as a rule, asseverate that their own profits are but pitiful. Still, somewhere in the transit from mine to bin there are mysterious accretions of cost, until the best mathematics the luckless buyer can muster will figure nothing but that in the windings of the journey a special and extraordinary profit is made to trickle into somebody's pocket. Buyers mildly protest, with no worse word than "robber"; but they are told that this is the natural working of the law of supply trade. Scarcity of supply, excess of demand, rising prices—these go together as water flowing over the cliffs of Niagara clouds the river below in spray. Does a lucky or foresighted man succeed in winning a few extra thousands of dollars out of his countrymen who must keep warm in their houses—or their shops? He is part of the order of the universe, and his gains are decreed by the laws which govern the movement of all human affairs—possibly the movement of the planets. He would display idiocy and defy destiny were he to give up or refuse these exceptional gains and content himself with modest profits. This is the tide, taken at the flood, which may lead him to fortune. And yet,—there was a plain man in a New England town who said No. He had a different idea. Coal was scarce, to be sure; prices might be made high, and the profits were tempting. But he did not see his way clear to take them. He would do the best he could with his townspeople. They should have their coal, as far as he could supply them, at a moderate advance, no greater than the usual profit. He couldn't make up his mind to excessive gain forced out of the dire need of the community. Possibly he was an idiot, blind to his own opportunity. Even so, it is more cheery to believe that he may have been ahead of his time, and that he was trying to realize in present practice a principle that will yet govern the world of trade more certainly than the law of supply and demand—the principle that business will be better off when human beings are treated as human beings, and not as so many opportunities for making more money when they get into a tight place.

President Wilson of Princeton is afraid neither of trusts, nor of labor unions, nor of too much concentration of government. "I believe," he says, "in the utmost freedom of combination in a free country. There is no people so able to form combinations as the American people. We are born lawyers. There is no race that produces a people who are so capable of self-government, because there is an inborn sense of the power of combination." Dr. Wilson has the advantage of some observers in that he not only reads the newspapers, but has studied and written American history. To forecast the future, it is necessary to know the past. Dr. Wilson is pretty good authority on the past of the American people, and ought to be reasonably well qualified to guess what is going to be good for them.

Mr. Kipling and the London *Times* between them can give effective expression to any opinion on which they agree. They have agreed in thinking ill of the British-German partnership to coerce Venezuela, and Mr. Kipling has put their common sentiment in verse, which the *Times* has published. It is good verse, worth reading—and probably worth cabling—for its own sake as verse. As politics, it is at least candid. Mr. Kipling seems not to care who knows that he is out of humor with the Germans. He makes his rowers of the British war-galley say:

> Look south, the gale is scarce o'erpast
> That stripped and laid us down
> When we stood forth, but they stood fast
> And prayed to see us drown.
>
> The dead they mocked are scarcely cold;
> Our wounds are bleeding yet;
> And ye tell us now that our strength is sold
> To help them press for a debt!

This is rough speech, and rougher follows. When we remember that English is a mother-tongue of the German Emperor, it is conceivable that feelings have been hurt in Berlin.

It is a solemn truth—a truth universally recognized and long since beyond palliation or denial, that the facilities for hauling the working-people of New York back and forth between their residences and the places of their employment

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are inadequate. Everybody thinks so who tries to get down town before nine o'clock in the morning, or up town after five in the afternoon, or tries to get from Brooklyn and home again, or reads the newspapers, or sees the public vehicles go by in the "rush hours." Things are bad enough in good weather when all our means of transportation are at their best; and in times of snow and ice, when there is bad going, they are so bad as to make news faster than the papers can print it. The community is fully alive to its hardships, and earnest in procuring any abatement that is possible. The Mayor and most of the branches of the city government, the Merchants' Association, the Citizens' Union, members of other organizations, the newspapers and the people who write letters to them, are all bent on the amelioration of existing hardships. All propositions take one of two forms. They either suggest that the elevated and surface railroads shall put on more cars, or that travel shall be a little better distributed through the day. The roads think they are running all the cars they can possibly manage. It looks as though they were doing their best, but appearances sometimes mislead, and it is possible that vigorous stimulation may result in getting better service out of them than their officers believe them capable of rendering. They are asked to perform the impossible. Perhaps they can't, but certainly they won't unless it is urgently expected of them. As for the other remedy—the better distribution of travel—that is being applied by such individuals as can apply it. Workers who can go up town at four, go at four, and go comfortably. Nobody waits until five or six unless he must. One correspondent suggests that whereas now a great number of stores and offices open at nine and close at five, it would help matters if half of them opened at 8.45 and closed at 4.45. It might help a little. So it would help if more of the city's work was done at night and less in the daytime. But nothing is going to help very much until the tunnel is opened. Those of us who survive the next five months will see a better state of things, for the summer exodus comes with June, and the tunnel may be working by October.

Dr. Lorenz, unless he changes his plans, will sail this week for England on his way home. He has had a wonderful visit in this country, which he has traversed from ocean to ocean, making himself everywhere welcome by works of skill and mercy, by kind acts and kind words, by ready appreciation of hospitality, and indefatigable willingness not only to do what he could to relieve suffering, but to teach his methods, as far as possible, to our surgeons. He seems to have pleased every one with whom he has come in contact, and especially to have quite won the members of his own profession, who have nothing but admiration and good words for him. His visit will undoubtedly have an effect here on the treatment of the dislocations to which he has chiefly devoted himself, but the impression the layman gets from reading about his operations is that it is one thing to know how he does his wonders, and quite another thing to imitate him. His method is simple, but the strength and the skill with which he applies it are both prodigious, and have been acquired by years of practice. Still, to show that a thing can de done is two-thirds of the battle. What a surgeon from Vienna can do, surgeons in America will do: it is only a matter of time. If Dr. Lorenz comes back next year, as he suggests, that will be so much gain. His inexhaustible good-will is his most significant characteristic. He seems to have the real missionary spirit: to be desirous to go where he can do the most good. He is the more likely to come back here because the field is so great and the laborers so hospitable to new ideas.

The American Methodists undertook to raise a Twentieth Century Thankoffering Fund of twenty million dollars, and have succeeded. Dr. Edmund M. Mills, who was detailed to take charge of the work, gave out a week ago that the money would all be subscribed by the last day of the year. Nearly eight millions is to be used for educational purposes. Another eight millions will go to pay church debts, and is expected to pay them all. A million and a half is to be set aside as a fund for aged and infirm ministers, and, apparently, another large sum is to be devoted to hospitals. Among the contributors, Dr. Wells says, are "many wealthy sons of Methodist ministers, one giving $400,000, an amount which it would have taken his father a thousand years to earn in the service of the Church." The statistics of the wealth of the sons of Methodist ministers would probably make interesting reading. They don't all get rich, but most of them get a good education, sound moral training, and a better than average chance to inherit the earth. Doubtless they acquire their full share of it.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who does not mind speaking unexpected thoughts when he has them to speak, has been telling his friends in Charleston that the fathers built the civil war into the Constitution when they framed it. They could not reconcile State sovereignty and national sovereignty, so they put them both in, and started them on their long journey. Some of them foresaw the result; some didn't. They did the best they could do. With consummate skill, says Mr. Adams, they proposed a contradiction in terms—a divided sovereignty. But sovereignty had to be somewhere. "From the moment the fathers sought to divide the indivisible the result was written on the wall. . . . As I read the record and understand the real facts, in case of direct and insoluble issue between sovereign State and sovereign nation between 1788 and 1861, every man was not only free to decide for himself, but had to decide for himself; and whichever way he decided he was right. The Constitution gave him two masters. Both he could not serve, and the average man decided which to serve in the light of sentiment, tradition, and environment." It was an irrepressible conflict, as Mr. Seward said. This generation easily takes that view of it. It was settled, Mr. Adams thinks, by steam and electricity, and not until 1861 had these instruments become so serviceable to man as to make him equal to the unprecedented task then undertaken and accomplished. Before that time, the Southern Confederacy, if it had attempted to secede, must have succeeded. This last is an interesting Adams opinion which is open to amiable academic discussion, but the former conclusion—that there was little to choose between the legal argument of the North and the legal argument of the South will excite few denials from persons less than fifty years old.

In scanning the list of the dead for the year 1902 there are not many names that stand out distinct and monumental. Of such, in the light of the present, are these: Cecil Rhodes, Rudolf Virchow, Zola, Thomas B. Reed, and Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Rhodes, whatever his methods may have been, ethically appraised, was a statesman with an imagination and an empire-builder; Virchow was a benefactor of his race, vastly prolonging man's life and happiness by his scientific discoveries; Zola, both as a story-teller and as a citizen of France, revealed a passion for truth which was great compared with that of most of his French contemporaries; Reed had an intellectual and ethical equipment comparable to his physical superiority over most men of his time, and he lived long enough to know that his place was secure in the list of great parliamentarians; and Gardiner was, in the opinion of some, the greatest of historians next to Gibbon and Thucydides. If the boys of the English-reading world were to vote as to the death of the year causing the most irreparable loss, it is not certain whether their verdict would not fall on G. A. Henty's name. Of men who had lived so long as to be forgotten, and yet who once were famous as poets, we gave one to the list—Thomas Dunn English—and Great Britain the other—Phillip James Bailey. Of men of letters prematurely taken off we mourn Frank Norris; the Scotch, George Douglass Brown—the former's *The Octopus* and the latter's *The House with the Green Shutters* marking them as men potentially great. Of editors, the brilliant and mordant Godkin of *The Nation* and the sane and conservative Scudder of *The Atlantic* have read their last proof and penned their last exhortation. Two of Great Britain's most loyal and serviceable diplomats—the Marquis of Dufferin and Lord Pauncefote—have been promoted to heavenly courts. Our naval list is much less rich in valor, intellectuality, and a lofty sense of duty by the premature death of Admiral Sampson. The world of art misses the living presence of B. Constant, J. G. Vibert, Tissot, and Mesdag, and the Christian Church mourns prelates and preachers as notable as Cardinal Ledochowski, Archbishops Corrigan, Feehan, and Croke, Bishop William Taylor, and Doctors Talmage, Newman Hall, and Joseph Parker, and Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, while American Jewry mourns Chief-Rabbi Joseph Jacob, a leader among its people.

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Germany and South America

THE Berlin Foreign Office has given our government assurances that Germany has no intention of acquiring territory in South America at the expense of Venezuela. Nobody disputes the present sincerity of those assurances. To-day Germany, single-handed, is not strong enough at sea to carry out, against the wishes of the United States, any project of territorial aggrandizement in the quarter named. Neither would England countenance such a project; a disclosure of it would cause her promptly to withdraw her squadron from the Caribbean, just as in 1861 she recalled her war-ships from Vera Cruz when she learned that Napoleon III., with whom she had previously co-operated, had in view the conquest of Mexico.

For the moment, therefore, neither the Latin-American republics nor the upholders of the Monroe doctrine have anything to fear, except the establishment or confirmation of a precedent that may have dangerous consequences hereafter. What position the German government may take a dozen or fifteen years hence, when, by means of the vast sums already appropriated, her navy shall have been enormously increased, is an entirely different question. No one can doubt that the attitude of the German government toward South America will then be shaped by what it believes to be the interests and wishes of the German people.

It is, therefore, a matter of deep interest and grave importance to forecast what those interests and wishes are likely to be, and to this end it will be obviously useful to mark what they are even now. As it happens, a good deal of light has been thrown quite recently on both these points by two publications, namely, a letter addressed to President Roosevelt by Mr. Emory G. White, an acknowledged authority on South-American affairs, and an article contributed to *Die Zukunft*, the most influential weekly published in the German tongue, by Maximilian Harden, who, as the readers of Busch's book are well aware, was one of Bismarck's most devoted henchmen, and who, since his patron's death, has been a zealous advocate of Bismarckian ideas. Being at the head of a business house which has extensive connections throughout South America, and having personally resided for several years in Spanish-American republics, Mr. White is qualified to testify as to the extraordinary influence acquired by Germans in those countries, an influence by no means limited to commercial and financial affairs. He points out that in Chile, for example, where, ten years ago, most of the foreign trade was in the hands of the English, and where English banks predominated, it is now recognized by the English themselves that they must retreat and surrender most of Chile's commerce to Germany. To-day, moreover, the German banks are far the strongest in that republic, and, practically, control the financial situation and the mines.

Nor is this all. The German General Koerner was placed at the head of the Chilian army, after the civil war which brought about the downfall of President Balmaceda, and the result is that not only the army, but the navy has been, to a large extent, reorganized on German principles. In Argentina also the Germans are gradually ousting the English from the position of ascendency which the latter formerly occupied, while in Brazil the province of Rio Grande do Sul is virtually a German colony, so far as the dominant element of the population is concerned. Mr. White computes that already in South America the German-speaking inhabitants number nearly a million, and they are rapidly increasing. He further testifies that the political and financial influence acquired by Germans is persistently used to discriminate against representatives of the United States. The Germans in South America, he says, laugh at the Monroe doctrine, and make no secret of their belief that Emperor William will go on elsewhere, as he has done in Venezuela, under the pretext of collecting a debt, and, if he refrains from annexing territory, will virtually hold Latin-American republics in his grasp by means of mortgages which they are unable to discharge. According to Mr. White, the demonstration against Venezuela was artfully contrived to discover how far the United States would permit foreign powers to go in the coercion of minor American commonwealths; and, through the personal influence exercised by Emperor William over his uncle, King Edward VII., the British Foreign Office was persuaded to serve as a cat's-paw in the business.

Such is the evidence given by a trustworthy American citizen who thoroughly knows the countries about which he testifies. From his exposition of the magnitude which German interests have already attained in South America, we can infer what they are likely to become a dozen or fifteen years hence.

Now let us turn to Mr. Maximilian Harden, and note how those interests and their relation to the Monroe doctrine are regarded by intelligent and patriotic men in Germany. After quoting Captain Mahan to the effect that the Monroe doctrine is antiquated, Mr. Harden asserts that it was practically renounced when our government undertook to interfere with European spheres of influence. He thinks that he finds examples of interference in our violent seizure of the Spanish West Indies, and of the Philippines, in our participation in the expedition against China, and in Secretary Hay's note with reference to the Roumanian Jews. He accuses President Roosevelt of reserving to himself the right to poach on the Old World, while refusing to Europe the privilege of doing a little poaching in the New.

Under the circumstances, he contends that Germany, instead of bowing and scraping before Uncle Sam, should say right out that she looks upon the Monroe doctrine, not as binding, but as exploded. The doctrine should be buried, he says, and, if the United States are unwilling to acquiesce in the interment, they may expect to have a war upon their hands sooner or later. That Mr. Harden is not the only German who looks forward to such a contingency may be inferred from the fact that in 1896, when Mr. White went to Venezuela, he found that a German army engineer, Baron von Steuben, had undertaken to travel all over South America on a map-making tour. Mr. White adds that Germany now has in her possession maps on which are noted all the points of strategic value on the South-American Continent. It is well known also that, as lately as last summer, Emperor William sent his gunboat *Falke* up the Amazon River for reconnoitering purposes.

We have thought it worth while to set forth this concurrent and cumulating testimony from very different sources in order to indicate how large German interests in South America already are, and what political deductions are likely to be drawn from them when the German government shall be able, or think itself able, to draw them with impunity. Only blind men would disregard such warnings. The first duty to the nation is to build and maintain a navy equal at least in size and strength of that of the German Empire.

The President as Arbitrator

AT the hour when we write it is uncertain whether President Roosevelt will accept the proposal made by Great Britain and Germany that he shall act as arbitrator in the controversy pending between them and Venezuela, or whether the two European powers will ultimately acquiesce in his suggestion that the amount and validity of the claims against the South-American republic shall be referred to the international tribunal at The Hague. The fact that Venezuela was not represented at the Peace Conference, and did not sign the resultant Convention, does not, of course, preclude the adoption of the plan of settlement favored by our State Department, for the Convention itself provides that the jurisdiction of the permanent court created by it may be extended to controversies between signatory and non-signatory powers, if both parties agree. It is understood that the real objection of the Berlin and London Foreign Offices to such a disposition of the case is the apprehension that President Castro might pay but scant deference to the decision of The Hague tribunal, and that, consequently, the unpleasant business of coercion would have to be resumed. Both Great Britain and Germany, on the other hand, profess to be convinced that the Venezuela Executive would feel himself morally constrained to comply with a decision rendered by the President of the United States.

There are obvious reasons for Mr. Roosevelt's reluctance to discharge the function of arbitrator. In the first place, American citizens have claims against the Caracas government, and our Chief Magistrate would naturally prefer that some third party should undertake the task of propounding principles in the application of which American claimants would be interested.

To the extent to which such interests exist our own government is virtually invited to play the part of judge in its own case. There is, indeed, no doubt that this objection would be gladly waived by Venezuela, and that President Castro, who has already clothed the United States minister at Caracas with full powers to act as arbitrator, would exhibit at least as much confidence in that minister's superior, the President of the American Commonwealth. It is, then, perfectly evident that Mr. Roosevelt's assumption of the rôle of arbitrator would be satisfactory to all the parties to the controversy, and we suppose that, sooner than witness a prolonged war between the European claimants and Venezuela, and face the awkward complications that may grow out of such a contest, his fellow-countrymen would prefer to see their Chief Magistrate take upon himself the unwelcome duties of an arbitrator.

It should be borne in mind, however, that even if the proposal to make Mr. Roosevelt arbitrator is accepted, delicate and perhaps protracted negotiations would have to take place before all the details of the case to be submitted are agreed upon by the parties to the controversy. Mr. Balfour said in the House of Commons, just before the adjournment of Parliament, that England had not entered upon a mere debt-collecting expedition, but desired to secure reparation for wrongs suffered by British subjects in their persons as well as property at the hands of Venezuelan governments, and to obtain reasonable safeguards, if possible, against the repetition of such offences.

The German Foreign Office has made a similar declaration, and demands an apology for the indignities to which the family of its diplomatic representative was

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subjected when the news that Venezuelan war-vessels had been seized and sunk at La Guayra reached Caracas, and provoked a riot in that capital. On his part, President Roosevelt will, no doubt, require as a condition precedent to his performance of the part of arbitrator, an agreement that, as soon as the case to be submitted to him has been made up, if not earlier, the so-called war blockade of Venezuelan seaports shall cease, and European war-ships shall be withdrawn from Venezuelan waters. We take for granted that all these things will be done in good faith, and with all possible celerity, though a certain amount of time may be needed for the arrangement of the form of procedure. This preliminary business will be complicated, and to a certain extent delayed, by the fact that France, Italy, and Holland have a right to ask that the claims of their subjects, as well as those of British and German subjects, shall fall within the scope of one and the same arbitration.

Assuming that all preliminary and incidental arrangements are promptly made, that detailed inquiries into the validity and amount of all claims submitted have been conducted by qualified persons appointed by Mr. Roosevelt, and that the President, enlightened by their researches, has rendered his decision, we must still regard this solution of the Venezuelan imbroglio as only tentative and provisional. For, suppose that Venezuela should fail to conform to the terms of the award on the plea of her inability to do so. It should be borne in mind that the pecuniary resources of the Caracas government are very scanty. If to-day she were called upon to pay interest on the cost of the railways built with German and British capital, she could with perfect honesty reply *non possumus*. But, it may be asked, why should not a receiver of her customs duties be appointed in the interests of those foreign creditors whose claims are adjudged valid by the arbitrator? The answer is that, in the first place, the Caracas government depends upon those customs duties to defray the cost of internal administration; and, in the second place, as things are now, even the whole of those duties would represent but a meagre revenue. In 1889 the value of the republic's imports was but $61,000,000, and the imports are now said to be less than half what they were in the year named. To provide interest and a sinking-fund for the purpose of restoring all the money invested by British and German subjects in Venezuela would require the surrender of all the customs dues to a receiver for an almost indefinite period.

If that receiver were a foreigner, it is obvious that Venezuela would be practically reduced to the ignominious position of Egypt. If, on the other hand, the receiver were an American citizen appointed by Mr. Roosevelt, Venezuela would find herself in a position analogous to that occupied by Cuba during our military occupation of that island. There would be this difference, however, that the task of the receiver would stretch over a far longer term.

Nobody can blame Mr. Roosevelt for shrinking, as he doubtless does, from the assumption of the rôle of arbitrator, foreseeing, as he must, that he may be called upon to assure the execution of the judgment that he renders. It is possible, however, and certainly desirable, that some firm of American bankers, if assured of the continued good offices of our State Department, might undertake the payment of Venezuela's debts, when these have been judicially defined, on condition that an agent of their own shall be installed as receiver of a considerable proportion of the Venezuelan customs.

Good Resolutions

It was about this time of year that people, who were young fifty years ago, used to buy blank books, of different sorts and sizes, or sometimes merely quires of ruled paper, which they sewed together, and began, by the advice of their elders, to keep diaries. The habit so initiated was supposed to make for character through the daily introspection required; for the diarists had to take stock, day by day, of their opinions and principles, and their conformity to certain rules of conduct, as well as to set down the events of the last twenty-four hours. Their ideal was by no means realized in the young diarist whose continuous record ran through the week that ended it, "Got up; washed; fooled round the rest of the day." They were expected to commune with themselves, and to give themselves the advantage of their reflections on their behavior. Above all, they were expected, in opening their diaries, to form good resolutions for the ensuing year, and to ask themselves pretty constantly afterwards whether they had kept them.

They may or may not have kept the resolutions longer than they kept the diaries. The habit of keeping a diary, with the self-consciousness that it promoted, may or may not have been very wholesome. But we incline to think that the habit of forming good resolutions with the beginning of the year was not such a bad one, even when the resolutions were broken, as they usually were. It is very well to be brought to shame for moral failure, and this is what broken resolutions were always doing for the victim. To be sure, they could overwork his conscience, and deprave him in his despair of ever being able to do right. But they were supposed to be a secret between him and his Maker, and a transgressor can somehow nearly always arrange matters with his Maker. It is his fellow-creature, his fellow-sinner whom he finds difficult; but his fellow-creature, his fellow-sinner, was not in his confidence. To keep him out of it for the time being was, perhaps, the reason why the early diarists wrote their diaries in cipher. Mr. Pepys conspicuously did so, with the consequence that when some centuries later, his confessions were deciphered, nobody wished to punish him for his shortcomings; which were indeed greatly enjoyed for their quaintness. They may have always seemed quaint to his Maker, who knew as well how to account for Samuel Pepys then as we do now, and since he had invented him, was amused as well as pained by him. But we cannot be sure of this, while we can be sure that we can only be better by trying to be so; and though we cannot urge our readers to keep diaries, even in cipher, we think we can fitly urge them to form good resolutions, at this season, when the good resolutions of the past year have mostly gone to pieces. There is nothing morbid, or conscious, or unwholesome anywise in resolving to do nothing that is not perfectly right, and true and noble during the year before us. We shall ourselves, editorially speaking, not form any such purpose, for we do not feel the need of it; but we fear that there is hardly a reader of ours whom something of the kind would not advantage. We may do our readers injustice; and we will not push the quest too far; but we should really like to know whether there is one of them can truthfully say that he has derived all the benefit he might from the exemplary tone and temper of this publication during the past year. Has he read every line of it as he ought? Every paragraph of the "Comment?" Every one of the "headed editorials?" All the fiction? All the poetry? All the advertisements? Having done all this, has he had a care to speak of us to his neighbor, to the stranger within his gates, to the fellow at the club whom he has suspected of not reading us?

It can be answered us (not very candidly, we own) that this is a very narrow and selfish view of the matter, and we could grant that it was if we had meant to offer it as the sole view. But we had not and we do not. We offer it in illustration, merely, of the sort of sin of omission which forms the guilt of the resolution-breaker. He does not so much resolve that he will do such and such good things during the new year. If he did, the affair would be much simpler, and he could more easily keep himself up to the work. But he resolves that he will not do so and so, and unless we very much mistake him he keeps on doing the things he promised not to do. That is where he falls down, and that is where he finds it most difficult to pick himself up.

It should be understood that good resolutions are usually, if not invariably, against bad habits, none of which we will specify, lest our readers accuse us of being personal, and having one or other of them in mind. It is in the nature of good resolutions to require the penitent to be constantly on his guard; and while one may readily remember to do a fine thing or a noble thing, when the chance offers, or the duty thrusts itself upon one (in that offensive way of duties), one is always forgetting not to do the shabby, or low, or disgusting or wicked thing, that one vowed one's self to forbear; and it is there that one hits gravel, as the old moralists say. We note the facts not with the expectation that the reader will be instantly and fully able to profit by them, but partly for the psychological pleasure that their recognition gives, and partly in the hope of suggesting, dimly, remotely, a way out of the vicious circle in which the reason "eddies round and round." It is apparent at this glad hour of the infant year, that we ought to form good resolutions and not put it off till the Fourth of July, or next Christmas. Yet it is just as apparent that if we resolve not to do this or that, we shall pretty surely do it, because we forget not to. On the other hand, it is again just as apparent that if we resolve to do this or that good thing, we shall now and then do it, because the opportunity offers or insists. The good resolution ought therefore to be positive, and not negative, in its terms. This seems to us the solution, and we commend it to our readers. For ourselves, as we have already hinted, we do not feel the need of so sharp a spur.

The Secretary to the People, George B. Cortelyou

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The constitutional provision for the succession in case of the incapacity or death of the President of the United States, every school-boy knows. But there is an official not named in the Constitution who in the evolution of the organs of government, has come into a place and a function of such prominence that he virtually succeeds in temporary emergencies. He might very properly be called the "Acting President," for when the Chief Executive is for any reason kept from his duties, this official, who is both afferent and efferent nerves to the administrative head, goes on receiving and directing as if the nervous centre were itself consciously active.

By title this person, who stands nearest to the President, in his daily official life (though he is not known to the Constitution), is the "Secretary to the President," but the term "Secretary" must be given, in its present association at any rate, very ex-

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tensive and dignified significance. All the members of the cabinet are "Secretaries to the President"; they have simply taken over certain administrative duties which by the Constitution are lodged with the Chief Executive. He is still responsible for their acts; they are responsible to him. But even with this division of labor and multiplying of advice, the President has not eyes, ears, tongues, or hands enough to attend to his growing duties; so a general secretaryship has been added. Its occupant is without a portfolio, but by virtue of his office he enters all departments, knows all secrets (or so I suppose), and is accessory to all Executive acts. He is seldom far distant physically from his Chief, either at home or in his travels, and he must often be the President's sole companion in his expeditions for information and in the roads of thinking by which he comes at conclusions.

I am, of course, generalizing the office from the personality and the imagined relationship of the present secretary to the Presidents with whom he has been associated; and, naturally, the office is what the temperament and capacity of both President and secretary make it. In the early days of the republic, when the obligations of the Executive were less imperious of his time and energy, there was no official secretary; and when in the course of the country's growth assistance became necessary, it was provided at the President's own expense. When the public first assumed this expense, the secretary's service was clerical, or military, and later in some considerable degree social; but in President Cleveland's first administration it was enlarged to a more direct participation in the serious political affairs of the Chief Executive. The office magnified by the executive abilities and the political sagacity of Colonel Daniel Lamont, which President Cleveland recognized by appointing him later to a cabinet position, has kept its larger import; and under Mr. Cortelyou, who has had training in both the clerical and social duties, has come to an even greater scope. This is due partly to the increasing business which falls to the Executive office and partly to the qualifications of the man who holds the secretaryship.

It is an interesting coincidence that the office which received increased dignity and influence under President Cleveland is now filled by a man whom he called to the White House. Mr. Cleveland has himself referred to Mr. Cortelyou as a good example of the results of the merit system. From a very subordinate position in the civil service he has been promoted, merely upon the recommendation of his own efficiency, to places of higher and greater responsibility. There has been no political influence. Mr. Cleveland summoned him from the service of a department reluctant to part with him, and two Presidents of the other party have kept him and further advanced him. Now he holds the highest and most important clerical position in the country. The correspondence of a nation passes across his desk to and from its Chief.

But, as has been already suggested, his duties are not merely and passively clerical. He partakes, in his personality and office, of all the active functions of the Executive. In President McKinley's administration he seemed as one lobe of his brain, so devoted was he to all the objects of the President's devotion, so accurately did he know and express the President's feeling and purpose. When the President was stricken, he seemed to occupy in his own person the place which his Chief had shared with him. It was unquestionably his own brave, unselfish, thoughtful spirit that, above all others, directed affairs in the days between the wounding and the death of the President. Constitutionally, there was no inter-regnum, but if the actual conditions could have record Mr. Cortelyou's name might well appear between those of President McKinley and President Roosevelt.

At any rate, it was through his personality that the power passed and through his service the two administrations have had a very vital bond. That he has remained at the same post under President Roosevelt is the best tribute to his efficiency. One, not knowing, might infer that his ready adaptation to the thought and ways of a President of such widely differing temperament indicated a weakness, but those who have seen much of this man who is so quick to hear and so slow to speak are obliged to find some other explanation, and one that is creditable to him.

His devotion to the President and his interests is a part of his subconsciousness. I was told by a member of the party at Pittsfield, on the day of the accident, that the secretary, in dazed condition, would not have himself cared for, but asked only concerning the President. And yet with all this devotion and with all his untiring official labors, he is developing himself in other ways. When he entered the government service he was not only an expert stenographer; he had studied music thoroughly; he had been a principal of secondary schools; he was somewhat acquainted with medicine, and had written for newspapers and magazines. Since then he has made time to take a course in law, and is qualified for its practice. He is thus a man of accomplishments and attainments quite apart from his immediate field of occupation, and fitted for independent service.

It is rumored that if the new Department of Commerce is established he will be appointed its first Secretary. No one can question his qualifications for organizing and directing the work of such an administrative department; but it would seem almost a misfortune to specialize the labors of one who is of such great value to the country in all its interests, through his generalized devoted, personal service. His title might very well now be "Secretary to the People," and those who know with what full desert he holds it, cannot wish him a better.

Woman's Privileges

WHOEVER says an unexpected thing at a public dinner, and says it well, is entitled to the gratitude of the company. No matter if the unexpected thing runs counter to some of the convictions of those present; the license that is issued to an after-dinner speaker carries the right to relieve the mind, otherwise no one worth hearing would take such a license out.

The remarks of Miss Josephine Dodge Daskam at the "Pilgrim Mothers' Dinner" last week, in New York, had this surpassing merit of being unexpected. The dinner was given on the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim mothers, by members of the New York Legislative League. Most of them are pronounced woman-suffragists, solicitous for all the rights that women can obtain by legislation or constitutional amendment. Miss Daskam's theme was "The American Girl of the Future." She was not very strenuous about rights. Reminding her listeners that the recent multiplication of women's rights had not perceptibly loosened the hold of "our brother" on the advantages he had always possessed, nor increased the strength of women, she suggested that the girl of the future may have to choose between her present privileges and her rights. In which case, said she, "I should advise a young girl who asked me what to choose, to hang on to her privileges and let her rights go." When we read that in the paper the next day we all smiled, and said it was a joke on the "Mothers." Miss Daskam went on: "If you cannot in this generation get your vote you can always get your voter. I don't think the young girl has changed very much. She has no more mind than she used to have, though she may use her mind a little differently. There are two things which woman must always have had to be, since the creation of the world, to be successful: she must be good, and she must be charming. If she is not good, the world cannot progress; if she is good, and nothing else, she will be as dull as anything the world ever made; but if she can be good and charming her heritage and posterity can ask absolutely nothing better."

Miss Daskam spoke for the majority. Most of the rights—the legal rights—that have been won for American women in the last fifty years were due and overdue, were well worth winning, and are well worth keeping, but they have not put her in a position where she can afford not to be charming. A large share of success in this world goes by favor. There are women who make their way and win their dues by sheer ability and persistence, but the commoner experience is that the women who get what they want win it more by grace than by main strength. A lot of valuable qualities go to the making of a charming woman—intelligence, the quick sympathy which is at the bottom of what we call "tact," kindness, unselfishness, sweetness. Charm has not much to do with physical beauty, except as that itself is a reflection of the inner spirit, for charm is mainly spiritual. Nobody should, scarcely any one does, disdain it as an attribute of weakness, for, rightly understood, it stands out as a form of strength.

After all that has been done for American women by legislators and educators, and college builders and reformers, it still remains true that the most valuable possession a normal woman can acquire is a suitable and satisfactory man. Nothing else is quite so serviceable in promoting the fulfilment of her destiny and her content while it is in the process of fulfilment. Nothing else if she is normal—and there are very few women who are not considerably normal—quite takes a man's place with her. One of her most valuable privileges is that of selecting her man, of picking and choosing and taking her time about it, and possibly even of changing her mind after she had begun to think she knew it. It is observed that women who are good, and have the luck to be charming also, have great advantages in carrying this important process of selection to a successful issue. More men are available for such girls to choose from, and once the choice is made the resulting contentment is more apt to endure and to wax, instead of diminishing. The most that legislatures can do for married women is to protect them from bad husbands. Choosing good ones is a matter of personal enterprise which laws can do little to promote. But of course a woman who has few rights and is in complete possession of a satisfactory and competent husband is better off than if she had more rights and no satisfactory means of realizing her destiny. If the American girl ever has to choose between her rights and her privileges—including the privilege of being charming, and this invaluable privilege of selecting a man that suits her—she will undoubtedly do well, as Miss Daskam advises, to hold on to her privileges and let her rights go. But she will hardly have to make such a choice. She will retain her privileges, anyway, and all the rights she can make up her mind to want, besides.

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A Great English Sport

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *December 15, 1902.*

WHAT, at this time of the year, is the great social pre-occupation of England? I would suggest the question as a test of all Americans' knowledge of this country. Is it politics? Chamberlain's visit to South Africa? the Education bill? the trouble in Somaliland? the little brush with the Waziris? the approaching Durbar at Delhi? No; none of these things. These are but the accidental happenings of the moment. The staple interest of England from the first day of November to the last of March is fox-hunting. One gets some idea of how big an interest it is from the mere fact that in this little country, which is only a shade larger than the State of New York, there are one hundred and sixty-five packs of hounds hunting regularly two or three times a week for nearly five months on end. That means practically that wherever you pitch your tent in England, you are within easy hacking distance of a meet, often of several meets. At Melton Mowbray, for instance, a little village that is the hunting centre of "the Shires," you will find the chance of a run with the five most famous packs in England, brought literally every week-day to your very door. Geographically, "the Shires" are understood to mean Leicestershire, Rutlandshire, and Northamptonshire, but in practice "hunting in the Shires" implies that you have been following one or the other of five packs—the Belvoir, Cottesmore, Quorn, Mr. Fernie's hounds, or the Pytchley. These are the oldest, the most fashionable, the best appointed, the most lavishly maintained hunts in the kingdom, and the country they hunt over is supposed by all Englishmen, by a few Americans, and a good many Continentals to show some of the finest sport in the world. Nowhere else do you get such a combination of stout straight-running foxes, high scent, difficult variegated jumps, such thrilling forty-minute ourses, so many expert huntsmen. The late Empress of Austria, herself a dashing and experienced huntswoman, gave the palm to a day with the Quorn or Belvoir over all other forms of sport to be met with in Europe, adding thereto the remark that she did not know how good or how bad riding could be until she had visited the Shires. I imagine Mr. Foxhall Keene, who knows more of hunting in England than any other American, would confirm this judgment in both particulars. One needs a stout nerve, a superb mount, and a long purse to live with these hounds. If Englishmen spent as much in proportion on education as they do on sport, this country would stand a good chance of becoming the most intelligent in the world. An average price for a hunter trained in the Shires is anywhere from $1000 to $1500. The Earl of Lonsdale is rarely without a $10,000 mount in his stud, and when one remembers that the ordinary life of a horse in the hunting-field is five years, that an accident may kill him any day—a Welsh nobleman has already this season "staked" a couple of horses, worth $1250 and $1500, within a week of their purchase—and that a man who means to do the Shires properly needs two or three cast-iron nags and at least eight or ten hunters in his stud, one may form some notion of the lengths to which English extravagance will run.

I have no exact statistics of the number of people who habitually follow the hounds right through the season, but a rough guess may be hazarded. Taking the country all in all, the small packs of twenty couples, as well as those of fifty and seventy, and putting the average attendance at each meet at 100 and the number of meets at 400 a week, one gets the respectable total of 40,000 men and women in the saddle every week. The hunting season lasts twenty weeks. A complete return of all who follow the hounds from November 1 to March 31 would therefore show a total of 800,000—not, of course, 800,000 different individuals, because the same person will hunt four or five days a week from start to finish. And this takes no account of the multitudes who follow in traps, on foot, or on bicycles or motors. A meet is always regarded in the neighborhood as an informal holiday. I remember as a boy that whenever hounds were to throw off within striking distance of the school I was at, the headmaster would solemnly announce the fact after morning prayers, books would be thrown aside, football jerseys and knickers donned, and we would run our five or six miles to the meet and join in the hunt, to our own intense delight, but to the maledictory dismay of the M. F. H. and his whippers-in. For every man and woman actually riding to hounds there are usually five or six doing what they can to keep up with the fun on foot or wheels. One must also remember the numbers of those immediately dependent on the sport for their living—the grooms, stable and kennel boys, earth stoppers, and so on. Altogether, if one said that from first to last fox-hunting actively interested two million people each season, it would be very difficult to prove the statement an exaggeration.

Wherever you go, evidence of the popularity of the sport is palpable. The daily papers give their column a day to hunting news. The railroad companies issue special tickets and run special trains for huntingmen, so that it is possible to breakfast in London and be at a Leicestershire covert-side in time for the first draw. There are villages and whole districts in the Shires that live on the sport, as Stratford-on-Avon lives on Shakespeare. At the hunting centres, places like Melton Mowbray, Market Harboro', and Grantham, nothing is said or done or thought that has not some immediate reference to the great pastime. Young and old, men and women, are alike engrossed in it. The first ambition of a nobleman's or county magnate's son is to follow the hounds on a pony; his next, to be in at the death; his last, to be M. F. H., as his father was before him. A meet on the grounds of an old country mansion is perhaps the pleasantest of the many pleasant sights that England has to show. The aristocracy and the great territorial families still largely control the sport, spending in some cases tens of thousands of dollars a year to keep it going. All are on an equality by the covert-side, landlord and tenant, the small farmer and the peer. And this season sport has been and promises to continue exceptionally good. The end of the war has restored thousands of officers to their beloved Shires; foxes are plentiful, fields large and more of the right sort than they have been for some years, oats and horse-flesh are both up in price, and the farmer, without whose good-will and co-operation hunting would have to cease, is less than usually discontented.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the wealth and enthusiasm behind it, in spite, too, of its essential manliness, the future in the long-run would seem to be against fox-hunting. The sport, in the opinion of many good judges, has already, and without knowing it, passed its meridian. Free trade, railways, and the pheasant are slowly but surely squeezing it out of existence. Even within the last fifty years its conditions have been revolutionized. Half a century ago a hunt was an affair of friends. It had a territorial basis; its members all came pretty much from the same neighborhood, and, either as landlords or tenants, were intimately connected with the soil. Every one knew every one else. The farmers were prosperous, and hunted themselves; the fields were manageable and mainly of the country gentleman type; barbed-wire was rarer even than a railroad track, and the game preserver had not yet arisen to prefer the pheasant to the fox. Moreover, the old semi-feudal respect for the squirearchy still held its own, and was judiciously fomented by the almost universal custom of the M. F. H.'s of buying their forage, their hacks, and at times even their hunters in the locality. But to-day you find, first of all, that the large well-to-do farmer has practically disappeared, and that his place is taken by the small two-hundred-acre man, whose finances will not allow him to hunt. That means that the farmers as a class no longer have the same personal interest and participation in the sport. Secondly, you find the railroad everywhere; and the railroad has had an immense effect on hunting, first, by largely adding to the number of those who follow the hounds, and, again, by reducing the area in which hunting is practicable. A cultivated, but not overgrown, country is the ideal one for fox-hunting. The railroads, however, not only head off the fox, but bring the suburban builder and speculator with them. New districts are opened up, houses are built, and the fox-hunter finds another stretch of country spoilt for his pastime.

Moreover, the railroads bring an entirely new class of men into the hunting-field, townsmen for the most part who know little of hunting and less of agriculture, who do not reside in the district they hunt, and are simply out for a day's sport. These are the men who are setting the farmers' backs up and who are doubly irritating to the M. F. H. Ninety per cent. of them are free-lances; they pay no subscriptions, and make no donations to the funds of the hunt they patronize, yet there is no way in which they can be prevented from joining in the run. And being ignorant of agriculture and having themselves no stake in the land and no fear of social ostracism—for the neighborhood only sees them on hunting days—they are careless of what damage they inflict. One hears in consequence of a growing antagonism towards the sport, of foxes poisoned and trapped, of fields needlessly fenced with barbed-wire, at times even of prosecutions for trespass. At the same time, the number of those who turn out for a run grows yearly greater—in the Shires a meet of seven hundred is no uncommon thing—and the damage they cause increases in proportion, while true sport diminishes in the same ratio. To maintain a pack, becomes, in consequence, a most expensive business. The farmers, even when they are willing to have their land ridden over or their coverts drawn, make the M. F. H. pay handsomely if indirectly for the privilege. They systematically exaggerate the damage to their crops and fences, and in the matter of the poultry which they allege to have been killed by foxes, they practice what is almost a form of blackmail. The hunt treasurer, as a result, is continually putting his hands into his pockets, not grudgingly, but still with the feeling that he is being "done." The "compensation fund" of any one of the packs in the Shires would average, I suppose, about $6000 a season, $4000 of which would go to the poultry account. The "wire fund," to meet the expense of taking down the barbed-wire fences at the beginning of each season, and of putting them up at the end, is another considerable item.

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The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

JANUARY

THICK yellow fog, and in consequence electric light to dress by and breakfast by, was the opening day of the year. Never, to any one who looks at this fact in the right spirit, did a year dawn more characteristically. The denseness, the utter inscrutability of the face of that which should be, was never better typified. We blindly groped on the threshold of the future; feeling here for a bell-handle, here for a knocker, while the door still stood shut. Then, about midday, sudden commotions shook the vapors; dim silhouettes of house roofs, promised lands, perhaps, or profiled wrecks, stood suddenly out against swirling orange whirlpools of mist, and from my window, which commanded a double view up and down Oxford Street, I looked out over the crawling traffic, with an interest as if in the unfolding of some dramatic plot, on the battle of the skies. From sick dead yellow the color changed to gray, and for a few moments the street seemed lit by a dawn of April; then across the pearly tints came a sunbeam, lighting them with sudden opalescence. Then the smokebeam from the house opposite, which had been ascending slowly, like a tired man climbing stairs, was plucked away by a breeze, and in two minutes the whole street was a street of primrose-colored sunshine.

All that week I was work-bound in London, a place where, as every one knows, there are forty-eight hours in every twenty-four. The reason for this is obvious—it is impossible to sit idle in a chair in London; it is impossible (almost) to read a book, and it is (happily) quite impossible to write one. Thus, then, the hours are multiplied. The sound and spectacle of life induce a sort of intoxication of the mind: ten yards of Piccadilly is a volume, and the Circus an improper epic. Hence the impossibility of reading—the books are in the flowing tides that jostle from house wall to house wall, and they are vastly more entertaining than anything that publishers have ever had the good fortune to bring out. Now people who are incapable of reading print, of which the enormous mass is very sorry stuff, are held to be uneducated, but it seems to me that people who cannot read, or, at any rate, conjecture at, this splendid human print, are much more ignorant. For it is here in these places, alive with the original words and phrases out of which all books are made, that there lies the key to all books that are worth reading at all. At any rate, here lies the material; it is here, and nowhere else, that the *chef* does his marketing. There are, however, several rules to be observed if you would read the original. The first is that you must attend with all your might; the book, so to speak, shuts automatically if you cease to attend. The second is that you must at a moment's notice be ready to pity and to praise. The third, and perhaps the most important of all, is that you must never be shocked. For the whole attitude of the observer is covered by pity or praise. The great author does not want his moral condemnation, and in addition to this there is nothing so blinding to oneself as being shocked. It is like looking through a telescope at one point only, and that probably wrongly focussed, for it is focussed by one's own individual code, which is almost certainly not correct. It is Human Life you are looking at. If that is not good enough for you, go and look at something else. There are plenty of dull things in the world, but remember always that if you find other people dull, it is only a sign that a dull person is present. But if you are to read the book Living, come humble and alert. Try to catch the point of every phrase, for of this you may be sure, that there is a point. You will find there, thank God, many pages that will make you laugh—laugh, that is, properly, with sheer childish, unreflecting amusement; you will find there things that will make you think, and you will certainly find the things that will make you want to weep. And if we knew a little, instead of knowing nothing, we should probably—no, certainly—fall on our knees and thank God for those also.

One of each of these occurred to me today. The first was when I was coming out of the club with a friend on our way to dinner. An obsequious porter held the club door open, an obsequious page-boy stood by our glittering hansom, with a hand on the wheel. My friend had an opulent appearance, and wore a fur coat. On the pavement were standing two exceedingly small and ragged boys, and one of them, whose hair drooped over his eyes like a Skye terrier, seeing this resplendent exit, put his thumbs in the place where the armholes of his waistcoat would have been had the merry little devil had one, and with his nose in the air, said very loud to the other, "Whar are we doining to-night, Bill?"

The second made one laugh at first, but think afterwards, and it was thus: At the corner of Dover Street there lay a heap of mud and street sweepings, and as we drew up just opposite, blocked by an opposing tide of carriages in Piccadilly, a small, very dapper little gentleman in dress-clothes stepped into this muck-heap, with the result that one of his dress-pumps was drawn off his unfortunate foot with a "cloop," and stuck there. On to it there swooped a vulture of the highway, a lad of about twenty, who picked it out and made off down Dover Street with it. Now what good was one shoe to him? Would he not have done better to have wiped it carefully on his coat, which really could not have deteriorated farther, and chanced a tip from the dapper little gentleman; or was the instinct of stealing so strong that he never stopped to think? One would have supposed that a tip was a practical certainty.

The third was merely a matter for tears: I walked back from dinner, and my way lay up Piccadilly again. At a populous corner stood a very stout elderly woman dressed in violent and ridiculous colors. Her hair was golden, her eyebrows broad, thick, and vilely drawn, her cheeks so burned with rouge that one blushed. She addressed every passer-by in endearing terms. None regarded her. That was quite right: but the pity of her standing there on this squally night, with her horrid mission, and her total ill-success! Yes, it is difficult to thank God for that.

After five days I got deliverance from this entrancing slavery, and, like a cork from a bottle, flew to Grindelwald. The journey I remember as a dreadful dream, for I had a cold so bad that all sense of taste, smell, and most of hearing and feeling had passed from me, and I seemed to myself to be a rough deal-board being sent by train, and turned out into a drizzling night at what appeared to be mere cow-sheds, simply for the purpose of declaring that I had no spirit or lace about me. Spirit! The Queen of Sheba when she had seen Solomon in all his glory had more. As to lace, that diaphanous material seriously occupied my waiting dreams as we mounted the Jura. Was there anything in my face that suggested lace, I wondered, or did lace frilling peep out from my trousers? Anyhow, why lace? I was willing, almost anxious, to declare five hundred cigarettes, but nobody suggested such a thing. Then—

The new heaven and the new earth—an earth covered with powdery snow, thatched here and there by pines and reaching beyond all power of thought, by glacier and snow-field, and rocks too steep for the settling of the snow into the pinnacles of the Eiger and the Wetterhorn. From ridge to ridge the eye followed, lost in an amazement of the wonder of the earth and the greatness of its design. Austere and silent rose the virgin snows, and more silent, growing from words to exclamation, and from exclamation to silence itself, one's wonder. There, out of the void and formless pulp which was once the world, they were set, barren, fruitless, useless, and that is the wonder of them and their glory. Centuries have been as but seconds in the life of an idle man in the forming of them, for centuries that have been to them but the winking of an eye they have raised their immemorial crests, and the centuries shall be as the sea sand before they crumble. O ye mountains and hills, praise ye the Lord! Every day you praise Him.

Now this Book of Months is almost certainly worth nothing, anyhow, and I take this opportunity to inform critics so, in case (as is not likely) they have the slightest doubt about it. But if they and I are wrong, it will be because we have both overlooked the possible value of a true document,—true, that is, as far as I personally am able to make it true. Therefore I will state at once that for the next four weeks the childish pursuit of making correct turns and edges on the ice occupied me much more, except on a few occasions, than all the mountains, all the heavenly blue of the sky, or the divine radiance of the marching sun. Instead of attending to these big things, I got up, day after day, full of anxious thoughts, and had I been assured that these anxieties would never trouble me again on condition that I never again looked at the Eiger, or the scarlet finger of the Finster-Aarhorn that caught the sunset long after the sun had set to us, I would quite certainly have closed with the bargain. Those who do not know what a clean outside-back-counter means can have no voice in this affair, since they are not acquainted with the subject matter of it. But those who do will, I believe, extend to me their pitying sympathy. For no known reason, I desired to make these and other turns, which, when made, are of no conceivable use to anybody; and full of anxious thoughts, which violent collisions with the elusive material on which I performed fully justified, I proceeded to devote the hours of light to these utterly indefensible pursuits. I wished to execute a movement in which the skate left a certain mark on the ice, and no other (I am alluding, of course, to involuntary change of edge), and to make this and other marks on the ice (continuous loops, bracket eight, and a few more, for the sake of the curious) I signed a bond, so to speak, for three weeks of my short mortal life. All morning, that is to say, I struggled with these evanescent scratchings, ate a hurried lunch, and struggled again till it was dark. Really, it is very odd: and I hope to do the same next winter. I am perfectly aware that I could have spent my time much better, or, at any rate, tried to; I knew that at the time. But I did not care then. And I do not care now.

There were sane intervals, however. For instance, one Saturday evening it began to snow. Now I see nothing conceivably wrong in skating on Sunday, and am unable to comprehend the position of those who do. But it is certainly wrong to skate on Sunday when it will spoil the ice on Monday, and on this particular Sunday I went to church in the morning, and afterwards took a sandwich lunch from the hotel, and tying

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it securely to a toboggan, sat myself insecurely on the toboggan, and went alone (that was an essential part of the plan) down past the church and through the village, through fields of white snow that spouted as the toboggan met them, even as the spray spouts round the bows of a liner. In nothing does a man (unless he be M. Santos-Dumont) come nearer to the ecstasy of flight,—some low skimming flight that follows the contours of the ground as swallows when storm is imminent. So went I down an ever-steepening mile, finishing at the end just by the side of the bridge that crosses the stream from the glacier. The frost had been severe for the last week, and this was nearly covered over with lids of ice that grew out from backwaters and extended almost from bank to bank. Wherever a stone stood in mid-current, there below it had the ice first gathered, lengthening itself spearwise down stream till the cold feeler reached another stone. Then, already half established, it had broadened and broadened till a third anchorage met it. But in certain swift places the water still ran unchecked, its flow, of course, greatly diminished with the lesser melting of the glacier in winter, but still busy, busy, seeking the sea with steadfast purpose. Round the bank and in the bed itself of the stream grew an immense company of alders covered completely with the inimitable confectionery of frost, a forest of spiked branches.

Then mounting again, I passed up a long gentle slope by a few outlying chalets, and having come out of the shadow of the Eiger, sat down to lunch. The air was utterly windless, the frost so keen that not a flake of snow clung to my clothes, yet through the glory of that pellucid air the sun struck so hot that a coat was altogether a superfluity. Eastwards the Wetterhorn rose in glacier and snow-field, and its superb and patient beauty, seeming like a noble woman waiting for the man she loves, struck me with a pang of delight. Thereafter, still climbing, I entered the pine woods below the Scheidegg, where the sun drew out a thousand resinous smells, as if odorous summer instead of midwinter held sway.

Alone! I had intended to be alone, but never was a man in more delectable company. Trees, glimpses of the gorgeous dome above them, drifts of driven snow, were my companions, while, if one grew overbold, there was the Eiger to hazard a respectable remark to, and the sun itself to be worshipped. On no other day, indeed, that I can remember have I felt so strong a sympathy with Parsees. High it swung, benignant, and all for the fir-trees and me. Then rising higher, I came to the edge of the wood and the beginning of the snow-fields again, and resting for a moment, did an exceedingly childish thing. Underneath a piece of spreading root of the last tree of that heavenly wood I hid a stick of chocolate, a Bryant & May's match-box containing an English sixpence, two nickel coins of ten centimes, a short piece of pencil, and four matches. These I dedicate to the wayfarer, should he need a light. Also I should ask him to write his name with the pencil and put it in the match-box, and, if he feels as foolish as I, add some small object of no value. Next year I will go there again and make some further striking addition to the *cache*. The tree is a large one on the left of the path, and quite notably the last in the wood. My initials are rudely carved in the piece of root directly above the *cache*.

Now where shall we look for the source of this instructive piece of foolishness? This is not a merely egotistic query, for I am perfectly certain that many sober and mature citizens like myself will feel sympathy with, though they may not practise, such *caches* as I made on the slope of the Scheidegg. Is it that we still preserve, even in this well-civilized and *restauranted* century, some cell in our brain which even now obeys the prudent instincts of some remote cave-dwelling ancestor, and do we now in play imitate his serious precautions? Or—and I like to think this better—have we still, in spite of our sober maturity, some remnants of a heritage more priceless than cave-dwelling ancestors, namely, the lingering joys of our own childhood?

Here I feel that I may be treading on alien ground—the *cache* habit I know is not rare, but I have not at present met any one who "talks French," of which the manner is as follows: Every one, I suppose, has moments of sheer physical enjoyment. I need mention two only: the one getting into bed with legs curled up, ere yet the freezing sheets can be encountered; the other, when very cold, getting into a hot bath—a bath, that is to say, so hot that it is on the border between bliss and anguish, when, in fact, to move is to scream. On those occasions—for loneliness is essential—I "talk French." That is to say, streams of gibberish flow in a hushed voice from my lips, in the form of dialogue, and any one present would hear remarkable things of this nature:

(With deep anxiety.) "Lesti icibon?"

(Reassuringly.) "Mimi molat isto pacher."

(Reassured.) "Kaparando quilli. Amatinat sholst."

I blush to reproduce more. But I long to know if anybody else "talks French." I want to talk it with somebody and compare vocabularies.

A long colloquy was held that afternoon sitting in the sun, after the *cache* was made, and then towards sunset I started to go back through the darkling wood, with dim but welcome thoughts of bears and brigands lying in wait on each side the path. One corner, I remember, I particularly feared, for low-growing bushes bordering the path might conceal almost anything. That I had good reason to fear it I soon found out, though I had feared it for wrong reasons, for my toboggan threw me with reckless gayety into the middle of them. In fact, for the first half-mile the track was abominable; bare stones and tree roots alternated with passages of breathless rapidity; never have I experienced a quicker succession of violences. But as the wood grew less dense the texture of the going became more uniform, and for the last mile I hissed downward with ever-increasing speed and smoothness, through the pallor of the snow-bright dusk. Large stars beamed luminous overhead, and from scattered cottages sprang the twinkling lights, showing that all were home from the frozen fields and safe within walls. Then, wonder of wonders, the full moon rose over the top of the Wetterhorn with a light as clear as running water and as soft as sleep, making complete with its perfection this perfect day.

The other interlude from this rage of tracing useless marks on the ice was a funeral. The funeral was that of Slam's kitten, though the kitten was not really Slam's at all. But to go back to the beginning of things, it is necessary that you should know who Slam was. Her real name was Evelyn Helen Anastasia, and goodness knows what; but what matters more is that she was a child six years and one month old, freckle-faced, snub-nosed, devoted to animals and the outside edge, and by far the most popular person in the hotel. It was the outside edge originally that had brought us together, for she had told me that I didn't do it properly, and very kindly showing me how, she had fallen heavily on the ice. As I picked her up, she said:

"You see what I mean, don't you? Let me show you again!"

Under her tuition I improved, and, what was more important, our friendship ripened. I am proud to think that I was the *only* person who ever knew about the kitten, which had followed Slam—I am sure I don't wonder—with pitiful mewings down from the Happy Valley, an ownerless beast that would have touched hearts more hard than Slam's. She kept it in a cupboard in her room and fed it with cake. This I learned on the second day of the kitten's imprisonment. That evening it died. I will pass over Slam's lamentations, and the wealth of falsehood by which I convinced her that a diet of cake in an airless cupboard was the only thing that could have saved it. Then, as it was dead, it had to be buried, still without the cognizance of Slam's nurse, whom I feared.

"I don't want a lot of people," said Slam. "It would be much nicer if we buried her quietly. So when nurse is at dinner I will bring her down in my hat."

Meantime I had procured a card-board box, and from Slam's hat the kitten passed into the coffin. The coffin was put on our toboggan, for Slam and I were going to lunch out, and the catafalque left the hotel.

Slam put her hand into mine—a compliment that only children can pay—and we debated about the cemetery. I personally inclined to the river-bed at the bottom of the valley, but Slam would have none of it.

"Up above," she said, "it is cleaner," and though it was all pretty clean, I assented. "Then we can eat our lunch, and toboggan down," she added. This was common-sense; to walk up after the funeral would be depressing; we might recover our brightness of spirit if we kept the tobogganing till afterwards. On the way up—through the village, that is, and towards the glacier—the talk turned on serious subjects. Did I believe that animals would have a resurrection? Why did God make them if they were just to die and be finished? Again, if they were to have a resurrection, was it not proper to bury them properly? Thus we arrived at the cemetery. Four pine-trees stood there, with snow drifted high between them; the benediction of the sun hallowed the place; never had any one a more virgin tomb. We scooped out the snow down to soil level, and dropped the box into the excavation. Then with pious hands we covered it up, and on the top of the cairn planted sprigs taken from the pines.

"And now I will say my prayers."

She knelt down in the snow, and even with the fear of her nurse before my eyes, I could say nothing to dissuade her, but knelt by her and uncovered my head. And then Slam said the Lord's Prayer, and asked that she might be a good girl always, and prayed that God might bless her father and mother and nurse and me.

Do you know what it is to be remembered in the prayer of a child? "And the kitten," she added. And I said, "Amen."

So there the kitten lies, between the sky and the beautiful snow-clad earth. Pines whisper about it, and the Wetterhorn and Eiger look on its resting-place. And Slam said her prayers there.

What follows? As far as I am concerned, this: I believe that the "whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together," and that there will be, one day, a great healing and comforting. And when, on that day, mysteriously, unintelligibly, that little body, which meantime has fed the grasses and the Alpine flowers of the place, comes to itself and is alive again, a happy little kitten will stand between those four pine-trees, lost no longer. And Slam and I will recognize it. And the kitten—who knows?—will recognize us, and Slam will say again, in the phrase that is so often on her lips,

"Oh, it is nice!"

To be Continued.

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Correspondence

GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES

December 15, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Some time ago there came under my observation an article—said to be from the pen of a well-known military authority—in which the possibility of a war between Germany and the United States was demonstrated.

In the editorial section of HARPER'S WEEKLY of September 27, 1902, reference is made to the unexpected progress towards the completion of the German naval programme formulated in 1898 and amended two years later. According to Lieutenant Louis M. Moulton, who was deputed by the Navy Department to study the subject, the German naval programme may be completed in 1908, if not a year or more earlier.

The editorial says that within six years Germany will have at her disposal, in home waters for a sudden aggressive operation, about ninety modern war-ships—a larger naval force than could be quickly gathered by France or Great Britain, whose navies, in consequence of their extensive colonies, are scattered over all the parts of the globe. The opinion was expressed that, *a fortiori*, the German Empire could direct against any point on the Atlantic coast of North or South America a fleet much superior to that of the United States, with our existing resources. And the portentous query followed, "What would become of our Monroe doctrine?"

Mr. de Bloch, in his work on modern warfare, to which a reference is made, states that in the war of 1870–1, between France and Germany, the command of the sea was useless to France. I perfectly agree with him. The coast of the North Sea is not an inviting place for an attacking navy; and the Germany of those days had hardly any navy worth mentioning. But let us presume that the Germany of 1870 had been in possession of her navy of to-day. What would have been the result for France?

I knew the first ships of Germany in the days of the war of Schleswig-Holstein. I recollect the sale at auction by Fischer of the so-called German fleet. I knew the gunboats *Nixe* and *Salamander* of those days. What was Germany then?

A conglomerate of principalities, with Prussia as the leading star and Austria as a dead-weight upon the German Bund. British, French, and Austrian influence and corruption did their best to keep the different parts from uniting. A German flag was hardly known on the seas in those days.

The flags of the Hansa States floated from the tops of many fine sailing-vessels — but they were the flags of the Hansa States alone. I remember the unkind remarks we made upon the "three houses" in the flag of Hamburg. To-day the ships belonging to Hamburg are the finest in the world; every seaman stares with wonder and deep respect at those ocean greyhounds.

Everything in Germany has changed since the year of 1871—since Napoleon III. played the rôle of the delivering prince in the fairy-tale of "Dornröschen" in the enchanted castle. But there was the difference that it was not the Princess Dornröschen he delivered.

His emprise won but a thorny rose for him, his dynasty, and France. It brought back to Germany Alsatia and Lorraine; it cemented the union of the German race; and it resulted in the German Empire. With the Empire came progress. And with all the reins of government in the hands of a powerful, self-relying, intelligent ruler, the fine qualities, the very genius, of the German nation, that had been lying dormant for so many years, broke forth and made more rapid strides than would have been taken by a race in any other country. Like a matured plant which awaited only the beneficial rays of sunshine to open its splendid, gorgeous flowers, Germany has developed its immense capacity of intelligence, its knowledge of science, its industry, and its self-reliance.

That is what makes the foreign observer uneasy, meditative, and often suspicious. The progress was, and is, too sudden.

We Americans are surely a progressive people; but we mature and develop little by little. Only during the last decade have we marched at a rapid pace. No doubt, with our natural resources and exceptional facilities, we will always be abreast of the most progressive nations in war and peace. I remember well, in 1854, when I, who had seen the finest capitals of Europe, was first at Washington with my captain, what an astonishing, bewildering, incomprehensible concern it was. To-day I consider Washington the best-appointed and handsomest capital of the world. Such is American progress.

In Germany it was existent for centuries, but dormant. It is, therefore, natural that Germany, now awake and progressive in industry and commerce and well prepared for any controversy on land, must be heedful that she have a strong and efficient navy. In many respects she has advantages over France, England, and other sea powers. All the costly experimenting done in the naval departments of other nations at such enormous expense has been saved to her. She can use the costly experiments of others for her own benefit.

Mr. de Bloch holds to the opinion that a strong navy would be superfluous to Germany in the event of a war between the Triple Alliance and the French-Russian League.

In my opinion, there is very little danger from that side. France would not dare venture on attack single-handed; and there is no reason to believe that Russia would join in such undertaking. History has proved that Russia has been Germany's best, her only true, friend in the terrible struggles that endured from the last century into the beginning of this; and Russia has proved friendly up to this very day. Russia has nothing to gain, and can rest satisfied to have in Germany a trusty, peaceful neighbor on her extensive boundary, while all her energies are concentrated in the endeavor to gain a strong footing on the Pacific and to extend her influence to Asia. Russia knows well that the march to those regions is over Constantinople. The France of to-day is not the France of 1870. On friendly terms again with Italy, she wants more extensive possessions in Africa. She must have and will have them, as Italy should have Tripolis in the spread of her domain. It is but natural that the coast of Africa bordering the Mediterranean Sea should belong to those two countries. Since the time of the first Napoleon, Great Britain has dominated the Mediterranean with her powerful fleet; she has there her strongholds Malta and Gibraltar; and she has taken, without asking leave, Egypt.

There is no reason to suppose that the Triple Alliance and the Franco-Russian League will clash.

No German fleet will ever come to the shores of the great republic of North America with intent other than friendly, and to cement the feelings of mutual respect and amity between two nations that are bound together by many ties.

I am, sir,

E. H. P.

THE CANTEEN QUESTION

HARTWICK SEMINARY, OTSEGO CO., N. Y.,
December 19, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—(1) I have read your paper for a number of years, and am at a loss to understand how you can advocate the return of the canteen. (2) Considered from a business stand-point, almost without exception the large firms not only do not provide a place for their employees to get intoxicating drinks, but, on the contrary, other things being equal, they drop the drinking man from the pay-roll. Why should we, the people, do what good business policy opposes? Considered from a practical stand-point, the average individual will buy more candy, if he sees it every day, than if he does not so; if a soldier has it under his nose constantly, he will use more liquor than if there is no liquor at the canteen; or if the reverse is true, his commander is incompetent, and ought to be removed. It is manifest that the man who does not like or use either candy or whiskey will not be injured by the failure to have liquor in the barracks. (3) Considered from a moral stand-point, we as a nation cannot be *particeps criminis* in such a business and expect to escape the consequences. The products of the traffic in liquor are visible at every drinking-place of our country. Beer-bloated, dull-faced, broken-down men, old before their day, are the regular return of every drinking-place. Of two evils, take neither. The taking of grog is an evil, whether taken in a canteen or a low-down saloon. (4) We cannot trust our safety in war or peace to drinking men. There is no certainty as to what idea may get into the head of a drinking man.

Very truly yours,

J. G. TRAVER.

[(1) The WEEKLY advocates the reinstatement of the canteen solely on the ground that there is less drunkenness with the canteen than without. (2) There is little likeness between the relation of the government to the soldiers and that of an ordinary employer to his employees; yet such a concern as the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, employing miners and other workmen in isolated places, has found it expedient in some cases as a temperance measure to start clubs, where its men can buy drinks. (3) The government now derives a very large revenue from the liquor business. (4) If we cannot trust our safety to drinking men we are in a bad way. There are few teetotallers among the men who rule the country. We doubt if there is one in the President's cabinet or on the bench of the Supreme Court.—EDITOR.]

"THE QUALITY"

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The ground for the personal attack upon me by the *Saturday Review*, mentioned by your correspondent last week, appears to lie in a difference of opinion between certain masters of English literature and that paper, concerning the proper employment of the word, "quality." Personally I prefer to accept the verdict of the masters.

If it were true that a flagrant misuse of the English language stamps my work as "Kitchen" literature, how could any discussion or review of any book of mine have a place in a gentleman's periodical?

For the doubtful honor of a review in their paper I am proportionally their debtor; the attack upon myself I can only deplore in the name of that common decency which a gentleman instinctively attributes even to those with whom he differs in opinion.

I am, sir, yours,

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

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Woodrow Wilson's History of the American People

PRESIDENT WILSON has written a literary masterpiece, an artistic and enchanting story of the American people. It is marked by the qualities which have made the author one of the most attractive, as well as one of the most satisfying of our writers on American history and on government. It is, indeed, not too much to say, now that Mr. John Fiske is no more, that President Wilson stands easily first as a broad and picturesque painter of our historical, political, and social life.

In the five sumptuous and richly illustrated volumes published by Harper & Brothers, and entitled, *A History of the American People*, President Wilson has made for popular reading a complete account of the beginnings of civilization on this continent, the rise and progress of our liberty and our self-government, following the history from the earliest day to the election of 1900. It is the only complete account contained in a single work. Its scholarship is accurate. The judgment which has selected the large personalities, and the large events for illustration of the theme is sound and unerring. The literary style is charming. The work is for the pleasure of all, scholar as well as general reader. It holds one with its intense interest and its literary seductiveness. Moreover, it is a marvel of compression. It is, of course, impossible to describe epochs in epigrams, but Doctor Wilson comes very near doing so when in summing up the characteristics of the early seventeenth century when the English began to swarm hither, he writes:

"It was to be an age of profound constitutional change, deeply significant for all the English world; and the colonies in America, notwithstanding their separate life and the breadth of the sea, were to feel all the deep stir of the fateful business. The revolution wrought at home might in crossing to them suffer a certain sea-change, but it would not lose its use or its strong flavor of principle."

"Its strong flavor of principle" is a phrase noteworthy of the men who brought the petition of rights, and the *habeas corpus* act out of the Stuart tyranny, and worthy to describe the heart and soul of the revolution for individual liberty, which ended only with the granting of our independence and the establishment of a responsible government in England.

In another chapter, that on "The War for Independence," Doctor Wilson gives in a few strong, illuminating, and brilliant touches the philosophy of the growth of the reverence of Washington's countrymen for the leader whom Congress had placed at the head of the army, and of the development of Washington's respect for the character of his countrymen.

"They had chosen better than they knew," he writes, speaking of the selection of Washington for the command, and his assumption of it at Cambridge. Then he continues:

"It was no small matter to have so noticeable a man of honor and breeding at the head of an army whose enemies deemed it a mere peasant mob and rowdy assemblage of rebels. Washington himself, with his notions of authority, his pride of breeding, his schooling in conduct and privilege, was far from pleased till he began to see below the surface, with the disorderly army he found of uncouth, intractable plough-boys and farmers, one esteeming himself as good as another, with free and easy manners, and a singular, half-indifferent insolence against authority or discipline."

In half a page he sets before the reader the contemptuous expectation of Europe that our confederation would fall to pieces; in a quarter of a page he deftly shows the timidity with which the Constitutional Convention began its task.

One of the features of the work which makes it of especial value to the general reader who is desirous of knowing the history of his country without the labor of reading a score or more of volumes is the clearness with which is described the popular movements against George III., both here and in England, and that the same immemorial principles of civil liberty were stirring men on both sides of the ocean.

Those who desire both to read a comprehensive view of the history of the American people, and who wish to experience the delight which admirable literary form can lend to such reading, will find all they are looking for in President Wilson's *History of the American People*. The spirit of the author is that of joy in his subject and in the achievements of the country. There can be no better illustration of these than in the closing words of the fifth volume, the history ending with the second election of Mr. McKinley.

"Her voice," Doctor Wilson writes, speaking of the part played by the nation in the war in China—"her voice told for peace, conciliation, justice, and yet for a firm indication of sovereign rights, at every turn of the difficult business; her troops were among the first to withdraw to the Philippines when their presence became unnecessary; the world noted a calm poise of judgment, a steady confidence as if of conscious power in the utterances of the American Secretary of State; the new functions of America in the East were plain enough for all to see. . . Sections began to draw together with a new understanding of one another. Parties were turning to the new days to come and to the common efforts of peace."

An Unrecognized Genius

WE have lately heard, by way of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Kneisel Quartet, musical evidence of a sort to confirm us in our belief that that most misunderstood and maligned of geniuses, Franz Liszt, is the true parent and fountain-head of modern music—we mean, of course, the music of to-day: of contemporary Russia and France and Germany. For our part, we cannot listen to so nobly revealing a performance of Liszt's "Tasso" as the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave us at its last concert, or to the "Mazeppa," or the "Dante," or the "Faust Symphony," without being strengthened in an unalterable conviction that had Liszt not lived and produced his tremendous tone-poems, Wagner, and Tschaikowsky, and Borodine, and César Franck, and Richard Strauss would have been other than they were and are. Where does modern music get its peculiar chromatic poignancy, its feeling for dramatic characterization, its subtle fluidity of form—where but from Liszt, the Liszt of the symphonic poems, whom Wagner could acclaim, in a burst of pardonable hyperbole, as "the greatest musician of all times"? Such a composer as Brahms is, we concede at once, beyond the reach of such a relation; but then Brahms was not in the least involved in the on-sweeping current of musical modernity—he was merely a belated classicist,—withal a full-blooded one. It has been observed how rich in quotations "Hamlet" is. In the same sense it may be noted how full of Wagnerisms—of "Tristan"—Liszt's "Tasso" is: "Tristan" having been completed in 1859, "Tasso" in 1854. And as Wagner drew inspiration from the welling fountain of Liszt's genius, so also did tone-poets of lesser stature, from Tschaikowsky to Richard Strauss. How remarkably Liszt-like is—for an immediate example—that violin sonata of Richard Strauss performed here recently by Mr. Kneisel and Mr. Lamond! And let it be noted as a curious fact that this sonata is an early one, composed before Strauss had come so completely under the sway of Liszt's magnetic influence as he now is; yet it is incontrovertible that Strauss would have conceived the music very differently had Franz Liszt never lived. In its idiom, in its thought, in its emotion, it is only half Strauss; and the other half is largely Liszt.

The Law of Mustachios

"WHEN the Emperor sneezes, the people require handkerchiefs."

This axiom may seem irrelevant to the Venezuelan situation: it requires earnest reflection to connect the Imperial mailed fist with the subjective handkerchief.

Another interesting law has recently been discovered: that no nation which curls up its mustachios can become a world power.

That the tonsorial curling-tongs should play so material a rôle in the destiny of peoples is nothing new; a female barber curled up Samson.

Moreover, that this law concerning crimped mustachios exists, is proven by history: frizzled France fell before shampooless Mexico; curled and pomaded Austria tumbled before the rough-bearded Teuton; the waxed and needle-pointed whiskers of the Third Empire drooped and fell out at Sedan; and gallant Don Whiskerandos gave one final flourish to the twisted adornments of his upper lip ere the furnace-blast of Santiago de Cuba shrivelled the last hair to the follicle.

"When the Sultan itches, all Asia scratches. When the Emperor of—" But why, *why* continue? Alas! that to-day the Fatherland should be but a bristling thicket of up-curled, fan-spread mustachios! *Aut scissors aut nullus!*

Startled patriots like the *Staats-Zeitung* may argue that it is not yet too late; that the damage is not yet irreparable; that any style of whiskers may be changed at the nearest barbers for the modest consideration of twenty pfennigs; that, in the awful and lurid light which the discovery of the Law of Mustachios has shed upon the downfall of nations, the frizzled Fatherland may yet be saved through the humble office of a pair of scissors.

No!

Danger lies not in the *coup de fer;* Dominion abhors not the whisker, *per se;* Destiny hovers not in the pomatum pot. But remorseless Truth, with inflexible fixidity, brands forever the nation capable of tonsorial toadyism; and Justice snaps the padlock on its padded cell.

Shade of Barbarossa! Weirds of the shaggy hordes that hurled back Rome! Ghosts of the un-shorn, quaffing forever in Valhalla! Only a Belasco can record the tragedy of your despair; only a Frohman stage it; only a Grau can contribute contraltos for the lament; only a Sousa conduct the obsequies!

Finance

WITH apprehension over serious money stringency before the end of the year allayed by the formation of the $50,000,000 money pool, and the clearing up of the ominous Venezuela clouds by the consent of the powers to submit the matters at issue to arbitration, there was a rebound in the securities-

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markets which was altogether natural. Sentiment improved decidedly. Pessimism gave place to hopefulness. The recoveries in prices were rapid and in many cases substantial. Money became easier, and it seemed to be assumed by nearly everybody in Wall Street that the liquidation of highly speculative accounts had been so thorough that, with the return of currency from the interior to this centre and the probable increase in the exports of agricultural products, a January rise was certain to come. This led to a very fair volume of buying orders. On the rise that followed, those who had bought at the low prices reached during the slump promptly converted their "paper profits" into hard cash, and the rally was checked. At no time was there any foolhardy attempt to "discount" the "reinvestment demand" that, according to tradition, Wall Street looks for, after the New-Year, or the much-heralded January bull movement. It was as well, for the condition of the money-market, even if it did not have the menace of the semi-panicky days of a fortnight ago, by no means justified rash operations for the rise. They are wise pools that have profited by the lesson of the December slump in prices. Whatever they may do later, their disastrous experiences are too recent to have been forgotten. After the rally, and the profit-taking, the market became dull and, in the Street phrase, inclined to sag.

That prices recently fell in some instances below the level of actual value, may be admitted, though it cannot be denied, on the other hand, that there are stocks which even at the present figures may be regarded as unduly high. The market, on the whole, is in a far stronger position than in many months. Considering the fact that the retrograde movement in trade and business generally does not seem to have set in, at any rate, not in real earnest, it is altogether reasonable to believe that the general prosperity will continue for at least another year. It is not easy to see how railroad earnings are going to decrease, certainly, not the gross earnings. The net earnings present adverse possibilities owing to the increased cost of operation, by reason of advances in wages, materials, etc., but railroad managers are counting on offsetting such items by means of advances in freight rates, which should enable net profits to keep up proportionately. Our foreign trade should presently improve, by increasing our agricultural exports at the same time that, according to current indications, imports should fall off. Our bankers have been paying off our indebtedness to Europe, and the reduction in the volume of such obligations has been considerable during the past two months. With the return of currency to New York there should be easier money, but it is not certain whether there will be enough of it to permit of active speculation in stocks if Europe demands to be paid. It simply means that we have yet to see whether the foreigners are to be paid in gold or in corn. With the collapse of the illogical and disturbing bull speculation in corn, which immediately lowered the price of the cereal, increasing exports must be expected. Cotton exports are already increasing.

It will be seen that, taking it all in all, the prospect is hopeful rather than the reverse. There are still syndicates with huge blocks of securities yet unsold, and very little demand for their goods. But there is also a very rich public, not speculating to-day, but always a great potential stock gambler. At the moment, it would seem as if after a period of hesitancy and the usual "backing and filling" of a market governed largely by the operations of professional traders, the movement of prices would be upward rather than down. The speculative community believes that conservatism is the best policy until after the turn of the year.

Important Announcement

WITH the current January Number the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for the first time in its history, begins the serial publication of a great work of fiction,

THE AMBASSADORS

By Henry James

This work will run through the year, and the REVIEW will be enlarged to provide for its publication without encroaching upon the pages now filled by its authoritative articles upon public affairs and current literature. It is printed rather as literature than as a story, although it is a work of absorbing interest.

The second of a series of three articles by MARK TWAIN on *Christian Science* also appears in this Number.

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CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check .	31,349,710.76
	$36,565,818.54

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(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits $4,496,310.20

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Few people in the country have yet fully realized the size and beauty of the new Public Library now in course of construction in the plot of land between Fortieth and Forty-second streets and Fifth Avenue, where the old Reservoir used to stand. The building alone will cost between four and five million dollars, and will contain all the valuable collections of the Astor and Lenox libraries and the bequests left by Samuel J. Tilden. It is probable that the building will be opened and ready for use in 1905-6

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The New Niagara

See page 11

THE development of electric power at Niagara Falls is already an old story, quite familiar to every intelligent American. But it is hardly realized how quickly the earlier work of the last decade is being carried to a magnitude that begins to promise rich realization of the hope that in the great cataract might be found an illimitable supply of cheap power for every industry that chooses to locate within ear-shot of the booming gorge. The splendid enterprise developed by such well-known leaders as E. D. Adams, D. O. Mills, J. P. Morgan, W. B. Rankine, John Jacob Astor, E. A. Wickes, and L. B. Stillwell, on liberal lines, is growing at this moment faster than ever under the sovereign compulsion of a demand for the current derived from the energy of the waterfall, whose beauty as a spectacle may sometime be of less importance to us than its ability to drive our machinery, light our lamps, and keep us warm. As far back as the first half of 1901 the power-plant of the Niagara Falls Power Company, above the upper rapids, was delivering current equal to a consumption of 800 tons of coal a day, and all the plants in the vicinity now are trying hard to double that output. Yet Niagara is still far from developing steadily 100,000 horse-power electrically, and all the

(Continued on page 33.)

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PRESIDENT CASTRO, as NIT.
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.
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OPENING SCENE, 1st ACT: THE GREAT 125th REVOLUTION OF THE STURDY REPUBLIC (CRIES OF DOWN WITH CASTRO &c.)

WILLIAM:— KING, DOND FORGOT YOUR ANCHESTORS, DEY ALVAYS GRABBED EVERY DING IN SIGHT. NO? YES?

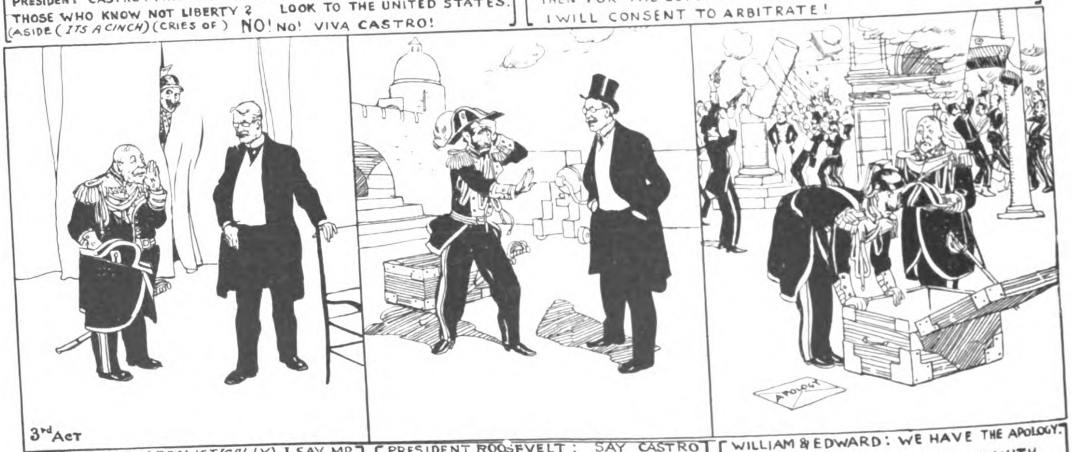
WILL.: SO! UNCLE, DEM IS OUR SHIPS. IT VILL BE A PIECE FULL BLOCKADE. (aside) I VINK VUN OFF MY EYES.



2nd ACT

PRESIDENT CASTRO: FRIENDS! PATRIOTS! SHALL WE BE COERCED BY THOSE WHO KNOW NOT LIBERTY? LOOK TO THE UNITED STATES. (ASIDE (ITS A CINCH) (CRIES OF) NO! NO! VIVA CASTRO!

PRESIDENT CASTRO: CARRAMBA! HELP! (NONE ARRIVES) THEN FOR THE LOVE AND DESIRE I HAVE FOR MY COUNTRY I WILL CONSENT TO ARBITRATE!



3rd Act

KING EDWARD: (REALISTICALLY) I SAY, MR. ROOSEVELT — NO HARM INTENDED, — FAULT OF MY VOLATILE NEPHEW — 'PON HONOR.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT: SAY CASTRO S'POSE YOU PAY UP, — AND I'LL TEND TO THE LIBERTY BUSINESS.

WILLIAM & EDWARD: WE HAVE THE APOLOGY: (CRIES IN BACKGROUND DOWN WITH CASTRO! VIVA THE 126th REVOLUTION!

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(Continued from page 31.)

present plans in contemplation keep within range of 500,000 horse-power; but the mighty torrent, even at its great leap, is good for far more than ten times that; and on its way down the cañon of the Niagara River it could repeat the performance without the tired feeling that distresses the average Yankee every time he exerts himself slightly.

The utilization of Niagara below the Falls is in reality something to be discouraged, from the æsthetic stand-point, as it leads to the placing of buildings and plant at some of the most picturesque spots in the gorge. The utilization above the Falls, a mile or two back, offends no one's eye, and cannot be detected save by the white foaming tide that shoots out from the portal of the long tunnel just under the first bridge. On both sides of the chasm this scientific development is going on, and unless the reports of the gaugers are astray, it will be very long before any one will note any lessening of the green sheet of water that curves over the lip of the Horseshoe, because of the diversion of a portion of the falling tidal wave. Upon the American side, the first power-house contains 50,000 horse-power of water-wheels and electrical generators that they drive, all busy now and overloaded. Across the intake canal, upon which that handsome power-house stands, a *vis-à-vis* has lately gone up, and six new electrical generating units will be in operation there soon after the New-Year. The second plant is also good for 50,000 horse-power, and the tunnel to carry off the waste water of the pair was successfully tested lately as to its ability to get rid of the volume thus represented by a stream from which a hundred thousand horse-power had been extracted by the thumb-screw methods of modern electro-mechanical ingenuity. All this current is in brisk demand. It is being availed of freely in Buffalo, and places thirty and forty miles away are glad to secure some of it, for the Power Company is selling current at Niagara at twenty dollars a year for twenty-four-hour power, supplied every day in the year, which is not half what the best-known economy by steam can do. In New York city there is many a man whose steam-power is costing him from sixty to a hundred dollars a year per horse-power, even for ten-hour power, so that it would not be surprising if some folks moved to the Falls, as others have done from Pittsburg, the very home of cheap fuel. The alternative is to bring Niagara to the door of the manufacturers needing power; and that process is also working its way.

Over on the Canadian shore, in the vicinity of Victoria Park and the Dufferin Islands, a kindred development has begun, and there the same general principles and methods have again been adopted—an intake canal, power-houses on each side of it, a wheel-pit with water-wheels at the bottom attached to the generating dynamos at the top, and a waste-water canal emptying somewhere near the level of the river in the gorge. The machinery to be placed in the sub-cellar of the wheel-pit and on the floor at the surface will give the equivalent of 50,000 horse-power; but there is room for a total output capacity of 100,000 horse-power, which Canada will try to grow up to in the way of consumption. A very interesting feature of the plant in the Dominion is that the first three dynamos to go into it will be the biggest and best that the world knows. Those on the American side are equal to five or six thousand horse-power each. Those on the Canadian side will each be able to deliver 10,000 horse-power. The earlier machines, moreover, are polyphase of low voltage—needing step-up "transformers" to raise their 2200 volts to the 11,000 or 22,000 required in the transmission to Buffalo. The big latest types are to generate current at a potential right off of 12,000 volts, so that the transformers will virtually be unnecessary, except for extreme long-distance work. It is some satisfaction to know, however, that these colossi are to be built in New York State, and that while we still look quite naturally to Switzerland for pointers on water-wheel work, American engineers are responsible for design, plan, and construction of the whole

(Continued on page 35.)



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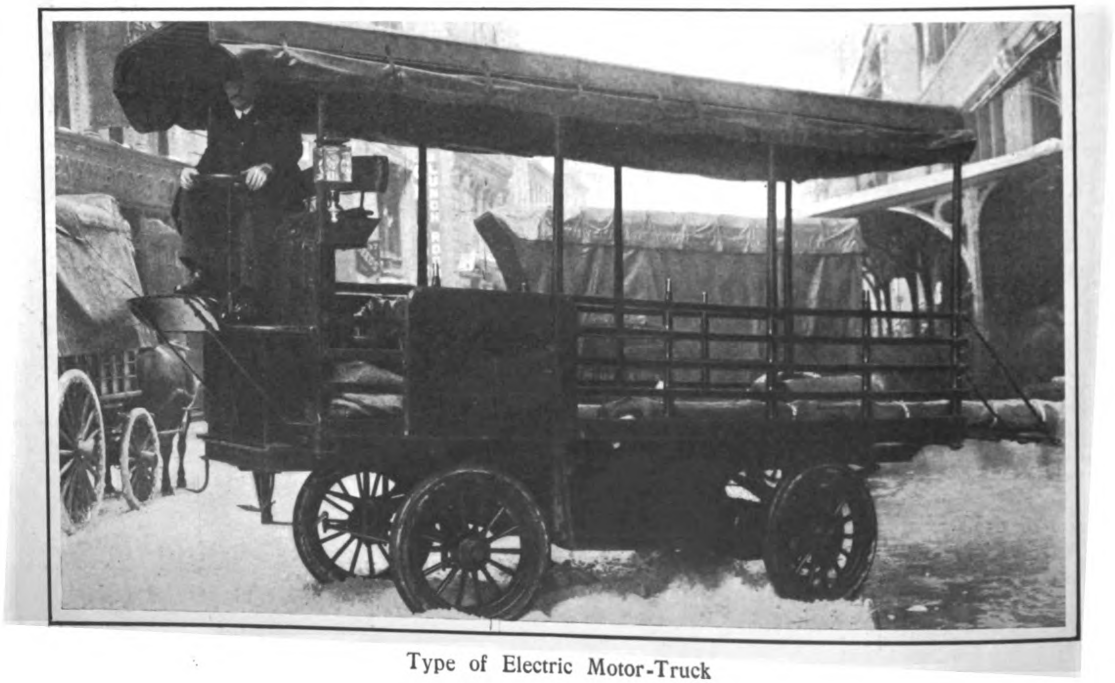
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Type of Modern Gasoline Motor-Truck

THE substitution of mechanical traction for horse-drawn vehicles is being made gradually by many of the most prominent firms in New York. Electricity has been found to fulfil the requirements more completely than other forms of motive power on account of its noiselessness and simplicity of application. In several cases, however, the gasoline motor has been found useful to department stores which make large out-of-town deliveries. For these conditions, the need of a quick and easily procurable means of recharging forbids the use of the electric battery, for the present, at least. By rough calculation, one of these motor-trucks will do the work of four horses and two wagons in the same period of time. During the heavy snowstorms of the winter the motors have been able to plough through deep drifts without difficulty, the only disadvantage being a slight tendency to side-slip.



Type of Electric Motor-Truck

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GENUINE SIGNED: J. Liebig IN BLUE

HELP for the HOUSEWIFE

(Continued from page 33.)

plant. When they graduate from Niagara they move down to New York city, to deal with gigantic lighting and transportation problems that playing with its ceaseless "rush hours" has rendered comparatively easy of solution.

Meanwhile, on the Canadian shore, above the Falls, other plans and projects are afoot, such as that of the Ontario Power Company, which, unhappily, proposes to duplicate the American work in the gorge by setting its plant down at the river's brink, so as to secure the full drop of the water from the edge of the cliff. Still another scheme, well backed and likely to be pushed, is that which aims to develop part of Niagara's power with the object of carrying it to Toronto, some seventy-odd miles away, far beyond the Queenstown Heights, and hugging the eastern horizon across the Ontario Lake. But seventy miles are nothing nowadays to the ambitious electrical engineer, who, as these pages have told, is already dealing with three times that span out in California, sending the thrilling energy of the Sierra floods across hill and dale to the Golden Gate itself. And what has been done on the Pacific slope is just as easy of accomplishment and far surer of reward with Niagara as a source, here in the East, whether for the pushing city of Toronto or for all the wires and wheels of the Empire State.

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How sweetly you can sing a ballad!

Not e'en a lunatic would sing
A pæan o'er your buttered toast;
Your "hand for pastry" is a thing
Of which you have no right to boast:
But my artistic soul with glee notes
Your splendid touch upon the key-notes.

You have a somewhat ghastly knack
Of overdoing ribs of beef:
The way you serve up bacon black
Is, mildly speaking, past belief.
But while I wonder still I do know
How capably you render Gounod.

Potatoes are a form of food
That you can never rightly cook,
E'en when in contemplative mood
You've studied Mrs. Beeton's book:
They look and taste like tallow candle,
Yet how you can interpret Handel!

You do not grasp the ins and outs
Of serving the most simple sweet:
Your sausages and Brussels sprouts
Are quite impossible to eat;
You can't cook even a tomato—
But how sublime is your vibrato!

You must have answered, it appears
To me, the wrong advertisement,
And out of two distinct careers
'Twas for the wrong one that you went.
Your cookery is far from sano;
Go in for teaching the piano.

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A Second Yosemite

FROM time to time during the past dozen years, more frequently within the past year or two, there have appeared in print enthusiastic assertions that the Kings River Cañon, in California, is more wonderful, more beautiful, and more various other things than the Yosemite Valley. We confess that, with the tenacity with which most of us cling to our belief in the excellence of the things whereof we know, rather than of those things whereof some other fellow knows, we have largely discounted the rating of Kings River Cañon. It seemed to us that the enthusiasm of the few who have penetrated its wilds was fired somewhat by the prideful consciousness that they were few, that they had done a big thing to get into the cañon, and that there was no harm in boasting that they had been rewarded with more than their trouble for their pains. But just now we are assailed by a doubt of Yosemite's superiority in all those charms and wonders which have given it its great fame. The late Professor Joseph Le Conte, for many years of the faculty of the University of California, explored the Kings River Cañon when he made the last of his beloved mountain camping tours, and in his article, "My trip to Kings River Cañon," which we find in a recent publication of the Sierra Club, he made precisely the comparisons between the cañon and the valley we have long hoped to find.

The cañon is in Fresno County, in what for many years has been only vaguely known as the "Kings River Country," and is reached by a ten hours' railroad journey from San Francisco to Sanger, a little town in the San Joaquin Valley; a day's stage-ride to Millwood, well up in the foot-hills; then a two to four days' saddle-ride—as one wishes to hurry or loiter over the rapidly ascending trail; then a foot scramble down 3500 feet to the floor of the cañon.

Professor Le Conte, who for thirty years was familiar with the Yosemite, quite naturally made a comparison in describing his first view of the cañon. "After the storm," he writes, "we walked to the verge of the cañon and took our first view—a sunset view—both of the cañon itself and of the surrounding peaks, the goal of our desires. Barring the wonderful falls, the view will compare well with that of Yosemite from Inspiration Point." His permanent camp was in a thick grove of pines, on the very banks of the river, at the foot of Grand Sentinel Peak, an almost vertical precipice rising 3500 feet above the river. "There is nothing in Yosemite finer," he writes. "The river, swift everywhere, became, just below our camp, a roaring, foaming cascade, which by day charmed us with its ever-changing form and by night lulled us into deeper and sweeter sleep."

Later he pushed on up the main cañon to the forks, then up Bubbs Creek, and still onward and upward to the crest at Kearsage Pass, 12,000 feet above sea-level. It was in visiting this portion of the cañon that the veteran mountain-climber felt and expressed the enthusiasm which, we observe, marks all who write on the subject. "On the whole way up Bubbs Creek to Kearsage Pass the trail becomes steeper and rougher, cascades and falls more frequent and more beautiful, and the scenery grander and more impressive, until finally, as we approached the summit, I could not refrain from screaming with delight. The mountain splendor reached its climax at Bullfrog Lake. . . . At this beautiful place—the most beautiful I have seen in the Sierra—we camped nearly a week. The lake, 11,000 feet above sea-level, stands in an amphitheatre completely surrounded by the highest peaks of this the most Alpine portion of the Sierra. On the east, the sharp, jagged, castellated, pinnacled, splintered peaks of Kearsage; then, going round southward, the symmetric,

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conical, towering form of University Peak, 14,000 feet high; then Stanford Peak, equally lofty, and Mount Keith, still loftier, 14,200 feet; then the fine outlines of the Videttes; then, southwestward, the grand, massive form of Mount Brewer, with its great cirque filled with snow, from which emerges a fine glacier. On the northwest, Charlotte Peak, with Charlotte Lake at its foot, and all the fine peaks of the Sierra in panoramic view from its summit."

We must pause, in considering this expert's description of these mountain wonders and beauties, to record a protest against some of the nomenclature of the region. The climax of mountain splendor reached at —Bullfrog Lake! Horror! Beautiful, grand, impressive scenery on the way up—Bubbs Creek! Horror upon horror! A State with a wealth of musical geographical names; with its San Juan River, its Las Alamos Creek, San Bernardino Mountains, San Rafael Village, its San Buenventura, Del Norte, Sonoma — to be shamed by Bubbs Creek and Bullfrog Lake! We call upon the Sierra Club to take the law into its own hands. Rename that creek "Le Conte," the lake "Muir." Not Bubbs. Not Bullfrog. Oh!

It is interesting and instructive that Professor Le Conte, after many specific descriptions of the cañon's features, makes a general comparison between them and those of Yosemite. "Doubtless," he writes, "for aggregation of striking features within a limited area, and especially for the splendor of its many waterfalls, Yosemite stands unrivalled, not only in California, but in the world. But there is a peculiar, though gentle, charm, also, in the foaming rapids so characteristic of Kings River and its branches. If Yosemite is far superior in its falls, and also in its extensive meadows and the variety of its foliage, Kings River is far superior in its surrounding mountain scenery. Kings River Cañon branches and re-branches, becoming deeper and wider and grander until it deploys and loses itself among the highest peaks and grandest scenery of the Sierra."

A characteristic difference, which also explains why the cañon's "wildness" is frequently dwelt upon, is noted by the writer: the fall of the Merced River in the Yosemite is only about eight feet in as many miles, while in the same distance the Kings River falls about five hundred feet.

The sportsman, as well as the lover of nature in its beautiful and majestic aspect, is rewarded by the climb into the cañon. "Although we spent little time fishing," says the writer of this first comprehensive story of the cañon, "we had all the trout we wanted. Nor was big game wanting. Without turning at all out of our way we saw both deer and bear."

Professor Le Conte was a wide and observant traveller, an experienced mountain student, a geologist of note; his report is to be accepted without discount. California is to be congratulated on the possession of a second Yosemite.

If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have light, have guidance, freedom, immortality?

—*Carlyle.*

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
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—*Browning.*

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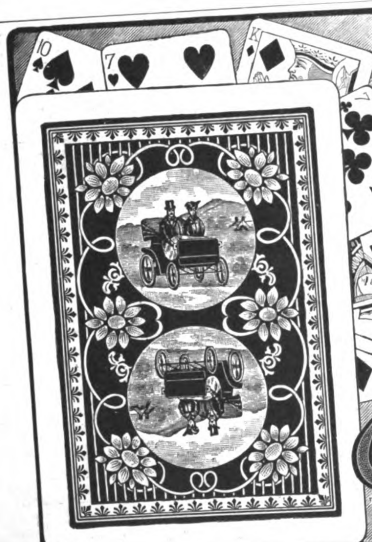
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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

For 1903

These will Write in 1903

Swinburne
Mark Twain
Mary Johnston
W. D. Howells
Edith Wharton
Maurice Hewlett
Mary E. Wilkins
Booth Tarkington
Robert W. Chambers
Amelie Rives
Margaret Deland
Henry Van Dyke
Thomas A. Janvier
Woodrow Wilson
George E. Woodberry
Hamilton Mabie
Lew. Wallace
Theodore Watts-Dunton
Alice Meynell
Alice Brown
Alfred Ollivant
Brander Matthews
Chester Bailey Fernald
Josephine Dodge Daskam
E. S. Martin
I. Zangwill
Sarah Orne Jewett
Octave Thanet

IN this page are outlined some reasons for believing that HARPER'S MAGAZINE (which attracted a larger number of readers in 1902 than ever before in its fifty years of progress) will appeal to an even wider audience in 1903.

The promise for increased excellence is a certain one, though only a part of the good may be definitely foretold. In the matter of serial stories and continued series of articles, HARPER'S MAGAZINE will be different.

It will not print more than one serial story at a time.

It will not print articles of a "news" nature.

It will not print consecutive series of short stories.

It will not print connected series of articles on any except possibly historical subjects. Thus every number will come as a surprise. This was true of last year, when the most important, the most readable, the most authoritative articles were those which appeared without preliminary announcement. A few of the things which can now be announced are:

THE PICTURES OF

EDWIN A. ABBEY, R. A.

Mr. Abbey has for ten years been engaged upon the colossal work of illustrating Shakespeare's Tragedies for HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Many of his pictures will be paintings in color, others in pen and ink, handled with that delicacy and finesse which characterize all of Mr. Abbey's work. All of Mr. Abbey's illustrative work will appear in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The text accompanying Mr. Abbey's pictures will be by the most notable living scholars and critics.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

No living writer on literary subjects commands the attention of the world more completely than Mr. Swinburne. During the coming year he will contribute to HARPER'S MAGAZINE a number of brilliant literary articles. Other notable writers who will write on literary subjects are Theodore Watts-Dunton, Arthur Symons, Joseph Knight, W. J. Rolfe, etc.

A NEW ROMANCE BY

MARY JOHNSTON

AUTHOR OF "TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"

Miss Johnston's new story is entitled "Sir Mortimer." It is a psychological study deeper than her previous work, and is of a more delicate literary texture; it maintains a higher artistic level and displays a new and maturer genius. Miss Johnston ranks anew from this work. "Sir Mortimer" is a romantic love story of the Elizabethan period. The romance will be illustrated by F. C. Yohn, and will run through the summer months.

MARK TWAIN

The famous author of "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" will write only for HARPER'S during 1903. Mr. Clemens will contribute frequent short stories—possibly a novelette.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

Mr. Howells also will write only for HARPER'S during 1903. He will continue to conduct the "Easy Chair," and will contribute short stories, essays, and poems.

The MAGAZINE for 1903 will have articles by the greatest authorities on science, exploration and travel.

SHORT STORIES

HARPER'S MAGAZINE will print in each number more short stories than any other illustrated magazine. In this branch of fiction the MAGAZINE has always been famous. It has published the best work of noted and new writers alike, and has been perhaps the strongest factor in developing short-story writing to its present perfection. Not less than seven short stories of varied types and wide range of interest will appear in each number of the MAGAZINE for 1903. The list of authors who will contribute stories includes the names of every notable story writer in this country and England.

A few of the Artists for 1903

Edwin A. Abbey, R. A.
Howard Pyle
F. C. Yohn
Elizabeth Shippen Green
Albert Sterner
W. T. Smedley
Walter Appleton Clark
Sarah Stilwell
H. Reuterdahl
E. M. Ashe
H. C. Christy
André Castaigne
Lucius Hitchcock
Peter Newell
F. Luis Mora
Jessie Willcox Smith
Fletcher Ransom

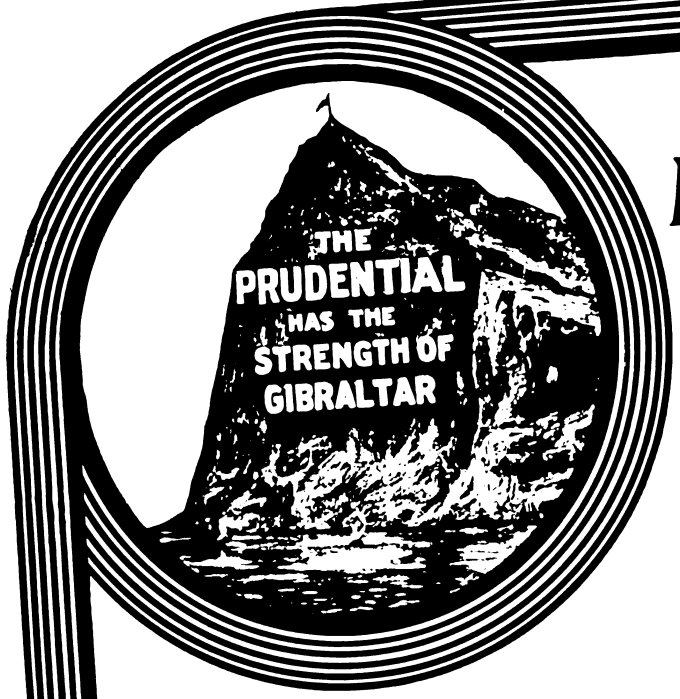
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STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY
JANUARY 10
1903

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

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William Dean Howells
E. F. Benson
Sydney Brooks
Henry Loomis Nelson
John H. Finley
Edward S. Martin
Charles Johnston
Franklin Matthews
John D. Adams
J. E. Jenks
Herbert W. Horwill
Louis Bell
Richard Arthur
Edwin Lefevre
F. A. Ripley
W. H. Ballou
Abby G. Baker

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New York's Transportation Problem

LORD CURZON
The Man and His Work

Washington Society

Outlook for Tariff Legislation During the Short Session

Recent Light on Röntgen Rays

AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

THIS WEEK

ARTHUR T. HADLEY

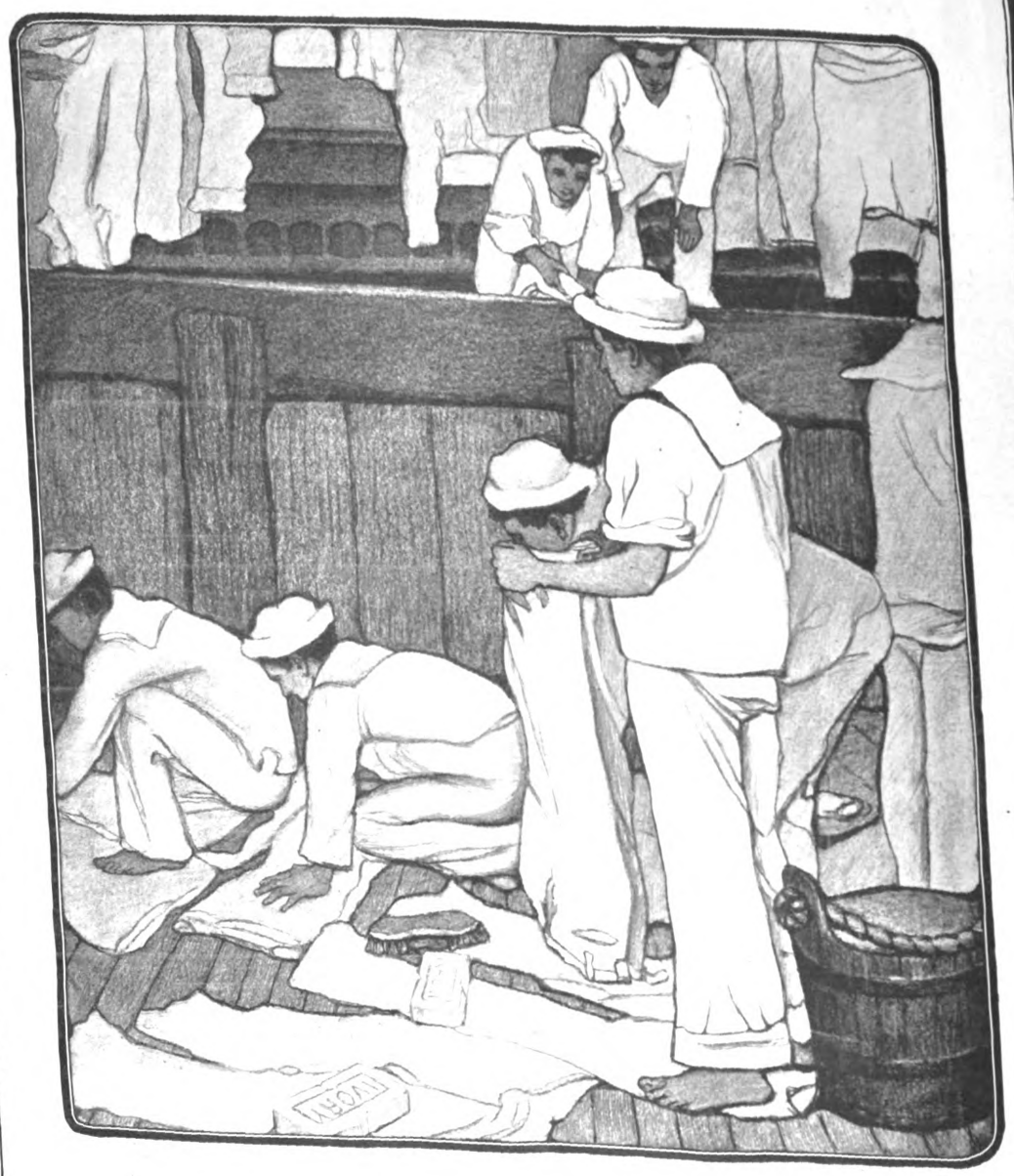
NEXT WEEK

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

Sixteen Pages of Comment on Politics, Literature, and Life

HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

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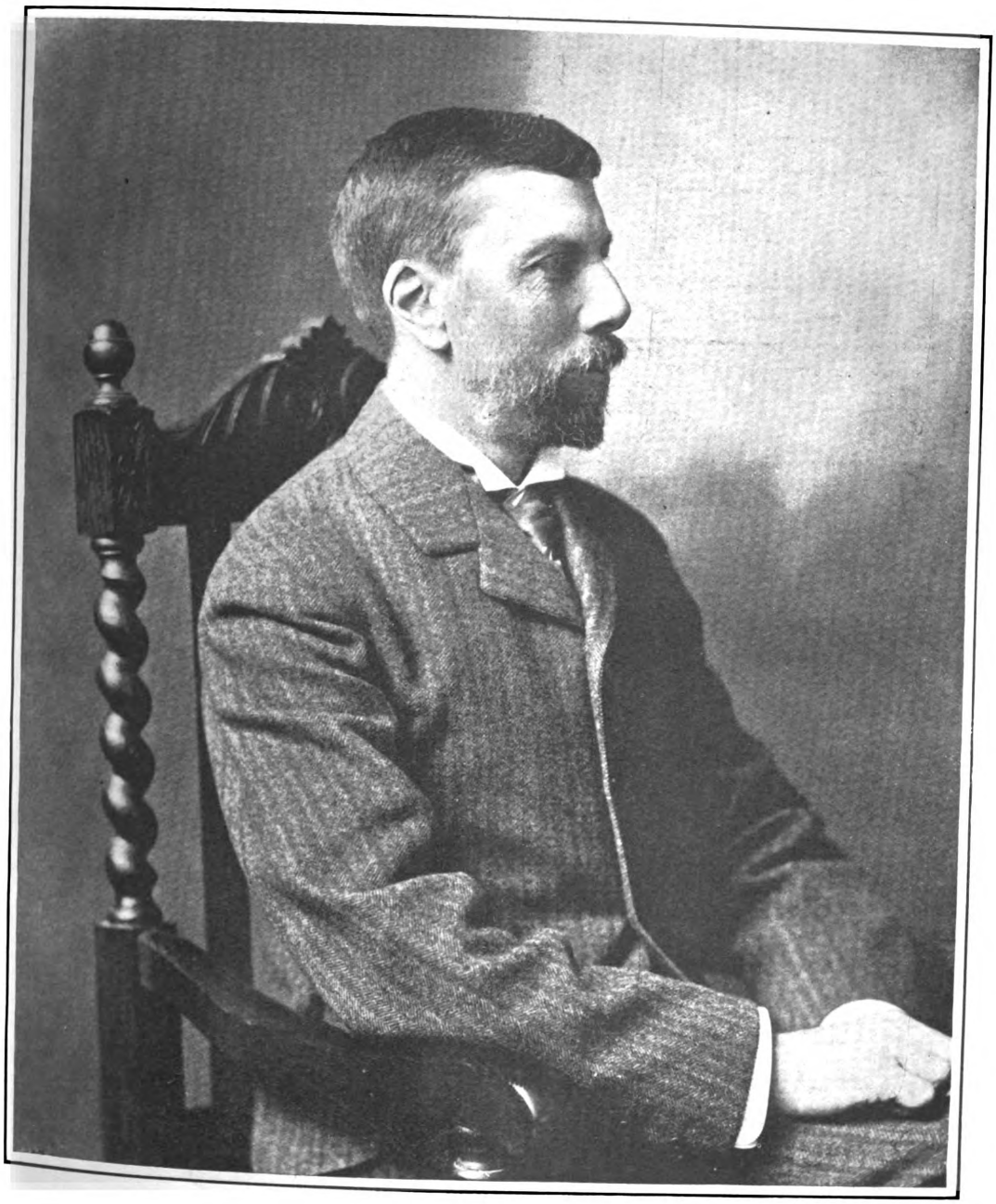
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII. *New York, Saturday, January 10, 1903—Illustrated Section* NO. 2403

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXII.—ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, *AET.* 46

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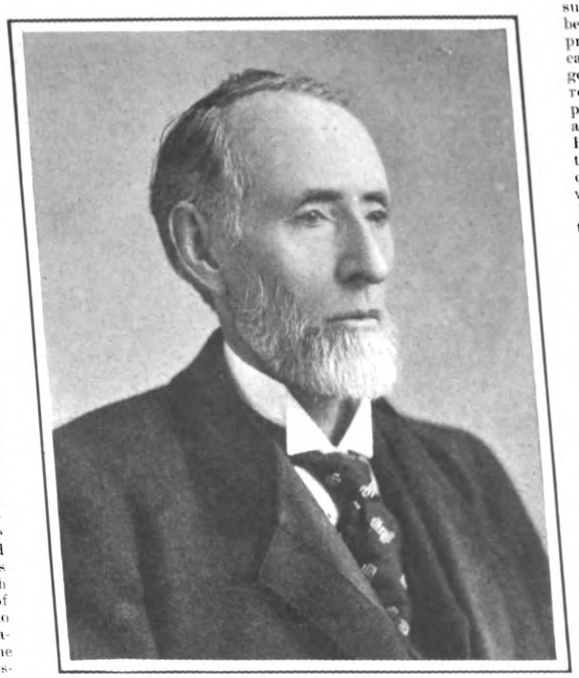
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The Outlook for Tariff Legislation

THE anomalous state in which proposed tariff legislation finds itself in the closing days of the Fifty-seventh Congress is that but one of the tariff bills under consideration (that providing for the reduction of the Philippine tariff) has originated in the House, where all revenue measures have their constitutional initiation, and that not even one of these is in the hands of the Senate Committee to which revenue bills in that body are normally referred. Such legislation has come in "by some other door," cloaked in the language of treaties, and asking the consideration accorded to "foreign relations." The result is that Senator Cullom's committee has the Cuban, Newfoundland, French, and all other reciprocal tariff treaties in its hands, while Senator Lodge's committee on the Philippines has in its keeping the remaining bill. The Finance Committee is out of tariff work. This is the present situation. No other tariff legislation has put its head above the horizon.

As to the outlook, it is possible to speak with almost as great definiteness. First, the proposed reciprocity with Newfoundland will not be approved. The interests of twenty or thirty thousand fishermen off the coast of Maine and Massachusetts protest against it, though some of the great packers of the United States are for it. Also, Senators Frye and Lodge are members of this committee. Second, the French treaty and the whole tribe of "Kasson treaties" have no chance of confirmation. Senator Aldrich, chairman of the Finance Committee, is not disposed to let reciprocity rob his committee of its revenue control and legislative prerogative, and there are, moreover, devious interests opposed to the measures themselves. With these treaties out of the way, there are but two propositions left: the one embodied in the Cuban reciprocity treaty; the other providing for the reduction of the duties on imports from the Philippines to twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley rates (the present rates being seventy-five per cent.).



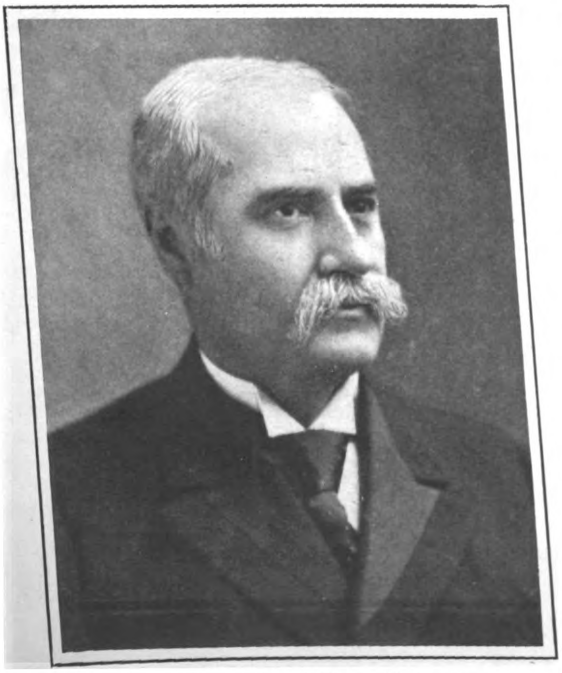
Senator Shelby M. Cullom, of Illinois

Chairman of Committee on Foreign Relations. The Cuban Reciprocity bill has been referred to this committee

The Cuban treaty which was submitted to the Senate just before its recess has now good promise of confirmation, if it can be brought to a vote. This good prospect has perhaps some relation to the hope on the part of its enemies of being able to hold it up in the House; for it is anticipated that the President, in event of the Senate's confirmation, will ask for legislation by the House in harmony with the treaty's provisions before giving it effect. Meanwhile, the beet-sugar interests, soon to hold a convention, are to deliberate as to whether they can allow the proposed reduction, and meanwhile, also, the people of the country grow impatient of the Senate's tardiness in meeting the obligations under which Cuba's rightful expectations have put it.

The Philippine bill has, it would seem, a precarious journey ahead of it, with fairly good prospects of reaching its destination. Here again the sugar interests threaten to prevent in the Senate as great a decrease as the House has voted. The fifty per cent. reduction seems to be conceded. The struggle will be over the remaining twenty-five per cent., and the issue cannot now be predicted.

This is the meagre result that may be expected in tariff legislation this session. Even the President's slight recommendations appear to be unheeded.



Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island

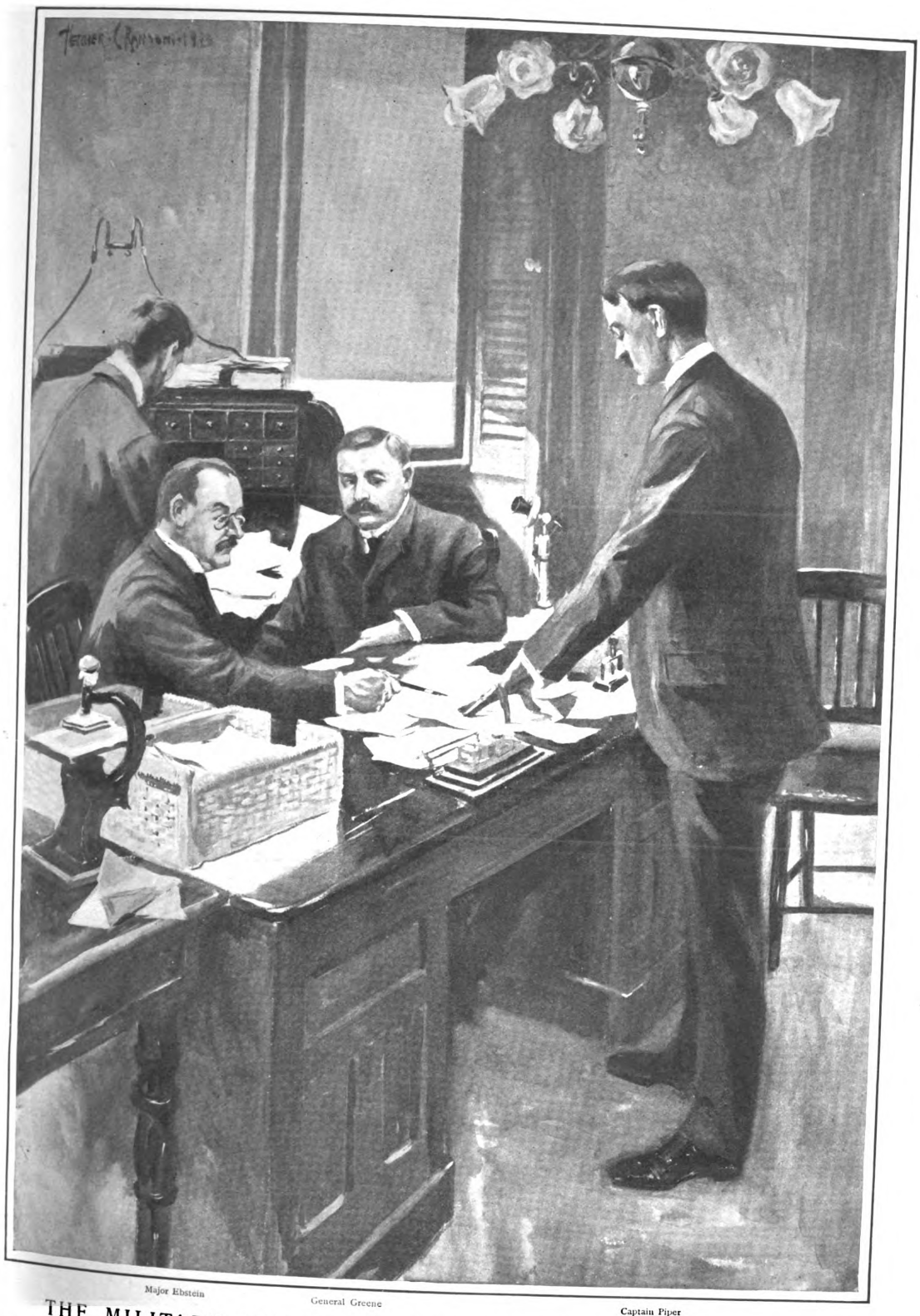
Chairman of Finance Committee. It is held that the Cuban and Philippine bills, on account of their revenue features, should be referred to this committee



Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts

Chairman of Committee on the Philippines, that has the bill for the reduction of the Philippine tariff in charge

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Major Ebstein General Greene Captain Piper

THE MILITARY HEADS OF NEW YORK'S POLICE FORCE

The Police Commission of New York on January 1, for the first time in the history of the city, became a military organization. General Francis V. Greene, appointed by Mayor Low, is an experienced military officer. His assistants, Major Ebstein and Captain Piper, have both seen long military service, and the attempt to put the police force on a strict military basis will be watched with great interest throughout the country

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The Academy Exhibition



"The Sacred Hecatomb."—By Amanda Brewster Sewell
Thomas B. Clark Prize

THE exhibition of the National Academy, now being held in the galleries of the Fine Arts building in Fifty-seventh Street, has one interest that attaches in equal degree to no other of New York's annual picture shows. It sums up the achievements of the younger painters better than any other, for the Academy is true to its tradition of teaching and encouraging. To this end most of its prizes are awarded. The three Hallgarten prizes offered to painters under thirty-five years of age are given this year, in order of merit, to H. M. Walcott, William Fair Kline, and Miss Belle Haven. Of these, Mr. Kline is a member of the Academy. The Inness gold medal for the best landscape, never awarded twice to the same painter, goes to Leonard Ochtman, A.N.A., the previous winners being, in 1900, Bruce Crane, and, in 1901, Walter Clark. To Amanda Brewster Sewell is awarded the Thomas B. Clark prize for the best figure composition. It is gratifying news that Mr. Clark has assured this prize for all time by the gift of six thousand dollars to the Academy. Mrs. Sewell's picture, "The Sacred Hecatomb," shows a procession of Greek youths and maidens leading cattle to the sacrifice with music and the dance. These joyous figures, moving in a leafy glade into which the sunlight filters, are charming in color and rhythmic movement, and as a piece of admirably conceived and executed decorative painting it stands alone in the collection. The only painting worthy of comparison with it is Louis Loeb's "The Joyous Life," a group of classic female figures dancing across a sloping field in the glow of late afternoon while Pan pipes beneath a tree.

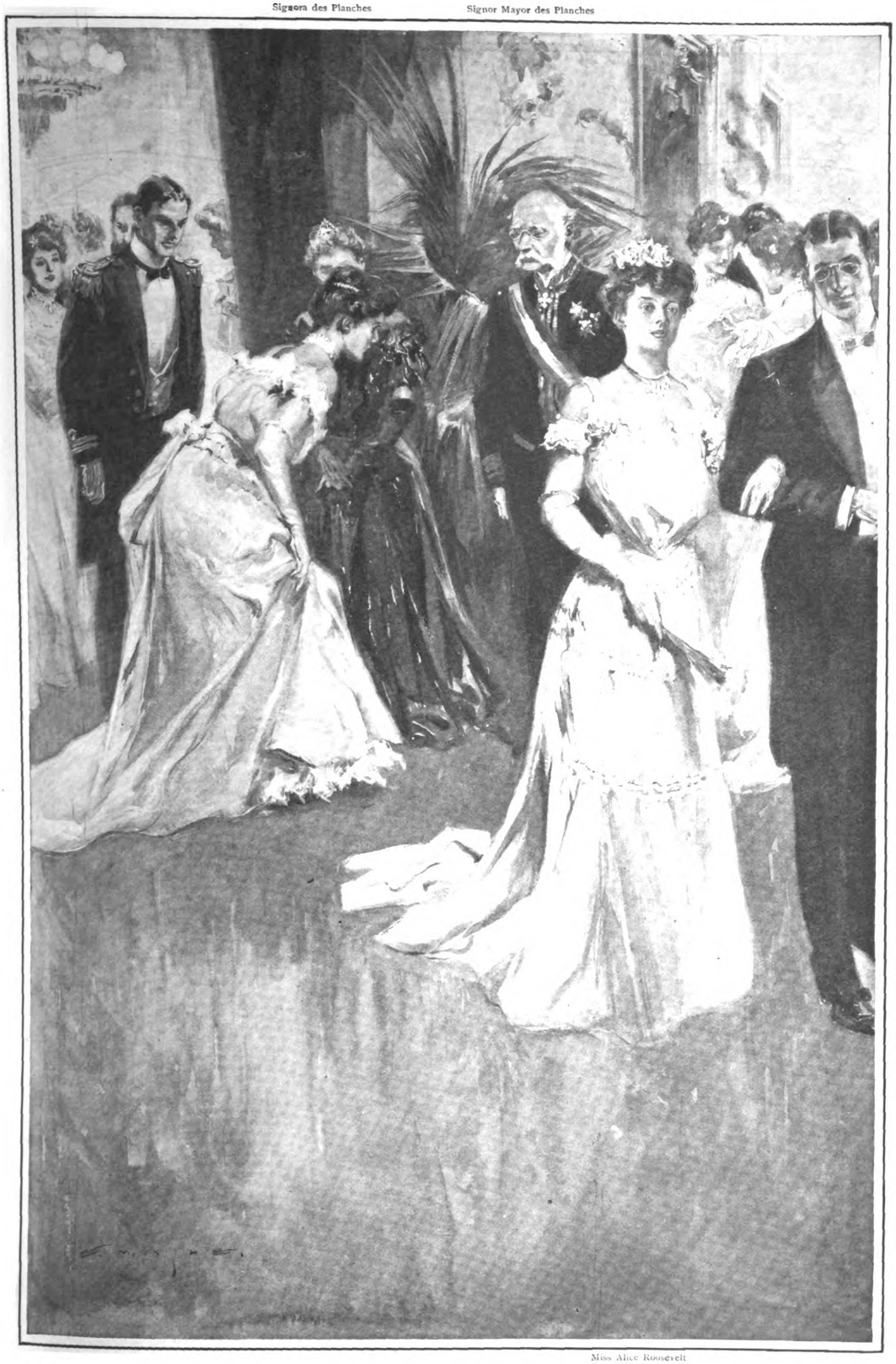
Mr. Walcott's "At the Party," which received the first Hallgarten prize, shows groups of happy children seated on a lawn, and is brilliant with color and animation. In showing the advance in the productions of the younger painters the exhibition is one of the most successful ever held.



"At the Party."—By H. M. Walcott
First Hallgarten Prize

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Signora des Planches Signor Mayor des Planches



Miss Alice Roosevelt

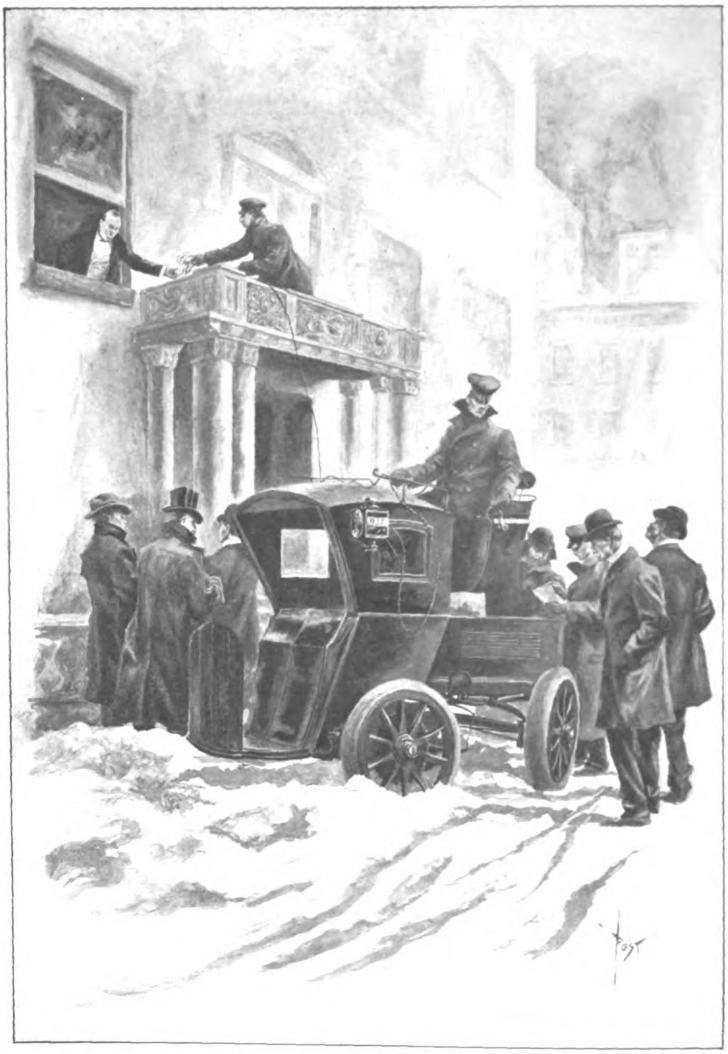
THE FIRST DEBUTANTE'S DANCE OF THE SEASON IN WASHINGTON

The Italian Ambassador and Signora des Planches gave the first reception and dance of the season at the Italian Embassy in honor of Miss Roosevelt. Most of the debutantes of the diplomatic corps were present

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Recent Light on the Röntgen Rays

EVER since the extraordinary discovery by Professor Röntgen, seven years ago, the identity of the remarkable rays that bear his name has been a matter of scientific debate, of persistent experiment, and unabated wonder. Their character, penetrating unchanged the most opaque substances and bringing the invisible to ready view, was certainly sensational enough to provoke unlimited discussion, but until recently it has borne little fruit. When rays can pass squarely through the human body and record the shadows of its inner structure upon a photographic plate, it is evident enough that in some way or other energy has been transmitted through that body in amount sufficient to produce the photographic image, and the fundamental question has been the mechanism of the transmission. Now, energy can be carried in two well-known ways — by the passage of material particles from one point to the other, as in the stream from the nozzle of a sand-blast, or by the simple transmission of impulses in the medium between the two points, of which the most familiar instance is in the radiation of heat and light by waves in the ether. And it is often rather difficult to tell which process is in action, so that when the Röntgen rays came up for investigation their nature was a puzzle. They did not behave like ordinary light or any other known form of radiant energy, for not only did they freely penetrate substances which by good rights should have been opaque, but they utterly refused to be reflected by a mirror, bent in passing through a prism or lens, or twisted around a corner by diffraction. On the other hand, their properties were equally irreconcilable with those of any known form of streaming particles, so that hypothesis had a fair field for uncontrolled liberty.

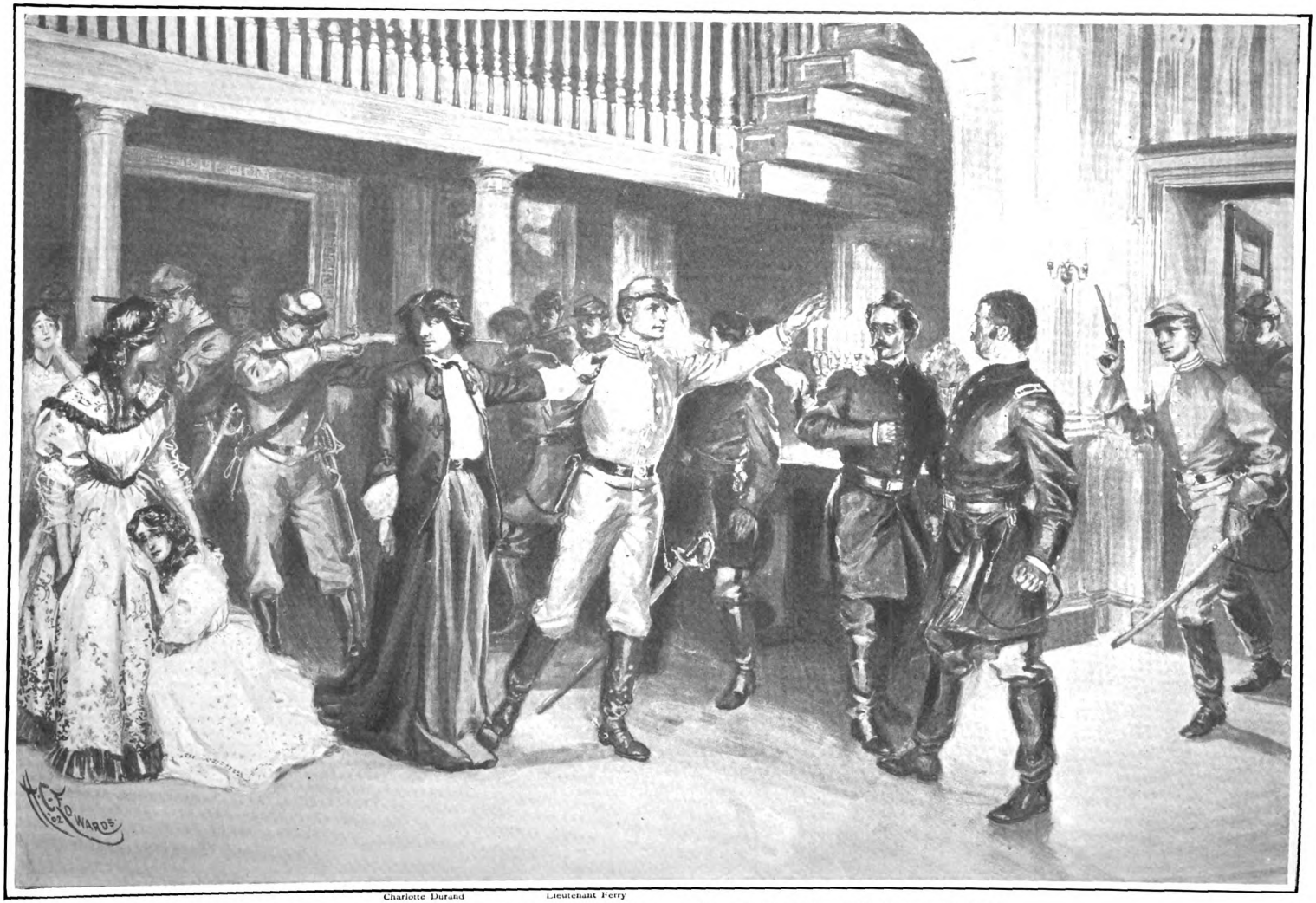


The Automobile in Surgery

New York surgeons, hampered in the use of the X-rays in private houses, where there is no electric power, have recently devised the scheme of obtaining their power from the storage batteries of their automobiles. The wires are carried direct from the automobile in the street to the patient's room

Within a few months, however, M. Bloudlot has performed some beautiful experiments that may be regarded as crucial in discriminating between the two main suppositions just noted. By a very ingenious and refined method he has shown that the Röntgen rays are propagated with the same velocity as light. For good dynamical reason this leads to the conclusion that they are not streams of matter, but ether impulses akin to light. This being definitely shown, their differences from light admit of a fairly simple explanation following a suggestion made by Sir George Stokes. According to this view, the Röntgen rays are volleys of independent impulses in the ether, — mere fragmentary bits of light waves, never settling down into steady wave motion. When a ray of any kind strikes a body it tends to stir the molecules into vibration, and thereby to slow down the entering wave. But this takes time, albeit a very short time, so that while an ordinary light ray almost immediately settles into steadiness, the enormously sharp and brief impulses of the Röntgen ray, too short to fit the vibration time of the molecules, have come and gone, without losing much energy. Hence all bodies are transparent to such rays, at least to such degree that the impulses either get through or get far enough within the surface to escape reflection from it. And the same almost infinite suddenness of the impulse forbids the existence of diffraction, unless in very insignificant degree. The wonder is that even the sensitive molecules of the photographic plate or the fluorescent screen are stirred into action, and they probably would not be save for the relatively large energy of such terrifically sharp impulses. Wave length, in the ordinary sense of the word, they have not, any more than a pistol-shot has a musical pitch, but if they could be examined in detail, there is reason to expect that one would find the impulses of very varied length, but all so brief as to correspond in time of action with waves shorter than any known to us in the form of light. Professor J. J. Thomson has shown mathematically that just such swift disjointed impulses must be generated under the conditions which are found to determine the generation of Röntgen rays, so that theory and experiment seem at last to unite on a reasonable explanation that accounts for the very singular facts.

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Charlotte Durand Lieutenant Ferry

MISS JULIA MARLOWE IN "THE CAVALIER"

Act III.—"Don't make a move! You're outnumbered three to one"

Charlotte Durand (Miss Marlowe) succeeds in calling Lieutenant Ferry (Mr. Lewers) to her rescue, which results in the recapture of a Confederate pay-train which had been sold to the Union troops by the spy, her husband, Captain Oliver (Mr. Worthing)

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Excavating Prehistoric Animals of North America

THE explorations of the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology of the American Museum under Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, for the season of 1902, were among the most successful known.

One expedition went into the region north of Miles City, Montana, seeking for the remains of horned dinosaurs (terrible lizards), under the direction chiefly of Barnum Brown, associated with Professor R. S. Lull, of Amherst College, and Mr. Brooks, a recent graduate of Amherst. They discovered a skull which lacked the upper portions of the horns only, and which had an especially complete frill. Other discoveries were portions of the skeleton of the same species and of other horned dinosaurs, the remains of a carnivorous dinosaur of gigantic size, three crocodile skeletons, and portions of the skeletons of several beaked lizards (*Rhynchocephalians.*)

Another expedition in Montana, under the leadership of Dr. W. D. Matthew, was in quest of mammals chiefly of the Miocene period. Discoveries were made of the beds containing the remains of some of the smaller animals of the period when the Titanotheres flourished, especially small carnivores and rodents and some primitive species of horse, among them *Mesohippus westoni.* The small fauna of the Lower Oligocene had already been made known partly through the researches of Earl Douglas, but these collections greatly add to his results. The party found the lower jaws and extensive portions of the legs and skeleton of a large rhinoceros, probably belonging to the species *R. malacorhinus* Cope, a long-limbed animal which has been known hitherto from its skull and from a single foot-bone only. This find enables Professor Osborn to give almost the complete characters of this long-limbed and long-skulled type, which stands in marked contrast to the more abundant short-limbed and short-skulled rhinoceros of the same period, named *Teleoceras.*

An expedition, under the leadership of Walter Granger, associated with Peter Kaison, returned to the vicinity of the famous Bone Cabin dinosaur quarry of central Wyoming for the fourth year of excavation. The early part of the season was devoted to a new dinosaur quarry discovered by W. H. Reed, and systematically explored by the museum for the first time in 1901. This quarry proved to be very rich, especially in remains of the giant herbivorous dinosaur named *Camarasaurus supremus* by Cope and *Brontosaurus* by Marsh. After work was finished at this point, the Bone Cabin quarry was systematically explored, and yielded a rich harvest of fifty-two boxes, mostly fine specimens, and several of them new to the museum collection.



Method of Work in Raising and Boxing frail Bones and Skeletons



Section of a gigantic extinct Dinosaur encased in Plaster, and ready for Shipment to New York



Professor Osborn's Party unearthing Bones at Bone Cabin Quarry, Wyoming

The search for fossil horses was continued under the direction of J. W. Gidley, especially in the southern portion of South Dakota. A brilliant discovery was made of the remains of a small herd of fossil three-toed horses belonging apparently to the genus *Hipparion*, and parts of numerous fore and hind limbs in a perfect state of preservation, and one skull and an associated skeleton so complete that it may be mounted. This discovery more than added another much-desired stage to the collection presented to the museum through the generosity of William C. Whitney, who donated $15,000 to acquire a collection of fossil horses.

After months of most difficult and skilful work, chiefly under the direction of Adam Hermann, three specimens of rare interest have been made ready for exhibition at the museum. One of these is the complete skeleton of a small new dinosaur which is to be named "The Bird Catcher," owing to its apparent capacity for great speed and the long and slender grasping structure of the hands. A second specimen is the great bear-headed fish *Portheus molossus*, secured by Charles H. Sternberg in Kansas. This magnificent specimen, sixteen feet in length, has been mounted on a very large panel, and it may be fairly claimed that it is the most striking specimen of a fossil fish in any museum in the world. The other exhibit is the superb pair of tusks and skull of the mammoth, the great *Elephas imperator*, secured from Texas. The tusks are thirteen feet six inches in length and twenty-two inches in circumference. The entire upper portion of the skull has been restored in white plaster. The specimen has been mounted with a view to showing the actual height of the skull in an animal of this size.

The fossil horses, so called, comprise the skeletons of the ancestors of the modern horse, which, when completed, will form a unique collection at the American Museum. The work of the American Museum under the direction of Professor Osborn and his associates is of the highest scientific importance.

Results of the recently returned Expedition sent out by the American Museum of Natural History under Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

At the hour when we write, it is taken to be granted that the conclusion of an agreement preliminary to the submission of the Venezuela controversy to The Hague tribunal will encounter no serious obstacle nor prolonged delay. There seems to be no doubt that President Castro is willing to assent to any demand which it is within his power to grant. There is a limit to his present pecuniary resources, however. This limit ought to be considered by Great Britain and Germany when fixing the sums of money which they will require to be paid as conditions precedent to the reference of the principal matters in dispute to arbitrators. We hope that there is foundation for the report that Great Britain has offered to reduce her immediate claim from $340,000 to $40,000, and that Germany, while lowering her own exaction from $340,000 to $300,000, has signified a disposition to accept a guarantee, instead of insisting upon instantaneous payment in cash. Environed as Castro is by rebels, it is scarcely reasonable to ask that he shall strip himself of the sinews of war. Another question of international interest which will have to be settled in the preliminary agreement relates to the continuance of the blockade pending arbitration. It is obvious that a cessation of the blockade would remove sources of provocation and friction, and for that reason it will be earnestly recommended by our government. It is not easy to see why Germany should show itself recalcitrant to such a judicious suggestion, especially as the British nation is making no secret of its eagerness to wash its hands of the Venezuela business.

Up to the present, the only country which has distinctly gained in international credit and honor from the Venezuelan imbroglio is the United States. Through a very fortunate chain of circumstances we have been able to stand as the friend of each of the three parties to the quarrel, while greatly strengthening our own position on the Monroe doctrine, and at the same time almost miraculously avoiding, so far as can be foreseen, the dangers of future complications and financial responsibilities, which both Germany and England were extremely willing to see saddled on our shoulders. At the first outbreak of the trouble, Minister Bowen came forward as the trusted friend of both Germany and England, chosen by them to represent and guard their national interests in Venezuela, and this extremely friendly attitude has been preserved throughout. Not less friendly in form, while far more effectively so in substance, have been our relations towards Venezuela and President Castro. It cannot be doubted that to our good offices and vigorous intervention was largely due the acceptance of the principle of arbitration by all the interested parties; nor can it be doubted that this acceptance has shielded President Castro and his country from grave dangers and almost certain invasion. Having in view the renewed activity of the insurgents under General Matos, it is easy to see to what straits President Castro would have been brought by the occupation of Caracas by the allies; it would have meant for him almost certain political annihilation. It may be noted, in passing, that there is considerable reason for believing that the renewed activity of the Matos party, and indeed the whole course of the revolutionary movement of which he is the head, is not wholly unconnected with the movements of the allies, nor wholly independent of foreign inspiration and support. The expedient of setting up a pretender favorable to our claims and designs is a very old one in the history of nations. While President Castro has acted with vigor and dignity through the present crisis, we cannot be blind to the fact that his position is in the last degree precarious, while General Matos and the revolutionists hold a large part of the country. A really decisive and complete victory for either party would be the best thing that could happen for the welfare of Venezuela.

While we have profited at every turn of the Venezuelan difficulty, gaining but lustre and power from the troubles of others, it cannot be denied that Germany has suffered severely in international credit and esteem. Many nations were conscious of a feeling of irritation at the behavior of Germany in China, from the first "mailed fist" oration to the days of the advance on Peking and the slaughter of hundreds of helpless Chinamen. There was a bumptiousness, a surly unmannerliness, about the whole proceeding which was as displeasing to the world at large as it was discordant from the better traditions of German urbanity and culture. It was distressing to see the land of Kant and Goethe descend to mere bullying. But when the same truculent methods were introduced into the political disputes of the New World, into the territory of the Monroe doctrine and republican government, then the revelation of Germany's temper was painful and repellent. The serious element in the matter is that the present rebuff to the Teutonic genius is likely to cause very serious irritation, and even a mood of exasperation, in the dominant section of German political life—a mood of exasperation which is likely to work itself out in ways that may justly inspire apprehension. Our present success in Venezuela may merely open the door for a much more serious effort in the not distant future. The happiest outcome to the whole matter would be for Germany to realize that international bullying does not pay, either in cash or credit, and, recognizing this, to revert to methods more in harmony with the nobler side of the Teutonic genius. If Germany emerges from the fray with ruffled plumes, England has certainly lost very heavily in prestige and reputation for statesmanship and wisdom. Strictly regarded, the reported protests of her naval officers against further co-operation with Germany are a grave breach of discipline, a very bad sign, an indication of serious disharmony between the brains and the hands of the British nation. But this disharmony and the indecision and vacillation of the Balfour government are only too evident.

We think that the Secretary of the Navy should be satisfied with the outcome of the naval manœuvres in the Caribbean and adjoining waters. It is true that the so-called White

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Squadron, representing the enemy, succeeded in evading the war-ships which were acting on the defensive under Rear-Admiral Higginson, and in capturing the harbor of Mayaguez, Porto Rico. There was nothing remarkable in Rear-Admiral Higginson's failure to keep in touch with the White Squadron, and thus to foil the assailant's plans. In the last search problem proposed to divisions of the British fleet the opposed squadrons passed within five miles of each other, yet neither knew of the opponent's proximity. In that case, as in the Mayaguez affair, the lack of timely information was due to a deficiency of scouts. Not only scouts, but battle-ships, were wanting on the part of Rear-Admiral Higginson. Of the latter he had but four, which he felt constrained to keep together, whereas, if he could have had five, his force might have been divided, one division being stationed at each end of Porto Rico. In that event he would have had a fair chance of capturing the White Squadron. Then again, Rear-Admiral Higginson would have been in a better condition for defence if his vessels had been equipped with a wireless-telegraphy apparatus, such as many European war-ships are now provided with. It is a considerable gain to have learned what we need. Aside from its usefulness from this point of view, the search problem which engaged the attention of the fleet under Admiral Dewey gave our naval officers an increased knowledge of the waters of the West Indies, and accustomed them to navigate at night without lights and to keep their vessels at proper distances from one another while cruising in the darkness. We add that the presence of Admiral Dewey's great fleet in the Caribbean had probably some moral effect on the commanders of the Anglo-German squadrons engaged in the demonstration against Venezuela. It kept them on their good behavior, and strictly within the limits prescribed by a shrewd and cautious diplomacy. It is, for instance, probable enough that but for the proximity of Dewey's fleet one of the German war-ships would have seized the coveted island of Margarita, which would make an admirable naval station, and would give a precious strategic advantage to a power desirous of controlling the northern terminus of the Panama Canal. The fact that Admiral Dewey's fleet was known to be superior to all the foreign war-ships in the Caribbean rendered any exhibition of force on our part at La Guayra or Puerto Cabello superfluous. It is the strongest of the arguments advanced by Mr. Roosevelt for a big navy that if we had such a weapon in reserve, we probably should never be called upon to use it in a defensive war, for proximity to our naval stations would give us a superiority to any assailant except Great Britain.

It looks as if the desired result would be attained by the note concerning the treatment of Jews in Roumania which was addressed, less than five months ago, by Secretary Hay, not only to the Bucharest government, but also to all of the great powers that signed the Treaty of Berlin. The note, it will be remembered, provoked a good deal of captious comment in Vienna and some other Continental capitals, and it was asserted that the United States were bound by the negative or self-denying side of the Monroe doctrine not to interfere in the internal affairs of European states. As a matter of fact, our government has never deemed itself disqualified by the Monroe doctrine for protesting in the name of humanity against iniquitous and cruel deeds, and it has never abdicated the right to demand redress for damage suffered by itself or its citizens at the hands of a European power. It was pointed out by Secretary Hay, in the despatch to which we have referred, that the relief of the Roumanian Jews from grievous disabilities and shameless oppression—a relief promised by an article in the Berlin Treaty—was required not only by the dictates of humanity, but in order to relieve the United States from an inflow of indigent and undesirable immigrants. That, under the circumstances, our government, though not a signatory of that compact, had a right to request the fulfilment of it was ultimately recognized by Great Britain and Germany, which powers, accordingly, endorsed our note. Thus supported, our remonstrance could not be unheeded at Bucharest, and we observe with satisfaction that on December 27 the Roumanian Senate, at the request of the Minister of Public Instruction, agreed that Jews residing in Roumania might be naturalized, and thus acquire the rights of citizens, which hitherto have been withheld from them.

American diplomacy of the next hundred years has in the achievements of the last a good foundation upon which to build. England's foreign policy would seem to have its lines predetermined by the necessity of assimilating what it has already appropriated of the earth's peoples with their varied civilizations. France is likely to find sufficient room for all colonial ambitions it may cherish in northeast Africa and southeastern Asia. Russia's outside interests will be absorbed by the necessities of its Asiatic possessions. The predilections of the policies of Germany and Italy alone look toward South America. With this estimate of interests, we may know with what anxieties Lansdowne, von Bülow, Delcassé, and Prinetti take thought for the morrow. The Venezuelan incident is informing not only in recording the attitude of Europe toward the United States to-day, but also in revealing the lines along which foreign policies are likely to travel.

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* thinks that he has detected a weak spot in the American republic, because the native American and British elements in our population are increasing much less rapidly than is the non-native or non-British element. For the sake of argument, we will accept the definition that the native American is a citizen all of whose grandparents were born either in the United States or in the United Kingdom. Now it is probably true that the native American thus defined is increasing very slowly, if at all. There seems to be no doubt that his birth-rate is tending to decline. As long ago as 1851 Dr. Jesse Pickering, in a report made to the city government of Boston, pointed out that there was no natural increase in the strictly American population. Dr. Allen, another municipal official of the same period, demonstrated that fully one-half of the natives of Massachusetts were already foreign. According to the census of 1900 the population of Massachusetts was 2,805,346, of which no fewer than 1,743,710 were either foreign-born or of foreign parentage. So far as New England is concerned, the foreign birth-rate from 1850 onward has gained on the American birth-rate, until now it is four to one. It may be said that the smallness of the native element in the population of New England is due to the fact that this element has opened up the West. This was true during the first half of the nineteenth century, but it has not been true since. If the West had been settled by New England, the statistics of the West would be more favorable to the native American element. This is scarcely the case, however. The population of Illinois is 4,821,550; of these, 966,747 are foreign-born, and 1,498,473 of foreign parentage. Undoubtedly the native element is stronger in the Southern States, but this seems to be due to the productiveness not of the American, but of the negro.

From the facts here set forth and others by which they are corroborated, the writer in the *Nineteenth Century* draws the deduction that the native American is doomed to extinction, and that the time is not distant when his ideas will cease to dominate the United States. His ideas are embodied, however, in the American dialect of the English language and in American institutions. There is no reason to doubt that these great assimilating influences will prove as irresistible in the future as they have in the past. The fact that our Federal and State laws are printed in English, instead of being presented in a bilingual medium like those of the Dominion of Canada, would of itself suffice to assure a quick approach to homogeneity and to the domination of the political, intellectual, and moral type contributed by the native American element. The preponderance of New England ideas is not to be measured by the numerical proportions of the New England stock. The love of the Union which inspired Webster's reply to Hayne was much more widely and deeply felt in the Northern States in 1860 than it had been thirty years before when that speech was delivered; yet during those three decades the numerical importance of the native American element in that section had relatively fallen off. To-day, when comparatively few Americans can trace back their lineage to colonial times, there is far more interest taken in the pre-Revolutionary history of the British colonies than there was fifty years ago.

Very grave and menacing news comes to us from China, bearing on its face an imprint of truth by no means universal in the cables from Shanghai. It is reported from Shensi that

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General Tung Fu-Siang is mobilizing ten thousand well-armed and well-drilled troops in Kan-su, with the purpose of seizing the walled city of Sian-fu, and using it as a base in a new war of extermination against the foreign devils. It is said, with great probability, that Prince Tuan is aiding and abetting this new movement, and we are told, though without much evidence being offered in confirmation, that the Dowager Empress and Yung Lu are aiding the new movement with funds and moral support. The gravity of this news arises from the character and ability of General Tung Fu-Siang, whose reputation and record are pretty well known, and whose execution was ineffectually demanded by the powers after the Peking outbreak two years ago. Tung Fu-Siang is by no means one of the ordinary type of Chinese generals; he is not a listless Oriental, full of forms and ceremonies, and still holding in his heart of hearts that the bow is more excellent than the rifle, the gong more effective than the Gatling-gun. He is, on the contrary, a warlike and stubborn Mussulman, one of the type of cut-throat saints that the religion of the Prophet has produced in such abundance; a man in many qualities of character and fortune very like Abdur Rhaman Khan, the late Afghan Amir. Tung Fu-Siang is a mountaineer, one of the tribesmen of the western hills; and he certainly has energy and ambition enough to organize a formidable campaign, and military skill and daring enough to give fair hopes of success. His reappearance in Chinese politics might have been foreseen. Now that it is announced, we cannot escape the foreboding that the misfortunes and sorrows of China are likely to enter a new and acute phase, under the pressure of this violent and gifted warrior, who is so bent on closing the door of his country to the genius of the West.

Secretary Chamberlain has very adroitly escaped from the Venezuelan muddle by his South-African expedition, and he may congratulate himself that Premier Balfour is left to face this crisis, as well as the opposition to the Education bill, alone. Yet, while public opinion will thus unconsciously dissociate Mr. Chamberlain from the Venezuelan imbroglio, and lay the whole blame of failure and national discomfiture and discredit on Mr. Balfour's and Lord Lansdowne's shoulders, there cannot be the smallest doubt that Mr. Chamberlain is equally responsible with them for the attack on Venezuela, and, indeed, the whole conduct of the affair bears the hallmark of the Colonial Secretary's mind and method. It is no secret that the man of Birmingham is a warm admirer of Kaiser Wilhelm's genius, as witness his triumphant but blundering assertion of an understanding or even an alliance with Germany, so caustically disavowed by Count von Bülow, at the outbreak of the South-African war. We all remember Mr. Chamberlain's singularly infelicitous remark, directed at Russia's policy in the Far East, that when you sup with the Devil you should use a long spoon. This luminous remark crystallized into the much-lauded but wholly ineffectual Anglo-German alliance in the East, whose sole purpose was to checkmate the designs of Russia—a purpose that altogether failed. The Kaiser and Mr. Chamberlain are singularly alike in their methods, their entire absence of scruple, their frequent changes of base, their willingness to resort to bullying, and their deep, inherent materialism, combined with frequent allusions to their personal influence with the God of Battles. So that we may be quite certain that in England's Venezuelan policy, with its blundering indecision and opportunism, Mr. Chamberlain fully shares the responsibility of the English Premier and Foreign Secretary. Let us hope Mr. Chamberlain's visit to South Africa, and the wise and beautiful policy he marked out for himself and his country in the great Natal oration, may be marked by more wisdom, more sound sense of the rights of others, more humanity,—and more real honesty—qualities that his past acts have not always possessed.

Speaking of trusts, President Wilson of Princeton said the other day, "I believe in the utmost freedom of combination in a free country." Speaking of football, Dr. Wilson takes a different view. Sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gosling. He criticises mass plays, and in football would have freedom of combination somewhat restricted. "I think," he writes to a Western correspondent, "that just at the present time the game is clearly in the way to be discredited because the rules have been slowly altered in the direction of making all the success of the game depend upon mere weight and mass and strength." Fighters of the trusts will say it is just so in business, but in football at least the cure is neither impracticable nor hazardous. Dr. Wilson goes on to say that these changes have made the game not only less interesting to the spectators, but more dangerous to the players, and in proportion as sheer strength has been made the basis of the play the players have been tempted to do very brutal things. "Indeed," he adds, and it is a serious comment, "I am afraid that in some instances they were instructed to do brutal things so as to put their opponents out of the game. I look upon all this as merely a phase, though a very demoralizing phase, in the development of the game." We will all agree with him. To encourage brutality in football is to encourage cheating. Dr. Wilson said the other day that character was a by-product, and came as an indirect result of work done with some other purpose. The character developed as a by-product of football will not be what it should be if the rules make it expedient to instruct players to play unfairly. Besides, if success at football is all to depend on mere strength and mass and weight, it would be cheaper to have the game played by steam—a method that would also avoid all vexatious eligibility questions. Rather than do that, amend the rules. It can be done, an expert says, by a rule suggested three years ago: "There shall be seven men in the line when the ball is put in play." That looks simple, and might work until the ingenuity of the players and coaches devised new schemes to frustrate it.

Few things are of greater practical importance to this country at present than the character and reliability of the Colombian government, and, therefore, of Colombia's Chief Executive. We are about to enter into a treaty with that country, or at least we are making very strenuous endeavors to conclude a treaty, which will have immense influence on our future well-being, on the balance of power in the Caribbean Sea, the prosperity of the Central and South American republics, and, finally, the control of the Pacific Ocean,—the ocean of the future, as the Atlantic is the ocean of the past. It is, therefore, of the utmost moment to us that Colombia should have a President with real and large authority and power, a man who can bind his country to an engagement in such fashion that the engagement will be inviolably kept. Without wishing to be censorious, we may say that the present official head of Colombia does not altogether fill the high ideal we have indicated; his authority, only just recognized by a large element in his country, and that chiefly owing to the armed intervention of the United States and the pervasive diplomacy of that great Celt, Rear-Admiral Casey, is still by no means firmly riveted and assured; and he has hitherto done practically nothing towards building up his country on the solid basis of material production and development. We are, therefore, interested to learn of the candidature for the Presidency of General Aristides Fernandez, the present Minister of War, who has shown vigor and ability in pushing the campaign against the insurgent generals, Uribe-Uribe and Herrera, and whose boast a year ago that he would restore peace within twelve months has been justified by the event. Even more reassuring was his practical wisdom in healing the wounds of the rebellion, holding open the doors of reconciliation, declaring a general amnesty, and using the resources of the state to re-establish the former rebels as useful citizens. He has also restored mail and telegraphic communications throughout the country, and, in general, has shown signs of possessing that mingling of warlike and peaceful qualities that make the greatness of Porfirio Diaz. It would be easy to make a canal treaty with such a President.

By opening its pages to a serial story, the *North American Review*, in the first number of the new year, makes an interesting departure from its traditions and custom. The number of pages in the *Review* have been increased for this purpose, so that the general character and policy of the periodical may not be interfered with. The story selected for the experiment is a work by Mr. Henry James, entitled "The Ambassadors." There is no doubt that lovers of fine fiction will be delighted to make the acquaintance in this way of a new book by one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of American novelists. As an introduction to the serial, Mr. W. D. Howells has written a hearty and subtile appreciation of Henry James. "The enmity to Mr. James's fiction among his readers is mostly

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feminine," says Mr. Howells, "because the men who do not like him are not his readers. The men who do like him and are his readers are of a more feminine fineness, probably, in their perceptions and intuitions, than those other men who do not read him, though of quite as unquestionable a manliness, I hope."

An attempt has been made by Colonel George Earl Church, in the journal of the Royal Geographical Society in London, to show that the Panama Canal will not pay. He begins by asserting that the projected waterway could not hope to gain any of the commerce now passing between Europe, on the one hand, and Asia and Africa on the other. The figures seem conclusive on this point. The distance from the English seaport Plymouth to Yokohama in Japan is 1725 miles less by Suez than by Panama. Even by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, Plymouth is nearer to Shanghai by 745 miles than it would be by a Panama canal. As regards the trade between Europe and Australia, there is a slight difference in favor of Panama on some of the routes, but this, according to Colonel Church, would be more than counterbalanced by the canal tolls. With reference to the west coast of South America, we are reminded that the most valuable part of its freight traffic comes from the nitrate deposits of Chile. It is, in the first place, uncertain how long the nitrate traffic will last, owing to the doubt concerning the depth of the deposits; and, even as things are now, it is questionable whether the nitrate trade, more than three-fourths of which goes on sailing-vessels, would take the Panama route, owing to the fact that an extensive region of calms adjoins the western terminus. The value of the trade of our own Pacific slope is not disputed by Colonel Church, but he believes that the greater part of it will continue to be conveyed across the continent by rail. There is no doubt that our transcontinental railways have superseded the Cape Horn route, which used to employ a huge fleet of clipper-ships, and they have practically absorbed the trade which used to cross the isthmus by the Panama Railroad. In 1869 the traffic between New York and San Francisco *viâ* the Panama Railway was valued at $70,000,000, but ten years later it had shrunk to less than $5,000,000. The Mississippi River cannot compete with the railways running from north to south, but seems destined to degenerate into a draining-ditch. We concur with Colonel Church in thinking that the Panama Canal is unlikely to meet, in the matter of receipts from tolls, the over-sanguine estimates put forward by the Lesseps Canal Commission when the waterway was begun. It may be that even the more cautious computations of our own Canal Commission are also too optimistic. Even if it could be proved, however, that the commercial value of the canal will be inconsiderable, and that only a very small dividend, if any, can be paid upon its cost, it would still be the duty of our government to undertake the work for political and strategic reasons. The matter was settled once for all when the *Oregon*, which was in the Pacific, but which was needed in the Caribbean at a grave conjuncture, had to go round the Horn. The fate of our greatest Atlantic seaport may be one day determined by the ability of our Pacific squadron to traverse an isthmian canal.

The proofs of the extent to which American manufacturers are invading the globe continue to accumulate. It is not, indeed, particularly surprising that we should now be sending locomotives to Guatemala and Brazil, agricultural implements to Argentina and harvesting-machines to France, electrical apparatus to Japan, a shoe-manufacturing plant to Mexico, and mining-machinery to Johannesburg. We may well open our eyes, however, when we learn that engineers from Central Asia are expected soon to reach this country for the purpose of placing contracts with American firms for cotton-seed-oil mills. Strange to say, too, the German government is purchasing from the Philadelphia Pneumatic Tube Company pneumatic tubes for the Imperial Navy-yard at Kiel; American capitalists have started a factory in Glasgow, Scotland, for the manufacture of golf-balls; large engines for British blast-furnaces are about to be shipped by a foundry and machine company in Philadelphia; and King Edward VII. has requested a Pittsburg firm to provide the charging station for his automobiles at Sandringham with the electrical portion of the apparatus. It is well known that the finer qualities of women's shoes, which used to be made exclusively in France, are now manufactured so much more skilfully in the United States that they have driven the French products out of the fashionable shops in Paris itself. For cheap watches we used to have to go to Switzerland, but now watches can be made nowhere so cheaply as in the United States. There is scarcely any product of human industry, from a battle-ship to a gimlet-screw, as to which the American inventor does not outstrip his competitors. It is true that our war-ships cost more to build and more to run, owing to the higher wages claimed by American labor. On the other hand, there is reason to believe that the ships are better.

It is scarcely credible that a majority of the Senate will consent to admit New Mexico and Arizona to Statehood when the facts relating to the actual and comparative population of those Territories shall have been recognized and discussed. It is the duty of Senators not only to mark the disproportionate political power which a small body of voters would acquire through the entrance of either of those Territories into the Union, but also to consider the inexpediency of adding to the unreasonable weight already possessed in the Senate by the five Far Western States which may be described as rotten boroughs. Senator Quay and his Democratic coadjutors propose to give two United States Senators to New Mexico, although the population of that Territory is only 195,000, or very much less than that of the city of Buffalo; and also two United States Senators to Arizona, which has but 122,000 inhabitants, or very much fewer than the city of Rochester. That is to say, the small bodies of electors in these two mining communities of the Far West would be able, through their representatives in the Senate, to neutralize the voice of New York and Pennsylvania, which, taken together, constitute, in respect of wealth and population, one of the great powers of the earth. Such injustice to those massive commonwealths would be emphasized by the fact that they have already been subjected to grievous injuries of the kind.

The five States Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah, and Wyoming have between them, according to the last census, only 814,000 inhabitants, yet they counterbalance in the Senate New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, and Missouri. The addition of Arizona and New Mexico would raise the aggregate population of the seven small Far Western States to 1,131,000, or less than the number of inhabitants in the Borough of Brooklyn. Yet in the United States Senate the power of those seven insignificant communities would counterbalance that of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Massachusetts, and Texas, which, in respect of combined wealth and population, may be compared with France or with Austria-Hungary. How long do the advocates of the admission of rotten boroughs into the Union imagine that the seven great States that we have named will submit to a preposterous subordination of their influence in the more important branch of the Federal legislature, the branch which unites executive with legislative functions? It is no argument for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico to Statehood that the framers of our Federal Constitution recognized that Delaware and Rhode Island would counterbalance New York and Pennsylvania in the Senate. There were in 1787 political reasons of a momentous and vital kind for persuading the smaller States to accept the Union framed at Philadelphia. Their acceptance was conditioned on the concession of complete equality in at least one branch of the Federal Legislature. There are no political reasons for making such a concession to New Mexico and Arizona; on the contrary, there is a strong political reason against it, to wit, the well-grounded apprehension that the mighty commonwealths that we have named would become profoundly dissatisfied with their representation in the Senate. It is true that the platform constructed by the last Republican national convention contained a plank favoring the admission of the two Territories named to the Union. The promise should never have been made, and the Republican party will deserve better of the country by breaking it than by keeping it.

Justice Gaynor, of the Supreme Court of New York, writes in the current number of the *North American Review* an article on the lawlessness of the police of New York which will make many good people, both officials and private citizens open their eyes and stare,—an article which every lawyer

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in the country will want to have in a convenient place among his statutes and reports. It appears that police officers "have no right or power to arrest without a warrant which every citizen has not; that an officer is given no more right by law to arrest without a warrant than that given by law to every citizen, excepting in one not very substantial particular in the case of felonies." But the contrary practice has so long been the rule, says the writer, that the residents of the city of New York "have forgotten their rights as freemen under Anglo-Saxon law." So far, indeed, has this practice gone that the New York police "may without a warrant raid, arrest, and lock up overnight several hundred people, from all parts of the United States, found in a public room or hall, against whom there is no pretence of any criminal charge whatever," or drag voters away from the polls, or suppress free speech by breaking up meetings and driving the speakers out with clubs. The eminent justice indignantly protests against this violation of private rights—a state of things, he says, which would not be tolerated in England. "Crimes and vices are evils to the community, but it behooves a free people never to forget that they have more to fear from the growth of the one vice of arbitrary power in government than from all other vices and crimes combined." The article is sure to provoke the liveliest discussion, out of which, let us hope, some substantial improvement will come in a situation which is, to put it mildly, highly unsatisfactory and uncomfortable.

The latest reports from our naval authorities in Samoa do not contain optimistic views of the immediate and permanent acceptance by the natives of conditions imposed by "civilization." When the first American governor, who was also commandant of the naval station, landed at Tutuila he found a social problem of tenacious and vexatious dimensions. He was a man of spirit, originality, and vigor, and he went to work in a campaign of reform which is outlined in his historic, and now posthumous, documents in the form of so-called "general orders" and "circulars." He took a sturdy drive at everything in the shape of economic and social abnormality, and carried his remedial measures perilously near to the domain of autocracy. He never quite went over the line in what he required of the inhabitants, but it was feared even then that he might not succeed in bringing the natives to an amiable compliance with the traditions of our superior order. There was some prospect of success vouchsafed in the excitement of the reformatory moment, but now it appears the Samoans have not relinquished all that they were asked to abandon of their old—and, to us, irreconcilable—customs. For instance, it seems they cling to the ceremonial of the "malaga," which finds its expression in the habit of one community, to the extent sometimes of an entire village, descending upon a neighboring community and being entertained for weeks or even months at a time. It is a sort of warfare without the intent of antagonism, no less devastating to individual possessions and village resources because it has a friendly aspect. There can be, and generally is, a return of the overwhelming compliment, and this custom was impoverishing the involuntary hosts. The reluctance shown in giving up the practice is discouraging to the American officials, who find also similar indisposition on the part of the Samoans to abolish the marriage "Faa-Samoa," a type of alliance which allows the wedded to separate after a union of any period, without disgrace to either, and without recourse to law. Still another custom which was "abolished" by us and which is again in vogue is the practice of a husband who is childless taking a second wife, without rejection of, and without protest from, the original. These circumstances are related in somewhat discouraging vein in the annual report of the naval commandant, who says, with a note of hope in it:

> It would be useless for the commandant to arbitrarily order such practices to cease. He could not enforce the order. The climate makes it an easy matter to bring up children as they rear them; food is abundant. Time, and I am afraid a very long time, will be required to get the natives to see that they are wrong in such matters. In the mean time efforts are being made to help them, and an improvement in some ways is evident.

A Berlin despatch, dated December 29, recorded that the Lutheran clergy of Saxony had issued an order striking the name of the Crown-Princess from public prayers. It may be as well, for the public prayers seem not to have been especially profitable to the Princess; but such of the Lutheran clergy of Saxony as have either piety or humor must feel in their hearts that if ever the Crown-Princess needed praying for, it is now. She has quit the court and capital of Saxony, abandoning her royal parents-in-law, her equity in her husband, and, sad to say, her children, and run away to Geneva with a man to whom she is not yet married. That is a bad predicament for any woman to be in, and the Princess does not pretend that her case is enviable, but she seems to think it is better than it was. The immediate cause of her elopement was that she fell in love with M. Giron, a professor. The remoter cause was that life at Dresden was very unpalatable to her. She disliked her husband, apparently with ample reason, and royalty under the conditions she experienced seemed to her altogether unprofitable. The fact that one of her brothers, the Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, accompanied her to Geneva, and has since applied to be relieved of his title and the obligations of his rank, makes her course seem less crazy, and favors the presumption that the life she left was pretty bad, whatever may be said of the life she has in prospect. Court life in Europe in these days does not seem attractive as compared with private life under advantageous circumstances. It abounds in hazards, futilities, and restrictions. Its privileges are not very satisfying; its drawbacks are substantial, and except in a few cases its opportunities are very limited. It suits people who like it, but to be born royal and not to like the job is to be in a pretty desperate position.

The decision in the Taff Vale case, in England, is of great importance, not only to trades-unions, but to employers of labor, and to communities affected, or likely to be affected, by strikes and lockouts. The union in this case undertook to intimidate the non-union employees of the Taff Vale Railway Company who worked for the road contrary to strike orders. The union sent circulars to the men in which they were informed that such action made them "blacklegs," a word equivalent to the word "scabs" applied to non-union workers in this country. It was held that the use of this word in a union circular was terrorizing. The judge who presided at the trial gave the jury his own opinion of the evidence, announcing that it must not be taken as authoritative, but the jury agreed with him. They found that the three defendants, officers of the union, conspired together to molest and injure the plaintiffs; that they unlawfully persuaded men to break their contracts; and that they authorized and assisted in carrying out the strike by unlawful means. The most interesting feature of this decision is that the officers of a voluntary society were held responsible for the consequences of the illegal acts committed under the society's orders. A like interpretation of the law by the State of Pennsylvania would make Mr. John Mitchell and the other officers of the United Mine Workers responsible for the acts of violence committed by the strikers against non-union men. The English union was not incorporated, and it is because unions both in this country and in England have desired to avoid responsibility to the law that they have objected to incorporation. But now an English court has held an unincorporated union liable for interfering with the rights of non-union men, and has declared that the injured employers, as well as the persecuted non-union men, may recover damages. Perhaps, in view of this, the unions will seek the advantages of incorporation, and secure the right to sue collectively now that their officers may be mulcted in damages. At any rate, the law which holds to their responsibility the officers of combinations having the welfare and comforts of the community at their mercy will be justified in the eyes of reasonable men.

So much of the story of William Smith as came from Pottstown, Pennsylvania, on December 29, and was published in the newspapers, is disquieting. It represented him as dying at the Pottstown Hospital. He had been a deputy-sheriff during the coal strike. "Ostracized, and unable to find work, though he had travelled the length of the coal region," he had been assaulted and beaten by four men in a saloon at Cumbola, and left with a fractured skull. In his ante-mortem statement he named his assailants, and warrants were issued for them. He had applied, he said, to scores of places for employment, and got work, but was always discharged when it was found out that he had been a deputy. It is a bad story if true, and we shall want to read the next chapter of it. Will

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the assailants be caught and tried and punished? To serve as deputy-sheriff is to assume an honorable public duty. If the mere fact of such service blacklists a man in the coal region, matters are still in a bad way there. If union labor condemns deputy-sheriffs as it condemns members of the National Guard, it becomes a perplexing question what means of enforcing law and preserving order in times of tumult union labor will countenance..

It is an important public duty to remember the men who worked in the coal region during the coal strike. That we are getting hard coal now is partly due to the engineers and others who kept the mines from being flooded. *McClure's Magazine* prints in its January number a report of the experience and present condition of some of these men and other non-union miners. It prints only a few stories out of a great number collected,—stories of assault, murder, the persecution of women, and the destruction of dwellings. It also publishes in the same issue some chapters in the history of the Standard Oil Company, and a narrative of the recent extraordinary experiences of Minneapolis, whose city government was administered for a time by criminals. The editor, as an afterthought, suggests that these three pieces which happened to push themselves into the same number may be profitably studied for the light they throw on American disregard for law. They are all impressive stories, and treat of matters of a sort that it behooves the thoughtful voter to know about. The tale of what happened to Minneapolis because her decent men were too busy making money to look after the city government is almost incredible. We have read in the papers that there was an upset in Minneapolis, and that her Mayor ran away, but the full measure of her appalling disgrace has not been generally appreciated. There is almost as bad a story to tell of St. Louis, and of course the city of Philadelphia and the State of Pennsylvania will yield instructive tales of political infamy at all times and in any desired quantity.

Hand in hand with the menace some day — in the near future—of having no engineers for the navy is the companion calamity of having no ordnance officers for the army. In testimony given this session before the House Military Committee, General William Crozier, the army chief of ordnance, reported a serious state of affairs in his corps. There were fifteen vacancies in the corps since February 1, 1901, and only three have been filled. Few first lieutenants of the line, who are alone eligible, want to become ordnance officers for a period of four years, on the expiration of which they must go back to their regiments. Their temporary transfer means no increase in pay, and, besides, they must pass a rigid examination in technical subjects. The result is that line lieutenants find it worth while to stay with their troops, or try for a place in other staff corps where they act and are paid as captains during the four-year detail. It is General Crozier's idea that the examination be continued as a condition to detail; that second lieutenants be made eligible to transfer; and that the junior ordnance officers have but one in each four years of service with the troops. This would open the field to officers who would be benefited financially by the detail, who would come in by competitive examination, and who would be able to acquire a useful knowledge of their profession in the comparatively uninterrupted form of duty in the corps. General Crozier is anxious to retain the alternative line and staff principle in his department, as tending to enlarge the officer's scope of information and opportunity of observation, and he plainly indicates his opposition to anything which would admit to the corps men who cannot meet the professional requirements. He does not believe in a remedy which is worse than the malady, and he admits, with candor and concern, the necessity of therapeutic measures of relief.

Charges of cruelty against United States army officers serving in the Philippines have recently been revived. Not only is Major Glynn a second time the victim, but new names are introduced. These revivals and new investigations are really of no use. The country knows the main facts, for it has been admitted and defended. The administration naturally endeavored at first to prevent the country from knowing of the horrors that have been found to be necessary for the subjugation of the Filipinos; but the secret would out, and now the country knows practically all that there is to know,—at least that part of the country which cares to be informed, whether it have any feeling about the matter or not. It cannot be said that the army has confessed; it is nearer the truth to say that it admits and justifies. It is nearly, if not quite, the unanimous opinion of the army that the water-cure, at least, has been necessary in order to carry out the orders to compel peace in the islands. It is well that the country knows this; it was a mistake on the part of those in authority to endeavor to suppress it. The country is entitled to know the whole cost of the war with Spain, the whole cost of our new possessions, pecuniary and moral. If this knowledge is only to be useful as a guide in the future, it is well worth the having; but what is to be known has been revealed, and the effort to keep the game of investigation going is mere teasing, calculated to annoy the investigated, but also to do much harm to the investigators and their cause.

Some of the neighbors begin to talk about the approach of the three-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Hudson River, and to wonder by what sort of high jinks it will be celebrated. It is six years off yet. Hendrik Hudson came in 1609, and rather late in the season. A world's fair is spoken of as a suitable effort to mark a date so notable, but another American world's fair is hardly likely to be planned until St. Louis has finished with hers. Ten years is not too long a time to come between fairs of the first magnitude in this country. Moreover, the Hudson celebration would doubtless come to New York, and New York is ill-off for fair-grounds, and will probably prefer something less laborious and protracted, and, if possible, more amusing. Six years will do a good deal to make New York commodious and comfortable, provided its population does not outrun its struggles to take care of it. The Holland Society has undertaken to make suggestions about the Hudson celebration, and its plans will doubtless be influenced by its forecast of the state of development that the town will have reached in the year in which the plans are to be carried out. Possibly the Erie Canal will be reconstructed and enlarged before 1909, and the Hudson joined by an adequate waterway to the Great Lakes. That would best mark the anniversary. Give us the enlarged canal as the chief monument, and we will take out the rest of the celebration in fireworks and river pageants.

To be President of Yale University is to occupy a great place. To fill such a place is a very considerable feat. When President Dwight announced in 1898 that he intended to resign and notified the Yale authorities to select his successor, there was no distinguished Yale graduate of suitable age whom they did not consider. All previous presidents of Yale had been ministers; all had been men of notable scholarship. There was a feeling that in this generation Yale needed a man of affairs—of business—rather than either a theologian or a scholar. The electors broke with the ministerial tradition. They chose Arthur Twining Hadley. He is not a clergyman, though he has come to be a preacher, but he is a scholar, and the son of a scholar, and a son of Yale, born in the blue, reared in the same, a native of New Haven, and long a Yale instructor. From his father, the famous Professor Hadley, he got brains first, and all the languages and learning a clever lad could imbibe in an atmosphere of erudition. He graduated at Yale in 1876, studied for a time in Berlin, and came back to Yale in 1879 to teach. In 1885 he was appointed Commissioner of Statistics in Connecticut. In 1886 he became Professor of Political Economy at Yale. In 1899 he was promoted to the presidency of the university. He can talk Latin off-hand, as he demonstrated at Yale's decennial celebration; but his mind, trained by classical methods, has turned to the practical concerns of the present. He is an authority on economics, the author of a book on railroad transportation, and is, or was, president of the American Economic Association. He is equipped with the learning of the ancients, but he is a modern, and constantly concerned with the newest modern questions. No college knows what kind of a president she has got until she has tried him. Yale has had a chance to try Dr. Hadley, and is sure that she has found just the man she wanted. The country thinks so too. Dr. Hadley was born April 23, 1856, and is forty-six years old.

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The Solution of the Venezuela Problem

THE precise terms upon which the controversy between Venezuela and various European nations is to be submitted for arbitration to The Hague tribunal are not yet settled, but, no doubt, they will be speedily arranged at a conference of diplomatists representing the parties interested. Meanwhile we have before us a fact of far-reaching influence on our international relations, the fact, namely, that an agreement to substitute arbitration for war has been reached at the instance of the United States. Let us mark some of the consequences of the precedent thus established. Two of these, at least, are obvious, viz., that the Monroe doctrine has received material extension and general recognition, and, secondly, that an immense stimulus has been given to the beneficent movement for the pacific adjustment of disputes by the international court of arbitration founded at The Hague.

Why do we say that the Monroe doctrine has received material extension? Because, as lately as the first week in last December, when Mr. Roosevelt's second annual message was submitted to Congress, our Federal Executive, interpreting the Monroe doctrine, conceded to European powers the right to enforce by violence their claims against Latin-American republics, provided the claimant refrained from a permanent occupation of American territory. Waiving questions in which a nation's honor is involved, and confining ourselves to pecuniary debts, we must regard it as at least disputable whether the maxim *caveat emptor* should not be deemed applicable to European creditors of Latin-American republics, inasmuch as those creditors are well aware of the risks attending their speculation when they invest money in those countries, and are careful to insure themselves against such risk by exacting exorbitant rates of interest. That a good deal may be said for this view of the matter from an ethical point of view seems to have been conceded by Premier Balfour and Chancellor von Bülow, for both have publicly asserted that the Anglo-German demonstration against Venezuela was not intended solely or mainly to collect ordinary debts, but primarily to obtain redress for high-handed injuries inflicted upon the persons and property of British and German subjects. While professing, however, to have been actuated primarily by a resolve to uphold their national honor, there is no doubt that the authors of the Anglo-German demonstration would, but for the interposition of the United States, have sanctioned a continuance of hostile operations, until they should have extorted a provision acceptable to them for the payment of all ordinary debts alleged to be due in Venezuela to subjects of Great Britain and the German Empire. That is to say, under the construction of the Monroe doctrine which prevailed up to yesterday, these European powers would have arrogated the right to determine for themselves the validity and amounts of their respective claims, or, in other words, to act as plaintiffs, judges, and sheriffs in their own case. The unreasonableness of such an attitude would be patent if only private persons were concerned. This is not the only objection to the exposition of the Monroe doctrine put forth in December last. What was meant by the word "permanent," and who was to be clothed with the right of defining it? Would not an occupation of strategic points on the Venezuelan mainland, or merely of Venezuelan custom-houses for a term of twenty-five years, constitute a dangerous approach to permanence? The military occupation of Egypt by England has not yet lasted twenty years, yet it is universally looked upon as permanent. If Great Britain and Germany had insisted upon retaining La Guayra and Puerto Cabello until the receipts from customs at those points had provided interest and a sinking-fund for all the debts alleged to be due British and German subjects, and also for the cost of the naval demonstration and for subsequent collection expenses, it is improbable that Venezuela would have recovered those seaports within the present generation, if at all. For all practical purposes Great Britain and Germany would have owned those two ports, and would thus have acquired invaluable coigns of vantage with reference to the Panama Canal. What, moreover, they were permitted by us to do this year in Venezuela they would have been authorized by precedent to do next year on the Atlantic or Pacific coast of Colombia and Central America, or in Brazil, or in Argentina. In a word, our Executive, by acquiescing in the collection of debts by war, and by sanctioning any occupation of American territory, although ostensibly transient, would have opened the door wide to the gradual subordination of Latin-American republics to European powers.

Our government has still to deal with the question how the judgment of The Hague tribunal, when rendered, is to be enforced, but meanwhile it is manifest that the Monroe doctrine received an immense development from the moment that Great Britain and Germany, instead of persisting in the enforcement of their claims by war, consented, at Mr. Roosevelt's request, to submit them to arbitration. No longer will our Executive consider itself bound by the unfortunate Corinto precedent. No longer is a President of the United States, when defining the scope of the Monroe doctrine, likely to announce that European nations are at liberty to treat a weak American power as they would never dare to treat a strong one, to assume the validity of debts unrecognized as valid by any international tribunal, and to subject a debtor-state to any amount of devastation and spoliation, so long as they shall refrain from "permanent" occupation of its territory. All that is now obsolete, and, in the light of present events, seems as discreditable as it is antiquated. What those events mean is this, that, hereafter, when a European nation asserts that pecuniary debts, or even debts of honor, are due to it, or to its subjects, on the part of a Latin-American republic, the validity and extent of those debts must be determined by an international tribunal. The establishment of such a principle is of inestimable moment, not only to South America, but to the world at large, for the minds of statesmen will be thus habituated to the substitution of peaceful instrumentalities for war, and to the acceptance of the supremacy of law in international as well as municipal affairs. The Hague tribunal, which, but for the agreement of the United States and Mexico to invoke its services, had remained entirely neglected and inert, now enters upon a splendid career of activity and usefulness, thanks to the self-denying and far-sighted course pursued by our Federal government with reference to the Venezuela imbroglio. Unquestionably the offer to accept Mr. Roosevelt as arbitrator conveyed a flattering compliment, and a self-reliant man who wishes to fix the attention of mankind may well have been tempted to assume the function, but, aside from the practical objections to Mr. Roosevelt's performance of the rôle, objections which we need not now repeat, he would have missed a precious opportunity of investing The Hague tribunal with a jurisdiction and an authority which it has hitherto lacked, and of thus setting in motion machinery of incomparable value for the furtherance of universal peace.

We add that, by their original proposal to make Mr. Roosevelt arbitrator, and by their subsequent acquiescence in the preference expressed by him for The Hague tribunal, the allied European powers have recognized the moral obligation of respecting the Monroe doctrine, and have acknowledged the hegemony of the United States in the New World.

The President and Public Sentiment

No matter who may be the President, he wonderfully influences the public emotions. On a subject which affords any opportunity for the display of passion or sentiment, the President is usually able to carry the country with him. It was said at the time that the country swept Mr. McKinley into the war with Spain; it is now known that Mr. McKinley led the way, and held the country back until he had bought enough powder. Mr. Harrison stirred up an intense sentiment against Chile in 1891, and Mr. Cleveland set the country wild with his Venezuelan message in 1895. In fact, the American people like their President to appeal to them, like to think that when he calls upon them to be up and doing he is about to add to the glory of the country, or to put his foot upon evil men or evil institutions, or in some way to vindicate his office and their power. So it is pleasant, at least for the moment, to be a dramatic President, but eventually the dramatic President is not likely to be so well thought of as the useful plodder.

In view of the potency of the President's words, a cautious man will be especially cautious in his speech. Mr. Roosevelt makes many speeches, and his conversations, or their purport, are often quoted. Thus far he has been somewhat exuberant in his utterances, and, in more instances than one, reflection has followed speech. Moreover, he is inclined to think aloud. Perfectly honest and frank, and possessed of a marvellously quick mind, he often announces a conclusion which he subsequently changes. He has thus obtained with some a reputation for vacillation. He is also apt in making general statements which, read with the context of speeches made by others with whom he seems to be in agreement, excite alarm. Mr. Roosevelt evidently has not learned the country, and, on the other hand, it is quite clear that the country has not learned him. He does not realize that he is stirring up the people to unwholesome excitement, while the people have not yet learned that, when it comes to action, Mr. Roosevelt rarely offends the conservative men who control his party.

The allied enemies of Venezuela had no sooner launched their thunderbolts at their small debtor than this country began to wonder when Dewey and his fleet were to be ordered to La Guayra. In the face of the actual conditions, however, the President became steady. He had said so much, however, about the iron in his blood, and had cried so loud in praise of war; it was known that he entertained such keen suspicions of Germany's intentions in the West Indies and in South America; it was so universally admitted that he insisted that the country should possess a fleet as large and powerful as that of the German Emperor,—that the feeling of war was in the air. The blood of youth began to run hot, and sober business interests began to tremble. But the President did not want war. Because of the reputation which he has

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won by his warrior speeches, he is sensitively anxious to disappoint the carpers who predicted a bloody administration. If the country had understood the strong desire for peace which animates him, it might not have become excited, the newspapers would not have stimulated the excitement, Congressmen would not have endeavored to meet him half-way on the road which they falsely assumed that he was travelling. If his speech about war had been more temperate, if he had permitted the iron in his blood to rust a trifle, we should have felt that he had been working all the time to steer the dispute into The Hague tribunal, or some equally peaceful haven. Moreover, the country would have been in a more observant mood, which would have enabled it to watch the very able steering process with pride and pleasure.

In other matters, of far more intimate interest to the welfare of the country, Mr. Roosevelt's words have far exceeded all the possibilities of performance. It may not be that his speeches concerning trusts and their regulation have been really intemperate; but they are so regarded by sensitive business interests. He is easily excited by his own speech, but the listening country does not take account of this excitement. What the President says is to be believed. When he talked about trust evils, therefore, and, following Mr. Bryan, recommended a constitutional amendment, it was firmly believed that he meant the same kind of war that has been threatened by the usual trust-killer. He meant nothing of the kind, he afterwards explained, but financial centres are easily alarmed and slow to recover; and the President is still dreaded because he has excited fear by his words.

It is just to the President, however, to judge him by his actions, rather than by his speeches and conversations. In reality, he is a conservative man, and in the presence of the leaders of his party he is often yielding. Many years ago he said that he would "die for free trade," but when he became a figure in politics his name disappeared from the lists of members of free-trade organizations, here and in England. At the beginning of last year's session of Congress he announced more than once that he was ready to fight his own party in behalf of reciprocity for Cuba, because the question was a moral one and the honor of the nation was involved. He used this expression in his message, but we know that in conversation he also expressed the determination more than once to fight his party, if necessary. But when the time for fighting came Mr. Roosevelt was governed by the advice of the Republican leaders, and yielded his view to theirs. In the White House, as in the Senate, the question is no longer moral; it is purely commercial. It has also been naturally supposed that he would push at once for tariff revision, at least for a law authorizing a tariff commission; but he has been dissuaded from that.

As to the war on trusts, the business world should guide itself by facts, and not by the language of oratory. It is unfortunate that the President should have made such war as he has, for it has caused much disturbance. At the slightest sign of political hostility business is terrorized, and at this time it is peculiarly sensitive. At the beginning of January the banks of New York began to pay out money for dividends and interest which will call eventually for a disbursement of $140,000,000. Just at this time the House of Representatives, hurrying once more to prove that it shares the excitement which the President has raised throughout the land, proposes to put $500,000 extra money into the hands of the Attorney-General, with which to fight trusts. There is no doubt that the President is a little more like his words on this subject than he is on others, but, with time, he will yield to the advice of the older heads, of the leaders who manage the party, and who control conventions. He is under conservative influences, and he often seems even timid in their presence. It is greatly to be regretted, however, that his speech sometimes runs beyond his final intent, for his words have a wonderful influence. They arouse passions that should be kept in check, and create alarms which are disastrous to prosperity. There is no doubt that his anti-trust speeches have awakened hostility which he will not share when the time for action arrives. It is terrible to let loose a spirit which cannot again be bottled, and this sort of magic Mr. Roosevelt is in the habit of practising. In view of its effect on the public sentiments and passions, it is probably his most dangerous fault.

The Monstrous Tax on Art

THERE is hardly any law in the statute-book so inherently vulgar and so inspired by the evil spirit of sordidness as that which imposes a tariff tax on art. The other day the new entrance hall to the Metropolitan Museum of Art was opened. It is the last word of the great architect, Richard M. Hunt, who did so much to decorate the city in which he passed his active life. The idea was his, and after his death it was carried out reverently by his son and by Mr. Post. If ever there was a living evidence of the worth of cosmopolitanism in art, it was Mr. Hunt, who added to the freshness and vigor of his stalwart Americanism the inspiration caught from the glorious days of the sixteenth century, when Louis XII. and Francis I. filled Touraine with the noble châteaux to which those who love great architecture still make pilgrimages. New York owes to Mr. Hunt its finest specimens of domestic architecture. He had no rival here in his day, for the great Richardson did not work here, but in Boston, in Chicago, in Pittsburg, and in Washington. What all these cities possess of the art of the two masters is, in turn, due to their training at the Beaux Arts in Paris. Mr. Richardson built his own ideas upon the Norman cathedrals and castles, and Mr. Hunt brought back with him a recollection of the beautiful homes of kings that, built as castles for defence, were disappearing before palaces constructed for domesticity,—those charming palaces whose eyebrows have been so picturesquely described by Henry James in *A Little Tour through France*. Later, another Beaux Arts man, Mr. Charles McKim, gave to Boston a modernized and democratized St. Genevieve: still another, Mr. Flagg, built the new Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington; another still, Mr. Hastings, is embellishing New York with the Public Library. We might go on, for Beaux Arts architects are almost swarming in our country, and to-day the domestic architecture of no other country in the world equals that of our own.

The twin arts of architecture and sculpture, the former especially, are flourishing here because they find patrons. Some day the patrons will recognize the excellence of our painters. On some other day, the officials who order public statuary will become intelligent enough to leave to experts the task of selecting the sculptor and of passing on the finished work. Perhaps by that time the national law-makers will have learned that art does not flourish in hidden places, nor under restraint, nor in ignorance of what talent and genius are accomplishing throughout the world.

To the architects we have mentioned we might add the name of one American who is the greatest sculptor of his time, and of at least two painters whose commanding positions are recognized wherever the language of art is spoken. All whom we have named, or might name, who have achieved great distinction, who have reflected honor on their country, and whose work has beautified some of the waste places of our populous cities, have made the treasures of the world their own. There is not one whose achievements have been notable, who has not sought his inspiration at the fountain of the ancient masters, and who has not often refreshed his spirit by communion with his fellow-workers throughout the world. Art is not confined by national boundaries, and those who endeavor to breed it in narrow confines bring forth, at the best, an abortion. To the American artist, the cultivation of the past is as essential as the free spirit, the democratic reverence for humanity, and the eager quest for new forms of expression, which are part of his native heritage.

The genesis of our tax on art is not difficult to trace. It is the direct result of the failure to differentiate between the achievements of the artist and the output of the manufacturer. In the rage for protecting home industries the artist has been brought within the paternal oversight of the government. In order that the United States might make up its own cotton into its own calicoes, it was deemed necessary to shut out the calicoes of Manchester by a protective tariff; therefore, in the reasoning of the political mind, it was also thought to be a reasonable proposition that if art was to become a paying trade in the United States, the practice of buying foreign works should be discouraged by a tariff tax. Most artists in this country have always been opposed to this tax; some, however, have favored it, but when these have been pressed for a reason, they have answered that the tax prevented many ignorant Americans from buying foreign forgeries of the old masters. The excuse which sets Congress up as a schoolmaster in the arts is almost as monstrous as the tax. The tax denies to all American artists who are not able to go abroad for study the full knowledge which is their right and which would be their inspiration. It prevents the formation of great private collections which would eventually go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It therefore limits the opportunities for the education of the public taste. Such a barbarian law can hardly be found in any other country of the civilized world. Americans with great fortunes, a keen appreciation of the beauties of the treasures of the world, and a worthy desire to benefit their country, and to provide it with what it lacks by very reason of its youth, have purchased and stored in foreign countries valuable paintings, statuary, and other forms of art, and there they remain, priceless but useless, because Congress insists upon its tax on art, its burden on enlightenment, its Chinese wall against civilization. If its tax benefits any one, it is to the advantage of the pockets of the poor in spirit, who, abroad or at home, would never contribute in the slightest degree to the glory of their country. The men who, as architects, sculptors, and painters, have established an American art have succeeded because they have violated the spirit of our narrow law, because they have gone abroad after what was denied them at home, and have thus demonstrated how great a deprivation to the country is the law which denies to it free access to the treasures without the knowledge of which a national art would be absolutely impossible.

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The Latest Royal Scandal

THE escapade of the Crown-Princess of Saxony is, so far as it is personal to her, of the moral measure of the flight of any other lady who fancies life with her husband impossible, and takes refuge from it with her paramour. Her behavior is no worse, as it certainly is no better, than another such woman's, but it has a peculiar interest for the whole world just now because of the false position in which she was placed. By superstition and tradition she was set over a people whose sovereignty her husband was to inherit as if it were a piece of real estate or personal property. By the make-believe of pretty well all Europe, and quite all Asia, Africa, and Oceanica, she was superhuman, and sacredly immune from censure. She had become so, as any woman might have become, by marrying the Crown-Prince; but she had contributory claims to the worship of the Saxon people, because she was the daughter of a long line of worthless princes, and the niece of an Emperor who was endeared to his subjects by descending from a family divinely appointed to rule over them so far back in the past that the memory of man ran not to the contrary. She was confirmed in her right to be above and apart from other human beings by virtue of the principle prevalent in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica, that the head of a nation ought to be born, and not chosen, and when he has once taken that trouble he hallows everything belonging to him. It is only the first step that costs, in his case, as in others, and having come into the world the rest is simple for him. He finds a nation ready and eager to bow down to him, to own him lord, to make him God. If it is a free nation, that is a parliamented nation, it reserves certain rights politically, but socially its allegiance is as idolatrous as any non-free nation's, and the position of the monarch and the monarch's family is as entirely false as if he held the power of life and death over every one of his subjects, as he does in several countries of Europe, and in all the countries of Asia and Africa, and such countries of Oceanica as have not failed of the original inspiration. Compared with the lie of being a Crown-Princess the lie of living in secret adultery with the tutor of her children, was not half so monstrous in the case of the wretched woman who has fled from it to the shame, such as it is, of living in open adultery with him. As a woman, faithless to her husband, she was incalculably less corrupting than she was as a princess faithful to the tradition of royalty. Whatever mischief will come of her evil as an adultress will have its worst poison from her evil as a princess, and her sin will have power upon the common imagination through the glamour of her royalty.

These are some of the little facts that our simple republic will do well to keep in mind while standing before royalty as a world power. Let it not forget that something of their regal splendor is the shimmer of their personal putresence, and that whatever airs of majesty they put on, every king and every kaiser of them is in a false position, a position far falser than that of the poor creature who has wrenched herself away from it, and taken her shame upon herself. It is of course not the shame of the common sinner. The spell of her origin and station follows her to Geneva from Dresden, and surrounds her with the halo of royalty still. But what she could do to undo that spell she has done, poor soul, and if royalty were not invulnerable, humanity might be grateful to her for having dealt it a deadly wound.

But royalty, if it could be hurt, would have perished of itself long ago, and that it has survived as an institution all that princess and princesses could do against it is one of the proofs of its divinity that really strike one dumb. That a thing so essentially bad can continue to be, and that its victims should vaunt it as finer and better than the thing which it is not, confounds the reason, so that it is no wonder some Americans are beginning to be shaken in their sense of the self-evident truths proclaimed in the Declaration. Some Americans scarcely appear to know that the only two powers now provided with magistracies of unimpeachable respectability are their own Republic and Swiss and French Republics. These stand amidst the environing absurdity and iniquity and depravity of the royalties as lights of hope for the peoples still stumbling in the dark ever since kings were given them for their sins. Even those poor Latin-American republics are, with all their shortcomings, logically so much in advance of the monarchies, that we may not see them molested in their little insolvencies without a pang of compassion. They may have despots, but they have not princes, and they change their tyrants with a swift vicissitude which promises something for their future. While we deplore their shortcomings, we must not forget that here and there one of them picks itself up, like Mexico, and Chile, and Argentina, and goes steadily forward on the road that at least leads somewhere. At the worst, their morality is in no danger of being lowered by the misbehavior of any lady of their presidential families. They are not socially misgoverned, as monarchies must always be, with the court forming the topmost round of society, and filtering corruption down.

In the meantime, the escapade of the Crown-Princess of Saxony, scandalous as it is, is useful in dishonoring the superstition of royalty, which, of course, it cannot destroy. In spite of the example of these States, and of the Swiss Cantons, and the indivisible French Republic, the monarchical countries of Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceanica will continue monarchical. But they will not continue monarchical with quite the former effulgence. They are all rendered a little ridiculous by that elopement from the palace at Dresden to a hotel at Geneva; they are brought into contempt, and their tradition is mocked by a woman in whom it was theoretically consecrated. She is no worse than the man she abandoned, and her infamy imparts itself not so much to her sex, which is good or bad quite independently of her conduct, but to her royalty, and to all the royalties, inextricably involved in her shame by the confession of human frailty in regions so far above humanity. This is to the gain of humanity, and it will help people to hold up their heads like men, not perhaps immediately in the monarchies, but in the republics, where there is always danger of their fancying that royalty is what it honestly believes itself, and not the conspiracy against reason which it really is.

It makes me mad to see what men shall do
And we in our graves! This world's no blot for us,
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means good:
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.
—*Browning.*

The moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.
Fitzgerald's Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.

Correspondence

REVISING THE CONSTITUTION.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Would it not have been a good idea if the Framers of 1787 had inserted a provision that during the first year of every new century a Constitutional Committee should sit and determine whether or not the Constitution should be revised in accordance with present needs? We are a vastly different race from our four million revolutionary ancestors, and we have a new set of problems every twenty-five years. The greatest men cannot be prophets unless they go into the wilderness and fast, and for that the great men of 1787 had no time. But could not we remedy the defect? Is it too late to agree upon such a Board, composed, it may be, of chosen members of the Supreme Court, the Senate, the House, a citizen, otherwise distinguished, of each State, and perhaps the President himself? Its decisions of course would have to be final, for the Legislatures would bicker until the dawn of another century. That our eighty millions in population—who will not be long reaching a more formidable figure still—with their millions of foreigners and negroes, their increasingly complex national character, their genius for unexpected developments, their country's enlarging bulge on the map—to mention but the first on the list of differences from the conditions of the nation's birth—will, in the course of a very few years, compel an overhauled Constitution, is as sure as that the old order of Presidents came to an end with McKinley. Why then should not the matter be taken into consideration before the strain is beyond endurance? If any one will have the patience to sit down and read the Constitution, and then reflect upon the infinite number of new forces and factors which are making history at present, he will not find Mr. Roosevelt's recent suggestion—on the Trusts—either as impulsive or radical as our trembling patriots have imagined.

As for the States—those intolerable nuisances in the history of the United States—cannot any one see that they are doomed?—that the forces at work have already undermined and rotted their barriers? The whole tide of the country is toward centralization, and its gathering volume is as independent of the railroads, the reformers, ambitious statesmen, as it is beyond the damming up of all the alarmists in the country.

And is there any one left so benighted as to be more proud of being a New-Yorker, a Californian, a Virginian, than of being an American? I am, sir, etc.,

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

LIKE A FARM WITHOUT FENCES.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—"We shall continue to urge upon Congress, with all insistence the necessity of building and maintaining a navy equal at least in size and strength to that of the German Empire."

This paragraph from HARPER'S WEEKLY of December 20, should be copied by every newspaper in the country, for it voices the desire of every true American. The attitude of Senators Hale and Platt should be severely condemned. Let editors keep the subject before their readers, and public opinion will be so in favor of a navy adequate to our needs, that Congress will be compelled to provide for such. A country without a navy is like a farm without fences, or a house without walls, inviting depredation by outsiders. I am, sir,

F. Y. P.

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Lord Curzon: The Man and his Work

In spite of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, India remains for most Englishmen little more than a brilliant abstraction. Few of them take the trouble to form any clear idea of the work that is being done in their name between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin. Fewer, still, inquire into the principles and actual workings of the British Raj, or are acquainted with even the alphabet of the thousand and one fascinating problems that confront the rulers of that most fascinating country. The subject is altogether too vast for the average busy citizen, who contents himself with a vague pride of ownership, and does not aspire to any intimate knowledge of the daily routine. The House of Commons is never so empty and lethargic as when Indian subjects are on the carpet, and its indifference is but the reflection of the popular attitude. Perhaps, on the whole, it is just as well that this should be so, and that India should not be a matter on which every Englishman felt bound to have an opinion, or take rank as a standing political dish alongside of Ireland and the London water-supply. At the same time it robs England of a good deal of justifiable pride. Six months ago, for instance, the Englishmen were few and far between who could give a clear account, or, for the matter of that, any account at all of the work Lord Curzon has accomplished in India. And but for an accident that ignorance would have remained undisturbed until the end of Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty. The accident, of course, was the Grand Durbar that was held at Delhi on January 1. The crowning of King Edward as Emperor of India has touched the English imagination. Neither the King nor the Prince of Wales was there, but the Duke of Connaught was commissioned to represent his Majesty; hundreds of English noblemen, statesmen, retired Anglo-Indian officials, and journalists assisted at the ceremony; members of every royal house in India were present; Lord Kitchener held his first review as Commander-in-Chief; and a whole fortnight was given up to *fêtes* and pageants, balls and receptions, polo tournaments, and an immense exhibition of native Indian art. This great event has thrown a search-light of inquiring eagerness on Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty. Publishers and magazine editors have seized on it to bring out books and to print articles such as no Viceroy has ever yet had the fortune to inspire; and England suddenly realizes that Lord Milner and Lord Cromer are not her only proconsuls of the first rank, but that in Lord Curzon, too, she possesses a statesman of brilliant and distinctive achievement.

Five years ago Englishmen rather laughed at Curzon. He knew too much, was too eloquent, too cocksure, and altogether too young. Oxford and the Oxford manner hung heavy upon him. An old Balliol tag had dubbed him "a very superior person," and the name stuck. The hero or the victim of it was at no pains to live down his reputation. Mr. Curzon at all times, and on all occasions, was decidedly "superior." The House of Commons takes as little to this foible as to genius, and the sport of "taking Curzon down a peg" became the chief delight of more than one member,—of Mr. Labouchere in particular. But the Hon. George Nathaniel Curzon, son of Lord Scarsdale, ex-Etonian, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and winner of the Arnold prize with a portentous volume on Diocletian, ex-President of the Oxford Union, the indefatigable traveller; the man who knew Central Asia, Persia, Afghanistan, the Pamirs, Siam, Indo-China, and Japan as intimately as most men know their bedroom; the man who had discovered Corea, and soared in a basket up to and into the monastery of Mount Athos; who numbered among his treasures personal gifts from the Amir of Afghanistan, the Abbot of Meteora, Li Hung-Chang, the Mikado, and statesmen and diplomatists beyond number; who wrote of all he saw and recollected and imagined and suspected with inexhaustible dogmatism; who read Blue-Books while other men read novels, and burrowed in statistics while his frivolous contemporaries shot pheasants; who could overwhelm you on any matter of foreign politics with pailfuls of local color and atlases of outlandish names, among which he moved with almost insolent familiarity; and who, finally, had learned the business of statesmanship at Lord Salisbury's knee—it took, as you may conceive, and as Mr. Curzon quickly let it be known, a good deal to "down" such a paragon. Even while it laughed, the House could not help admiring; for not even Mr. Curzon's kindly contempt for his fellow-mortals, and particularly his fellow-members, could hide the fact that he was a man of unusual parts and an industrious acquisitiveness that never wearied. The matter was all right; it was only the manner that jarred at times. He was twelve years in the House, and rose to be Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, which, as his chief sat in the Lords, meant that on Mr. Curzon fell the task of answering all questions and representing the government in all debates on matters of foreign policy in the popular assembly. People were just beginning to pierce through his little consequential airs to the man behind them,—in a word, to understand him,—when, in the fall of 1898, just before his fortieth birthday, he was appointed Viceroy of India.

The appointment was almost as great a surprise as was Disraeli's choice of Lord Lytton, twenty-two years earlier, for the same post. Nor was surprise the only emotion of the moment. There was doubt and even alarm mixed up with it. However brilliant and painstaking, Lord Curzon up till then had held no administrative office. Moreover, he was young,—not only actually young, but young in his dealings with men. Furthermore, he had come out strongly against Russia in his books, had visited India often enough to get a tourist's misleading knowledge of it, had a patronizing way about him that the Indian bureaucracy was expected to kick at, and was a zealous supporter of the aggressive and ruinous "Forward Policy." On all counts people were apprehensive, but on only one have their fears been justified. A cautious, progressive, imaginative, altogether admirable Viceroy in all other ways, Lord Curzon has not proved an easy man to work with or under. Officialdom frankly and undisguisedly dislikes him. Neither with the army nor with the civil service nor in Simla society is he popular. But then what sort of a Viceroy is it that society and officialdom prefer? They like, for one thing, a "manageable" Viceroy, without personality or initiative, one who will contentedly remain a gold-gilt dummy and figure-head, hide himself in Simla eight months out of the twelve, and hibernate in Calcutta the remaining four, and not attempt to learn anything of the people except at third or fourth hand. If to this gift for self-effacement he adds the attraction of a long lineage, charming manners, and a good figure on horseback, then he comes pretty near the social and bureaucratic ideal of what a Viceroy should be. And this, more or less, is the standard to which the average Viceroy, like Lord Dufferin or Lord Lansdowne or Lord Elgin, conforms.

Lord Curzon had no intention of becoming a Viceroy of this stamp. He landed in Bombay, said an unfriendly critic, "with the eye of a bishop and the side whiskers of an under-gardener." He landed with a good deal more than that—with a knowledge of India and its problems, laboriously acquired and unsuspectedly accurate; with an enthusiasm for his work, and an intense earnestness in doing it; above all, with the resolve to be Viceroy in fact as well as in name. The bureaucratic bones were soon set a-rattling. The young Viceroy, instead of subscribing to a policy, came to formulate one; instead of meekly following, made it clear from the start that he meant to be master. The astonishment of officialdom found vent in nicknames. "Young Man in a Hurry" was the first; "Imperial George" followed soon after; "George the Fifth" stuck the longest. No doubt Mrs. Hawksbee and her official friends have had a good deal to complain of. Curzon carries the Parliamentary rapier in his hand a little too often, and wields it more aptly than a starched and stiff-necked bureaucracy has any liking for. Also the social duties of his post bore him. His manners are brusque and haughty, and he has none of the small graces or the social instinct that belonged to Lord Dufferin. Nor has he the softening, lubricating quality of humor. He takes himself and his work with a seriousness that would kill a lesser man, and leaves the social side of his position to Lady Curzon, who carries it through with an American grace and brilliancy. All this, with his merciless insistence on efficiency, has made him as salutary and unpopular a nuisance in the Indian bureaucracy as Lord Kitchener is in the army.

Not all of Lord Curzon's reforms are original to himself, nor does he pretend that they are. The great and characteristic merit of his Viceroyalty is that what his predecessors for thirty years merely talked of doing he has actually done. On all the matters he has taken in hand he has stamped the impress of his energy and common-sense, leaving for whoever may succeed him some definite foundation to build on, with a detailed plan of the superstructure to be erected, and not merely voluminous reports and sketchy outlines. He does not discuss projects; he puts them through. The projects may not be wholly novel; the fact remains that it was he who rescued them from the oceans of ink in which they were sinking, and finally set them on their feet. A mere list of what he has accomplished would perhaps mean little to those who are not students of Indian subjects, but the list may as well be given if only to show the variety of his interests. Lord Curzon, then, has created and organized a new frontier province for dealing with the tribes of the northwest; he has shaved down the "Forward Policy" to an inexpensive and efficient system of border police; he has effected a stable rate of exchange in the currency system; he has appointed a commission to lay down a cohesive scheme of irrigation that will decide for the next fifty years the operations of government; he has zealously furthered meanwhile the building of canals and railroads; he has rescued the civil service from the tyranny of the pen by abolishing a large number of reports, and encouraging each member of it to govern in the old patriarchal style; he has confirmed the Punjab peasant in the possession of his land by forbidding him to offer it as security to the money-lender; he has almost halved the cost of telegraphic communication between India and England; he has fostered native industries and native arts, and shown the passion of a scholar and archæologist for the preservation of historical remains; before his five years are out he will have revolutionized the educational system of the country.

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England and American Imperialism

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *December 28, 1903.*

A SENTENCE in President Roosevelt's latest message has started a curious discussion in London. That is the sentence in which Mr. Roosevelt spoke of American policy in the Philippines. "Not only," he said, "does each Filipino enjoy such rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness as he has never before known during the recorded history of the islands, but the people, taken as a whole, now enjoy a measure of self-government greater than that granted to any other Orientals by any foreign power, and greater than that enjoyed by any other Orientals under their own governments, save the Japanese alone." The gist of this sentence was cabled over when the message was read to Congress, but for the full text we have had to await the arrival of the American papers. They came a week ago, and at once fanned into fresh life the discussion to which Mr. Roosevelt's bold pronouncement had given rise. The discussion threatens to cover not only American policy in the Philippines, but the whole business of American Imperialism, and the general aptitude of Americans for the government of subject aliens. That is a matter on which the English, as old hands at the game, feel entitled to give their opinions freely. From the first moment of America's venture in *Weltpolitik* it has keenly interested them, and what I here offer as a *précis* of English views on the subject has been gathered from many sources—from newspaper debates like the one now raging, from magazine articles, from interviews with the very few prominent Englishmen who really know America, and especially from talks with men like Sir Hugh Low and Mr. Hugh Clifford, who have met and solved problems such as now confront Americans in the Philippines, and are able to bring American policy to the touchstone of a practical experience.

Let me say at once that Englishmen have no sort of doubt but that in the long-run American rule in the Philippines will be all that Americans desire. Their confidence in the final capacity of any section of the race for that sort of work is not to be shaken. At the same time, to be quite candid, there is a shade of anxiety mingling with their faith. After reading and studying the reports of the various Philippine commissions, Englishmen are not yet wholly convinced that Americans are altogether on the right tack, or that their prevision of what lies ahead of them in the archipelago is in all respects complete. It will perhaps surprise Americans to hear that the gravest doubts of all have been those caused by Mr. Roosevelt's own speeches. To that I will return presently. The more general aspects of the matter must first be touched on. It is safe to say, and it can be said of no other country, that in England American Imperialism is watched with the utmost sympathy. No political danger whatever to British interests is apprehended from it. The average Englishman, who is pro-American to the core, believes, indeed, in his vague way, that at some time or other England and the United States will be found working side by side and co-operating in the prosecution of a common foreign policy. He has a strong, firm belief that as Americans advance along the road of Imperialism, and begin to appreciate the nature of the bowlders in their path, they will come to a better understanding of just what it is that England has done for the world, and of the obstacles she has overcome in doing it. Englishmen, in short, regard American Imperialism as the happiest step yet taken toward mutual comprehension and sympathy between the two countries.

As to its effect on the United States, Englishmen, of course, utterly reject Mr. Bryan's fantastic notion that it will work any change in the spirit of American institutions, or that Americans will be one whit less democratic in the future than they were when not one American in ten thousand knew within an ocean or two precisely where the Philippines lay. On the other hand, they were greatly amused a few years ago by the buoyant claims of the American Imperialists that the possession of the Philippines and Porto Rico and the rest would in some way react favorably on the tone of domestic politics, and thrill New York and Philadelphia with a sudden zeal for purity and efficiency. The idea of Mr. Croker turned reformer by studying the happiness of the Tagals under honest American rule struck them as delightful, but unlikely of fulfilment. They prophesied that when the novelty had worn off, the average American would trouble himself as much or as little about the Tagals as Englishmen do about the Hindus; that all things would go on pretty much as usual, and that the notion of reforming Tammany Hall *viâ* Luzon would be quickly dropped. Whether that prophecy has yet been verified only those on the spot can say; but if English experience goes for anything, it will be verified sooner or later. The time, that is, will come when the average New-Yorker will be content with a hazy idea that the Porto-Ricans are happy or unhappy, satisfied or the reverse, prosperous or not prosperous; but of the system on which they are being ruled, of the local problems that are being faced, of the local questions that interest them, he will be a whole encyclopædia of ignorance or of cloudy misinformation. Such, at any rate, is the condition of Englishmen in regard to their Empire.

Englishmen, as every one knows, find not a little difficulty in distinguishing between British practices and the universal laws of nature. When, therefore, they criticise American methods, it is always on the implied assumption that the right model in this business of empire-building is the British model. That point of view is with them instinctive and fundamental, and must always be allowed for. When this is grasped, some of their forebodings in regard to the American experiment in the Philippines will be easily understood. It is, for instance, almost an axiom over here that to rule successfully, a body of civil servants, chosen partly by competition and partly by appointment, divorced from politics, irremovable except for proven offences, well paid and well pensioned, is a prime essential. To Englishmen, therefore, it is a matter of surprise, almost of consternation, that though the American Empire is now four years old, no such service has been organized or apparently even thought of. They insist that the appointment of men like Governor Taft and Governor-General Wood is nothing like so important a matter as the character and capacity of their subordinates,—that, in short, it is the rank and file, and not the chiefs, of a service that make or mar its efficiency. Long before now they expected to see the best men from Harvard, Yale, and other universities crossing the Pacific in successive batches to learn the business of government at the feet of their superiors. No such sight has yet greeted them, and the absence of it puzzles and dismays them. A man who has made a brilliant name for himself as a ruler of Malayan peoples—Mr. Hugh Clifford, C.M.G., ex-Governor of Borneo, and at present the British Resident in charge of one of the Federated Malay States,—said to me: "The fact is, America is so rich, so under-populated, so full of boundless opportunities, that I cannot see how a young American can be expected to accept lifelong banishment in an uncongenial climate, much hardship, low pay, frequent separation from his wife and children, and but slender chance of fame or distinction, for the simple honor of serving his country and ordering the destinies of a rude people. Yet without men of the best type, men of refinement, address, extreme sympathy, tact, and firmness—in a word, men who are gentlemen in both the right and the conventional sense—you cannot hope to govern Malays as they should be governed."

But above everything else Englishmen suspect American sentimentality and American "hustle." A rising English politician, who has recently been admitted into Mr. Balfour's cabinet, and whose name, were I permitted to give it, would be recognized as that of a sound authority on foreign and imperial politics, held forth at length on this topic. "Americans," he said, "are incorrigible sentimentalists. They have even more than their fair share of that abominably defective altruism which is the badge of all our tribe; and you will find that the spirit which gave votes to the darkies after the civil war will prove their greatest handicap in dealing sensibly with the Filipinos. Americans have a great theory that everything can be cured by legislation. Look at their 'Prohibition' States, their curfew laws, and anti-cigarette bills. The passion for making laws is bred in their very bones, and all their remedies are heroic. Moreover, they are tremendous believers in the 'American idea,' and think that every one—white, black, brown, or yellow—can be civilized by having it brought home to him, that it suits all people alike, and can be prescribed indiscriminately. They have grown up and thrived on certain notions and certain institutions, and nothing will ever persuade them that other nations would not prosper equally well on the same regimen. The consequence is they will repeat in the Philippines the very mistakes we have made in India. They will go and dump upon the islanders all the laws and institutions they have at home—elective assemblies, a free press, trial by jury, the right of public meeting and debate, and Heaven only knows what else; not in the least because these things are wanted in the Philippines, but because Americans are used to them in the United States. To maintain a firm but kindly despotism, which is what the Filipinos need, is just as impossible for them as for us; and at bottom you will find they will try to govern the archipelago as though it were a larger Wisconsin."

This, or something like it, is a view one constantly hears expressed in England. People here seem to think that Americans are in far too great a hurry to explode "democracy" and "Jeffersonian doctrines" upon the tropics. "There are two things," says a writer who is entitled to be heard on the subject, "that you cannot do. You cannot 'hustle' the East, and you cannot Westernize it. Have Americans realized this?" Some of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches incline Englishmen to believe that Americans have not realized it. For instance, last May he said: "We believe that we can rapidly teach the people of the Philippine Islands not only how to enjoy, but how to make good use of, their freedom; with their growing knowledge their growth in self-government shall keep steady pace. When they have thus shown their capacity for real freedom by their power of self-government, then, and not till then, will it be possible to decide whether they are to exist independently of us or to be knit to us by ties of common friendship and interest."

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The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

FEBRUARY

It is a very false estimate we should get of the world if we only look at other people from our own stand-point. It is useless, for instance, to imagine oneself in the position of a newsboy from whom I usually buy an evening paper at the corner just outside. He is frightfully ragged; why his coat, for instance, holds together at all is beyond my comprehension, and his boots are in a sore similar state of disintegration. Certainly if it was my lot to stand at that corner earning a penny only out of every twelve papers I sold, and for the sake of earning my bread at all being compelled to stand there for hours in frost, rain, or fog, I should quite certainly be most unhappy. Yet nothing is falser than to imagine that he is unhappy. He has, on the contrary, a "frolic welcome" for everybody that comes along, and evidently circumstances which would depress what we may call the comfortable classes have no effect whatever on his spirits. On the other hand, there are things which happen to you and me every day, which we bear without undue complaints, that would be almost insufferable to him. He would certainly revolt at a bath in the morning; and though he would very likely be pleased at the breakfast that followed it, I feel by no means certain that he would not sooner sit on a coal-sack and chaff the nearest policeman, as he does, with his mouth bulging with large crusts. Again, I doubt whether "the bloke," which is the name by which he is known in the neighborhood of his stand, could live through the sort of things we live through. He would consider it so unbearably dull to have to sit in a room for hour after hour, while London and the streets roared outside, and read a book—or—worse, write one. For supposing we endow him for a moment with that sort of veneer of the mind which we call culture, literary taste, artistic taste, or what not, a thing which he does not probably possess at present, even then should we set him down at "Romeo and Juliet" let us say, what will be his verdict? Why, that he can see the thing itself every evening, and perhaps has acted it too, poor little devil, and why should he spend his time in reading a pale moonlight translation when the original jostles him? At this point, of course, the *literati* will hold up hands of horror. Do I mean to say, they will ask, that the immortal tragedy I have referred to is to be brought into comparison, even for a jest, with the idylls of the street corner, with the walking out of a man with a maid, a marriage in the registry office,—or perhaps the omission of that ceremony? Yes, if they will but think, I mean all that. For why, if we consider this question more closely, does the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" strike us, and rightly, as a masterpiece, and why does the sordid account of "murder and suicide" in the daily press strike us as a page to be turned over with a "poor thing" shudder if we are people of discernment, but if we are only refined, to be passed over in utter unconsciousness? It is because Shakespeare showed us the terror and the tragedy of one, and we have not the genius to see the terror and the tragedy of the other. Had not Shakespeare been a man of human insight he could never have written his work, but if we were, we should find in life what he found. That he gave it in the form of drama to the world is another matter; that was because Nature—or I prefer to say God—gave a man of this humanity the power of speech, this sense of drama. Hundreds, I soberly believe, feel as keenly as Shakespeare felt, but are, so to speak, born dumb. Hundreds could write as Shakespeare wrote, could they but feel. It is the conjunction of the two, rare as the transit of Venus, that makes the supreme artist.

To return to "the bloke." All morning we have given him a translation instead of the original, and, the morning over, we give him lunch. He will eat largely, because for all the years he has known it has been his custom to eat all there was to eat, for fear that there would soon be nothing to eat when he wanted to eat. He will drink in immoderation for the same reason, and grow somnolent. But he is plucked from his slumber to call on some one who bores him, to be polite when he doesn't want to be polite, and he will return to "dress" in a collar that hurts him, and eat a dinner which he does not want. That evening he will be sick, and three days later have a bilious attack.

But look from this gloomy picture to the reality. "The bloke" as I saw him this evening had a huge crust stuffed into one cheek, in the corner of his mouth was a cigarette. There was news about a test-match in Australia, and papers were going like hot cakes. His pockets were not to be trusted, and that mouth of his had eight coppers on one side, and the crust not yet masticated on the other. But did "the bloke" think about verdigris-poisoning and other inanities? Not a bit. If there was a moment to spare, the pennies were ejected and stowed in a pocket somewhere at the back of his trousers. If there was no moment to spare, he merely cursed, and prayed for a sixpence which got rid of five wet pennies. All the time he was shouting "Remarkable collapse," chaffing the policeman at the corner, shouting hoarse profanities to the drivers of passing 'buses, and ogling miles of girls of his acquaintance. Now consider, oh, my cultured friend, where would you or I have been in such a crisis, which you must remember was a feast and a high day to "the bloke." We should have retired behind a boarding to eat our crust, and sat still—God help us—for several minutes in order to digest it. Then we should have lost the cream of the sale. Then coyly re-entering Oxford Street, we should have murmured, quaveringly, "A bad score on the Colonial side"; we should have put our pennies in the untrustworthy pocket, whence they would have slithered coldly down our legs onto the pavement. Grasping the inadequacy of this, we should have held them in our other hand, and impeded the swift passage of the papers. We should have cast apprehensive glances at the policeman for fear he should tell us to move on—he tells "the bloke" to move on, and "the bloke" says "Garn"; we should have frowned at 'bus drivers who nearly ran over us, and made a feint of taking their numbers. We should have had a quantity of depressing reflections about the young women in London, so bold and bad-mannered, and as an upshot we should have sold with infinite depression one-fifth of what "the bloke" sells with a gusto indescribable. And what is perhaps worst of all, we should have prayed that evening, if we were not too sleepy, for all the starving homeless creatures of the street. "The bloke" does not pray—he told me so, I, God forgive me, casting apprehensive glances at the policeman—but if he did, he would say with Browning,

"God's in the heaven; all's right with the world.

Exit "the bloke."

P. S.—No, not exit just then. Yesterday only, I was coming round the corner from Davies Street, and caught sight of "the bloke" dancing excitedly in midstreet with his sheaf of papers, shouting the verdict of the Tunbridge murder. Next moment he had been knocked down by an omnibus, and the wheels had gone over him. With many others I ran out into the roadway, and it so happened I was there first, and I picked "the bloke" up and carried him to the pavement. His head bent inwards from my elbow to my chest, and two wet pennies fell into the crack of my arm from his mouth. His sheaf of papers had fallen from him, and still lay in the road. Before we reached the pavement he looked up and saw me.

"I'm damned dirty, sir," he said; "take care of your noo coat. That bloody 'bus—Gaw'd—I'll talk to Jim—running over me like that."

There was an ambulance near at hand, and I delivered up "the bloke." Some one had picked up his papers from the roadway and put them by the side of the thin little body, and the pennies which he had dropped out of his mouth I put there too.

Next day I went to the hospital where he had been taken. But "the bloke" will not stand at his corner any more.

Sad? Heaven help us all if we are going to be sad, because we are (quite assuredly) going to die; the sooner we die and get it over, the better. Anticipating sadness is an absolute drug in the market, and is it not better to be glad because at the present moment we happen to be alive, and not sad because at some future moment we are going to die? How long would the world go on if we all sat and sighed because we were going to die?

Yes, decidedly spring has come, and it amazes me to look back on what I wrote only a week ago and find myself so obsessed by that moment of languor which announced it, and forgetting, as indeed I did, what should so shortly follow. Yet if that obsession of languor had not been so complete, I suppose this obsession of spring would not thus riot in me as it does, and it is with infinite misgivings that I attempt to put into words any of that babbling thrill, that ecstasy in the sensation of mere living, which is felt, I believe, in every growing thing down to the humblest blade of grass which is trodden under foot even as the varnish of spring-time is on it, at that divinest of all moments in the year, when in man and brute and as yet leafless tree, the sap once more stirs.

This year it came upon me in spate: that great flood of renewed vitality which follows round the earth from continent to continent as the spring returns, suddenly lifted me off my feet, dictating what I did as imperatively as an electric current dictates the involuntary twitching of the muscles it passes through. And on this wise:

I had been out of town for two days last week, staying in Sussex at a house on the high downs near Ashdown Forest. As I drove from the station I was aware that some huge and subtle change was in the air, but put it down only to the contrast of country breezes with the density of London. The briskness of winter was altogether gone, but in its place was the smell of earth and growing things, very fragrant and curiously strong, for rain, which brings out all scent in the air, be it good or bad, had fallen heavily that afternoon, bringing out, as I have said, the smell of growth, and leaving behind it, just as a water-cart does in streets, the smell of dust laid, or, rather, the smell which the air has when there is no longer any dust in it. Also the vividness of color surprised me, and in the yet leafless trees there was a certain vigorous look which I had missed all winter, a crispness of outline, a look of tension as in an instantaneous photograph of a man about to leap. A thrush babbled suddenly in a bush by the road-side, and, fool that I was, I did not know what was happening. I thought it

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was only a thrush singing. But had I known, it was spring.

That night after dinner, instead of sitting down to bridge or some gray pursuit classified by the title of game, eight sober and mature people did the silliest things. We played blindman's-bluff; we cock-fought on the hearth rug; we fell heavily to the ground in attempting to take out pins with our teeth, pins placed in inaccessible positions as the legs of chairs; nobody cared what anybody else was doing. Every one talked simultaneously and laughed causelessly.

Eventually we dispersed to our rooms flushed and hot.

My window had been shut, and a blind drawn down: here were the first things to be remedied. Up went the screaming blind, up went the window, and the huge exultant night poured in. That was better, but still bad, and I tore off my clothes, leaving them on the floor, and, as my mother bore me, and as I shall go back to the great mother of all, leaned out into the night, full of the excitement which at last I understood. It was night, night, the time when even a stockbroker (who had made £290 on the Stock Exchange) reverts in some degree to the beast from which he has been evolved, when, unless one is fuddled with wine, or stupefied with food, or addled and rotten with sensual thought, one occasionally wins back to the old primeval, prowling, excited joy of being alive, to the bliss which childhood knows at nightfall, robbed of its terrors.

There it was, waiting for me, and I, as far as might be, ready for it, unburdened with an overloaded stomach, free from all desire, carnal, mental, or spiritual, but caught and burning in the flame of mere life. Huge and soft the night beckoned; great gray shapes of bushes rose on the lawn outside; above them rose the still gaunt shapes of trees, but humming, like a gas-jet, with the pressure from within. Rain clouds obscured the sky, the cold infinite stars were shut out, and only by the fact that it was not very dark did I know that the moon was somewhere risen, though invisible. That was as I would have it; for the time I was just a Live Thing, conscious of life.

I wanted no distant stars to remind me how small I was, or how immense was heaven; for the time I desired only the kind warm earth, no moon to evoke, as she always does, the need of companionship. I was alone on the earth, which, like me, was bursting with the promise of spring. Mating-time was not yet, not yet was the time of fresh leaves or any outward fruit of vitality. The vitality was within; everything had drawn a long breath, and the long breath hung suspended for the moment. Soon in a shower of starlike blossoms, in a mist of green hung round the trees, in the complete song of birds, in achievement or effort on my part, the tension would break. It was the physical moment when completion is assured, and the pause comes, delicious because all, all has been leading up to this, and one is content, if it is possible to be content, because fruition is sure. Exquisite pangs have gone before, the pangs of anticipation. Exquisite pangs of completion will follow, but nothing can ever approach the completeness of the assured moment.

Night, and its veiled darkness, a soft rain falling and hissing among the shrubs, the sleeping house, unless, indeed, there might be other watchers like myself unclothed beside an open window, utter loneliness and the thrill of life. But it was not enough to stand there; I had to mix with the night, I had to do my utmost to take it, the hissing shrubs, the falling rain, the whole growing quickening earth, nearer to me. It was not enough to look at it. So for convention's sake I pulled on trousers again, buttoned a coat over me, and, hatless and barefooted, opened my window further —a ground-floor window—and stepped out into the night.

What I wanted I did not know; it was certain, at any rate, I did not want anybody else to be there. Yes, I know, I wanted only to be part of the growing sap-stirred world. No thought of either spiritual or carnal passion did I feel; no gratitude to God, who made this ecstatic machine called me, entered into my mind, nor thought of love or lust or desire. The gray curtain of cloud was the blanket under which, like a child, I buried my head. I was too far gone, you will understand, to "talk French." Simply I was possessed by the joy of life, that life which moved my muscles, and now and then, tense and slack in turn as I walked, that held a long breath in my lungs and blew it out again, that made the soft rain drip from the clouds, that made the earth drink it in instinctively, that made the shrubs whisper to it falling, and give out the odor of dampness and growth. Step by step, as I went over the lawn, with my feet already dripping and my hair growing matted with the benediction of the falling rain, this passion grew and grew. Before I knew it, from walking I had passed to running; before I knew it my coat was lying somewhere on the grass, and the rain fell thick and cool on my back and shoulders.

Dim shapes of shrubs flew by me, then in front, then sprang out of the dark the lines of a wooden fence, bounding the lawn. This was taken in the stride almost, and the longer, coarser fibre of the meadow-grass wrapped itself round my feet. Then a sandpan — a bunker guarding the eighteenth green of the golf-links, showed yellow in front—and next moment a flag waved to my right. Thereafter coarser grass again, and a hundred yards beyond the stream-bed where I have delved patiently with a niblick. Beyond, another fence, and in the field — out of bounds — large dark shapes of cows lying down. One underneath the shadow of a tree I stumbled against, leaving a snort and a stir behind, and I remember laughing at that. Then in due time a certain failure of wind, and a halt underneath a young beech-tree with smooth rounded stem. Next moment the trunk was between my knees, the trunk also between my arms strongly wound round it, my cheek against the bark, and panting, I clung to it. It too was alive, and strong and hard, and with that, turning my head, I remember biting the bark, till strips of it came off and my lips bled. Then a bed of old brown bracken, and with my fingers I dug in the earth till I felt the buds of springing stems an inch below the ground.

There I lay, a minute it may have been, or ten years, and the climax I must suppose was reached. There was no more possible to me. The riddle was unsolved, and for the moment I knew it to be insoluble, not because it was a silly riddle, but because it was no riddle at all, but the mystery of all mysteries—Life. As far as I personally could, I had done my best to answer it, not by thought, which is futile, but by being of the earth, by making myself one with growing things at the moment of springtime, and this not, I do assure you, consciously, but because I had to. The current that ran through everything else ran through me also. I was a savage, an animal, what you will.

The greatest moment was over. Again I was conscious of one slack arm hanging by my side, the other braced at my elbow to support my weight as I sat up. I knew that my feet were wet, that my hair had to be brushed from my eyes, that raindrops fell from my eyebrows onto my face, that a torn, distracted, mud-covered blackness represented dress-trousers, that my coat was lying somewhere on the lawn, and that my bed-room window was an invitation to robbers. So I rose and walked back, slowly, and designedly slowly, in order to enjoy what I had not known I had enjoyed before, but had simply taken. The cool rain was exquisite to the skin, so too the cool grass to the feet. The night above and around was huge and silent and ennobling. Then the moral consciousness, I must suppose, awoke. I was filled with edifying thoughts. They would be dull if recorded; they were dull even then, for the memory of the savage moments was still hot as a dream.

Well—what then? There is no "what then." That wild running through the dark is flesh and blood of me. Perhaps you have no taste for cannibalism. That is a very comfortable defect.

The next twenty-four hours were, it is true, full of spring, but to me, licking the chops of my dinner, they were jejune. My coat I picked up on the lawn; I entered through my window—no robber could have come in that sacred hour—gazed on the wreck of dress-trousers, and went to bed—to sleep instantly and dreamlessly, awaking to a great bold sunlight that streamed in through the window when my valet drew up the blinds. With him I held a shamefaced colloquy as he gathered together my dress-clothes.

"I'm afraid they're rather muddy," said I, stifling my face beneath the sheet.

"Yessir."

"Do they happen to be torn?"

A short pause.

"Yessir; torn in five places."

"Well, see what can be done. Have I any more?"

"No, sir. Cold or hot bath, sir?"

Bath! That was a sitting in a tin pan and lifting teaspoonfuls of water onto one's spine. Acrobatic performances to get wet altogether. Towel. Huddling on of clothes.

"Oh, cold. Bring it in half an hour."

In half an hour I half dozed, half thought of the performance of the night. I carefully considered the question as to whether I had gone mad, and decided—rightly, I believe—that I had not, though other people would say so. Then after breakfast we went to play golf. Yes, I was right, the anticipation, unfulfilled, certainly was over; already small buds were red on the lime and yellow on the elm. Spring had come, and we all talked about its delights. But none knew of mine.

Eventually the eighteenth hole was reached, after a game that I should normally consider exciting, since my adversary and I were all square at the seventeenth hole. But this morning it struck me as colorless. Here, however, his second shot—full with the cleek —was short, and he went into the sandpan guarding the green, across which I had jumped in my outward journey and walked through on my return. I stopped on the edge of the barrier, for I had warned him he could not be up, having myself taken a full shot, landing just over it. Upon which the accursed man took his niblick, and, amid a shower of sand, lay nearly dead.

"Curious," says he.

Meantime, I had been examining the bunker, and saw there the trace of a bare foot.

"There's something much more curious than any shot of yours, close by you," said I. "Look, do you see the trace of a naked foot close by you on the sand?"

He looked.

"By God!" he said. "Let me putt first."

He missed it. So I had two for the hole and won.

To be Continued.

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Correspondence

CHANGES IN THE MAP OF NORTH AMERICA.

December 22, 1902.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Just as surely as we will have, in a time not too far removed, a new political-geographical map in Europe, so the political map of North America is apt to be altered—not by force of arms, but through commercial considerations, the need of self-preservation, and common interests.

Looking at the map of North America and following the mainland, we find, south of the United States, bounded by the Rio Grande del Norte, the republic of Mexico; then the so-called republics of Central America; and then the republic of Venezuela, bounded by the Orinoco River. Still farther south in North America, before we come to the equator, the line dividing North and South America, we find the Guianas, subdivided into three different political parts—British, Dutch, and French Guiana. Going south from Florida, we find, stretching into the southern part of the North Atlantic Ocean, a chain of islands which spread nearly to the mouth of the Orinoco. Nearest to our Florida coast we have a cluster of islands known as the Bahamas; then come Cuba, the pearl of the Antilles, and Jamaica; further southeast are Porto Rico and Haiti, known as the Greater Antilles; and, beyond, a long necklace of islands encircling the so-called Caribbean Sea, and known under the name of Lesser Antilles, or Windward Islands, ending with Trinidad Island, which lies before the mouth of the great Orinoco River.

All these islands, with the exception of Porto Rico and Cuba, belong to European powers. England, France, Denmark, and Holland still hoist their flags over colonies there.

In the last century, those island possessions were rich pearls in the crowns of European powers. Their coffees, sugar, cocoa, indigo, tobacco, spices, dyewoods, and rum were of great value, and were much sought after. Fleets of sailing-vessels came to and went from the possessions, loaded down with products. Rich plantation-owners could afford to live in Europe in luxury, while their slave-drivers used the lash to keep filled the coffers of their seigneurs.

With the abolition of slavery much has changed. It is no longer profitable to hold estates in the islands without taking personal care of them. Since Brazil, Venezuela, and other countries of the Spanish Main produce an abundance of coffee and other products, and are very well supplied with steamship communication, few of the islands can compete with foreign markets. Since beet sugar has come into the market, the island sugars may be dispensed with; and since chemistry has demonstrated that sugar can be produced without cane or beet-root, the island conditions are worse. From coal tar the finest dyestuffs are distilled; and so indigo and dyewoods, in their turn, have a hard struggle for existence.

To England, France, Denmark, and Holland the Caribbean possessions for which so much blood was drawn in the last centuries—these crown pearls which in former times enriched so many governors and officials—are to-day, if they speak the truth, an unwholesome drug; costly yet valueless encumbrances to national exchequers. None of them is self-supporting, and all need the financial help of their home governments.

The national debts of the European powers holding territorial possessions in the North Atlantic Ocean do not decrease. They augment. A general European war will add enormously to national obligations. Most of the islands are now beyond the beaten track of commerce, and they will be more pitifully lost as soon as the isthmian canal shall have been built. It is but natural that European powers, in their own financial interest, as well as in the interests of subjects living in the islands, should find it, for the promotion of a general welfare, to ask the United States to buy them, and to give those islanders a chance to better their financial and commercial conditions. It will be, too, an act of love and humanity for the European powers to do so. Nobody will come forward with strategical objections, which held good in the days of the old three-deckers, but have no weight in the era of steamships.

The day of including the islands of the North Atlantic in the political-geographical map of the United States may not be far off. I should not be surprised if, in a short time, Denmark should take the decisive step in this direction. Go where you will, through the islands, and hear the public opinion. It is the wish and hope of the people; it is their only final commercial salvation; it is their only road to tolerable prosperity.

Let us return to the mainland of North America. South from Rio Grande del Norte extends the republic of Mexico, called by one of our ablest statesmen, the Hon. John W. Foster, the "New Mexico," in his highly instructive and fascinating article published in the *National Geographic Magazine*, January, 1902, where he gave to the world a description of what Mexico was in former days and what it is to-day under the government of President Porfirio Diaz. Mr. Foster was formerly Secretary of State. He is no mean authority. He has known Mexico since 1873, and nobody is better qualified to speak upon that neighboring republic. He is full of praise, and admires the great progress which that country has made and is daily making. Should Mexico continue to advance in her civilization and commercial development, I think the day will come when mutual interest will bring her into a closer political-geographical union with her great Northern neighbor.

Farther south from Mexico we have the small Central-American republics. The iron horse dominates at last in Mexico, and with its steel rails there have come civilization, freedom of thought, enlightenment, and commercial progress. The railway will penetrate into these small countries as well, and it will bring to them what it has brought to Mexico.

The Quixotic dream of a Central America Republic, with Colombia and Venezuela under one flag, is an impossibility. How is it possible to clasp these people together if they cannot keep peace in their own states? The Central republics will learn that it is cheaper, better, and safer to live under a strong and respected government which stands for all the word means.

Farther south, we come to the republic of Colombia. There is no doubt, when the railway passes through the Cordilleras on its way to the equator, bringing new blood, that new ideas and civilization and commercial intercourse will be felt and will teach the people their own interest. The building of the canal will also have a wonderful civilizing influence upon Colombia, as well as upon the adjoining republic of Venezuela. Thousands of foreigners will come and spread over these immensely rich countries, and will bring industry and progress to sadly neglected lands.

The wail that, with the advent of the Anglo-Saxon race, hated foreigners will destroy the Catholic religion, is but the cant of selfish politicians. Where American progress and civilization take root there is freedom of thought and freedom of religion. The millions of Catholics in the United States are the best proof of it. To-day the poor Catholic priest in the republics lying south of Mexico is not in an enviable position. There is hardly enough left to enable him to keep soul and body together. Surely the Catholic Church could breathe afresh if a strong government should take hold of these countries. The only nation which can do it, and should do it, is the United States.

Colombia and Venezuela are to-day but large slaughter-houses where fratricidal bloodshed reeks to heaven. They have become a sad spectacle to the civilized world. But their day will dawn. Common-sense and the instinct of self-preservation will teach them what is their best, their true, interest. In the century of trusts and commercial combinations they cannot escape the coils of the great anaconda of trade. These countries need not be taken by force; they will, of necessity, submit to a peaceful combination, which I will not explain in this article.

When the Panama canal is constructed, the commercial interests of the European powers will be more and more thrown to the immense field upon the Pacific coast. British, French, and Dutch Guianas, which are not even yet paying colonies, will be even farther removed from the commercial spheres of their mother-countries. The connection between them and the mother-countries has not taken deep root. Nor are they the copestones of national prides. When that general war for which the Germans prepare their powerful navy—when the remolding of the political map of Europe commences—England and France, as well as Holland, will need money—a great deal of it. France, as in the days of Napoleon I., may sell to us her out-of-the-way colony for money. Holland and Great Britain also might need cash, or some diplomatic favors might make them think it worth while to give us their part of Guiana.

That it will come is sure; time will prove it. Then we can begin our civilizing work from the south as well as the north.

I am, sir,

E. H. PULMACHER.

United States Consul at Maracaibo.

"THE YOUNG MARRIED OFFICER."

NEW YORK, *December 14, 1902.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your editorial of December 13, page 1396, about the "young married officer who had been ordered to the Philippines," you remark, "In days past an officer who was a major at forty-five was lucky." He certainly was, and it is doubtful if the records will show a case in which *any* officer who entered the service as a second lieutenant (the lowest grade) had been advanced by regular promotion to a majority at the age you give. The man who "in days past . . . was a major at forty-five" became so by what is *called* "selection." The increase in the army consequent upon the Spanish war brought promotion to lots of old captains, many of whom had served as company officers for more than thirty years; and these gentlemen regarded themselves as extremely lucky in getting the advancement, as, but for this increase, they would have gone on the retired list at sixty-four years of age without any promotion.

It is difficult to imagine why any officer, young or old, married or single, should seek to avoid going wherever he may be ordered to go. Such a person must have a strange notion of the obligation imposed by the oath he took when he accepted his commission. Can such a man be of the "sons of men who had iron in their blood"? L.

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Finance

THE year closed with greater activity and strength in the securities-markets than the most optimistic observers of the financial situation would have believed possible early in December. The recovery from the low level reached during the late "slump" was very rapid indeed, in view of the fact that many of the uncertainties which helped to cause the decline remained uncleared. To be sure, even at the higher figures of the "rally" which is under way at this writing stock prices are still considerably lower than they were during the ill-advised bull campaign of last fall. But it was not the latter fact which was responsible for the present upward movement; it was rather the realization on the part of the professional speculators that the technical condition of the stock-market rendered a rise in quoted values an easier task than a fall. Their efforts were therefore bent in the upward direction, the pools and speculative cliques helping.

During the week of the Christmas holidays the market, though not very active, was much less dull than on the previous week, and the undeniable improvement in sentiment was reflected in advancing prices. There came a brief period of hesitancy, and the upward tendency was checked. The rank and file of the minor professionals deemed the rally over-rapid and, as was natural in a market of so markedly professional a character, believed a moderate reaction not only logical, but "healthy." Their attempts to bring about a lower range of values succeeded in disclosing a remarkable scarcity of offerings. Call money at 15 per cent., disquieting reports of a general strike on the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific systems, higher sterling rates, all were powerless to keep prices down, and under the lead of some rather obviously manipulated specialties, the entire market resumed its upward course. Sentiment, depressed when prices were low, was cheerful when prices had risen. But it must be admitted that the public at large did not evince more disposition to buy stocks than it did in August or September when the bull fever raged in the Chicago camp. At the same time, if there was no "real" buying, neither was there real selling, and it was evident that when stocks passed from weak hands into strong, they were not likely to "come out" on the market on a six or eight point rise.

There was really no especial development to which the rise could be attributed, other than the belief on the part of certain large operators for the rise that bull manipulation was justified. To be sure, while there are many uncertainties to be removed before the public can see its way clear to buy, there is nothing to show that it is wise or prudent to sell. The high rates for money were regarded as transient, as no doubt they were. In December, 1901, money touched a still higher level. This week, moreover, the speculative community remembered that the famous $50,000,000 money pool was still in existence, ready to help should a crisis be reached. At the same time it was and is not altogether clear that the return of currency to this centre will take place as soon after January 1 as the more optimistic appeared to believe. And granted more and easier money, there remains the obvious opportunity for Europe to send in her bill to American borrowers of foreign capital, so that the question of increasing exports of agricultural products comes to the front as offering the solution of a vexatious problem. This problem is neither more nor less than, Is there to be enough money with which to carry on active speculation in stocks?

Much has been said of the absence of the usual New-Year's "reinvestment" demand. The January 1 disbursements are probably the largest in the history of this country, and since it is undeniable that the country at large is highly prosperous, it is strange that there should be so very little investment-buying. It is a matter of much significance that several of the latest bond underwritings have proven failures, so far as concerned the profits of the underwriters. In years gone by, prominent banking-houses "brought out" bond issues for various railroads, and found their wares quickly absorbed by the public, which apparently was satisfied, from the identity and good repute of the bankers, that the bonds were safe or desirable investments. To-day, this does not happen. Either the public scrutinizes more closely the securities offered, reads more carefully the terms of the mortgage, studies more intelligently the earnings of the issuing company,—in short, takes more pains to inform itself regarding the value of the security offered for sale; or else the public is overloaded and surfeited with new securities, owing to the enormous flotations of the past three or four years. In either case, it is clear that the future attitude of the public is not altogether easy to determine by the syndicates and pools, who, in engineering advances in stock prices, have no other object than to shift the load from their shoulders to the public's. The question of actual values is also to be studied—that is, the present and the probable future course of earnings and the extent to which net profits will be affected by increased cost of operation.

While all these considerations may deter the ultra-conservative from plunging into stock speculation at the moment, there is hopefulness in the air. Strong interests appear confident that before the tide turns a bull campaign can be successfully carried on. The ability of the American people to outgamble any other nation cannot be questioned. And the great powers of the world of finance are familiar with the psychology of their countrymen no less than with commercial, industrial, and financial conditions in the United States.

NEXT WEEK'S

Harper's Weekly

WILL CONTAIN DISCUSSIONS

On WASHINGTON

The Outlook for Navy Legislation in the Senate

On NEW YORK

The New Tunnel Under the Hudson River

On EUROPE

Yerkes, the American Invader of London

On SCIENCE

Flying Machines Achieved

On ART, On INDUSTRIAL MATTERS, On all CONTEMPORARY, NEW, PROGRESSIVE SUBJECTS

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Financial

The

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New York

WILLIAM A. NASH, President
THOMAS T. BARR, } Vice-Presidents
WALTER E. FREW, }
F. T. MARTIN, Cashier
WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check .	31,349,710.76
	$36,565,818.54

The Mechanics' National Bank

of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)

33 WALL STREET

OFFICERS

GRANVILLE W. GARTH, - - - - - PRESIDENT.
ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - - VICE-PRESIDENT.
ANDREW A. KNOWLES, - - - - - - CASHIER.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(*CONDENSED*)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

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ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - - David Dows & Co.
LOWELL LINCOLN, - - - - - - - - Catlin & Co.
HORACE E. GARTH, - - - - - - - - Ex-President.
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JOHN SINCLAIR, - - - - - - John Sinclair & Co.
WILLIAM B. BOULTON, - - - Boulton, Bliss & Dallett.
EDGAR L. MARSTON, - - - - - - - Blair & Co.
GRANVILLE W. GARTH, - - - - - - - President.

Financial

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NO. 30 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK
CABLE ADDRESS, "HASKSELLS"
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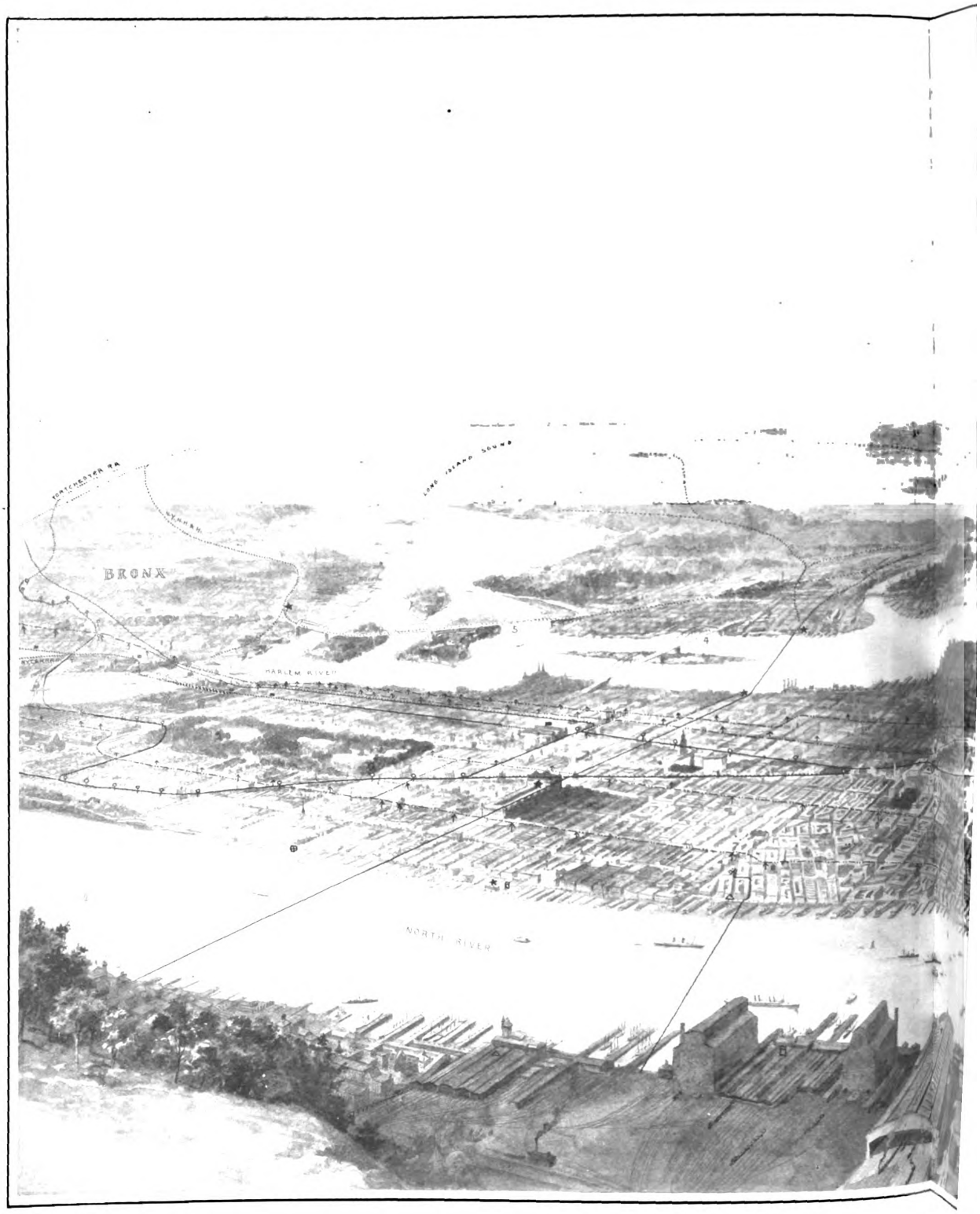
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ELEONORA DUSE AND LENBACH'S CHILD

From the painting by Lenbach

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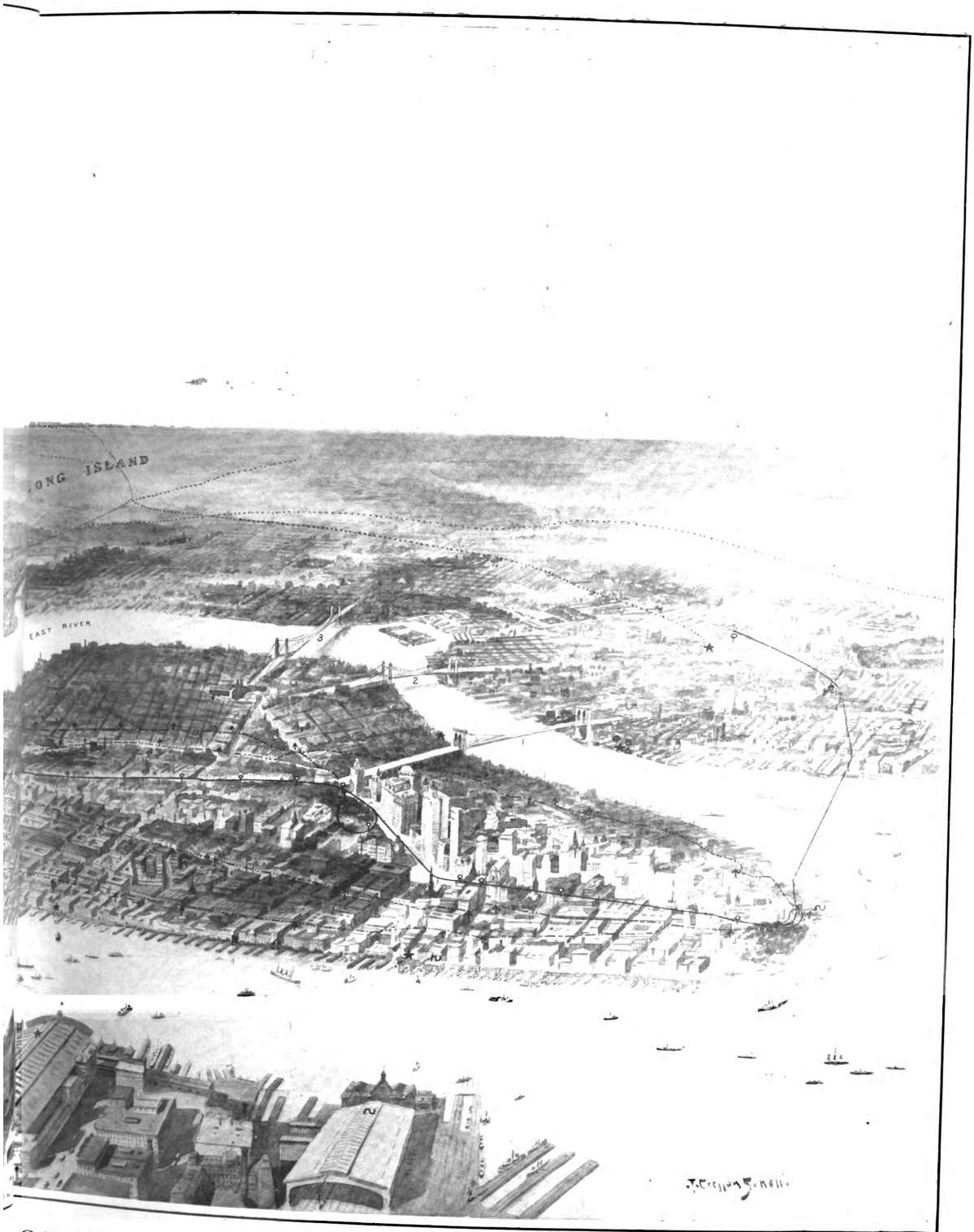


THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY PR

New York, as the largest of American, and soon to be the largest of world cities, is at this moment in the throes of a... enough streets to carry them all. The first step was to carry people overhead, and the ele... be opened in two years. This drawing shows what the three ...

▬ Tunnels. ..... Tunnels proposed. ⚲ Tunnel Stations. ★ Penna. Railroad Terminals. ■ N. Y. C. and H. R. Railroad. ...
↑ Elevated Railroad Stations. △ D. L. and W. Railroad Terminals. ⊟ Erie Railroad Terminals. ...
1—Brooklyn Bridge. 2—Manhattan Bridge. 3—Williamsburg Bridge (building). ...

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THE PROBLEM OF MUNICIPALITIES

great problem. More than a million and a half people want to get up and down town each day, and there are not ted road was built. That is now insufficient, and next comes the underground, which will ers of transporting machinery will be able to do in the future

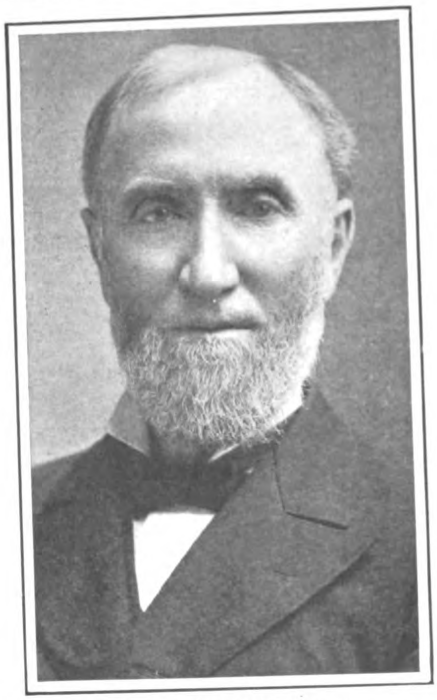
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West Shore and N. Y., O. and W. Terminals. ∿ N. J. Central, Phila. and Read., and B. and O. Terminals.
4—Blackwells Island Bridge (building). 5—Penna. Railroad Connecting Bridge

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The Next Speaker of the House of Representatives

THE Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, who will in all human probability be elected Speaker of the House of the Fifty-eighth Congress, has the distinction of having served longer in the lower legislative chamber than any of his thirty-four predecessors. The Eighteenth Congressional District of Illinois first sent him to represent it at the national capital in the year that General Grant defeated Horace Greeley for the Presidency, and he has done so continuously ever since, with the one exception of the Fifty-second session, '90 to '92, when he was made to stay at home by a Democrat named Busey.

His election to the next highest office under the government will be the realization of a long-cherished ambition with Mr. Cannon, and an honor which has been won through exceptional services. He was born at Newgarden, near Guilford Courthouse, in 1836. He went to Indiana early with his parents, where he received only a common-school education. At fourteen he hired out as clerk in a country store, and five years later began the study of law. Deciding that there was not much honor for a prophet in his own country, he concluded to go to Douglas County, Illinois, to begin his practice. That first year in his profession, 1858, was pretty hard pulling for the future Speaker of the House, and there is no denying that he would have come to actual want if a friend had not stood for his board bill. It was not in the young lawyer's make-up, however, to allow difficulties to daunt him. By hard work and untiring perseverance each succeeding year saw his influence broaden and his practice enlarge. With his inborn aggressiveness he was soon identified with his party's politics, and in 1861 he was elected State's Attorney, a position he held until 1868. His experience as counsel in cases of every conceivable kind, during those fourteen years before he became a member of Congress in 1872, undoubtedly fitted him for the useful place he has filled there.



The Hon. Joseph G. Cannon

Who will in all probability be the Speaker of the Fifty-eighth Congress

Mr. Cannon would not have been, perhaps, the President's first choice for Speaker of the House. As was shown in a recent number of the WEEKLY, their policies do not entirely harmonize, yet Mr. Cannon can safely be trusted with the best interests of his party. He is one of the oldest and ablest veterans in public life—indeed, he will be the oldest man who has ever occupied the Speaker's chair. Through all of his long career his bitterest enemies have never been able to connect his name in the remotest way with any scandal. He is a rough-and-tumble fighter; in debate he is not choice in the use of his adjectives, but he has a keen intellect, unimpeachable honesty, and a character of sterling worth. He is well known as one of the most conservative members of the House. As chairman of the Appropriations Committee he has had control of the supply bills, and with so jealous care has he watched the proposed expenditures that he has fallen heir to the late Mr. Holman's sobriquet, "The watch-dog of the Treasury."

The New Cuban Minister at Washington



The Cubans are the latest Members of the Family of Nations. Their Legation is the latest established at Washington, with Senor Gonzalo de Quesada as Minister

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New York's Great Transportation Problem

See double-page illustration

THE hardest transportation problem to solve in the world undoubtedly exists on Manhattan Island, New York City. Plans are under way to spend about $200,000,000 within the next five years, so that those who do business in Manhattan may get to their work in the morning and to their homes at night in comfort and with reasonable speed. This enormous sum is to be expended upon tunnels, bridges, and upon improvements in surface and elevated railroads.

Vast as are the undertakings to solve this problem, the outlook is that the expenditure of all this money is to be only a beginning, and at the end of a few years the congestion in travel will be as acute as it is now, and that more millions by the hundred will have to be spent. No one can predict when the time will come that the streets of Manhattan will not be "all torn up" to solve its problem of the transportation of human freight.

The fact is, that no one could even guess that the greatest "boom town" in the world, such as New York is to-day, would

(Continued on page 73.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—*[Adv.]*

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know the comforts of having on hand a supply of BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK. It can be used so agreeably for cooking, in coffee, tea, and chocolate. Lay in a supply for all kinds of expeditions. Avoid unknown brands. —*[Adv.]*

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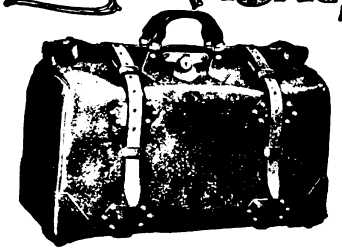
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THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER

A MODERN-EVIL TALE: Showing that the gentle Art of Royal Romance is not confined to Fiction: by ALBERT LEVERING



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LEGHORN, ITALY

CHOICE ANTIQUES.—Rare Old Furniture, Clocks, Mirrors, China, Brasses, Covers, &c. Photos furnished. I. ELTING, Saugerties, N. Y.

(Continued from page 71.)

require such a tremendous expenditure of money to simply carry the people who have to travel up and down and across its narrow streets. No one was prepared for this wonderful increase in travel. Transportation officials, city authorities, and the people generally have just begun to realize what the growth of New York means, and a clamor for immediate relief in travelling facilities has arisen that will not be stilled. The railroad officials are just as anxious as the city authorities and the masses to improve the transportation problem, for it means more money in dividends.

There never was a better illustration of the truth that an increase in traffic facilities in a growing country or city makes increased traffic, than is displayed in New York City. Look at these figures: In 1880 the number of persons transported on street cars and elevated railroads in Manhattan was 60,831,757. Ten years later it had grown to 190,024,848. In 1901 this sum had grown to 550,610,435. The figures for 1902 are not in yet, but will probably approximate 700,000,000. Was there ever such a stupendous growth of travel seen before in all the world?

Here are some more facts that illustrate this increase in travel in New York's streets: On Dewey Day in 1899 the elevated railroads carried 836,000 passengers. Such traffic was unheard of. No one thought it would be reached again, perhaps in a decade. Yet on Monday before Christmas, 1902, these same railroads carried 931,000 passengers. At one junction on the lines of this company no less than eighty-one trains an hour pass in the busiest times. It is impossible to stop more than forty trains an hour at stations when locomotives are used. When electricity is used, the limit of stops at stations is sixty trains an hour.

The electrical trains can carry one more car than the steam trains. By April 1 next all the trains will be electrical, but that this will afford only partial relief is shown by the fact that about 700,000 passengers of the 1,800,000 carried every day on the various lines in Manhattan use the elevated railroad, and the cars are crowded to a capacity of 140 persons, when there are seats in each for only 48. The elevated railroad uses about 3500 cars, and the six-car trains mean an addition of 500 or more cars, but that will only "loosen up" the number of passengers slightly. On the surface lines the managers assert that it is a physical impossibility to run many more cars than at present. They hope to be able to divert some of the traffic to side streets, but the crowded conditions will continue.

All this simply indicates the extent of the great problem involved. New-Yorkers, however, are impatient people. They not only want relief, but they want it right-away, to-morrow morning, if you please. Most of them cannot understand, or do not take the trouble to understand, that to make permanent railroad betterments takes a long time. You can no more improve transit facilities on a large scale in a week or two than you can build a battle-ship in the same time. Tell this to those who have to scramble, jostle, push, and almost fight day after day to get a mere foothold on the way to business and back, and they will tell you that the railroad managers might have foreseen all this great rush in travel, and that it was parsimony and the feeling that "a great big D" should always be applied to the public, that inspired their attitude of seeming indifference to the needs of the people. That might be true, if the managers and owners of the railroad properties were so lacking in ordinary perception as not to see that if their travelling facilities were adequate to the demand they would be making more money than they are now.

This transportation problem has always confronted New York. Time and again it has seemed to have been solved, but the last stage is always worse than the first. It is the topography of the place that has caused the difficulty. Manhattan is long and narrow. It cannot grow east or west. Its increasing population must find homes to the north or across the river in Brooklyn, New Jersey, or Staten Island. Thirty years ago the town got along fairly well

(Continued on page 75.)



That very old proverb about reaching the heart of a man is best exemplified with

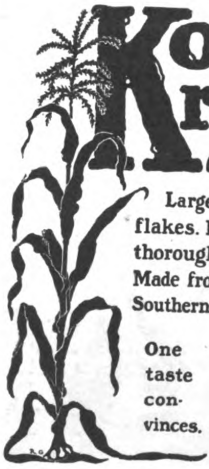
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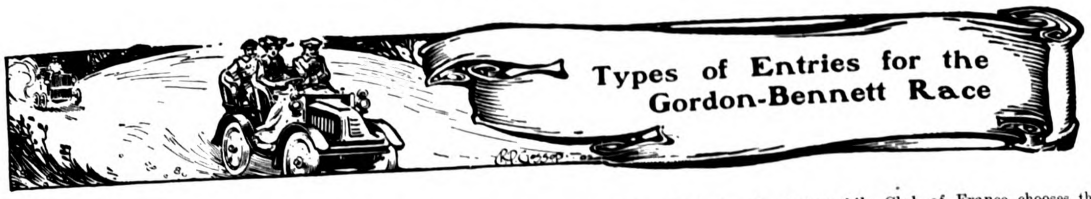


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Types of Entries for the Gordon-Bennett Race

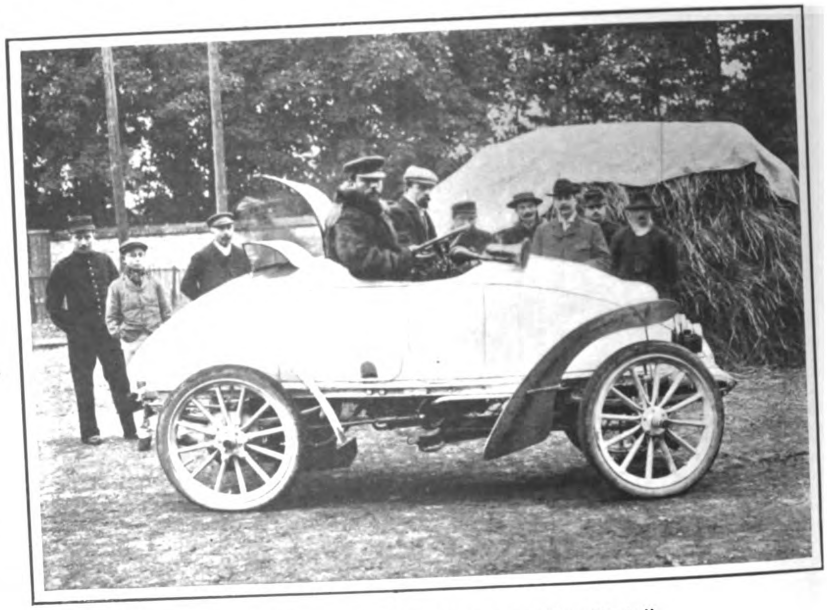
OF all countries which have entered competitors in the international race for the Gordon-Bennett trophy, France has the odds decidedly in her favor. Her machines are the result of a long experience in successful motor-car building, and the attention which is paid to the smallest details has developed cars which stand the test of the most arduous conditions of races and rough-country touring, while as to tires, it is extremely doubtful whether those of other than French make can stand the tremendous strain of a long-distance race. Besides all this, the French drivers are incontestably equal, if not superior, to those of other nations, chiefly on account of their great experience in racing. Still another point in their favor may be the course, the selection of which has to be made before the 1st of February; and as, on account of the strict police regulations, it cannot be held in England, and as the Irish roads seem unsuitable, the choice will doubtless favor France, and the Paris-Bordeaux road will be used. The French drivers will probably be Fournier, René de Knyff, and Charron, the first on a Mors motor, the other two on Panhards. Fournier came in first in the Paris-Berlin, as well as the Paris-Bordeaux race, so the course will be very familiar to him; de Knyff and Charron have also had much racing experience.

It seems unfortunate that a Serpollet machine is not to be entered in the race, as the latest model is said to be capable of developing a speed of more than ninety miles an hour. This model is in the form of an inverted canoe, and, like all the racers of this make, has the fine lines which are associated with types of racing-yachts.

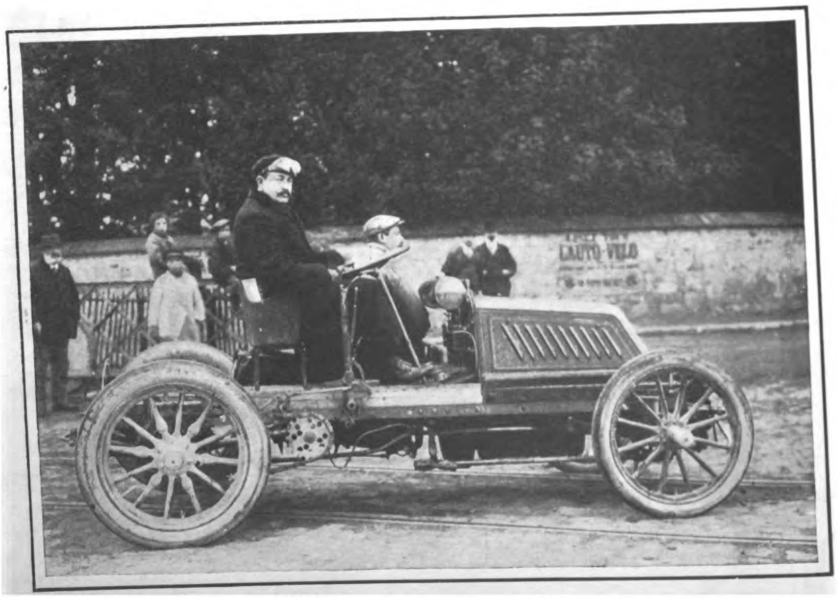
The French method of securing drivers for the race is the opposite of the English: the Automobile Club of France chooses the cars which are to compete, then consults with the manufacturers of these cars as to the preferable men to manage them. In England, S. F. Edge, as the present holder of the Bennett cup, and Charles Jarrott were selected; both these men will drive Napiers. The third driver and car are to be found by means of the contest held at Welbeck, at which eight or ten machines are expected to start.

The American entries are in a more indefinite state. Alexander Winton is at present the only driver actually selected, and the car which he is building for the contest is carefully shrouded in a veil of impenetrable mystery; it should prove to be an important antagonist even against such well-tried veterans as the Panhard and Mors racers. At all events, it will be an interesting experiment, for it is remarkable that, after several years of popularity for the automobile, no American machine has yet been made which at all approaches the perfection of mechanism exhibited by the French and German cars; yet if such a car is to be built in this country, it will undoubtedly be Alexander Winton who will be responsible for it.

Germany, or rather Prussia, will be well represented by three of the well-known Mercedes machines, and without much hesitation it may be said that one of them will "lift" the cup, provided only that the driver be of sufficient skill and experience. It will doubtless be a hard struggle, as France has been quite disgruntled at having had an Englishman win last time, and will make every effort to keep an American or German from victory on this occasion. It is not probable that the English "Napier" will win this race, as it did last year.



M. Serpollet in his famous Racer "The Whale"



M. Fournier in his 70-horse-power Mors Racing-motor

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(Continued from page 73.)

with street cars and a mere suggestion of an elevated railroad. There was talk of a tunnel under Broadway and under the rivers, but with the exception of partly building the Hudson River tunnel nothing was done about it. It is only now that engineering has made tunnelling for city transportation feasible.

Soon the elevated railroads were improved and consolidated, and it seemed as if New York ought to get along in a satisfied condition for some time. The horse-cars grew larger and better rails came, and then it looked as if there might be peace for a time. After a while the stages were eliminated from Broadway, and street cars appeared there. All went smoothly for a little time after that. Then came the era of cable railroads and still bigger cars and better rails. These lasted only a few years.

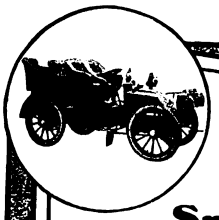
The underground-trolley caused the cables to be thrust aside long before they had become antiquated, and at a heavy loss to the companies. Cars began to follow one another on the streets so closely that there was scarcely room for wagon traffic, to say nothing of pedestrians, to cross the highways. New streets for wagon traffic were opened, but that made little difference. The trolleys from Brooklyn were allowed to cross the Bridge, and the railroad facilities for the Bridge cars were more than doubled. All this simply brought more traffic.

One of the sights of New York is to witness the seething mob on a stormy night at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge trying to get home. The same condition obtains on all the elevated and surface lines. Wrath and denunciation are in the air. The newspapers of the town fill their columns, setting forth not only the misery and lack of decency of the situation, but the so-called incompetence of the railroad managers, until it becomes an old story. A certain grade of preachers thunder about it in their pulpits, and a din is raised about the cars of the railroad men until they throw up their hands and, although they know the futility of it all, they cry out: "Come and tell us how to run our railroads and we'll try to do it."

Lately the women, in organized effort, have taken up the cry against the crowded condition of the cars, and the State Railroad Commissioners have come down to investigate. Little improvements, some of them highly desirable, have followed, but there can be no permanent help until cars, built to carry fifty persons, cease to carry 140 on the average. That condition can only come when there are more cars and more trains. But the railroad men say the limit in the number of trains on the elevated is nearly reached, and on the surface lines has already been reached. The introduction of the third-rail system on the elevated will make it possible to run six-car trains on all lines by April 1 next, and to run under shorter headway, but that will help only a little.

Meantime, New York will fume and fret. The Subway will open for traffic in a few months. A new bridge to Brooklyn will be ready for traffic, but the indications are that the relief will be only temporary. The Subway Company has made this plain by its purchase of the elevated railroad lines and the guarantee of seven-per-cent. dividends to its stockholders as against four per cent. now. Every time there has been an improvement in transit facilities in New York by any company, rival companies have been benefited instead of being hurt, and that will probably continue to be the case. Instead of one or two tunnels, running the length of Manhattan Island, in twenty-five years there will probably have to be half a dozen, for New York, by that time, will be the largest city in the world, and when it reaches that distinction there'll be no catching it for decades to come.

What has caused all this marvellous increase in travel in the city? It isn't hard to discover. The great prosperity of the United States has centred largely in New York City. The most direct reason, however, has been the erection of the so-called sky-scraper buildings. Manhattan Island can grow only in one direction, and that is up in the air. These enormous buildings have gone up by the hundreds. Some of



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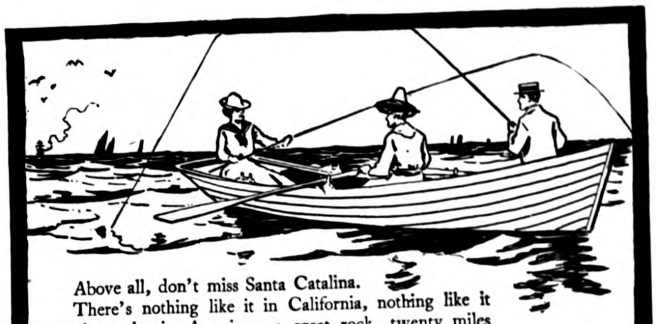
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them house thousands engaged in vast business transactions. The real effect of this has been to narrow the streets upon which the buildings are situated. In a mad swirl the people sweep through these highways night and morning. The buildings are getting taller and the streets more crowded, and there seems to be no limit in sight. The steel-skeleton-framed buildings have crowded New York's cars beyond endurance.

Again New York is taking on its permanent aspect. From the Battery to Canal Street is the financial district. That region must always be crowded. Where the money is the crowd always will be thickest. From Canal Street to Twenty-third is the dry-goods district and always will be. There is a great amount of room for it to expand east and west, but not north. From Twenty-third Street to Fifty-ninth is the retail, hotel, great railroad terminal and theatre district. It is bound to remain so. From Fifty-ninth Street up to the end of Manhattan Island there is the extensive apartment-house district. And all these districts are bound to grow in one direction—up in the air. The cars are bound to be crowded in carrying the people to these districts, and the end will come when there is no more room for sky-scrapers, and the streets have no more room for transit facilities.

But what is being done at present to improve the conditions? In the first place, there is the great Subway involving the expenditure of $35,000,000. It is to be a great tunnel running to the upper end of the island, where it will send out two branches, one to the east and one to the far north. From the Battery end of the Subway a tunnel is to run to the heart of Brooklyn. This, with the lowering of the tracks on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn, means an expenditure of $20,000,000 more. Then, the Pennsylvania Railroad is to tunnel across the Hudson and East rivers, and is to bridge Hell Gate, giving direct connection with New England from the South. All this is to cost $50,000,000. Then the New York Central is to spend $30,000,000 in improving its terminal facilities from Forty-second Street north.

In addition, the old tunnel, two-thirds finished, under the Hudson River is being finished so as to bring trolley-cars from New Jersey and the terminals of the Erie and Lackawanna railroads direct to Manhattan. This will cost at least $10,000,000. Three enormous new bridges from Brooklyn to New York are being constructed. The Williamsburgh Bridge will probably be opened within a year. One between the present Brooklyn Bridge and the Williamsburgh Bridge has been started, and the stone-work on the one across Blackwell's Island is far advanced. These bridges will cost from $45,000,000 to $50,000,000. All this foots up to nearly $200,000,000.

Then there is the constant improvement of the trolley systems, involving many millions more. It will probably be five years before all the improvements now under way will be finished. No one who understands the traffic problem of New York doubts that all this increased facility for traffic will bring more traffic in return, and that soon again the crowded-condition problem will have to be worked out over again. It will simply mean more tunnels until Manhattan Island gets so crowded that it cannot grow up any higher.

Meantime, it will be some comfort to know that partial relief will come within a year, and that in five years it may be possible for the majority of the tired workers going home at night to get a chance to sit down. But in a few years after that who can tell what the conditions will be?

I say: Fear not! Life still
Leaves human effort scope.
But, since life teems with ill,
Nurse no extravagant hope:
Because thou must not dream, thou need'st
not then despair.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

In science, you must not talk before you know. In art, you must not talk before you do. In literature, you must not talk before you—think.—*Ruskin.*

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Presence of Mind

THE writers and speakers who "improved" the accident which befell the President in the autumn did not generally observe that it showed very plainly the difference between the intellectual and the social virtues. This suggestion was subtly conveyed by the Westminster *Gazette*, in the following instructive, if tardy, comment: "But what should command the most unqualified admiration was surely the conduct of the motorman, who, having run down the Presidential carriage, injured the President, and killed two of his companions, proceeded to round on the President for obstructing the line with his coach. Here, if you like, was presence of mind."

If any one is tempted to dismiss this as a mere specimen of journalistic sarcasm, let him grope towards the truth as he reflects upon the story of a certain Oxford don who, early in the last century, was known as Presence-of-Mind Smith. Going down to Nuneham with a friend in his undergraduate days, he returned alone. "Where is T——?" he was asked. "Well, we had an accident," was the reply; "the boat leaked, and while we were baling it T—— fell over into the river. He caught hold of the skiff and pulled it down to the water's edge. Neither of us could swim; and if I had not, with great presence of mind, hit him on the head with the boat-hook both would have been drowned." Never, perhaps, was an honorable prefix so easily earned. In civil life, at least, it is seldom possible to gain a lasting reputation by one thoughtful and courageous act.

The duty of presence of mind has so often been emphasized that it has come to be regarded as part of the ethical code. It will, therefore, be with a certain shock that some of our readers will recognize this quality to be compatible, as at Pittsfield, with absence of manners and, as at Oxford, with absence of morals. But there is no acceptable definition of the term which will exclude its attribution to both the motorman and the undergraduate. Each of them came up to the dictionary standard of "coolness, alertness, and readiness of resource in a situation of sudden danger, embarrassment, or difficulty." The motorman, it is true, would have exhibited this virtue in a more desirable form if he had checked his car before it ran down the Presidential party; but, the mischief once done, there was no possible escape from personal embarrassment equal to an outspoken claim of right of way.

A weaker man would have allowed his thinking to be marred by intrusive considerations of regret and sympathy. The motorman had his wits about him, and was satisfied with their company. So, too, Presence-of-Mind Smith, instead of suffering himself to be distracted by various emotions, analyzed the situation with as unbiassed a reason as if he had been solving a problem in Euclid, attained his Q. E. F. without mental disturbance, and reached calmly for the boat-hook.

But while it has thus been shown that the gift of presence of mind does not exalt the character, far be it from us to suggest that it exerts a debasing influence. In situations where no concentration of mental resources was necessary, the motorman would probably have shown himself as rude, and the undergraduate as selfish. The fact is that, like any sort of smartness, it neither promotes nor hinders the spiritual graces, but is simply distinct from them and independent of them. We need none of us, therefore, be deterred by these two discouraging examples from aspiring to perfection in the quality which they illustrate but do not adorn. Once in a century it may knock a drowning man on the head, but those who profit by it are manifold more numerous than its victims.

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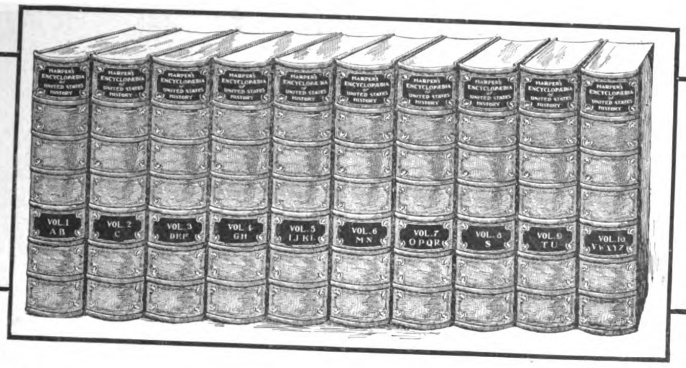
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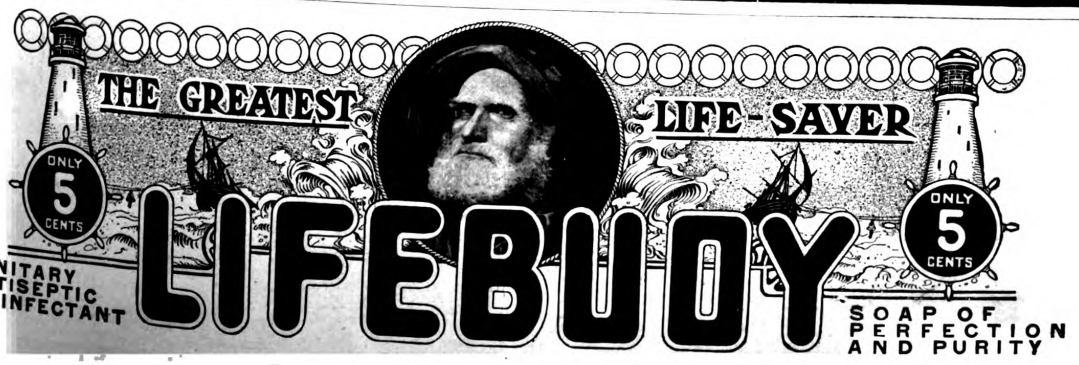


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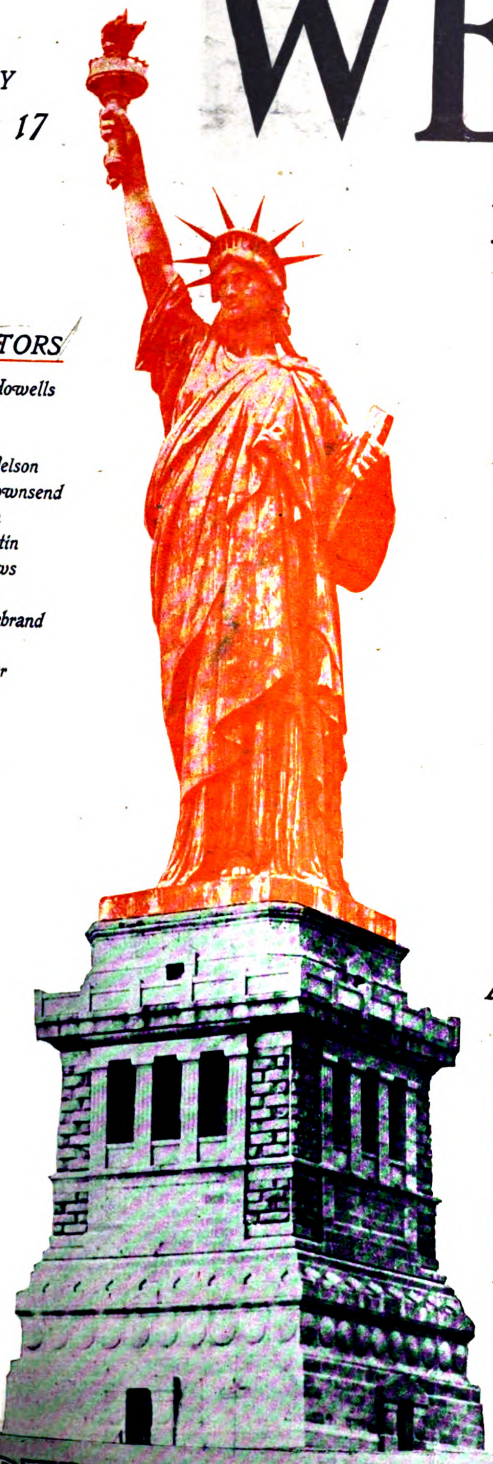
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Progress Through the Sky

The Hudson River Tunnel

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An American Invader of London, Charles T. Yerkes

AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

THIS WEEK

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

NEXT WEEK

WILLIAM B. LEEDS

Sixteen Pages of Comment on Politics, Literature, and Life

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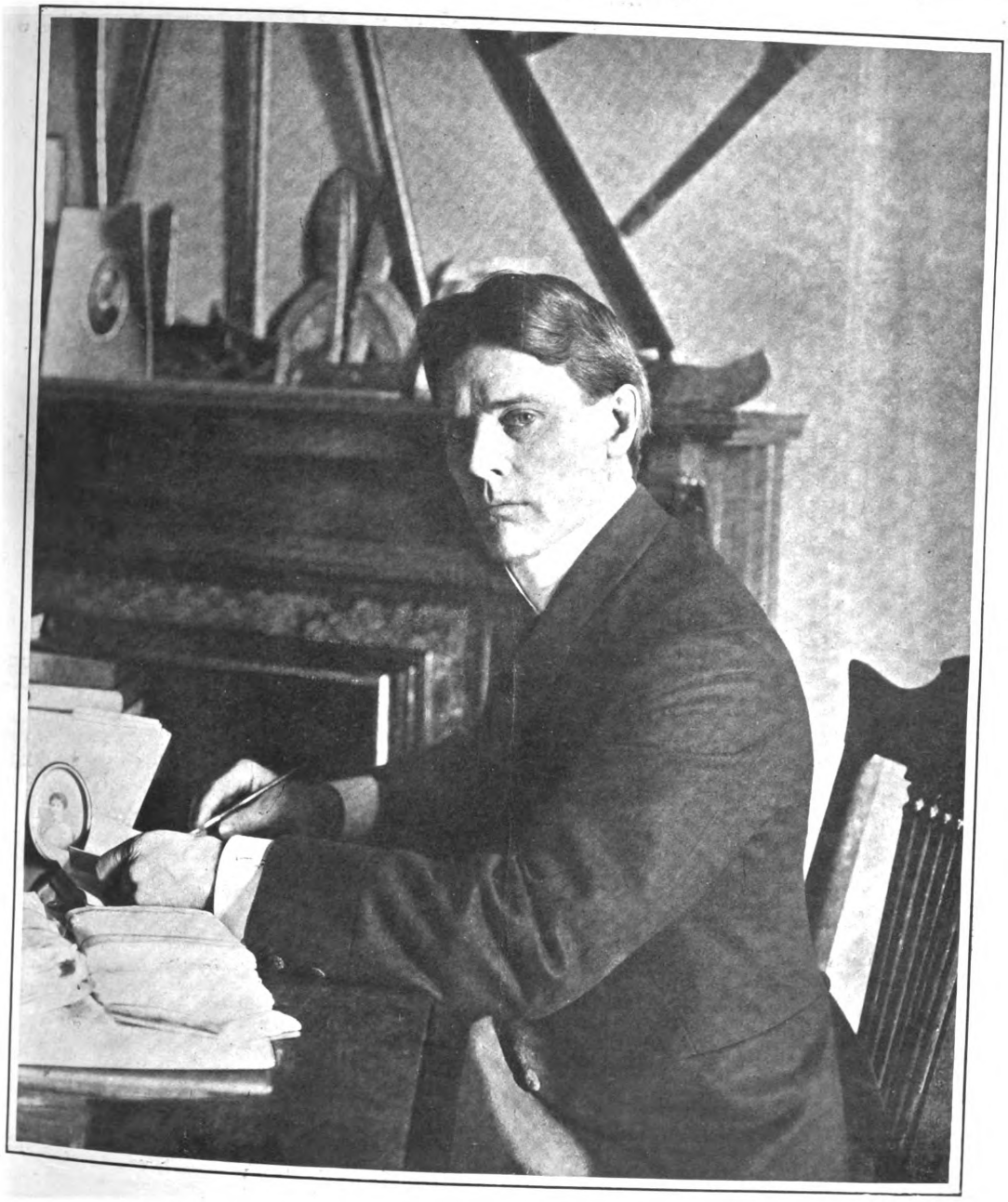
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXIII.—ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, *AET. 40*

See page 99—Editorial Section

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The Outlook for Navy Legislation

THE necessity of a navy as large as that of the navy projected by the German Emperor is settled. It does not follow, however, that the determination of such a necessity signifies immediate action by Congress for the purpose of meeting it. Congress has enormous confidence in the safety of delay. At the same time, it is easier to secure legislation for the increase of the navy than for any other general purpose, because it may be provided for in the general appropriation bill, which is bound to have a hearing.



Senator Eugene Hale
Of Maine



Admiral H. C. Taylor



W. L. Moody
Secretary of the Navy

The army cannot be increased in size in the army appropriation bill, because, under existing conditions, enlargement of the army is not a simple proceeding; it involves changes in the character of organization, and the settlement of differences between the different arms of the service, besides other things. With the navy it is merely a question of appropriating for the construction of more ships, making provision for obtaining more officers, and authorizing the enlistment of more men. No dispute has to be settled except as to the policy of more ships and men, something about which there ought to be no dispute whatever.

The German Emperor has rendered the country excellent service in giving us an object-lesson as to what may happen to us and to our Monroe doctrine if we do not provide for the defence of our position. The lesson seems to have sunk into the mind of the country and to have awakened the popular branch of Congress to a comprehension of what will be expected of it. There is every reason why we should make the effort to prove that when we warn Europe away from that part of America which it does not already possess, we are sincerely in earnest. There is only one way to do this, and that is by laying plans for the construction of as great a fleet as the German Emperor expects will make his empire the second largest naval power in the world.

The present outlook at Washington is that the necessity will be met by Congress, and that a much larger appropriation will be made for new ships than was anticipated when Secretary Moody wrote his strong report. Events have worked for the President and the Secretary, and have proved that their recommendations were based on a thorough knowledge of the situation and on a wise appreciation of their own duties, and of the duty which the country owes to itself.



Representative G. E. Foss
Of Illinois

It is expected, with reason, that the House committee will authorize two new battle-ships and two new large cruisers. The Naval Committee of the House of Representatives appears to be ready to follow the administration, and the House will follow the committee, and will support any generous aid which may be proposed, in the way of preparing for the defence of the doctrine to which we are fully and inescapably committed. We have nine first-class battle-ships completed and five authorized, or fourteen in all. We have one second-class battle-ship. We have two armored cruisers built and six authorized. These may be classed as our first line of fighting-ships. All the others are auxiliary, for scouting duty or for coast defence. In the end, therefore, when all the ships now in process of constructing are completed, we shall have twenty-three first-class war-ships, three of which at least are rapidly growing obsolete. Against our fourteen battle-ships, nine only in commission, the German Emperor has ten in commission and seven building. Besides his seventeen first-class battle-ships, he has four second-class battle-ships, reconstructed in 1895, and will soon have three armored cruisers.

Against our twenty-three, therefore, he will possess twenty-four; but by 1914 he will have thirty-eight battle-ships and fourteen large cruisers. In order to meet him, at the end of twelve years, this country will be obliged to build at the rate of two battle-ships each year. As for cruisers, we need only three more than those already authorized to bring our force up to the standard. We have also to bear in mind that the German Emperor contemplates the remodelling, or modernizing, of seventeen old battle-ships, and these, when the design is carried out, will give him fifty-five battle-ships.

The true policy of the country demands that the work of increasing our navy should be done, and the House seems ready to respond, moved thereto by recent proof of the necessity of a larger number of ships, and, consequently, of a greatly increased complement of men.

Senator Hale, the Senate's authority on naval affairs, alone apparently stands in the way. He holds that a large navy is a temptation to war. Without disputing the contention that this may be true of a needless large navy, it may be said that it has been proved that our own navy is insufficient, and no matter what temptation to aggression may be involved in a sufficient navy, a sufficient navy is absolutely necessary.

It is probable that Senator Hale's objection may be overcome, but meanwhile he is the only formidable obstacle in the way of the increase of our sea power.

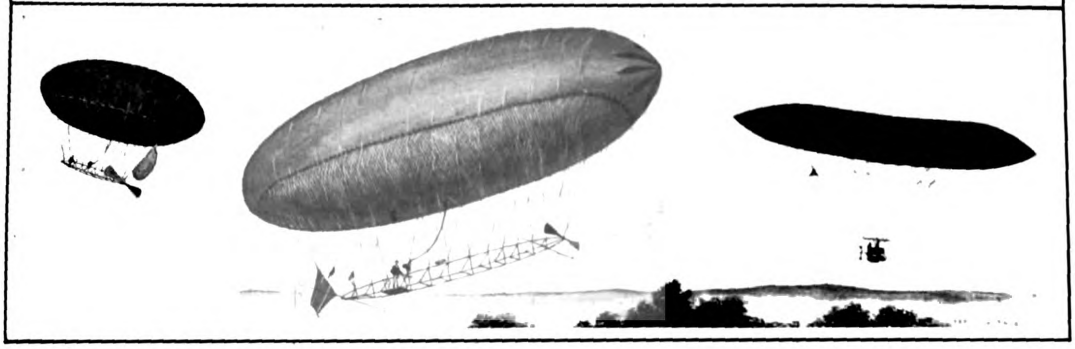
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A CHARGE OF THE MOORS ON FEZ

The rebellion against the Sultan of Morocco, now apparently smothered for the time, came to a climax when Bubamara, the Pretender, stormed the city of Fez. During these fights the ferocious followers of Bubamara drove the Sultan's force before them into the city

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Progress Through the Sky

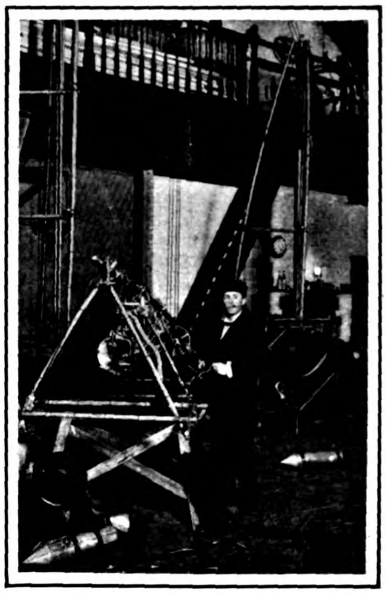


Types of Present-day Flying-machines
Showing the models as perfected by Santos-Dumont, Spencer, and others

THE interest in so-called "flying-machines," which became general when Santos-Dumont nearly two years ago sailed around the Eiffel Tower from St.-Cloud, five miles away, was increased a few days ago when it was announced that Alexander Graham Bell, known as the inventor of the telephone, had hit upon what he considered to be the correct theory, or what approaches the correct theory, upon which to build them. The basis of Professor Bell's experiments, he announced, was the tethered kite. It was the extension of what is known as the aeroplane system.

The Santos-Dumont air-ships have not been regarded by scientific men as strictly flying-machines. The reason is that they use gas to make them lighter than the air. They are really dirigible balloons, and they represent no new principle, but rather a perfection of details in the management of balloon navigation in the air. The flying-machine seems to have passed that stage. As long ago as 1885 two French army officers on a perfectly still day made a journey of nearly ten miles at Mentone. Santos-Dumont's machine sails in a moderate breeze. The gas raises it, and a small propeller pushes it on. The up or down direction is obtained through a sliding adjustment of weights.

What is needed is a machine that is heavier than air, and that will fly by means of an engine which it carries. Any machine raised by gas, it is declared, never can be satisfactory. The man regarded generally as foremost in trying to solve aerial navigation is Professor Samuel P. Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. In 1896 he built an aeroplane that flew half a mile upward over the Potomac River. He had no means of condensing the steam in his little engine, and when the power gave out it slowly settled to the ground, showing its practical safety. It was 1000 times heavier than the atmosphere. It had a speed of twenty miles an hour.



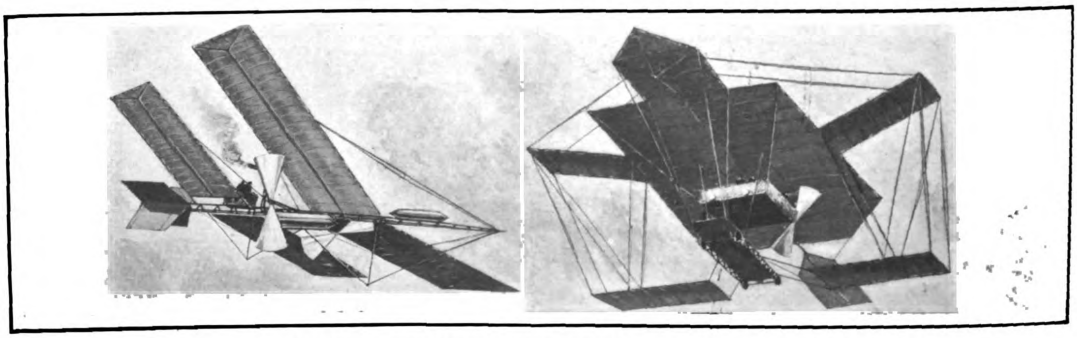
Mr. Spencer at Work on his new Flying-machine
Mr. Spencer recently made the tour of London in his car, starting from the Crystal Palace

Professor Bell at that time pronounced it the most satisfactory of all the attempts to fly in the air. Professor Langley took the common turkey-buzzard as a model for his experiments. That bird is much heavier than the air, and it soars and sails and turns with scarcely a motion of its wings when once it gets going.

Professor Bell's new experiments, which he made for several months last year at his summer home on Cape Breton Island, were based on the kite theory. He held that a kite is simply a flying-machine tethered to the ground.

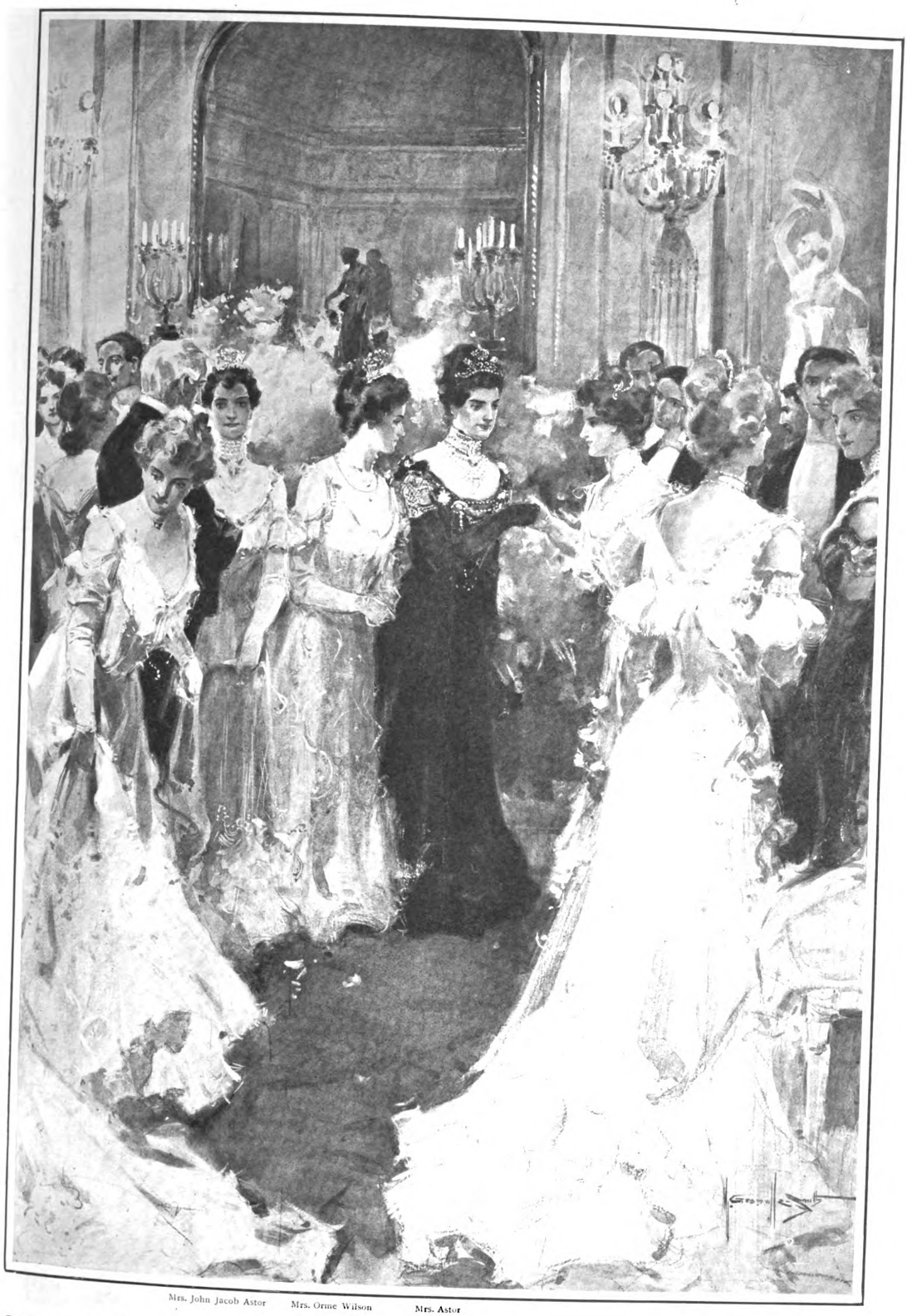
His theory was that "a properly constructed flying-machine should be capable of being flown as a kite, if anchored to the ground: and that, conversely, a properly constructed kite should be capable of use as a flying-machine if provided with suitable means of propulsion."

Professor Bell has as yet built no such machine. His theory means that when his machine appears, if it does appear, it will be a kite with a machine on it that will be able to raise it and to keep it poised in the air. The problem of making it go forward or back or to turn has already been solved by Professor Langley and by the large numbers of those who have propelled balloons successfully through the air. All this would seem to signify that the balloon stage of flying-machines has been, or soon will be, passed, and that its place will be filled by aeroplane machines.



Types of the new Aeroplane Machines designed by Langley and Maxim
According to the best scientific opinion, the future progress in machine-flying will be made along these lines

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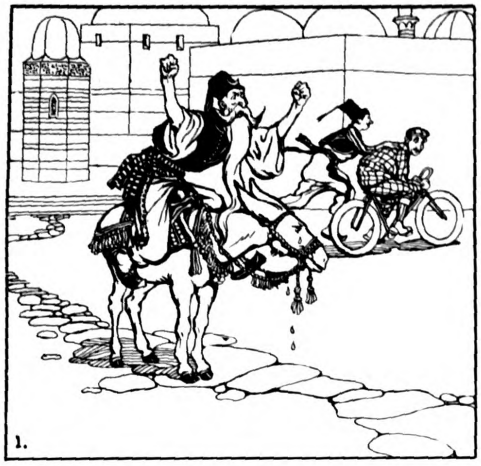
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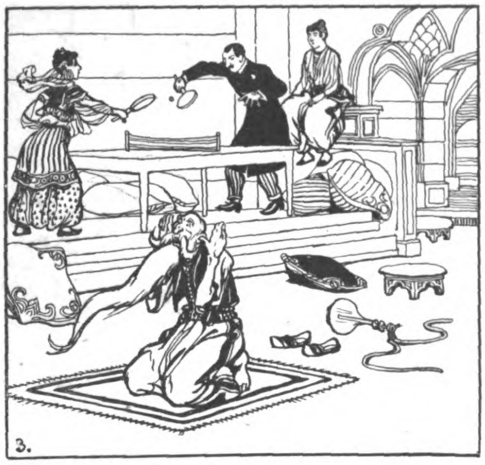
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O Muley Hassan, that our Sultan is truly thy brother, now I doubt not! Observe him now in the checkered pants of the unbeliever!



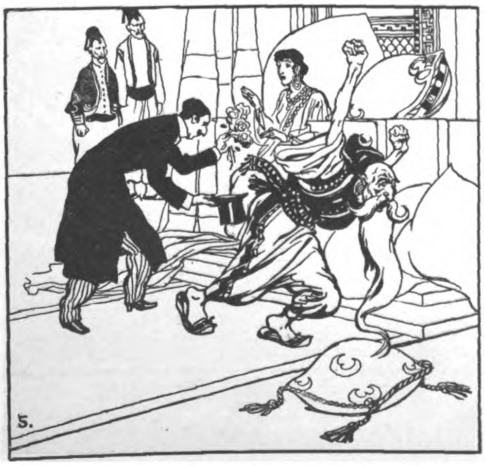
And even see, O son of the true prophet, he snapshooteth all things—against the commandment of graven images.



O Ageeb! Ben Ali! In the mosque of our fore-fathers! Ping-Pong!



Do my lordy orbs see aright? Are those the accursed wheels of progress?



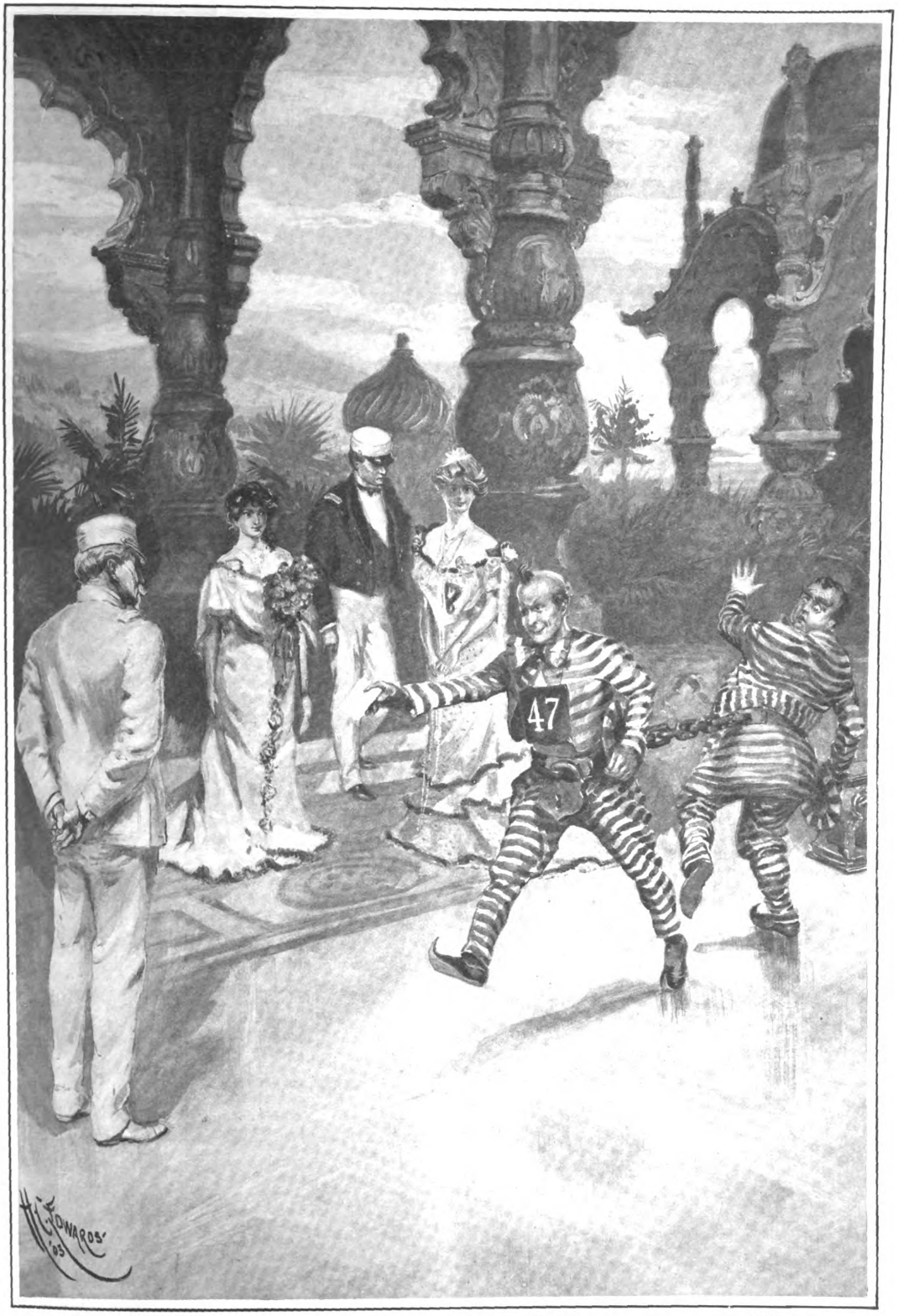
Lost! Lost! At last, by the beard of Akbar, doeth he tribute to but one wife!



If this be a dream, let me slumber. For thou art the true son, and the other the pretender.

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Chiquita Lieut. William Hardy, U. S. A. Henrietta Budd



Colonel Jefferson Budd, U. S. V. The Sultan Hadji Tantong

GEORGE ADE'S "THE SULTAN OF SULU," AT WALLACK'S

Act II.—"Ki-Ram & Co., L't'd, Matrimonial Agents. Husbands and Wives supplied while You Wait"

The Sultan (Frank Moulan), imprisoned for non-payment of alimony, tries to marry his favorite wife, Chiquita (Miss Quinlan), to Colonel Jefferson Budd, U. S. V. (Mr. Mandeville)

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An American Invader of London

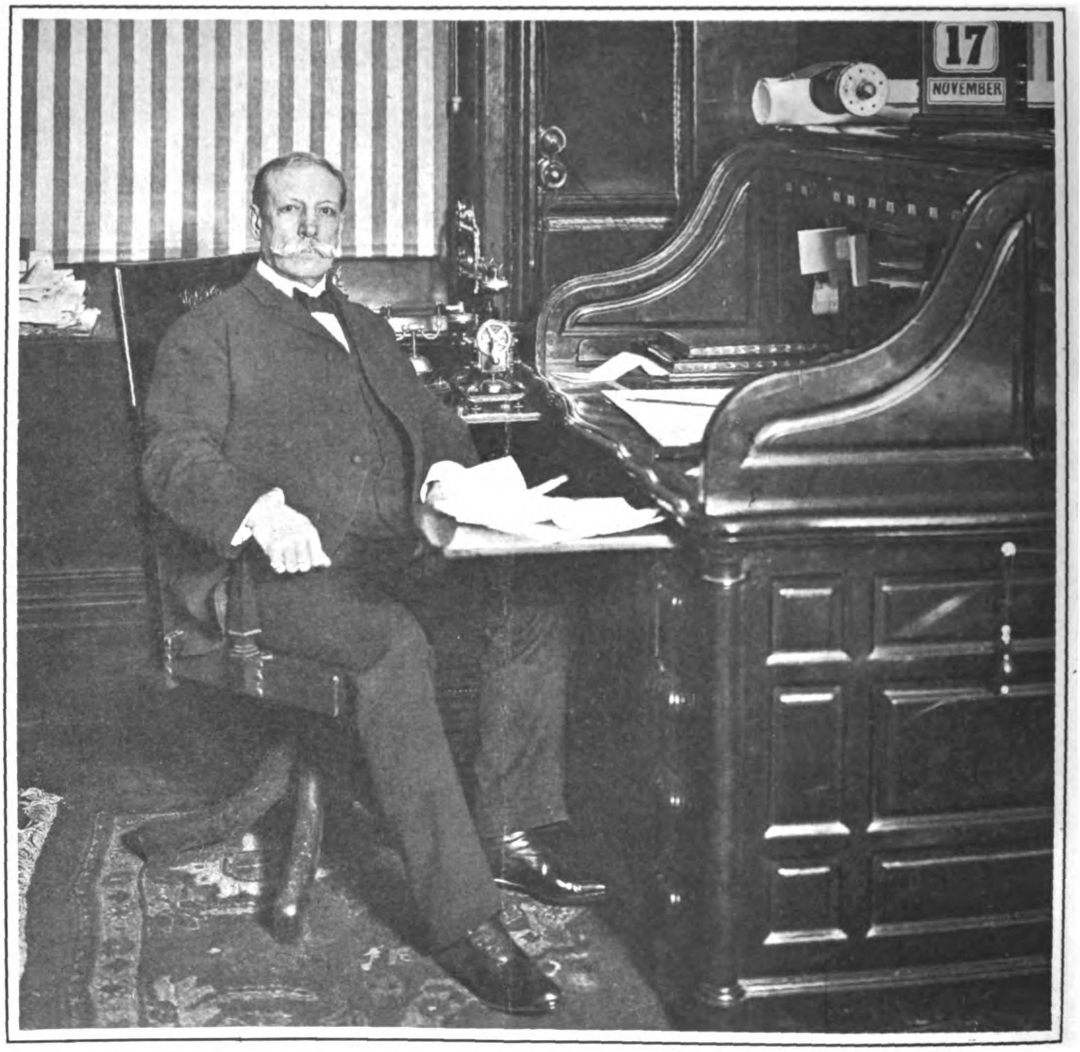
UP to two years and a half ago the so-called American invasion of London was largely social in character. English lion-hunters had made much of our eminent men and our attractive women. There was nothing too good, to use a forceful expression, for our statesmen, our men of finance, our painters, our authors; and as for the American girl—well, she seemed to sweep everything before her. Americans were so bright, the English said. Great Britain had discovered us anew.

Then came the business invasion. We sold millions of dollars' worth of steel in the English markets in competition with their own manufacturers. We worked a mighty change in the money-market of London, buying back our own securities, and even going so far as to float an English loan in the New York market. Then another important factor appeared in London's business life. We undertook to improve the transit facilities of the town, which for years had been in a most crude and inadequate condition, by building underground electric railroads for them.

The leader and pioneer in this great enterprise was Charles Tyson Yerkes, formerly of Philadelphia and Chicago, but later of New York, a typical American in those business qualities which the English had come to admire. He is now engaged in building four underground railroads for London, with a combined trackage of fifty miles, and is also equipping with electricity the well-known Metropolitan District Railway, known popularly as the London Underground, with a trackage of forty-eight miles. This involves a capital of more than $125,000,000.

All this has not only required the elements of courage and persistency usually displayed in carrying on large railroad operations at home, but has stirred up a strife characteristic of similar enterprises in this country. Mr. Yerkes and his associates have not only had to overcome English conservatism in the matter of improvements, but have had to fight another American company striving for the same ends. The contest is not yet ended, but will be fought out this winter in Parliament. The Yerkes company is known as the Underground Electric Railways Company. It has this advantage in the controversy in the development of underground railways of London, that it is already engaged in the work. The rival company is fighting for its existence before Parliament.

Mr. Yerkes first got control, for about $500,000, of an English franchise for the Charing Cross, Euston, and Hampstead Underground Railway, a franchise that had gone begging, because the English scarcely knew what to do with it. Then he had to convince the English shareholders that his electric system was better than the Hungarian system toward which they were predisposed. A board of arbitration settled it, and the English sense of fair play yielded to Mr. Yerkes. After that he got franchises for three other systems—franchises that cost nothing, because the English thought it would be a benefit to London, and were glad to give it to him. These franchises were for the Baker Street and Waterloo, Brompton and Piccadilly, and the Great Northern and Strand railways. Then he and his friends got control of the London Underground system. They formed them into one company, and arranged to make them parts of one great system.



Charles T. Yerkes

Who has organized a company to control an important part of London's transportation

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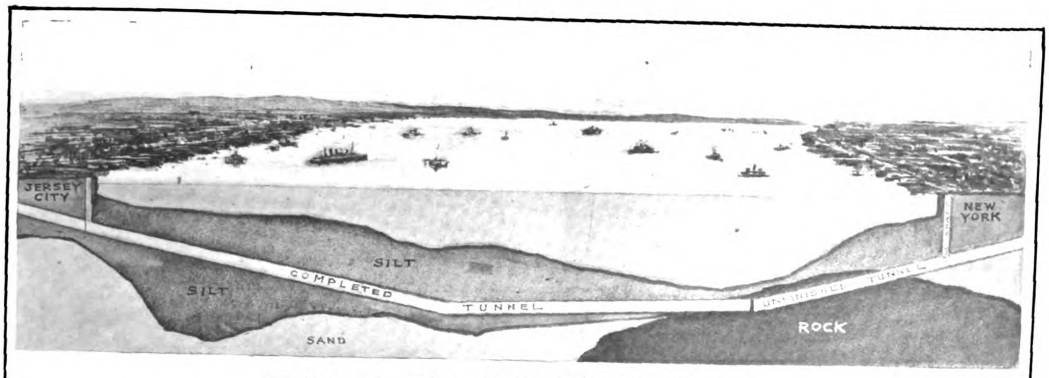
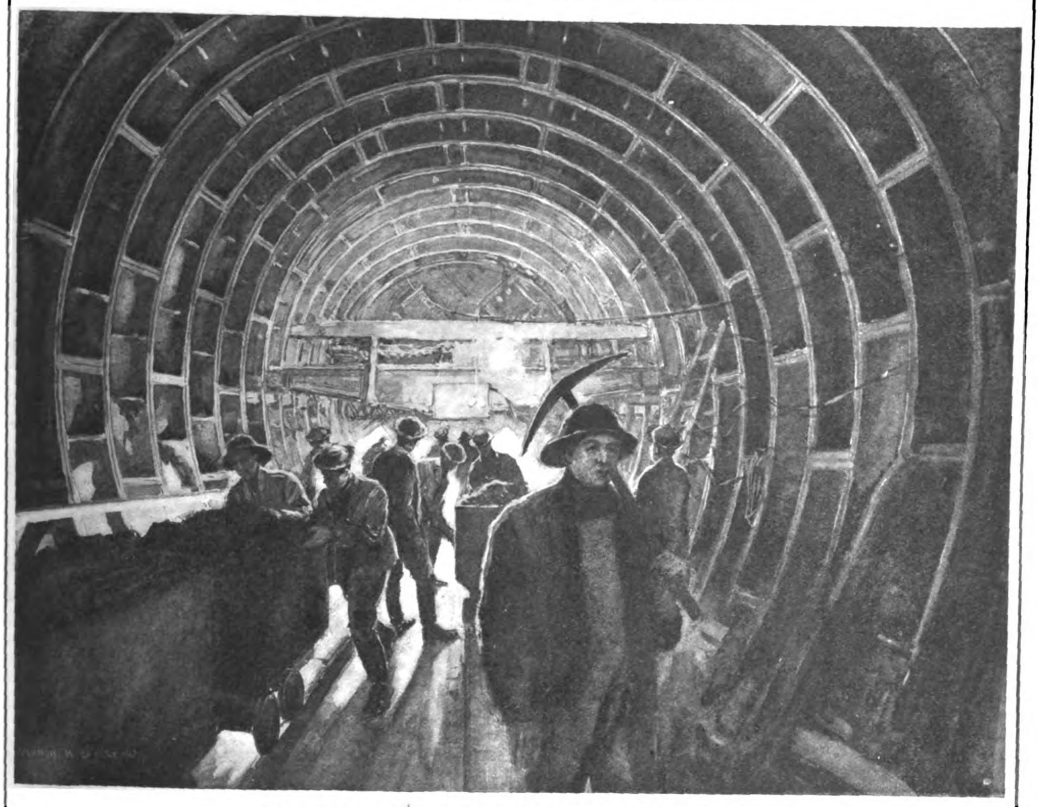


Diagram of New York and New Jersey Trolley Tunnel



Working on the Tunnel in the Compressed-air Shaft



Entrance to One of the Air-locks

NEW YORK'S FIRST UNDER-RIVER TUNNEL

These pictures show the actual progress that is being made in the new tunnel. For an interesting article on the subject the reader is referred to page 111

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A Painter of Famous People

MR. RICHARD HALL, whose exhibition of twenty portraits at the Knoedler Galleries is just now the most interesting small-picture show in New York, has been aptly termed a painter of famous men and women. Mr. Hall is a good draughtsman. His range is wide.

Of the women's portraits there is none without distinction. An air of good breeding surrounds them all, from the full-length portrait of the Duchesse d'Uzes, in coronet sables and cloth-of-gold brocade, to the heads of young women known in New York society. The portrait of Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., reproduced in this issue of the WEEKLY, is typical of the collection.

A full-length portrait of Mrs. R. S. Guggenheim is among the latest of the paintings shown, and is one of the most successful. The graceful pose, with one hand extended along the back of a chair on the arm of which a little girl is seated with her head against her mother's breast; the study in texture of the lace dress; the background of tapestry in dull greens are all satisfying and all contributory to the charm of the well-poised head and gentle intellectual face.

Mr. Hall is nothing if not cosmopolitan. Born at Bjorneborg, in Finland, of a Russian mother and an English father, he spent his first years in London and his youth in Stockholm, where, as a student in the Beaux Arts, he won the Prix de Paris, which gave him three years of study under the best auspices. An early salon picture, "La Classe Manuelle," showing an interior with a group of Breton peasant girls knitting, was purchased by the government for the museum of Rheims, and was the beginning of the popularity which he has won to an unusual degree. In 1901 he filled a Paris gallery with portraits that have given him great vogue among persons able to command his work.



Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld — Mrs. Guggenheim and her Daughter

Mr. Richard Hall in his Studio

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending January 17, 1903

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COMMENT

AT the hour when we write, the arrangements for the submission of the Venezuela dispute to The Hague tribunal have not been completed, although there seems to be no doubt that the controversy will be ultimately disposed of in this way. Some delay has been caused by President Castro's reply to our proposal that the international court at The Hague shall be substituted for the President of the United States in the rôle of arbitrator, a proposal to which the European powers concerned have assented. It turns out that, in his reply, President Castro suggested that, if Mr. Roosevelt should be unwilling to act, Venezuela would prefer to entrust some South-American state with the arbitrating function. As all the Latin-American states are indebted more or less heavily to the subjects of European powers, and may find themselves at any time in the position now occupied by Venezuela, they are obviously disqualified for rendering a disinterested judgment in the case. Moreover, in almost all of the Latin-American states—Mexico is an exception—the so-called Calvo doctrine is generally accepted. We need not say that the Calvo doctrine goes much farther than the Monroe doctrine has ever yet been carried by any of its expounders. Señor Calvo pointed out that the alleged right of European powers to enforce by arms the payment of debts claimed to be due to their subjects was exercised against weak states, but not against strong ones. He recalled the fact that when Pennsylvania, and subsequently Mississippi, repudiated bonds which had become the property of British subjects, Great Britain never dreamed of compelling the payment of those bonds by military and naval measures aimed at the United States. Their subjects were relegated to such remedies as should be attainable through the United States courts.

Now why, asks Señor Calvo, should not the same rule of conduct be applied to the Latin-American republics? Foreign creditors have invested money in those commonwealths with their eyes wide open to the risks incurred, and they have insured themselves against such risks by high rates of interest. Why should they not be bound by the maxim *caveat emptor*, and, for the recovery of alleged debts, be limited to such remedies as they can obtain from the courts of the country in which their debtors reside? There is manifestly something to be said in the forum of ethics for the Calvo doctrine, which simply asserts that European powers have no more moral right to coerce a weak South-American commonwealth than they have to attempt a coercion of the United States. A European publicist would answer that England did have a moral right to attempt the coercion of the United States when Pennsylvania and Mississippi defaulted on their bonds, but that she deemed the exercise of the right inexpedient. Russia has a moral right to compel Turkey to pay the arrears of the indemnity imposed upon the latter power by the Berlin Treaty; Russia, however, deems it inexpedient to exercise the right. The situation, then, is this, that while the principle embodied in the Calvo doctrine is regarded as just by almost all South-American states, it has never been recognized by any European power. It was therefore not to be expected that either Great Britain, Germany, or Italy would consent to refer their claims against Venezuela to the arbitration of a South-American republic which is itself indebted to European creditors, and which, by its adoption of the Calvo doctrine, would be disposed to hold that the three powers named should have sought remedies in the Venezuelan courts. Under the circumstances, we opine that President Castro's proposal was put forward not with any hope that it would be accepted, but in order to "save his face" in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen. We have no doubt that, having made this purely perfunctory move, he will acquiesce in our suggestion that the claims of the allied powers shall be referred to The Hague tribunal. We believe, also, that an agreement concerning certain preliminary points will be promptly reached. Germany has withdrawn her demand for an apology, which would simply have humiliated Castro, and it looks as if American bankers would furnish the relatively small sums of money an immediate payment of which in cash is required.

General Matos and the revolutionary leaders are profiting immensely by the Venezuela blockade; indeed, a situation is rapidly developing there which the allies do not seem in the smallest degree to have foreseen, and which is likely to upset all their plans and calculations. What will it profit England and Germany to have incurred the expenses and evils of war with Venezuela, to have aroused hostility at home and abroad, to have awakened grave apprehensions in the United States—in a word, to have disturbed the whole balance of international life—if at last they are to find the Venezuelan government, in the person of President Castro, slipping like water through their fingers? What will it profit to have brought Venezuela to bay, and driven a hard bargain with the vanquished, if the vanquished is likely to go out of existence before the bargain can be carried out? Germany's move had a certain superficial smartness about it, but, viewed in the cold light of fact, it seems rather futile. What is the use of a mortgage on Venezuela's resources if Venezuela has no resources? What is the use of binding a government when that government is certain to melt out of existence? President Castro's position, between the rebels and the deep sea, is rapidly becoming impossible. The armistice between the government and revolutionist armies has been well and wisely used by the latter, and they have already gained three important victories over President Castro's forces. The defeat of General Modesta by the insurgent commander General Antonio Fernandes, at Guatire, was a particularly crushing blow; and the position of General Acosta, whose small band of troops represents the government's last card, is more than

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hazardous. Further, to add to the misfortune of these definite defeats, we must remember that President Castro's troops have for a long time been without pay, and are now even without rations; and, finally, we are assured that they are almost without ammunition,—a state of things which the blockade renders hopeless and irremediable. All this might and should have been foreseen by the allies; they should have foreseen that their victory over Castro would certainly defeat itself. Are we, then, left to the conclusion that if they had any luminous and reasoned purpose at all, that purpose was to bring General Matos into power, hoping to make favorable terms with him, or, perhaps, having made a bargain with him beforehand?

The moment seems opportune for writing a kind of obituary notice for Cipriano Castro; his extinction as a political force, and perhaps as a personality, seems only a question of days. Looked at in the large, there is as much or as little tragedy in his rise and fall as in the soaring ambition and ruin of Macbeth. Castro is, indeed, tied to the stake, and must stand the course. For him, Birnam wood has come to Dunsinane, and life may well look to him an idiot's tale, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. It is exactly the same story of great personal courage, a certain gift for large affairs, and a wholly unscrupulous and essentially immoral nature—a nature, that is, which quite fails to realize the rights and lives of others, and, therefore, incessantly violates those rights and sacrifices those lives. From a purely military point of view there was something to admire in the way he conducted his great attack on General Andrade three years ago. In this he shone far more brightly than Macbeth, though Macbeth was as good a soldier and as full of personal valor. At the head of nearly fifteen thousand troops, Castro swept down on Andrade at Caracas, having previously captured the city of Valencia, a strategic success of the first importance. Castro had a scouting party of three hundred Colombian cowboys in his army, playing much the same part that the Cossack irregulars play for the Russian forces. He had also, it is said, three hundred Amazons—in the Grecian, not the South-American, sense of the word—and he met Andrade in person, at the head of his army. Andrade's defeat was final and overwhelming, and no alternative was left to instant flight. Sailing away to Barbados, Andrade left a stinging message behind him, like a Parthian arrow: "I return you the navy; you may need it yourself before long." That was the navy so ignominiously sunk by Germany, just as she had previously sunk Haiti's *Crête-à-Pierrot*. In spite of this fine and martial beginning, Castro made no worthy use of his three years of power. He built nothing, constructed nothing, created nothing but international quarrels, enriched no one but himself and his ballet-dancers. And now the wheel has turned, and ruin stares him in the face.

Has Venezuela anything better to hope, should the revolution, moving quicker than the allies, put a sudden end to Castro, and lift General Matos to power? This is something which, so far, we cannot tell. The gifts of the successful soldier, especially those needed in the half-guerrilla warfare that makes up so much of Latin America's fighting, are so widely different from those of the sound and successful administrator, and so rarely united with them in the same person. President Porfirio Diaz of Mexico is the one conspicuous example in Spanish America, and the type is so rare that we have to go to Napoleon and Julius Cæsar for conspicuous instances. The successful soldier must dominate others, subordinating their genius to his own; the successful builder of states must, on the contrary, renounce the desire to dominate, and devote himself to drawing out the powers and divining the genius of others, who must, each in his own department, be trusted with individual and independent building. All we know of General Matos promises well; and we may at least hope that he has something of the two-sided genius that the nascent Latin-American states so cryingly need. He at least is a man of great individual power and influence; one whose own fortune, the largest in Venezuela, was, before the war, estimated at six million dollars. Of this he has spent a third, perhaps a half, in organizing the campaign against Castro, who is, in his eyes, a mere adventurer and usurper, using power to the country's unmeasured detriment, and for sordid and corrupt personal ends. Though General Matos is now prominent as a soldier, he really gained renown and power in the victories of civil life, not only as a cabinet minister, but even more as a great merchant prince and man of affairs. He is said, like St. George of Cappadocia, England's patron saint, to have grown wealthy by army contracts; he was the head of a large commission-house in Caracas, with branches in the United States and Europe, and has thus gained the sense of international credit and international responsibility. He had also large interests in the two chief Venezuelan banks, and owned great coffee and cocoa plantations. All these great interests he has endangered in his campaign against Castro, in which his avowed motives were pure, honorable, and patriotic. General Matos at least deserves success.

To obtain an adequate idea of the impelling motives of Germany in the Venezuelan affair, it is profitable to study the official German diplomatic reports. It is, for instance, found that on August 17, 1900, the then German minister resident at Caracas, Dr. Schmidt-Leda, expressed himself to the Foreign Office in Berlin as follows:

> Force is the only thing that will bring Venezuela to terms. . . . To seize and hold for a sufficient time to obtain desired results one or more of the principal harbors, and to make, under our administration, custom receipts pay delinquencies, would be eminently feasible (in hohem Grade durchführbar).

This report was endorsed and fully supported by the German consuls in Ciudad Bolivar (L. Brockmann), in La Guayra (Albert Lentz), in Maracaibo (F. E. von Jess), in San Cristobal (Paul Gerstäcker), and in Valencia (Theodor Gosewisch). As late as October 2 last, Herr von Pilgrim-Baltazzi, the German chargé d'affaires at Caracas, reported to his government:

> President Castro will not be open to conviction except by forcible measures. . . . A joint action with Great Britain would, of course, in a certain sense and to a certain extent, be preferable to isolated action. . . . But equivalents and compensations would have to be insisted upon most rigidly, despite the probable protests of United States Minister Bowen and his government at Washington. . . . The blockade, to insure effect, must be of sufficient duration. Whatever ports or inland towns the German government, or the allied British, or both jointly, would have to hold, must be held long enough to make a deep and lasting impression on the Venezuelan government and public opinion alike.

Evidently the programme as outlined by the German representative in Caracas at that time was somewhat modified later on, owing to British influences. It would be a task repaying the trouble to search the official German diplomatic records coming from the other South and Central American countries. There might very likely be similar surprises in store, showing the real animus of the Berlin government in its dealings with these countries.

By official promulgation the German new tariff has now become law, although the date of taking effect is not yet fixed. Its inception was chiefly due to peculiar internal conditions. The bill as framed by the imperial government answered in a measure the enormous demands for higher protection made by the Agrarian party in Germany, and in a smaller degree similar demands put forth by German industry, stampeded by the panic which seized upon them on the dangerous invasion of American manufactures in their home market. The bill has been greatly altered in the Reichstag, the Agrarian majority increasing duties, especially those on American products, until on many American articles they may fairly be termed prohibitive. The duty on maize, for example, has been raised from sixteen to fifty marks (four to twelve dollars) per ton, meaning an extra impost of about $13,000,000 per annum on this one item of American import. And other articles in proportion; American bicycles, shoes, tools, sewing-machines, etc., would be virtually barred hereafter. American cereals, meats, lard, bacon, petroleum, though the German consumer and German industry cannot get along without them, will now be much higher in the empire, due to excessive duties. All this is a suicidal policy, to which Count von Bülow, if he were a real statesman, ought never to have acceded, for, with the necessaries of life heightened in price, and with the rawstuffs for German industry rendered dearer, competition with this country will simply become harder. But the Agrarians in Germany have their hour of triumph, and the Kaiser, his chancellor, and the al-

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lied sovereigns as represented in the Bundesrath have submitted to Agrarian domination for reasons of internal political expediency. There is, however, a new general election approaching, and five months hence the electors may declare their disapproval of imperial methods which sacrifice prime needs of the masses for the sake of retaining the political allegiance of the influential land-holding aristocracy. The manner in which this amended tariff bill was passed proved the temporary or permanent collapse of German parliamentarism. The constitutional rights of the Liberal minority were overridden roughshod, and a bill comprising 946 paragraphs was passed as a whole and without any debate whatever—an unprecedented thing in the parliamentary history of any nation. The new tariff law, however, while largely due to exceptional internal conditions, cannot fail to produce far-reaching alterations in the foreign relations of the young empire. The signs in that respect are portentous.

Our commercial relations with Germany have been growingly important and profitable. All the more reason why we cannot afford to remain idle and indifferent spectators in the case of a tariff law whose effects will gravely disturb these conditions. In 1886 this country sent but $25,500,000 worth of goods to Germany. In 1900 we sent an even $250,000,000 worth to the empire, or seventeen per cent. of our total exports, while we bought but nine per cent. of Germany's exports. Within fourteen years the volume of our exports to Germany had increased tenfold — a far larger ratio of increase than was scored by us with any other important country. And in the column of these American commodities sent to Germany industrial products of every kind have taken a more and more conspicuous place. Under the old tariff conditions we could confidently count on holding and even increasing this supremacy in exports. The new law was avowedly framed with especial reference to trade conditions with the United States. It hits us far harder than any other single customer of Germany. Now the German government, in reply to remonstrances from this side, makes answer that a new commercial treaty between the two countries would remove these objections, wholly or in part. At present the old commercial treaty of 1828, concluded between the United States and Prussia, is still in force. Negotiations for a new treaty, more in accord with actual conditions, have been going on, at both Washington and Berlin, for about five years, but in a desultory and rather feeble way. Germany was the party most anxious to conclude a new treaty, and this for obvious reasons. For the old treaty is, under prevailing conditions, more favorable to American than to German trade. The new German tariff, virtually—though not formally—discriminating seriously against this country, furnishes the German government with an apparently formidable weapon wherewith to force our hand and urge us into a new commercial treaty. But the weapon is only in appearance formidable. For Germany cannot do without those American products which form the staples of our exports to her shores, viz., cotton, meat, preserves, cereals, petroleum, copper, which altogether form about seventy per cent. of what Germany buys of us. At least she cannot exclude them without inflicting serious injury to herself. But the German exports to this country, of which the principal ones are beet sugar, textiles, chemicals, chinaware, toys, could be spared without great harm. Certainly, none of her exports are indispensables in the sense in which American exports to Germany are. Hence, too, the chief weakness in Germany's tariff attitude toward us. And a tariff war would have to be fought out by Germany on precisely the same footing of inequality. It would be fraught with immeasurably greater injury to her than to us. Nevertheless, it remains true that the new German tariff will greatly disturb our commercial relations with Germany.

Events seem likely to offer President Roosevelt a second opportunity of promoting the peace of the world. With the exception of the United States, all of the powers interested in the indemnity to be paid by China for the Boxer outrages have refused to accept the payment of the second instalment of the indemnity in silver, and have notified the Peking government that a failure to pay in gold will have grave consequences. Now the indemnity imposed was notoriously exorbitant, and, since the signing of the protocol by which it was fixed, it would if payable in gold be swollen by nearly twenty per cent., owing to the continued fall in the value of silver. Our State Department did what it could to curtail the indemnity in the first instance, and has now consented to accept the second instalment in silver, being unwilling to play the part of a harsh and inexorable creditor toward a weak and impoverished country. It seems to be a suitable question for submission to the Hague tribunal, whether, at the time when the protocol was signed, it was not understood by all the parties that, while the indemnity should be nominally payable in gold, yet, as China has no gold, the Haikwan tael should be accepted as of the value which it possessed at that date. The value of the Haikwan tael, as we have said, is now lower by nearly a fifth than it was then. It seems unreasonable to insist that China shall bear the whole burden of the recent and unexpected depreciation in the value of the white metal. We incline to think that, if Mr. Roosevelt should propose a reference of the matter to the Hague tribunal, the proposal would be accepted by those signatory powers which really desired to avert a further dismemberment of China's territory, to wit, Great Britain and Japan. If the assent of the two powers named could be procured, the other signatories would have to follow suit, for they would perceive that China could no longer be treated in a high-handed way. An invitation to arbitrate presented under such circumstances would be equivalent to a command. Unmistakable would be the presence of an iron hand behind the velvet glove, for the combined naval forces of Russia, France, and Germany would be powerless to cope in the Far East with those of Great Britain, Japan, and the United States. If the present Anglo-Japanese alliance had existed eight years ago, Japan could never have been coerced by Russia, France, and Germany into a retrocession of the Liau-tung peninsula.

The second instalment ($496,092) of the Chinese indemnity fund has been paid to our government. The first instalment, paid July 1, 1902, was nearly all used in settlement of missionary claims for damages done by the Boxers. The State Department paid twenty-five per cent. of each large claim. A Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* is authority for the report that the State Department's commission which deals with these claims considers that many of them are excessive, and has cut them down. In one case a claim of $250,000 for mission property destroyed was cut down to $100,000, on the strength of reliable affidavits that that was a liberal estimate of the property's value. Claims of missionaries for personal losses seem to have been liberally allowed, but the Department is said to consider that the commission's estimate of the value of lives taken by the Boxers is too low. The commission seems to have assumed that a murdered missionary, fifty years old, would be capable of ten years' work at $400 a year, and should be valued at $4000, which is very much less than an American railroad would have to pay for killing him. The report of the proceedings of the commission, which has the settlement of all these claims in hand, is likely to make interesting reading.

An article in the December *Atlantic*, by Mr. Francis H. Nichols, dealt with what seems to be unusual intelligence with certain defects in the methods used by American and British missionaries to Christianize the Chinese. Mr. Nichols holds that the rigidity of the great system of ethics which Confucius devised for China is the chief cause of Chinese unprogressiveness. Confucius tried to provide for everything. Mr. Nichols finds his chart more nearly perfect than any that modern altruist has ever devised, but it has limited the very civilization which it has preserved. Chinese civilization, in Mr. Nichols's opinion, "cannot and will not go forward until it recognizes a soul, until it has ideals that are not earth made, until it seeks a country that is not like Shensi, eternal on earth, but "eternal in the heavens." Accordingly, Mr. Nichols considers that China needs Christianity far more than she needs anything else. She is not getting it nearly fast enough to suit him, and he puts the blame for this defect upon the methods of the missionaries, and their attitude towards everything Chinese.

Of the missionaries as individuals he speaks most handsomely, scoffing at the charges that they looted, denying that they are inferior men who live in luxury. They are brave, honorable and devoted, he says. Their faults are all of the

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head, not of the heart. Their mistake, as he sees it, is that they have made the Chinese hate Christianity, and with good reason. They regard the Chinese as heathen through and through. They abominate all Chinese sentiments and customs, whether necessarily incompatible with Christian beliefs or not. They teach their converts to despise their own country, so that a Christianized Chinaman is necessarily denationalized. The Chinese are not illiberal in religious matters. They do not oppose a religion because it is foreign. Mohammedans and Buddhists live peaceably among them, and worship and make converts without molestation. They hate the Christians because the Christians make themselves hateful. The missionary expects to be hated and doesn't mind it. He considers it part of his day's work. Mr. Nichols thinks he is too comprehensive in his hostilities and condemnations, too inconsiderate, too little appreciative of the strength and wisdom of the civilization that confronts him. Criticisms very like these were made some years ago by Mr. E. H. House, as the result of extended observation of missionary methods in Japan, but Mr. Nichols is a more friendly critic than Mr. House was. The American Board could not ask for conviction more positive than his that China, which needs so much, needs Christianity more than anything else. Americans, who are on the whole her best friends among the nations, cannot but hope that it may be more wisely and successfully commended to her acceptance in the future than in the past.

The Panama Canal treaty is passing through the stage which Adam Smith used to call "the haggling of the market." There seems to be no formidable obstacle in the way of the early conclusion of the treaty, but the question of price, and while Colombia is asking a pretty high figure, the administration recognizes the fact that Colombia has a pretty good article to sell, and is willing to trade on a basis of "reasonable liberality." Colombia says her lowest price is an annuity of $650,000, equivalent to several billions of Colombian money at the present rate of exchange. She makes up this somewhat formidable total in the following way: The canal, she says, will put the Panama Railroad out of business, and the Panama Railroad brings in $240,000 a year. Then there are the harbor dues at the two terminal ports of Colon and Panama, and these must be relinquished to the United States, if we build the canal, and collect all tolls, lightship dues, and so forth. Now the harbor dues of Panama and Colon amount, says Sister Colombia, to $400,000 a year, and apparently $10,000 more is thrown in for luck. To this plea the administration has returned a soft answer, qualified by a secret determination to look up the accounts of those harbor dues and of that trans-isthmian railroad, to see if they were really in such a condition of blooming prosperity, and to ascertain how far Sister Colombia is stretching it. We may reasonably infer that the Colombians are tumbling over themselves with eagerness to get their hands on any such sum, which, in their present financial straits, represents the wealth of Aladdin's cave; but they recognize that they will only have one chance to trade in isthmian canals, and they are determined to make the most of it. But time presses, and they cannot linger much longer. The President wishes the canal question to be decided during the present session, and is not disposed to give Colombia more than two or three weeks more leeway. Failing a decision, he is authorized to turn to Nicaragua,—which fair land will then be in a position to hold out for even higher terms, knowing that her only competitor has already been dished.

That distinguished Englishman, Mr. Sidney Lee, has just been at some pains to explain to what degree his Most Gracious Majesty, King Edward VII., is a nonentity in affairs of state. His ostensible object is to divert from his Majesty some of the odium of England's alliance "with Goth and with Hun," as Mr. Kipling expresses it in his picturesquely inaccurate way,—seeing that the Goths are Swedes, the Huns, Hungarians, and the Germans neither one nor the other. But for cussing purposes that is all the same. Mr. Sidney Lee tells us that his Majesty's well-known love for Nephew Willy had nothing to do with the appearance of the English and German allied fleets off the coasts of Venezuela; that that love is merely a beautiful idyllic fact, but cuts no ice in practical politics. His reason is a poor one. He says Uncle Edward did not interfere, because Uncle Edward would not be allowed to interfere; because the divinity that doth hedge a prime minister is a far more formidable thing than the divinity that doth hedge a king. He tells us that it would be Mr. Balfour's business to snub Uncle Edward if Uncle Edward got gay with the ministerial prerogative; Uncle Edward would promptly be asked to go 'way back and sit down. Of course we do not attribute these flowers of rhetorical beauty to Mr. Lee. They are our own. His style is altogether different. The way he phrases it is this: "In accordance with admitted custom, the minister invariably treats the criticisms of the sovereign as unauthoritative suggestions, and is entitled to ignore them altogether, without in any way prejudicing his relations with the sovereign, who is debarred from offering formal advice on any political question." The sovereign, when he expresses his views even informally, must put them in a tentative, interrogative form, "which barely raises them above the level of an irresponsible suggestion." We wonder, after reading this, what Uncle Edward has done to Mr. Sidney Lee. We hope his Majesty will take warning, and not do it again, for Mr. Lee will surely confiscate the crown and crystal ball at the second offence, and at the third execute his Majesty on Tower Hill. Our private opinion is that Mr. Lee is stretching it. We ourselves always value Uncle Edward's criticisms.

Premier Balfour's holidays were somewhat marred, and the ministerial nervous system was somewhat jarred, by the announcement of yet another Liberal victory. This time the winner is Mr. Charles Rose, and the seat is Newmarket, which generally suggests winners with more legs than the present one. Mr. Rose will be remembered in this country as the successor of Lord Dunraven, and the predecessor of Sir Tommy Lipton, as challenger for the *America's* cup. He backed out of the contest of 1896, however, alleging as his reason that his action was taken as a criticism of the ill-starred nobleman who had lost his temper so badly in the preceding year. Mr. Rose is, in other regions, an all-round sport, and has for eleven years been a member of the Jockey Club, so that his representing Newmarket in Parliament is obviously appropriate. All of which will bring small balm to the feelings of Premier Balfour, or Secretary Chamberlain, who is now waving his palm branch over Pretoria, and secretly berating the Lord Commissioner.

The situation in Morocco is growing painfully like that in Venezuela, and a change of dynasty there is imminent, unless it has already taken place. We advise the pretender and the Sultan—who by this time may have changed hats—to kiss and make friends at the earliest opportunity, as the battleships of the great powers are pointing their prows towards Morocco in a way which has only one meaning and one outcome to turbulent minor powers. There is no Monroe doctrine in Africa, and the Grand Turk, who is nominal suzerain, has troubles of his own, and is in no position to interfere. Mulai Abdul Aziz, the young Sultan, who by this time may be writing his name Abdul Azwaz, seems quite a nice boy, with a Georgian mamma, and a taste for bicycles, autos, kodaks, and health foods, just like any other proper-minded and alert young person. But he seems to be a poor hand with machine-guns and insurrection-suppressing machinery generally, and if we ever made a bet we should back the pretender.

It now looks as if no opposition to the Cuba reciprocity treaty would be offered by Senators from the beet-sugar States. If the treaty fails to receive the necessary two-thirds vote—which seems improbable—it will be because extreme protectionists are unwilling to sanction any change in the Dingley tariff. Mr. Underwood, a Democratic Representative from Alabama, is an advocate of reciprocity with Cuba, but thinks that the President should have continued as he began, and tried to secure it, not by treaty, but by legislation. He asserts that, because the proposed treaty will reduce customs duties, and, therefore, affect revenue, the assent of the House of Representatives is required, for the reason that, under the Federal Constitution, all revenue bills must originate in that Chamber. He admits that, by the McKinley law and the Dingley law, the House of Representatives conceded to the treaty-making power the right to reduce customs duties, but he points out that the McKinley law was repealed years ago, and that the Dingley law limited the number of years during which this power could be exercised and that those

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years have now expired. Mr. Underwood's mistake lies in his assumption that the power of the Executive, supported by two-thirds of the Senate, to make commercial treaties modifying duties, and therefore affecting revenues, is derived exclusively from the reciprocity clauses of the McKinley and Dingley acts, which, as he says, are no longer operative. Whether the power to make treaties which is vested by the Constitution in the Executive and two-thirds of the Senate includes the power to make commercial treaties is a question that was raised more than a hundred years ago, in Washington's second administration, when the Jay treaty with Great Britain was submitted to the Upper House of the Federal Legislature. The Senate then answered, and has since repeatedly answered, the question in the affirmative, and the correctness of its position has been repeatedly confirmed by the United States Supreme Court. The constitutionality, therefore, of such a reciprocity treaty as the President has signed with Cuba must be regarded as *res adjudicata.*

The intention of Senator Hoar's anti-trust bill is drastic and oppressive, but it really means nothing more than the President's message meant. If it were enacted into law, and could be enforced, it would practically put an end to inter-State commerce by corporations. It is, in purpose at least, a vicious measure, and it would be so in reality if it were enforceable, as it probably is not. It begins by making the Attorney-General the absolute master of inter-State and foreign commerce, including in its field of jurisdiction manufacturing corporations as well as inter-State railroads. This feature of the measure is an attempt to put into effect the suggestion of Attorney-General Knox's Pittsburg speech, and is clearly open to constitutional objection and to moral criticism. So far as the publicity provided for is concerned, it is an extension to the general public of the knowledge to which shareholders now have a right. Besides this, the Attorney-General is to be given the power to compel any company carrying on inter-State commerce to exhibit at any time its contracts and transactions for twelve months past, wherein it has carried articles for less than the ordinary rates or sold articles for less than the market price. No one objects, so far as we are aware, to the compulsion of quasi-public corporations, like railroads, to render services to all on the same terms; but if producers and manufacturers are to be held to market prices, trade will languish and will be restricted infinitely more than it has ever been by combinations. Sales for the purpose of killing competition are to be misdemeanors, and corporations violating, within the States of their creation, acts prohibited by this new bill, are to be forbidden from engaging in inter-State or foreign commerce. The officers and directors of such corporations are to be liable to fine and imprisonment for the part taken by them in authorizing the illegal acts of their several corporations. The main objection to the bill is that it provides for the unconstitutional invasion of the States by the Federal government. It is also a bill in restraint of trade by government. Furthermore, if enacted, it would be another unenforceable law on the statute-books. It is a bill to destroy a natural industrial and commercial development. If it were passed and enforced it would ruin every corporation engaged in inter-State and foreign trade, and would transform our present prosperity into ruin and bitter misery.

It was a difficult problem which was presented to President Roosevelt by the resignation of Mrs. Cox, a respectable colored woman, who for some six years has performed the duties of postmistress at Indianola, Mississippi, to the satisfaction of the Post-office Department. We call the problem a difficult one because the citizens of Indianola have as much right to enjoy postal facilities without interruption as have the citizens of any other town in the United States. On the other hand, under the Federal Constitution, as amended, Mrs. Cox has as much right as any other citizen to hold a Federal office, provided she does the official work honestly and efficiently. It is admitted that no complaints of malfeasance or incompetence have ever been made against her; it is also admitted that she has been driven to resign by threats and intimidation. Mr. Roosevelt has decided not to accept Mrs. Cox's resignation, and he apparently intends to go on paying her a salary, although she will have no work to do, since he has ordered that the post-office at Indianola shall be closed until a better feeling among the townspeople shall prevail. Was there no other way of dealing with the matter? Might not the United States marshal of the district in which Indianola is situated have been instructed to protect Mrs. Cox in the discharge of her official functions? Was not the intimidation to which she was subjected an interference with the United States mails? If Mrs. Cox refused such protection, would not our Federal Executive have exhausted his duty in the premises? Then, again, by suppressing the post-office at Indianola, is not Mr. Roosevelt punishing innocent as well as guilty persons? Is it likely that any of the colored residents in that town took part in the intimidation of Mrs. Cox? Is it even likely that all of the white residents, male and female, were engaged in the discreditable business? Both these questions must be answered in the negative. It appears, then, that Mr. Roosevelt, by an order which has been too hastily applauded in certain quarters, has withheld postal facilities, to which they are legally entitled, from a considerable number of persons who are guiltless of any wrong. We apprehend that, on reflection, he will recall the order.

Owing to the strike in the anthracite-coal region and the consequent impossibility of accumulating the normal stock in advance during the last summer and autumn, the present supply of the combustible falls very much short of the demand. Under the circumstances, the retail dealers in many Eastern cities have felt themselves justified in discriminating in favor of their regular customers. That is to say, in the case of applicants who have not been regular customers, the dealers either refuse to sell any coal at all or exact higher prices. The victims of such discrimination consider themselves wronged, and some of them are going to find out whether the law provides no remedy. Certain residents of Washington have determined to raise the question in the courts. If the retail coal-dealer were a common carrier or an innkeeper, there would be no doubt about his duty at common law to serve all customers indiscriminately. But he is not a common carrier, because all the coal he carries is his own. He is not an innkeeper, because he does not offer food or shelter to man or beast. He is simply the vender of a kind of fuel for which in former days, when the common law of England was evolved, there was no demand, and which only in recent times has come to be looked upon as necessary in parts of several countries. It is not absolutely necessary anywhere, since there are several substitutes for it. Apparently, at common law, a vender of coal has as much right to sell to whom he pleases, and at what prices he chooses to designate, as has a vender of bread or cloth. Nobody doubts that the retail price of coal could be fixed in a given State by statute, as the price of food and clothing has been fixed at divers times in England. We shall await with lively curiosity the attempt to be made in the District of Columbia to compel all retail dealers to sell coal to all applicants at the same price. Suppose a dealer should see fit to go out of business sooner than submit to the dictation of courts in the two particulars named? Could he be constrained by a mandamus to continue his business? We apprehend that the coal-consumers at Washington will get no relief from the courts.

A Western newspaper summing up the year 1902 reaches the conclusion that in politics there are more problems than there has been achievement. This may do to go with the list of fifty unanswered but pressing questions in the domain of politics and social economics propounded by the Unitarian journal, the *Christian Register*, of Boston, with the declaration that it could easily ask fifty more. When one regards the subject intently he is apt to be staggered by the apparently endless supply of problems, and no less with the paucity of solutions. Occasionally it happens that a problem looks as if it were answered, when a nearer view discloses that what at first sight seemed an answer was only the proposal of a dozen new problems. Our fathers solved the problem of dependence upon Great Britain by setting up for themselves, but the problems they set agoing by that operation continue to this day, and they dance in perplexing mazes as far along the vista of the future as it is given to us to see. Watt solved the problem of transforming steam into power, and consider what he bequeathed to the world—railways with smash-ups and consolidations and differential tariffs and the inter-State Commerce Commission; factories with strikes and lockouts; and trusts and the protective tariff, and Congressmen who wish they could

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tinker it, but who don't dare to. Gutenberg solved the problem of printing, and we have the problem of more new novels in a day than we can read in a year, not to speak of newspapers with six-o'clock editions issued at 11 A.M. New York solved the problem of Tammany—or thought it solved the problem—by resorting to fusion; and now it has the problems of both Tammany and Fusion. There is no such thing as getting ahead of the problems. The best we can do is to adopt the wise attitude of that philosopher who says that if it were not for the problems life would not be worth living.

It isn't the man who sells rum who makes trouble, but the man who drinks it. Provided the rumseller sells the right kind of rum to the right kind of people, his business need not excite much complaint. It is with the man who drinks—drinks to his own detriment and the public inconvenience—that the public has a bone to pick. Heretofore, laws for the diminution of drunkenness have been concerned chiefly with the sellers of liquor. American liquor laws either prohibit or restrict rum-selling. Few of them aim at preventing or diminishing drunkenness by punishing the drunkard and depriving him of liquor. Few of them discriminate between qualified drinkers, and drinkers who are not qualified. The new British licensing act which went into operation on January 1 aims to make just that discrimination. Drunkenness heretofore has been comparatively pleasant for the drunkard, and very disagreeable for sober people. This new licensing act is designed to make drunkenness disagreeable to the drunkard. Heretofore it has been the glad and lawful privilege of a British subject to get drunk at any time and anywhere. The police could not touch him unless he was also disorderly. The new act regards drunkenness as itself a form of disorder, and provides that any one found drunk in a public place may be arrested, prosecuted, and punished. Three convictions within twelve months entitle the offender to be rated as an habitual drunkard. The prescribed treatment is to send him to prison for a month, photograph him while there, and to send a copy of his photograph to all the licensed liquor-sellers in his district, with a notice not to give or sell him any liquor for three years. That is called blacklisting the drunkard. If a publican is caught serving liquor to a blacklisted man, it may cost him ten pounds for the first offence and twenty pounds for the next. That tends to make the rumsellers careful whom they sell liquor to.

The new law has other important provisions. It provides that any one found drunk while in charge of a child shall be liable to a fine of two pounds or a month's imprisonment. It constitutes habitual drunkenness due cause for legal separation of husband from wife or wife from husband. Separations have already been granted under its provisions. It seems a drastic and effectual law, and the news despatches say that it has made a decided stir in London. If it can be enforced and its enforcement gives good results, it may become the pattern for new liquor legislation in this country. What is known of drunkenness in Great Britain suggests that its enforcement will be an enormous labor, but it is worth a vast deal of trouble to make drunkenness a dangerous pastime for the drunkard, and to make the sale of liquor to drunkards unprofitable to saloon-keepers. The post-exchange canteen system in our army, which was probably the least objectionable system for the sale of intoxicants ever employed in this country, embodied on a small scale the restrictions which this British law hopes to introduce on a large scale. It provided for the sale of beer in limited quantities to sober men only.

The understanding about army chaplains in our service has always been that if they earned a special reward, nothing should be done to impair their claim to collect the whole of it in the world to come. All army chaplains are and have been heretofore of the same rank, and neither faithful service nor any disclosure of heroism, devotion, or proficiency could win them the invitation to go up higher. There is now a bill before Congress to institute one higher grade, with rank corresponding to the rank of major, to which twelve or fifteen chaplains (one-fourth of the whole number) may be promoted. It seems a bill that ought to be passed. Clergymen in civil life win promotion, and get it. There is no good reason why army chaplains should be without the hope of a like reward. Many of them have admirable records. A reasonable promotion when earned by efficient service is not only their due, but would help to keep in the service good and valuable men who are needed there, and to whom superior inducements are offered to resign and take positions in civil life.

Arguing that Latin is not yet played out, but still affords an unrivalled mental training, Mr. Andrew Lang cites America and Austria to testify on his side. The Americans, he says, are a practical people, devoid of a traditional prepossession in favor of the Roman language and literature, yet he finds that Latin is being more and more studied in the American secondary schools. In 1890 about 100,000 American school-boys were studying it. In 1900 more than 300,000 of them—one-half the whole number of scholars in our secondary schools—"are learning Latin in continuous courses of four or five years." He borrows these figures from an address of Professor Ramsay of Glasgow before the Scottish Classical Association. They mean, says Mr. Ramsay, "that the middle classes in America are finding out that the most fruitful, useful instrument for training the mind for ordinary commercial life is to be found in the Latin language." The testimony from Austria, also borrowed by Mr. Lang from Mr. Ramsay, is that of Dr. Bauer, the head of the chemical department of the Technical High School of Vienna, who maintained that his best students of chemistry come not from the "practical" but from the classical schools. Possibly the cleverer boys are sent to the classical schools, but certainly the boys from the classical schools (Gymnasien) can beat the other (Realschulen) boys hands down at chemistry, cricket, or anything. So it was in Germany, where the superior merit of the classical schools is so well appreciated that they get three-fourths of the pupils. Out of 152,000 scholars in the secondary schools of Prussia in 1899, 112,700 took the classical courses. To learn Latin, says Mr. Lang, is to learn concentration of the mind. It is hard work, and progress in it can be tested almost as certainly and definitely as in mathematics.

The statistics of crime as set forth in a report made to Congress by Dr. Arthur MacDonald indicate that for thirty years past crime has been increasing in the world. In spite of the progress of education and the labors of philanthropy, mental and nervous diseases, suicide, insanity, juvenile crime, and pauperism are at present increasing faster than the population. This increase, due apparently to concentration of population and increased strain on the mental apparatus of mankind, does not necessarily imply that the world is growing worse, but merely that it is changing. An increase of crime may be an incident of a development that in the long-run will be salutary. Dr. MacDonald's report accompanies a bill to provide a laboratory for the study of the criminal, pauper, and defective classes, in the hope of discovering the microbe of crime and eliminating it. If Congress won't establish such a bureau, the Carnegie institution might consider it. Colonel Henry Watterson can probably be induced to give his valuable support to the bill for the proposed laboratory if it will specifically include the smart set among the defective classes to be studied.

Representative Fitzgerald of New York has introduced into Congress a bill making it illegal for any person engaged in trade to use, for advertising purposes, the name or picture of any living person without having first obtained the victim's consent in writing. The aim of the bill is righteous. It seems astonishing that there should be need of such a law, but there is. If the constitutional power of Congress to regulate commerce warrants such a law, let us have it. Living persons should certainly have the privilege of deciding whether their names and likenesses shall be used for advertising purposes or not. The law might even go farther and afford some protection to the recently dead.

If it is true, as a London despatch reports, that the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company has concluded contracts for a daily service of news telegrams to a British steamer sailing between New York and Liverpool, then are the possibilities of rest on this earth prejudiced in an important detail. Heretofore it has been possible for persons who had worried or worked themselves to the verge of nervous prostration to go aboard a steamer in New York and be quit of all knowledge of current events for nearly a week. One of the chief blessings

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of steamer life has been held to be that it was unvexed by newspapers. Stocks could go up or down, fire could consume or death invade, banks break, kings take sick, maidens elope, but the steamer passenger has been safe from all news of it until he got ashore. For a week he had enforced peace so far as the world ashore was concerned. But daily news despatches aboard a big steamer mean a daily newspaper, and a daily newspaper on one big steamer means daily newspapers on all big steamers, and that involves a serious impairment of the repose of steamer life. It seems a pity, but if the Marconi Company can carry out its contract there is no help for it. Where newspapers are obtainable people have to have them. They will be even more in demand aboard ship than ashore.

There are signs of an existing propensity to constrain the partial withdrawal of the word "sick" from the American language in favor of the word "ill." Newspapers in their head-lines and elsewhere speak nowadays of "a very ill man." It used to be "a very sick man." Why the change? "An ill wind" is a satisfactory use of language, but "an ill man" grates on the ear, and sounds like an attempt to improve on a usage that had no perceptible defect. They say this new whim is a euphemism imported from England. A correspondent of a Boston paper discusses and disapproves it, protesting not only against the use of the unwarrantable adverb "illy," but against "the growing use of the word 'ill' in place of the homely word 'sick.'" This Boston protestant, quoting Webster, finds that Shakespeare with hardly an exception uses "ill" to mean mental, moral, or impersonal disorders. "Ill at ease," "ill-advised," "ill-bred," "ill fares," are all fit and familiar uses of a good and industrious little word that has plenty of legitimate work of its own to do, without being constrained to figure as a feeble substitute for "sick."

A dozen years ago Mr. Howells wrote, "There seems to be some solvent in New York life that reduces all men to a common level." The author of *A Hazard of New Fortunes* must have been vividly impressed by a social tendency, rather than an existing condition, for when he noted the operation of the solvent "that touches everybody with its potent magic," its process, as we recall, was not yet complete. It is now. But even a dozen years ago there were observable characters in New York. Now, not one; the identification of the different, as the chemists say, is now complete; each social plane is a plane, indeed, where no pleasing, or absurd, or fantastic differentiation exists to relieve the smug, dreary level. The tendency was manifest, as Mr. Howells pointed out for us, twelve or fifteen years ago, but there were then a number of well-known characters in several planes of society, who added to the gayety of Manhattan life, or at least to the interest of the looker-on. One made us merry by solemn assurance that there were exactly so many—no more, no less—men and women whose names could (or was it "should"?) be found on an approved invitation list. Another undertook with notable success to determine for us all what was proper and appropriate each hour of the day for man to wear, and was delightfully *naïve* in conferring that boon. A third taught the rising generation, by precept and example, vegetarianism and gentle manners. A fourth bade us to be bold, and hold and practise with him the truth that happiness depended on a nice judgment in the preparation of terrapin. A fifth—rest his soul!—proved that neither the art nor the charm of Munchausen had departed. And there were others.

But they are gone, all; some from this life, some merely resolved to that common level that the Marches—was it Basil, or Isabel?—gently deplored. The kindly shade of Madison Square, the Bowery, the corridors of the fashionable hotel, the bow-window of the clubs, the Patriarchs' Ball, no place that knew them knows them, nor any successor, now. Why? Would we withhold approbation, even attention, from any man so bold as to arise from the "common level" and display an eccentricity of manner, dress, speech, view, taste, judgment, pastime; or who should invite his soul otherwise than the common level invites its soul; or who should comport himself with less—or even more!—conventionality than the common level? It is sad.

Medical legislation has recently made great progress, not only so far as it pertains to questions of public health, properly, but also as it concerns the control of those studying medicine and entering upon the practice of medicine. With the establishment of medical State boards, a great step in advance has been made. It is only natural that in the course of time acts to regulate the medical practice became more stringent, and that this tendency will continue. Lately a movement has been revived which is well apt to further the cause of higher medical education, perhaps more than any other measure which has yet been undertaken, namely, the movement toward inter-State reciprocity for the license to practise medicine. This will lead in the course of time to uniform medical legislation. National legislation in the matter is out of the question at present. The necessity for such a movement can be understood when we consider that at present a physician who is allowed to practise in one State is not admitted to practice in another unless he has passed a new examination. In many instances this discrimination is eminently just, on account of the fact that the newcomer does not reach the medical standard of the State of his new choice. On the other hand, some medically weak States do not allow licentiates of medically strong States to practise within their jurisdiction without a new examination, because the medically stronger States discriminate against them. The very simple question which every citizen can ask himself, "Why are physicians to whom our State gives the license to treat me, my wife, and my children not allowed to practise in the neighboring State?" should convince anybody of the importance of the movement which tries to establish sound conditions. In a homogeneous country the same medical laws should prevail everywhere, and the same high standard of medical education should exist in every political division.

Lucky Nantucket!—but, as to that, Nantucket always was lucky! Read this business announcement:

CHARLES HENRY WEBB,
Dealer in
Soft and Bituminous Verses
and
Hard and Humorous Coal.
Nantucket. Swain's Wharf.

The literature of the enterprise also includes a bill-head carrying the information that the Amateur Coal Company, with an office at the head of Swain's Wharf, is prepared to furnish coal for "cash or approved verses." Of this company Charles Henry Webb is President and Literary Adviser, and Frederick Coffin Ayers is Secretary and Shoveller, while trade in anthracite and anacreontics is reputed as flourishing. Reduced to plain facts, the case is that Mr. Webb, finding Nantucket on the verge of a coal famine, with no prospect of relief, interceded—whether in prose or in verse is not recorded—with a person of influence in the trade, and to such good purpose that the islanders are far from being reduced to the necessity of picking up driftwood on the South Side. Now all the rest of the New England coast is searching for poets who have pulls with the coal potentates, while the Nantucketers are more than ever in the frame of mind of Good Skipper Obed, celebrated in verse by Mr. Webb himself as one "whose heaven 'Sconset was, and Sheol but a shoal."

In the good old days when Presidents were elected by New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, the Western member of the group, for reasons of political geography, received much more than its fair share of recognition, and big men of the Hendricks type logically grew up to fill the big places awaiting them. Of these the latest and greatest was Mr. Harrison. Since his day the remainder of the country has taken a hand in making Presidents, and Indiana has been less conspicuous. She is now, however, producing an exceptionally fine new crop of smart fellows like Tarkington and Ade in literature, and Beveridge, whose portrait we print herewith, in politics. It is a fine thing to represent a great State in the Federal Senate at thirty-seven, but Mr. Beveridge has done that, and, better yet, has done it well. He is a zealous statesman, originative, forceful, and, in a way, picturesque. That the wide mark he has already made will be broadened materially as he gets older and learns more is a foregone conclusion. He is now forty.

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The President's Happy Escape

It is commonly said that Mr. Roosevelt was born under a lucky star, and the saying is as true as any other superstition. It nearly always seems true of the adventurous and daring, who take enormous chances, and whose escapes from disaster are apparently miraculous. In fact, however, these escapes are almost invariably in accordance with the law which governs chance, or are due as much to capacity and character as to sheer good fortune. Every man who tempts fate and lives to tempt her again must be considered fortunate, especially if he escapes the apparently logical consequences of his conduct; but before we can properly attribute the escape to luck we should endeavor to ascertain the extent to which he is indebted to his own thoughtfulness or to his own character.

Those who suppose that the President acts without intention are mistaken in him. It is true that he may not reflect deeply, or think his problems out to their most remote conclusions or in all their bearings. His mind is quick, and his speech is quite as quick as his thought. In a word, he is impulsive. He sometimes announces a thought which he is obliged to revise and recall. Notable illustrations of this idiosyncrasy were afforded by the declarations of his purpose to retire General Miles. He spoke only after he supposed that he had reached his final conclusion, but he was in error, and withdrew from his purpose after the lamentable party and personal consequences of such an act had been pointed out to him. Quick as he is, and prone as he is to overlook some of the consequences of his words and deeds, he invariably has a purpose which is intelligent and which is frequently characterized by acuteness. Sometimes he displays wonderful cleverness in presenting two alternatives for choice, one being that which he desires to be selected, while to take the other would be a mistake on the part of the person with whom he is dealing.

The outcome of the Venezuela difficulty has materially decreased, probably ended, the chance of war between this country and Germany over the Monroe doctrine: it has improved the position which the doctrine holds in international law; it has taught the German Emperor that he cannot break up the friendship between England and the United States, and that he cannot hope to extend his colonizing schemes to this hemisphere. Another consequence of the affair has been to make the Hague tribunal seem real, "to save its life," as a European diplomat is reported to have said. All this is a great accomplishment, but no one who knows the attendant circumstances has failed to see that the President barely escaped a capital blunder, and that, instead of this great success, he might have brought upon us a war in which the odds would have been against us, or he might have discredited himself and the nation in becoming a judge in a controversy to which he was a possible party.

The President and his administration, in the first place, had not kept their suspicions of Germany to themselves. They doubted Germany's good intentions towards this country and towards England, and the country knew that Washington believed that the Emperor had his eye on South America and on the Caribbean Sea. It was therefore possessed of the notion that Dewey's fleet had not happened there for nothing, and war was expected by a few and dreaded by many. Suspicion creates delicate situations which a democracy does not deal with skilfully. Congress began to betray symptoms of noisy insolence, and the President found himself in a dilemma. He did not want war. He has said more than once that a war would be especially unfortunate for him and for his administration, because it would tend to convince the country of the justice of the chief criticism made by his enemies—that is, that he could not refrain from war. Congress began to talk in a way which could not please the German Emperor, and the President was obliged to silence it. He did silence it effectively. The absoluteness and the providential character of this silence may seem a bit of good luck, but, in fact, it was brought about by tact and frankness. The President was able to convince the law-makers that he could be trusted to enforce the Monroe doctrine, and that he was in the way of procuring better terms for all America, including the United States and Venezuela, by peaceful methods. If, however, he had not previously betrayed so general a fondness for war, and if, especially, he had not permitted the escape of the knowledge of his suspicions of Germany, there would probably have been no thought of war.

His great escape, however, was from the position of arbitrator. If he had accepted the shrewd request of the Emperor, a mistake might have been committed which would have given Germany an advantage over us, and might have more closely cemented the strange alliance between the Emperor and his uncle of England. It was quite in the cards, that both the allies would have acquired a grievance from the President's finding, while now neither can complain of anything that the United States government has done. It was the President's impulse to accept the invitation, and to be guilty of the impropriety of sitting as judge in the case. He was saved from this by the sound advice of Mr. Hay, and by the frankness with which he dealt with the allies. The ordinary man, seeking to escape from the position in which the President found himself, would have been looked upon as consciously coy when he had said that he would take the arbitration himself, but that he preferred the Hague tribunal. The ordinary man, in order to be believed implicitly, would have been forced to say emphatically that he would not be judge, and that resort must be had to the established tribunal.

Just as the President was obliged to silence Congress, and to undo the consequences of his own teachings and of his own suspicions of Germany, so he was forced to withdraw his evident readiness to be arbitrator without seeming to have been driven off, and without changing the cordial and friendly tone with which, from the first, he had dealt with all the countries involved in the dispute. Here again his absolute frankness and obvious sincerity came to his assistance. He had been led to see that to act as arbitrator would be improper, and the existence of the Hague tribunal had been called to his attention. After all, the end that he had in mind was the settlement of the controversy by arbitration, suggested by the United States and agreed to by all the powers. Such a conclusion would necessarily form a precedent which thereafter might be appealed to as constituting a recognition, by England and Germany, of the validity of the contention that the Monroe doctrine is part of international law. He had impulsively betrayed his willingness to act as arbitrator; he soon saw that this would not do; with great acuteness he then saw that nothing which he could possibly do would inure more to his reputation than his procurement of the reference of the quarrel to the Hague tribunal. Such a reference would be hailed with delight by the peace-loving world; would be one more deed by this country for the promotion of international arbitration, and would reconcile every one to the declaration of the United States that it will save South-American states from attacks by European powers. Having reached his conclusion, he had no difficulty in persuading the powers involved of his sincerity. England, of course, was ready to do whatever he asked; but even if its government had held off, Mr. Balfour and the German Emperor could not have afforded to turn their backs on the Hague tribunal which they had helped to create, and which was so greatly fostered by Lord Pauncefote. They saw that to insist upon the President's acceptance of the arbitration, on his presentation of this alternative, would have been a blunder. There could have been no misunderstanding of their motives for such a choice, and thus they would have been put at a disadvantage. In his ingenuous, open, and manly way he accomplished what diplomatic methods could not have brought about. Out of apparent indiscretions he had snatched a victory, and had shown once more that frank dealing is as masterful in international as it is in personal affairs, and that, with a fair case, it will always accomplish more than trained diplomacy proceeding according to its traditions.

The Hoar Anti-Trust Bill

Whether or not the anti-trust measure introduced by Senator Hoar represents the aspirations of the administration, it is a matter of moment to mark precisely what Senator Hoar proposes to do.

The Hoar bill provides that no corporation in the United States shall engage in commerce with foreign nations or among the several States unless it shall annually file in the office of the Inter-State Commission a statement setting forth the names of all officers, directors, and general managers; the amount and market value of its capital stock; the proportion thereof which has been paid in cash and the nature and value of any consideration received in lieu of cash; the amount paid in dividends; the rate of percentage of such dividends, and the times of paying the same. Every corporation must also file a statement of all the stock owned by it in every other corporation, and the number and value of the shares so held; it must specify the amount and value of its own stock held by other corporations; and it must further designate the amount of stock in other corporations held in trust for it, or in which it has any interest, absolute or conditional, legal or equitable. It must also furnish at any time any other statement that the Attorney-General may choose to call for. So much for the precautions taken by the bill to assure publicity. The penalty for non-compliance is, as we have seen, the annihilation of the foreign and inter-State business carried on by the delinquent corporation.

Mr. Hoar does not content himself, however, with these provisions assuring publicity. He proceeds to devise safeguards against monopoly. He would enact that any corporation that shall authorize or enter into any contract or combination for the purpose of driving out of business any other person engaged therein, or that, for such purpose, shall sell any article or product at a less price than it is accustomed to demand or receive therefor in any other place under like conditions, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction, its officers shall be punished by a fine, or imprisonment, or both. The penalty for a violation of this part of the statute does not stop here by any means. If a corporation be twice convicted of committing any of the acts just named, it shall no longer be allowed to engage in commerce with foreign nations or among the several States. The Attorney-General is charged with the en-

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forcement of this prohibition, but it is made optional with him to suspend his tremendous power, if, in his judgment, the interruption of the business of a given corporation will cause serious public loss or inconvenience.

Inasmuch as by far the greater part of all the trade of the United States, whether transacted with foreign nations or between the States, is transacted by and through corporations, it is obvious that the Hoar bill, if it became a law, would invest the Attorney-General, who is an appointee of the President, dismissible at will, with an amount of autocratic power possessed by no other human being, with the exception of the Czar of Russia. Such being the inevitable outcome of the bill, it behooves every American citizen to inquire whether the enactment of it would be constitutional, and, secondly, if the constitutionality be admitted, whether it would be expedient. Does the power which the Federal Constitution gives Congress to regulate foreign and inter-State commerce imply the power to prohibit such commerce altogether? That the power to regulate *foreign* commerce includes the power to prohibit it altogether seems to have been settled by the fact that the Embargo and Non-Intercourse acts of Jefferson's administration were not pronounced unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. Whether the power to regulate carries the power to prohibit in the case of inter-State commerce also is the very question which has been thrice argued before the United States Supreme Court, and the decision of which may be soon expected from that tribunal. Should the Court hold that the power to regulate inter-State commerce includes the power to prohibit it altogether, then, of course, the constitutionality of the Hoar bill would be undeniable, provided the Court has no right to take cognizance of the purposes for which Congress may see fit to exercise an expressed power.

Admitting, for the sake of argument, the constitutionality of the measure proposed by Mr. Hoar, we are confronted by the question whether all the evils, actual or prospective, that have been imputed to the trusts, are for a moment comparable in respect of mischievous potentialities with the astounding engine of interference and centralization which Mr. Hoar would fashion and place in the hands of an official not even elected by the people, but the mere agent of the President, to whom his appointment would be due. There has never been a human being to whom such extraordinary powers could be safely entrusted, and never in the history of mankind has any federation of States or any nation of freemen been invited voluntarily to make so unreserved and suicidal an abdication of self-governing functions. From the momer that such a bill became a law, the Federal Attorney-General, or, rather, the President, who would hold him in the hollow of his hand, would exercise an authority over the property of citizens and over their most vital business affairs such as was never challenged by a Cæsar in the darkest days of the Roman Empire.

We do not believe that the Hoar bill can become a law in its present form. We do not believe that it will be reported without trenchant alterations by the Committee on the Judiciary, of which Senator Hoar is the chairman. In whatever form reported, it will have to run the gauntlet of the Senate, and is likely to undergo material changes before it reaches the House of Representatives. It is to the last degree improbable that both Houses will agree upon any modification of the original measure before the 4th of March, when the present Congress will expire. The utmost that Mr. Hoar can reasonably hope to accomplish is the enactment of a remnant of his bill, containing a perfunctory provision for publicity. We doubt whether we shall witness even that lame and impotent conclusion of a vertiginous scheme the fulfilment of which would shake the fabric of American industries to its foundations, and the mere proposal of which may disturb the national prosperity.

A Democratic Combination

At the first of the year the United States Steel Corporation announced a plan by which all its employees may become interested in the business as proprietors. The plan is in keeping with the general policy of this combination. The corporation seeks to be a representative industrial democracy, with a strong executive government drawn from the workers, and it is this feature which helps to make it one of the most interesting of the great industrial experiments of our time. The stock is already distributed among 55,000 stockholders, but the company's management seeks to have it understood that new investors, and even a larger number of shareholders, are desired. From the very first, a dominating single ownership has been frowned upon; and Mr. Carnegie himself, who desired to be paid in preferred and common stock for his own share in the Carnegie Company, was induced to receive bonds, on the theory that voluntarily to admit a single large holder, such as he would be, would be contrary to the company's policy.

The United States Steel Corporation possesses the chief virtue of a co-operative concern, for its working-men can become members very cheaply, being offered preferred stock for even less than the timid investor is now willing to pay for it; while it is practically assured of continued expert management, which, as experience has shown, is not always or generally the case in co-operative societies of wage-earners alone, or in firms or corporations which are owned principally, or controlled, by a few capitalists. Certain working-men of the United States Steel Corporation have had a share in its profits and a share in administration since the organization of the company. The Carnegie works were on a qualified profit-sharing basis, the additions to wages going to superintendents and bosses regularly, and to workmen who, in the course of the year, had rendered services of especial value, or had suggested important labor-saving devices. The corporation itself, which is purely advisory, the subsidiary companies operating the various mines, furnaces, mills, and transportation plants, employs its skilled workmen as inspectors and counsellors.

The wage-earners of the corporation, therefore, have already more of interest and responsibility than usually fall to the share of the working-men. It is now proposed to push still further the democratic theory which dominates the company, and to knit more closely its capital and labor. The purpose of the new plan is to interest as many as possible of its employees in its business, and to tempt, through proprietorship and through extra dividends, all of them, from the president and other high executive officers to the men who work with picks and shovels, not only to regard the interests of the corporation as their own, but to remain permanently in its service. It has been the aim of the corporation to devise some plan which will maintain the incentive formerly felt by the large individual proprietors of the subsidiary companies, "but," to quote from the circular issued to the stockholders, "in place of having it centre in comparatively few men, so to distribute its effect throughout the corporation that every man, in his place, would feel that he had become a partner in the business, and would work from that point of view." The plan is confessedly an experiment. It may be shown by experience to require important changes and modifications, but it is the result of long and careful study and thought on the part of the finance committee, who have consulted the presidents of the subsidiary companies. These and the directors of the corporation have given the scheme their unanimous assent.

The plan has two objects. First, it is hoped to interest a large number of employees in becoming permanent stockholders. With this end in view, there are set aside from the earnings of 1902 the sum of $2,000,000 and as much more as may be necessary for the purchase of at least 25,000 shares of the corporation's preferred stock, and the 168,000 employees of the company are given an option on this stock at $82 50 a share. The employees are divided into six classes, as follows:

A. Those who receive salaries of $20,000 a year or more.

B. Those who receive salaries of from $10,000 to $20,000.

C. Those who receive salaries of from $5000 to $10,000.

D. Those who receive salaries of from $2500 to $5000.

E. Those who receive salaries of from $800 to $2500.

F. Those who receive salaries of $800 or less.

By a recent adjustment of salaries there are not more than twelve men in the first class. Among these is the president of the corporation, whose salary is fixed at $100,000 a year. In the second class, not more than fifty men; in the third class there are about 200 men; and something more than 1500 in the fourth class. There are therefore about 150,000 men in the fifth and sixth classes, who receive from less than $800 to $2500 a year. As salaries diminish, the percentage of them that may be subscribed for the stock increases. Thus, men of Class A may not subscribe a sum to exceed five per cent. of their salaries, while Class B may subscribe eight per cent.; Class C, ten per cent.; Class D, twelve per cent.; Class E, fifteen per cent.; and Class F, twenty per cent. The payment for the stock may be made in monthly instalments, the amounts to be such as the subscribers desire. A purchaser may take as long as three years in paying for his stock, but he receives the seven-per-cent. dividends from the date on which he begins to make payments. He pays five per cent. interest on the deferred payments, but if he defaults he forfeits nothing that he has paid, being permitted to withdraw all that he has paid on account and to retain the difference between the five-per-cent. interest and the seven-per-cent. dividends. In other words, his effort to buy the stock earns him two per cent. on his advances, and he gains notwithstanding his failure to fulfil his contract.

This, in brief, is the manner in which the employees may become owners of preferred stock at low prices and on remarkably easy terms. An inducement is also offered to them to retain the stock thus purchased. If a man keeps his stock five years, and at the end of each year exhibits his certificate at the office of the treasurer of his company, together with a letter from a proper official to the effect that he has been continuously in the employ of the corporation, or of one of its subsidiary companies, during the preceding year, and has shown a proper interest in its welfare and progress, he will receive each year $5 in addition to the seven-per-cent. dividend. Thus continuous service with the corporation makes this stock, when we take its price into account, a

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ore than twelve-per-cent. investment, which is not affected by the death of the owner or by disability incurred in the service of the company before the expiration of the five years. At the end of the five years there is to be still another dividend to be paid to those investors who have remained in the service of the corporation. Those who drop out before the five years are ended forfeit their right to the extra $5 dividend for the remaining years of the term. These extra dividends, however, are to be paid into a fund, and this accumulation, with five per cent. interest added, is to be divided among those who remain in the corporation's employment for the full term of five years.

The second object of the plan is to interest the "large number of young and able employees in the work of more closely organizing and systematizing the business in all its branches and ramifications," to interest them also in reducing expenses and cost of production, and to offer inducements to them to remain permanently with the company. Profits are therefore to be divided among the presidents, officers, managers, superintendents, and all other men charged with responsibility in managing the affairs of the corporation. The profit to be shared is to be that above $80,000,000, and the amount to be set aside each year for division is to range from one per cent. of the smallest sum to two and a half per cent. of the largest—that is, it is to be one per cent. whenever the earnings are $80,000,000 and less than $90,000,000, and two and a half per cent. when they are $150,000,000 and less than $160,000,000. One-half the sum set aside is to be divided quarterly and paid in cash. One-half is to be invested in stock, half of which is to be distributed at the end of the year, while the other half is to be retained in the treasury for five years. If the person in whose name this stock is held is then in the employ of the company he receives the stock. If he has died meantime, or become permanently disabled in the company's service, the stock goes to his estate or to him. While this stock is held the person to be entitled to it eventually is to draw the dividends earned by it so long as he remains with the company. If he voluntarily and without previous consent withdraws from the company he forfeits his right to the stock, and it then goes into a common fund to be divided at the end of the five years among those profit-sharers who remain in the company's service.

The plan is so interesting and important that we have thought it well to describe it fully. Its working will be watched with interest by all who are studying modern industrial problems, and especially the development of relations between labor and capital. Certainly if this hoped-for industrial democracy realizes the expectations of its founders a long step will have been taken and pointed out towards the abolition of those wasting and destructive wars known as strikes and lockouts.

The Passing of the Beard

NOTHING is presently plainer in a world that loves its little mysteries, and likes to keep the observer in a state of tremulous suspense about a good many things, than the fact that it is beginning to shave again. It has always shaved, more or less, ever since beards came in some fifty years ago, after a banishment of nearly two centuries, from at least the Anglo-Saxon face. During all the time since the early eighteen-fifties, the full beard has been the exception rather than the rule. The razor has not been suffered to rust in disuse, but has been employed in disfiguring most physiognomies in obedience to the prevalent fashion, or the personal caprice of the wearers of hair upon the face, where nature has put it, for reasons still of her own. For one man who let nature have her way unquestioned by the steel, there have been ninety-nine men who have modified her design. Some have shaved all but a little spot on the under lip; others have continued the imperial grown there into the pointed goatee; others have worn the chin-beard, square cut from the corners of the lips, which has become in the alien imagination distinctively the American beard; others have shaved the chin, and let the mustache branch across the cheeks to meet the flowing fringe of the side-whiskers; others have shaved all but the whiskers shaped to the likeness of a mutton-chop; the most of all have shaved the whole face except the upper lip, and worn the mustache alone. All these fragmentary forms of beard caricatured the human countenance, and reduced it more or less to a ridiculous burlesque of the honest visages of various sorts of animals. They robbed it of the sincerity which is the redeeming virtue of the clean-shaven face, and of the dignity which the full beard imparted no less to middle-life than to age.

The clean-shaven face and the full-bearded face were alone logical, and though the full beard was cut to many shapes, square, and forked and pointed, it never was grotesque, so that it is to be hoped that if any form of beard survives the all-threatening razor, it will be the full beard. That is honest, and it hides more of the face than any other, which seems in most cases to be desired. It is, to be sure, very dirty, and that is the best reason for reforming the beard altogether. To be perfectly frank, at the risk of being somewhat disgusting, we must own that the full beard collects dandruff, which plentifully bestrews the neckcloth and the waistcoat; but it is not filthier in other respects than the mustache, which sops itself full of soup, and gravy, and coffee, and all the other fluids which pass the lips, and is absurd besides. In the young, it is grown purely for vanity, with the hope of adding a certain fierceness to the innate sheepishness of the wearer's expression; in age, it forms the penalty of this vanity, for though the wearer would then gladly cut it off, he cannot do so without seeming to remove, in the consciousness of his friends, one of his features. It would be as if he cut off his nose, or the like. The mustache will probably survive every other form of the beard, because it is the most flattering to the vanity of the young.

It is on the upper lip that the down of adolescence, fair or dark, first appears, and gives the world assurance of maturity. The boy with a mustache feels himself a man, and many of the sex who do not wish to wear mustaches themselves but are sometimes obliged to do so, accept him at his own estimate. It helps him to look old, and the look of age is useful in business, and inspires confidence. The youth of twenty-one looks thirty with a mustache, and without it he would look sixteen. This is a real reason, and about the only one for wearing it. In age, the wearer is keenly alive to the fact that if he cut it off at sixty he might appear a blooming youth of fifty, but he is helpless for the cause already given, and can only sigh, and advise his posterity never to grow a mustache. For himself, he can indeed reduce it to the smallest size, as is now much the fashion. The flowing mustache, the up-and-out-branching, the deeply drooping, neither of these is now any more the mode than the mustaches which used to meet the fringing whiskers; and the barbers have even got a name for the close-cropped mustache which remains. They ask you if you want it stubbed.

The flowing whiskers have long vanished; the beard that once streamed meteor-like upon the wind now streams only from the cheeks and chins of rustic sages; the imperial and the goatee are rarer than the mutton-chop whiskers; the square-cut chin-beard has ceased to be significant of our nationality, it is so inadequate to our numbers; all other dots and dabs of hair upon the human countenance have been gathered confluently into the full beard, or have perished before the remorseless sweep of the razor. The gain of manly beauty through the fashion of clean-shaving, has not as yet, it must be confessed, been very great. Those who had not grown beards of course remain as they were, in their native plainness; but it is in the case of those who had worn beards, that the revelations are sometimes frightful: retreating chins, blubber lips, silly mouths, brutal jaws, fat and flabby necks, which had lurked unsuspected in their hairy coverts now appear, and shake the beholder with surprise and consternation. "Good heaven!" he asks himself, "is that the way Jones *always* looked?" Jones, in the mean while, is not seriously troubled. He is pleased with the novelty of his aspect; he thinks upon the whole that it was a pity to have kept so much loveliness out of sight so long. As he passes his hand over the shapeless expanses, with the satisfaction which nothing but the smoothness of a freshly shaven face can give, he cannot resist the belief that people are admiring him. At any rate he has that air.

Perhaps they are; and yet to our own taste, we think he mostly looked better in his beard. Of course it was foul; a beard cannot really be kept clean; but it was natural, and it was dignified. It hid certain things, certain features, expressions, that were best hushed up. That smirk, that sensual pout, that bull-dog clinch, they were all mercifully hidden or they were at least so much palliated that they remained a dark suspicion, and not this dreadful conviction with which they now afflict the spectator. It can be said that there is a gain for honesty, if not beauty in the new fashion of shaving, and this cannot well be denied. But it appears that the Creator could not trust the human countenance to itself, at least as it was given to men, and found it best to hush it up in a jungle of hair. Women were fashioned so fair that they could be allowed to look what they really were, but with men it was another story.

Besides, when the beard began to be worn, half a century ago, many of its champions maintained that it was not only given to man as a mask for his evils and deformities, but that it was very good for his health. They held that the beard which covered the chin and throat was meant to keep them from the cold, and that the beard which covered the lips purified the air that entered the respiratory tracts, and preserved the wearer from consumption. Now that consumption is no longer consumption, but tuberculosis, and is not hereditary but infectious, we believe that the theory of science is that the beard is infected with the germs of tuberculosis, and is one of the deadliest agents for transmitting the disease to the lungs. This is perhaps the best reason for shaving it, and giving the creature a chance to repair the Creator's mistake. But nothing shall persuade us, who grew up in the opposite theory, that thousands of human beings were not saved from consumption before it was tuberculosis, by the air-sifting properties of the beard which now transmits the animate poison to the system it was given to protect.

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English Trade-Unionism

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *January 5, 1903.*

Is there to be an end of trade-unionism in England? The question is not quite so chimerical as it sounds. Recent events have made it exceedingly apposite. Put in this abrupt form, most people, no doubt, would answer it with a decided negative; though there are not a few leading economists who confess themselves unable to frame any definite reply. The fact is, a succession of legal decisions, the latest of which was delivered only three days ago, has so completely turned upside down the position of trade unions in this country that no one can say with any confidence by what means or in what shape they will emerge, if they do emerge, from their present perplexities. What, at any rate, is evident amid all the confusion of the moment, is that a crisis has arisen in trade unions as severe as it is startling; that privileges and powers which for thirty years have been assumed to be theirs without dispute have now been suddenly taken from them; and that they face a future loaded with unaccustomed restrictions and disabilities, possibly with ruin. English capitalists and employers, in consequence, are for once in their lives in high feather, and chuckling openly. Trade-unionists are proportionately dismayed and cast down, while public opinion is so interested in the situation, that even "the Venezuelan mess" has to take second place. I happen to know that in Italy, where labor organizations are soon to be made a subject of legislation, developments are being watched with the closest interest. Indeed, no country that counts the problems of industrialism among its troubles can afford to be indifferent to what is now taking place in England. The reflex action of the situation here must ultimately be world-wide, affecting Moscow equally with Chicago, and leaving its mark on every form of organized labor.

Trade-unionism in England has gone farther and developed more power than in America or anywhere else. There are at this moment some 1300 unions of workmen with a membership of about 2,000,000. In the United States, with double the population, there is less than half that number of unionists. Nor do numbers make up the only difference. In England the system of collective bargaining, especially in the coal and cotton trades, is carried much farther and on more methodical lines than in America.

Whether that fact points to a greater superiority in the mechanism of English over American industrialism, is a much-argued question. It points, at any rate, to a greater power in English trade unions. That power is further shown in the amount of control trade unions here have contrived to gain over the management of business. It is a control that stretches beyond such questions as hours and wages, and embraces the fundamental points of methods, internal discipline, the maximum output, the number of apprentices, the use of unskilled labor on work hitherto done by skilled labor, the introduction of a new machine, the employment of men not recognized by the unions, and so on. Broadly speaking, these demands have been resisted by American and yielded to by English employers. Americans have stood firm on the vital matter of "control" in a way that Englishmen are never tired of praising. Most employers here let the point go by default against them through lack either of prevision or of courage to force a decisive issue at the outset. The consequence is that the industrial machine in England is geared to a much lower efficiency than in America; the slowest workmen sets the pace; "going easy" is the rule of labor; and work is distributed over the largest possible number of men. Of course it is absurd to ascribe, as many employers do, all the decline in British commerce to "the tyranny of trade-unionism." The employers themselves have much to answer for with their fatal complacency and conservatism, their lordly, unaccommodating ways of doing business, their myopia that will never unreservedly admit that British methods are not the best, and their short-sightedness in not risking a dollar to-day to earn five next week. In speculative pluck and energy they are to the American what the Italian is to the Englishman. But granting all this, it is still the fact that trade-unionism has done more in England than in any other country to limit production, curb initiative, and control output by the uniform, deadening rule of averages. There is something in the atmosphere of England that allows trade unions to thrive as they thrive nowhere else. Englishmen are nothing like such instinctively keen defenders of property and capital as are Americans. They are naturally less conservative, less quick to resent any attack on law and authority. I have often heard Englishmen say, "Ah, there's no Tory nowadays like your American." The way in which public opinion in the United States threw its moral weight against the steel strike and on the side of the "trust" made an immense impression over here. In England a strike, merely because it is a strike, commands an amount of sympathetic support that is difficult to exaggerate. Class spirit, no doubt, has a good deal to do with it; sentiment has more; the pervading sense of the smallness of an Englishman's "chance in life" has more still. The fact, anyhow, is palpable, and its result may be seen not only in the extreme tenderness with which the government treats strikers, but in the subscriptions and gifts of food and clothing contributed by the public to the union resources. Measures that are taken as a matter of course in America for the protection of "scabs" and non-unionist laborers would never be tolerated here. Injunctions are difficult to obtain and harder to enforce; violence is readily condoned and excused; and a government would do almost anything sooner than call out the military to keep strikers within bounds.

English employers, therefore, when they inveigh against trade unions, are complaining of something far more formidable and pervasive than Americans as yet have had any experience of. Their relief is consequently all the greater when they unexpectedly find, as they do now, the powers of these organizations decisively checked. Thirty years ago trade unions were illegal in England. They were "a combination in restraint of trade," and as such under the vigorous ban of the law. They could not even defend themselves against plunder by a dishonest member. As late as 1870 a secretary who was proved to have embezzled the funds of the trade union that employed him, escaped scot-free on the ground that the union was itself established for illegal purposes, and was not, therefore, entitled to the protection of the law. Public opinion condemned trade unions root and branch; the law, which had been but slightly changed since Queen Elizabeth's day, pressed upon them with feudal severity; and workmen on strike were inevitably driven to maintain their position by murder, arson, and every kind of outrage. In the late sixties there was a veritable reign of terror throughout the northern manufacturing districts. A royal commission went thoroughly into the whole subject, with the result that by 1876 masters and workmen were placed on an absolute equality in the matter of contract, and trade unions were fully legalized. These remedial measures together made up the magna charta of trade-unionism, and in a country so lawyer-ridden and so litigious as England one would have thought the scope even of their least important clause had by now been completely ascertained. Yet the House of Lords, sitting as final court of appeal, whose decrees can only be set aside by fresh legislation, delivered only last year a judgment that flatly contradicted all that the Acts of the seventies had been understood to mean. It is on those Acts that the trade unions have built up their overwhelming influence, only to learn from the highest tribunal in the land that the foundation is of sand. Small wonder that employers are set a-capering.

Let me try and explain how it has come about. The sole point which the law lords had to determine was this: Was there anything in the Acts of 1871 to 1876 that made a trade union, as such, incapable of suing and of being sued? I have talked with some of the men who framed those Acts and passed them through Parliament, and I find them unanimous in asserting that the intention of the legislature was to withhold from trade unions the power to sue and be sued. This for thirty years is how the law has been tacitly understood. It has been everywhere assumed that trade unions were purely voluntary associations, with no more legal personality than a football or West End club. After the Lords' decision that assumption can no longer be held. Their judgment amounted in effect to a statement that a trade union registered under the Acts is a legal entity, capable of being sued for the wrongful acts of its officers if committed within the scope of their authority. That is to say, trade unions are henceforward pecuniarily liable for the illegal actions of their executive officers. The immense range of this decision can best be seen by glancing at the case that called it forth. In the summer of 1900 there was a strike on the Taff Vale Railroad. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, perhaps the wealthiest trade union in England, came forward to direct and control it. The railway depot, the works, and other places were picketed; "scabs" and non-unionists were set upon; and there was the usual amount of violence. The company at once applied for an injunction not only against the officials of the society who were superintending the strike, but against the union itself. Damages were claimed to the amount of $120,000. The society asked to have its name struck out of the case on the ground that it was "neither a corporation nor an individual," and could not be sued in a quasi-corporate or any other capacity. This was the point which, after two mutually contradictory decisions in the lower courts, was finally taken on appeal to the House of Lords. The Lords decided that the society enjoyed no immunity from being sued, and its name was accordingly restored in the case. Feeling now sure of its ground, the railroad company at once went on with its action for damages. The case came up before Mr. Justice Wills and a special jury nearly three weeks ago. It lasted twelve days and ended in a verdict on all counts for the plaintiffs, and against the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, its general secretary and its organizing secretary in the South Wales district. The amount of the damages to be awarded has not yet been settled, nor is it yet decided whether, in ordering the strike and directing it, the officers of the society went beyond their authority. The vital fact is that a trade union is now held responsible for the deeds of its officers. That is a decision which revolutionizes the status of English trade unions.

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The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

MARCH

I WONDER if any of those who perchance read this know of any formula, Christian, pagan, even Christian Scientist, which ensures, or has any chance of ensuring, decent habit of body or mind during an attack of lumbago? I have been trying my best in all three—that is to say, as a Christian I have tried to be cheerful, to wear a helpful sort of smile, and have said to myself, "Think of the early Christian martyrs, the boiling oil, and the lions, and those horrors." But myself has said to me: "That was for a good cause; besides, they soon died. Now lumbago does not kill anybody, and, as far as I am aware, it is an invention of the devil." Thus Christianity failed to help me.

Then I tried paganism. In other words, I swore. It did not do the slightest good.

Then I tried Christian Science. I said: "There is no such thing as pain—ow!—moral mind refuses to recognize the existence of mortal mind. There is nothing material: all material is mortal mind, and there isn't any. Therefore I have no back, and, consequently, no small of it. It is all a false claim. Thus as there isn't any, it is perfectly ridiculous to think I have a shooting pain there, for there is no such thing as either (1) the small of my back, or (2) pain, either there or anywhere else. I will therefore smile, and get up with a brisk movement." I did. Oh, Mrs. Eddy! The false claim was more than usually claimant.

In fact, for two days I have felt myself such a martyr that I am now, happily, beginning to feel that I cannot possibly be a martyr at all. Nobody can conceivably have suffered such agonies as I have been thinking I suffered and survived. All the same. . .

I was riding down Davies Street on my bicycle two mornings ago, in the very best of health and spirits. Where Grosvenor Street crosses it, a fool of a cabman (though I had rung my bell) drove slowly across my path, and I had to dismount. I exchanged a pleasantry or two with him of a bitingly high-spirited nature, and essayed to get on again. At that moment, so it seemed, I was stabbed in the back, and I heard the cabman say, "Comin' over me like that, and drunk at this hour of the mornin'." Continuing, you will have seen our previous conversation. Bad, untrue, unkind as it was, it was the last word, and so is entitled to a certain respect. But next time I see No. 24,304 I will see if I cannot give him lumbago. (This, evidently, is the pagan mood returning.)

Since that moment the joy of life has vanished. It—I cannot write the word again, and I will only remark that it sounds like a second-rate Spanish watering-place—has known my down-sittings and mind-uprisings, and has smirched my days. I have eaten no meat, I have drunk no wine, I have been incapable of taking part in all social and pleasant affairs. I was told that exercise was good, and I want to skate at Niagara, and retired after one stroke with a cold-dewed brow. I was told a Turkish bath was good, and caught a cold in the head on the top of it. I was told not to think about it—this was the Christian Science treatment, more or less—and the effect was that the Spanish watering-place thought the more of me. Only two hours ago, dressing for dinner—I dined alone in my horrid room—I dropped a sovereign on the floor, seriously considered whether it was worth picking up, and decided it was not. At that moment any tramp could have had it. Then by pure chance my servant came in, and I regained it. I was told to take Lithia varalettes? the only effect, as far as I am aware, is that I am lowered for life. I even went so far as to see a doctor, who asked me whether I had done anything which might have produced a chill. Thank goodness, I had the face to say "No." In consequence he talked of the functions of certain internal organs; into these regions I did not attempt to follow him.

Now all that I have written with regard to the second-rate watering-place is literally true. All the things which I am conscious of enjoying every day, such as reading, good meat, silly conversation, proper wine, violent physical exercise, cold baths, grew pale or impossible. But looking back even from the middle of it all—for to-night it is, if anything, a little more acute, I begin to see that nothing, on the whole, matters less than physical pain. Once before in my life, when I was eight years old, I had bad earache, so my family assure me. Of that I can remember nothing whatever, except that in consequence I went to stay near Dartmouth for change of air. But of Dartmouth I remember much. There was an aloe in the garden, and one of its great fibrous leaves projected across the path, and was cut off. This had to be done by a strong gardener with a saw. A leaf cut by a saw! There were also rock pools in the estuary, with strawberry anemones—so we called them—waving in the water; steamers passed, visible with a telescope, that would go straight on, self-contained, unhelped, till they reached America. *Rutamuraria*, a small mean fern (I cannot even remember hearing its name except then), grew in crevices on the garden wall, and it was rare; it began and ended my collection of ferns. That is what remains to me of the earache. Once again I had a tooth out. That was half a crown.

And now I have lumbago, and from analogy I see that a fortnight hence, and a week hence (I hope), and a year hence, I shall remember nothing of it, except that for a few days I stopped in-doors mostly, wrote notes of regret, and read a variety of delightful books. *Jekyll and Hyde* I have read; I have quaked with Hyde and shuddered with Jekyll; I have been down the "Sambre canalized"; I have been sucked under the fallen tree on the Oise; I have understood why Mr. Crummles deluded himself into thinking the Phenomenon was a phenomenon; I have admired the moral valor of Mrs. Nickelby when she convinced herself about the previous sanity of the gentleman in small-clothes and gray stockings; I have killed the Red Dhole from the Deccan, and have sat (a remarkable feat) with Princess Napraxint in a temperature of over 130 degrees Fahrenheit. But for the lumbago, I should probably have done none of these delightful things. Also I have learned (I shall have to learn it again and again) that the moment is always tolerable. Even this tiny pinprick of a pain can teach one that. "Circumscribe the moment," as Marcus Aurelius said. You can get along all right for the moment: why think of the moments to come? When they come, deal with them. And I hope that if I die of cancerous-cerebro-spinal-sciatica, I may think of that.

Besides—I must justify my conscience with respect to the doctor—I do not think it proved that my night adventure had anything to do with the lumbago. Thus it would have been unfair to cast it, like bread on the waters, to a suspicious physician. And even if it had, it was well worth it. I would do it again to-morrow night, if the mood only could come again.

I wonder how the writing and the subsequent publication of any book, the meanest, affect the average author? No doubt the great powers in authorship, so to speak, care as little when another volume is launched as does the empire at large when another battle-ship leaves the slip to join its mighty brothers. But for the majority, those of us, in fact, who hope some day (however vainglorious the hope, we all cling to it) to produce a book which may rouse laughter or tears or interest twenty years hence, I imagine that there is scarcely any excitement, depression, exaltation, or misgiving that we have ever felt, which is comparable to those attendant on the writing and launching of our little paper fleets. And as I have just launched another little paper boat to go and look after its drowned brothers, and the memory of all the emotions attendant on it is consequently keen, it may be of interest, in however small a degree, to others to read what even so uneminent an author as myself experiences in these times.

Birds, perhaps, give one the only simile possible for the first period. For the idea of the book—its scope, its aim, its plot, and to a certain degree its characters—exists, in my case, before I put a word down on paper. When these features are complete, we may say that the *egg* is there. The writing it, to my mind, is equivalent to the hatching only, but the definite production of the egg, of that which contains potential vitality, is over—complete—at the moment the writing begins. If there is no potential vitality there then there never will be. When I begin to write, I am sitting on my egg. Now this first period—here we dismiss the simile of the egg, and take that of disease—lasts for a very ill-defined period. During it the patient is continually conscious of an abnormality of condition. His spirits are very variable: sometimes for days together the appetite will be good (mine always is), and the only symptoms of the malady is a slightly increased vividness. Speech is coherent, but rather more fluent than usual; he tends to talk nonsense (this must not be confused with the subsequent wandering). Then, without apparent cause, stages of depression, irritability, and general peevishness ensue; he will decry his favorite pursuits, and particularly authorship, and express audibly a desire for a large and settled income in consols. Shortly before the crisis approaches—(*i.e.*, the first dip of the pen in the ink)—a period of feverish excitement ensues; he will put sudden problems to his nurses as to how A would act given B, C, and D did so and so, and whatever the answers given him he will certainly take exception to them. This is the period of wandering alluded to above. Both the period of excitement previous to this and the period of depression are marked by a certain listlessness with regard to other pursuits; the patient takes nothing except his malady quite seriously; and though he performs the ordinary routine of life with correctness, he performs it somehow subaqueously. Indeed, he is never quite himself from the time the seeds of the malady first attack him. All these symptoms are temporarily ameliorated when, to go back to our first simile, the egg is laid. For a time the nurses are encouraged to hope that the worst is over. Large quantities of what is known as "sermon-paper" should be given without stint, and special care taken that there should be in every room where the patient can possibly desire to sit plenty of black ink and suitable pens. For a day or two he may refuse to go out altogether, or play any game, and here it is a mistake on the part of the nurses to urge him to do so. He may, in fact, be entirely left to himself. Probably these favorable symptoms will last for a week or two (during which the supply of sermon-paper should be renewed), and then a change for the worse comes over the patient. The irritability returns, and with

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it an attack, more or less severe, of complete idleness and indescribable misgivings. He again expresses a wish for a settled income in consols, and often goes suddenly to stay with his friends, or, if the attack is not so acute, merely lunches and dines out every day, and seems to fear being left alone. Then the malady becomes spasmodic, the periods of inaction alternate with periods of feverish industry, to which succeeds an attack of apparent coma with regard to everything except the disease itself, which is now confluent, and completely encompasses him. A series of absolutely happy days ensue, accompanied by great mental activity, and enormous consumption of sermon-paper. As soon as this definitely sets in the nurses may make themselves quite happy for the time being. All fears of suicide may be considered over, and there is no allusion to consols. And then the egg is hatched in a blaze of hypertrophied glory.

It is hatched—that is to say, the manuscript—such as it is—is complete, and, personally, he is completely happy for about a week. Then ensues a very tedious period, which is at times brightened by finding that something is better than one thought, but oftener darkened by finding that something is worse than one thought. In other words, after a week of idleness I sit laboriously down and copy out the whole thing from beginning to end. Other patients at this point, I believe, use a typewriter, but, personally, on the one occasion when I did so I found that the corrections were not compassable even in triple-spaced type. So, now, when the first manuscript is complete I begin all over again, and write the whole story out again. Chapters are often excised and chapters (more rarely) inserted, since in my first manuscript I find that I much more commonly say too much than too little. (Here is an opening for critics to point out how extraordinarily superfluous the first manuscript must have been.) This period is the tiresome part of the hatching of the egg. The writing of the first manuscript, astounding though it may appear, was attended by a certain excitement; whereas the writing of the second is due to the desire, shall we call it, to catch oneself tripping, to detect, by the painful process of copying, one perhaps of the hundred absurdities that one has committed. Yet there is a certain delight even in this, for since one would not set pen to paper at all unless one thought that one had an idea of some kind, it is mildly pleasant, even now when the first excitement is over, to see in cold blood what the idea was, to emphasize what appears to be its decent points, to suppress its bad ones. After that the second manuscript goes to the typewriter, and peace again reigns.

Now, during the first writing of the manuscript, a curious thing has more than once happened to me—that is to say, a character, or a situation, or even the story itself, takes the bit between its teeth, and, as far as I know, bolts. One had meant to do and say something different, but whether it is that even in the meanest-imagined characters one, so to speak, raises the devil, and cannot be held responsible for his subsequent actions, or whatever the cause, this phenomenon occurs. In the terms of our first simile, this is the cuckoo's egg in the hedge-sparrow's nest. One sits on the thing—writes it, that is—but it is not going to be a hedge-sparrow at all, but something quite different. This has happened to me more than once in —— and —— (my egotism does not go quite so far as to write the names of these obscure tales). I had definitely meant to give a different outcome. I had meant a character to be different in character, and thus to play another part. But writing, I found it was not so. That character would go another way. And did. I followed faint, but pursuing.

To resume: the manuscript comes back from the typewriter's, and the sickening part of the work begins. In print somehow the degrading stuff looks even more degraded, for print, as Hazlitt said, in more senses than one, had he known it, "print settles it." What one suspected was rather sketchy and amateur becomes indubitably so. What one thought was somewhat workmanlike appears merely slipshod carpentering, unplaned, out of line, with screws and nails not driven home. One taps here, one whacks there, one planes down, and finds one has planed too much; one planes down, and finds one has to plane more. One thinks,—and this is perhaps the worst of all,—that A rather resembles one's dear friend John Smith, and ruthlessly takes all the stuff out of him, leaving an enfeebled marionette. Then, like a pinprick to a man on fire, come the inevitable typewritten errors, necessitating reference to the manuscript. Some typewriters omit whole sentences, because they are not certain (no wonder): others rush in where angels fear to tread, with brilliant repartees of a sort undreamed of: others spell a name wrong throughout: others, and they are worse, spell it wrong occasionally. When I have time I will write an article on typewriters. They will not, after that, hold their heads so high.

Then comes the last step. When the typoscript (an awful word) has been corrected, and, if necessary, another made, and also corrected, the whole thing goes to the publisher, and in the course of time come proofs. Proofs are of two kinds, galley proofs and page proofs. Galley proofs are interminable strips of paper which slide off one's desk, and get mixed, and are altogether impossible. Page proofs, though depressing, are manageable, because they come in folded sheets of sixteen pages. Then once again are all weak points glaringly emphasized, the indescribable misgivings return with redoubled vigor, and invariably I long to live the last year, or whatever it may be, over again, in order to have profited by my previous experience and do better. Usually at this stage, perhaps because I am used to it, the "idea" does not seem to me so bad. It is only everything else that is wrong. Yet even then come sanguine moments. Quite suddenly I find myself thinking it is extremely good. How delicate, for instance, is the way in which ——, how uncompromising is ——. Back swings the pendulum; over go these unstable ninepins.

There is probably a revise—there may be two—and the bread is cast upon the waters. As the date for publication approaches I feel ill. If I could, I would recall it all. One has felt a certain situation, or a certain character keenly: was it not enough to have felt it without throwing it, like the early Christians, to the public? They will tear it into shreds, and probably refuse to swallow it.

But just then, when, in my experience, the darkest hour is on one, when one distrusts utterably all one has done, when one is afraid that that which is to oneself a chiefest joy of life is to every one else just a mud pie made by a child in a populous roadway, to be carefully stepped round by three-quarters of the passers-by, to be stepped into by the remaining quarter, who, with a careless cuff to the maker of it, will pass on, remembering it only as they would remember some tiny untowardness in the menu at dinner, then comes quite suddenly the remembrance of an exceeding unexpected joy. A man or a woman, otherwise quite unknown to one, has, on the last occasion of this kind, thought it worth while to send a line, it may be a post-card only, to say "thank you." Once this "thank you" arrived to me from New Zealand, and was accompanied by two frozen sheep bred on the reader's farm. The letter said, "Please do not answer this, as you will think I am wanting an autograph." Or, again, it may be just a press-cutting from a provincial paper, that shows me that some one whom I have never seen, and probably will never see, has understood something of what made me so happy when I thought of it. And that, unreasonably perhaps, more than counterbalances the vituperation or the scorn of those who either do not or will not see. For a friend concerns me very much, and an enemy, or if that is too big a word, an acquaintance to whom I am antipathetic, concerns me not at all. He is a negative quantity, and in this life of ours the negative quantities do not matter, for the man who has one friend is infinitely better off than the man who has no enemies and a million acquaintances.

Acquaintances! Those are the bane and the absurdity of life, and especially of ordinary London life. How often has one heard it said, and, indeed, said oneself: "Such a bore! I've got to go and call on So-and-so." Now if one finds it a burden to go and talk to anybody, for social reasons, it shows a very unbecoming conceit if one imagines that one's hostess will fail to find it a bore too. The custom, for instance, of calling after one has dined at a house is a very sensible and pleasant one, but it presumes that you have been dining with a friend. In this case the call will not bore you. But if the call bores you, it is probable that the dinner bored you too, in which case, unless you dined there for the sake of being fed gratis, why did you dine there at all? Again, a step further, how often have you exclaimed: "What a bore! I've got to dine with —— to-night!" And if you say that, you have no business to eat ——'s cutlet.

Of course there is another side to the question,—for questions with only one side to them cease to be questions at all,—and that is, that at any such house you may meet a friend, or you may meet some one who will eventually become a friend. Then, I grant, it were worth while trudging there a hundred miles on foot, for, from pole to pole, if you search the earth, you will find nothing better than a friend. How many have you? I have nine, and consider myself most fortunate. Or, again, you may find the very fact of meeting a certain number of people, though they are the barest acquaintances, stimulating, just as there are certain plants which thrive better with others of their species than alone. That again is a good reason: only, when social etiquette demands a call of you, do not say, "What a bore!" You have received a benefit; pay the current coin for it, and don't grumble.

Now this herding together of human beings with wealth and leisure into London for several months every year, there to meet their friends, of course, but also a whole host of people who will never and can never be more than acquaintances, is a very curious phenomenon. London—in this sense of the word—was born not so many decades ago, and since then has grown and is growing in a manner perfectly amazing. There was a time, say, eighty years ago, when London in this sense practically did not exist; the "season" was enjoyed by those who now go to London, in a dozen country towns, to which the wealth and fashion of the country flocked, and there made gay on their native pavements. And by all accounts they *did* make gay. Then by degrees this remarkable monster of London began growing. People of leisure—or so I take it—began to weary of that priceless benefit, and, in a couple of generations, have turned themselves into perfect galley-slaves.

To be Continued.

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Books and Bookmen

WHETHER or not it be universally true that the Oriental mind matures early and blossoms into rare and beautiful exotic flower while the children of the West are still at play, it is a matter of fact that Onoto Watanna had begun to write her exquisitely perfumed stories and sketches of Japan almost before she had entered her 'teens. She is now in her twenty-third year, yet she has been writing since she was fourteen. Her first book, which, for artistic reasons, she is now ashamed to recall, was published in Chicago when she was only nineteen. Previous to that she had written a number of Japanese stories and articles, some of which the present writer was fortunate among Eastern readers to peruse, for they were confined to the magazines and periodicals of the West. Miss Watanna, it ought to be noted in justice to her, was the first to introduce the delicious broken English dialect which invests the speech of her characters with a *naïf* humor, and which Mr. John Luther Long adopted or hit upon later in his stories of Japanese life. Many of these early stories by Miss Watanna are of the most fragile and delicate *genre* quality—as perfect and original as anything from her more recent pen—but they lie buried for the most part in oblivious journalism.

It was with the appearance of *A Japanese Nightingale* in the winter of 1901 that Miss Watanna aroused general interest and took readers captive throughout the country. The publishers recognized the original quality and inviting grace of her work, and took pains to give it a wide publicity. The book won its way by sheer virtue of the inimitable art of its charm and humor. Here was one who not only reproduced the familiar figures of vase and fan of Oriental fancy, but who put soul into them, and gave us the revelation of the mute anguish and playful humor, and all the gamut of emotions lying between the reaches of tragedy and comedy in the Japanese nature. As Onoto Watanna has revealed the sisters of her race (for it is her feminine creations that attract us most), no words could better epitomize them than Thomas Hardy's, "A child in pleasure: a woman in pain." And, be it noted, Miss Watanna's power to make us feel the reality of her country and her people, as no one has ever done, resides in the fact that she is half-Japanese and half-English. "She can write of Japanese home life," as one has said, "from the inside, and at the same time in terms easily comprehended by minds Occidental. That is a unique gift. . . . Wistaria at her casement in the dew of morning—she lives and breathes." Her English, too, is clear and lucid; frequently aglow with unexpected touches of Oriental splendor and imagery.

A Japanese Nightingale, it has been announced for some time, will be seen on the stage this spring in London and New York. If Mr. Belasco's gorgeous production of "The Darling of the Gods" is but a "Japanized Du Barry-La Tosca-Faust melodrama," grossly misrepresenting Japanese life and history, as a Japanese critic has stated, then we may hope for a dramatic representation nearer the truth when Onoto Watanna guides the stage direction of her story. Meantime her novel, *The Wooing of Wistaria*, already widely known, is enjoying the benefit of the reflected popularity of "The Darling of the Gods." Certain coincidences in the play and the book have incited the author to scent plagiarism in the Belasco drama, and *The Wooing of Wistaria* is in the singular position of being unwittingly advertised by a popular play that is not a dramatization, but which, it is claimed by the author, suggests it in certain scenes. These scenes pertain to the tender, passionate love-story which has led discerning critics, not given to extravagance, to single out the Shining Prince and Wistaria as the Japanese Romeo and Juliet. Certainly, if theatre-goers are enamored of Japanese romance in the tragic loves of Yo san and her prince, they will find unalloyed pleasure in the wooing of Wistaria—wooed and won and lost to be won again at last.

Among our illustrations last week there was a reproduction of the famous artist Lenbach's picture of "Eleonora Duse and Lenbach's child." The pose is eloquent of that maternal brooding which impregnates the subtle feminine quality of Signora Duse's impersonations. Nature, in a scientific, as well as a poetic sense, is potential motherhood, and, as Mrs. Meynell has observed, "the Italian woman is very near to Nature." In one of her prose gems, Alice Meynell flashes more insight into the nature and temperament of Eleonora Duse than will be found in all the columns of criticism that have been elicited by the presence of the celebrated actress on our American stage during her visit which is now being brought to a close at the Metropolitan Opera House in this city. What we dimly descry and dumbly feel, Mrs. Meynell perceives clearly, and gives cogent voice to it. For this reason we trust that not a few of our readers will be grateful for the following selected passages from this rare little volume:

> The Italian woman is very near to Nature; so is true drama. . . . Italians are expressive. They are so possessed by the one thing at a time as never to be habitual in any lifeless sense. They have no habits to overcome by something arbitrary and intentional. Accordingly, you will find in the open-air theatre of many an Italian province, away from the high roads, an art of drama that our capital (London) cannot show, so high is it, so fine, so simple, so complete, so direct, so momentary and impassioned, so full of singleness and of multitudinous impulses of passion.
>
> Signora Duse is not different in kind from these unrenowned. What they are, she is in a greater degree. She goes yet further, and yet closer. She has an exceptionally large and liberal intelligence. If lesser actors give themselves entirely to their part, and to the large moment of the part, she, giving herself, has more to give.
>
> Add to this nature of hers that she stages herself and her acting with singular knowledge and ease, and has her technique so thoroughly as to be able to forget it—for this is the one only thing that is the better for habit, and ought to be habitual. . . . Nowhere at all does the habit of acting exist with her.
>
> I have spoken of this actress's nationality and of her womanhood together. They are inseparable. Nature is the only authentic art of the stage, and the Italian woman is natural; none other so natural and so justified by her nature as Eleonora Duse; but all, as far as their nature goes, natural. Moreover, they are women freer than other Europeans from the minor vanities. Has any one yet fully understood how her liberty in this respect gives to the art of Signora Duse room and action? Her countrywomen have no anxious vanities, because, for one reason, they are generally "sculpturesque," and are very little altered by mere accidents of dress or arrangement. Such as they are, they are so once for all; whereas, the turn of a curl makes all the difference with women of less grave physique. Italians are not uneasy.
>
> Signora Duse has this immunity, but she has a far nobler deliverance from vanities, in her own peculiar distance and dignity. She lets her beautiful voice speak, unwatched and unchecked, from the very life of the moment. It runs up into the high notes of indifference, or, higher still, into those of *ennui*, as in the earlier scenes of "Divorçons," or it grows sweet as summer with joy, or cracks and breaks outright, out of all music, and out of all control. Passion breaks it so for her.
>
> As for her inarticulate sounds, which are the more intimate and the truer words of her meaning, they, too, are Italian and natural. English women, for instance, do not make them. They are sounds *à bouche fermée* at once private and irrepressible. They are not demonstrations intended for the ears of others; they are her own. Other actresses, even English, and even American, know how to make inarticulate cries, with open mouth; Signora Duse's noise is not a cry; it is her very thought audible—the thought of the woman she is playing, who does not at every moment give exact words to her thought, but does give it significant sound.
>
> If Parisians say, as they do, that she makes a bad Parisienne, it is because she can be too nearly a woman untamed. . . . It seems possible that the French sense does not well distinguish, and has no fine perception of that affinity with the peasant which remains with the great ladies of the old civilization of Italy, and has so long disappeared from those of the younger civilizations of France and England—a paradox. The peasant's gravity, directness, and carelessness—a kind of uncouthness which is neither graceless nor, in any intolerable English sense, vulgar—are to be found in the unceremonious moments of every transalpine woman, however elect her birth and select her conditions. In Italy the lady is not a creature described by negatives, as an author who is always right has defined the lady to be in England. Even in France she is not that, and between the French woman and the Italian there are the Alps. In a word, the educated Italian *mondaine* is, in the sense (also untranslatable) of singular, insular, and absolutely British usage, a Native. None the less would she be surprised to find herself accused of a lack of dignity.
>
> As to intelligence—a little intelligence is sufficiently dramatic, if it is single. A child doing one thing at a time and doing it completely, produces to the eye a better impression of mental life than one receives from—well, from a lecturer.

TO ANTHONY HOPE.

(By a Susceptible Reviewer.)

Good ANTHONY (I need not say
We always pardon your "intrusions"),
I've read your book, and wish to lay
Before you some of my conclusions.
Where other heroines are concerned
I pay my homage quite discreetly,
But charming *Peggy Ryle* has turned
My head, and captured me completely.

Of her attractions to indite
Is not the purpose of these stanzas;
Enough that, if her purse was light,
Her face and heart were both Bonanzas.
Enough to hazard the surmise—
Most cheering in this vale of trouble—
That somewhere under English skies
Peggy must have a living double.

She had her failings, I admit,
Professed a creed remote from TUPPER'S,
And oft unchaperoned would sit
At very late Bohemian suppers.
But she was innocent of guile,
She softened hearts, however stony;
She helped the lame dog o'er the stile,
And shared a windfall with a crony.

Imagine, then, my state of mind,
My curiosity unsated,
When reaching the last page I find
Peggy remains unmatched, unmated!
O tantalizing Mr. HOPE,
Your endings only are beginnings;
Give your invention further scope,
Give *Peggy Ryle* another innings!

—*Punch.*

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Finance

THE new year seemed to bring buoyancy to the securities-markets; it was natural enough, since the course of stock prices reflected the very decided improvement in sentiment among insiders and outsiders alike. Wall Street concerns itself with the future rather than with history, since the "discounting" process is indissolubly associated with speculation in stocks. But there can be no question that the perusal of the various trade reviews and retrospects of the year 1902 must have caused more than one thrill of national pride, as well as of gratitude and admiration. It was truly a year of remarkable prosperity, and no suspicion of rashness need attach to the men who declare that never in the world's history did a nation enjoy greater material well-being than blessed this country during the year just ended. Statistics make dry reading, but not when they concern ourselves. Nobody ever yawned over the figures which told of his own growing bank account, and the array of numbers all telling of the increasing wealth of our country cannot be uninteresting. However, it was an old story to Wall Street, which found even greater comfort in the opinions of the leading experts regarding the probable continuance of the prosperous movement during 1903. Almost without exception do the present indications point to undiminished well-being in the year just begun.

To be sure, prophecy is a more risky business than history, but when the odds are in favor of the forecast being accurate, it is enough for speculators. The iron and steel plants, for example, have enough orders actually booked to keep them busy during the next eight or nine months. It cannot be denied that, should there be a retrograde movement in general trade, many orders already placed would be cancelled, but it is also well to remember that the bulk of the future business now on the books of the iron and steel companies are for material imperatively needed, which will be used whether general business falls off or not. Much depends upon the crops, and there can be no estimating how much the earth will yield in 1903. But as a "betting proposition," the safest thing to do is to expect normal harvests. In the mean time such exhibits as, for example, the net earnings of the United States Steel Corporation during 1902 must appeal to all students of our industrial affairs. The iron Colossus earned net, after deducting expenditures for maintenance, etc., $132,662,617 last year! These figures are stupendous, and quite beyond the comprehension of the average man. But they are more than interesting also for another reason, namely, in connection with the profit-sharing plan announced by the management. When the annual profits are as great as they were in 1902, not less than $2,600,000, or two per cent., will be set aside. Should the annual profits reach $150,000,000, not less than two and a half per cent. will be distributed. It is small wonder that the announcement of such a policy indicating confidence in future earnings should have been followed by advancing prices for the securities of the company.

The record of the railroads also was remarkable. The gross earnings were stupendous. But toward the end of the year there was a significant decrease in the net earnings, compared with the previous year. The bears spoke of the decrease as ominous. Obviously, it was due to the increased cost of operation, resulting from the higher prices of material and from the higher wages paid. To offset this the railroads propose to advance rates. There appear to be some misgivings in Wall Street as to the feasibility of such advances, but there is none on the part of the railway managers, who point out, first, that railroad rates have not kept up with the advances in other products of our industries, and, secondly, that it is not proposed to advance rates to such figures as will either check the movement of traffic or tempt rivals to "cut." To be sure, there are certain railway shares which are high enough—good dividend-paying stocks of a recognized investment character. These are selling for all they are worth; but that others have decided speculative possibilities is also true. It is probable in these latter that we shall see the greatest activity, despite the shaking of heads of people who would measure all goods with the same yardstick. For example, there are the Rock Island securities. A few months ago the Street classed the moving spirits of the road among the "Western plungers,"—men who, drunken with success in industrial promotions, saw in the Stock Exchange a second Monte Carlo. To-day, quite a different opinion is held of the character and abilities of Messrs. Reid, Leeds, & Moore, who have developed the Rock Island system from a straggling line of 3800 miles into a well-rounded system of 8000 miles, of a strategic importance and possibilities of further development second to none. In the railway history of this country there are few chapters more interesting than that of the Rock Island in 1902, and the faith of the financial community in the road merely means faith of very shrewd judges of men in the very remarkable abilities of Messrs. Reid, Leeds, & Moore. There are other stocks having "possibilities," and these the speculative community will probably discover.

There has been much criticism of the very rapid and substantial rise of prices during the past fortnight, but it is well to remember that the first recovery after the early December slump represented the readjustment of actual values, since prices had gone lower than was really warranted. After, came the speculative rally, as it were, resulting from the improved monetary condition. Money is returning to this centre, and easier rates have followed. That, in spite of the lower cash rate here, sterling should have fallen is due to the increasing exports of corn and cotton.

Harper's Weekly

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Financial

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CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check .	31,349,710.76
	$36,565,818.54

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(*CONDENSED*)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

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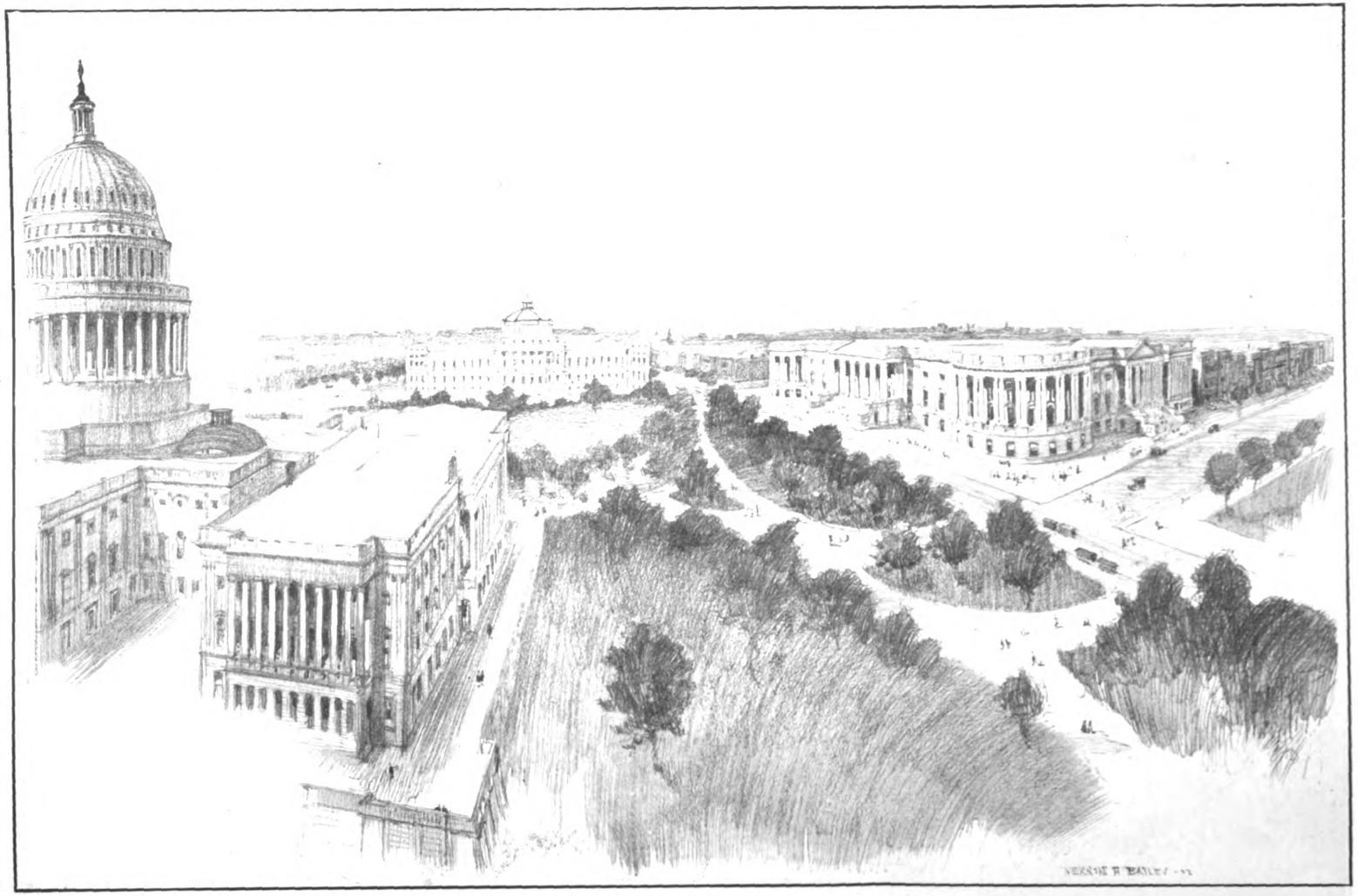


MR. RICHARD HALL'S PORTRAIT OF MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN, JR.

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THE FUTURE OFFICES OF OUR CONGRESSMEN

For years, owing to lack of space, only committees have had rooms in the Capitol at Washington. The fact that the Congressmen have not had private offices near the Capitol building has been a serious detriment. It is now proposed to build a large building having underground connections with the Capitol, where each Congressman may have his own private office

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The New York and New Jersey Tunnel

See page 91

WITHIN fifteen miles of New York's City Hall, on the Jersey side of the North River, there are to-day nearly 800,000 people—a population half again that of St. Louis, fourth largest city in the United States. And the bread-earning portion of this vast total, or the major part of it, moves back and forth across Hendrik Hudson's big stream twice a business day.

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(Continued on page 113.)

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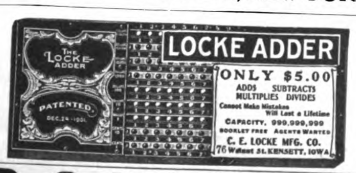
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Justice of the Supreme Court of New York

IN THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW FOR JANUARY

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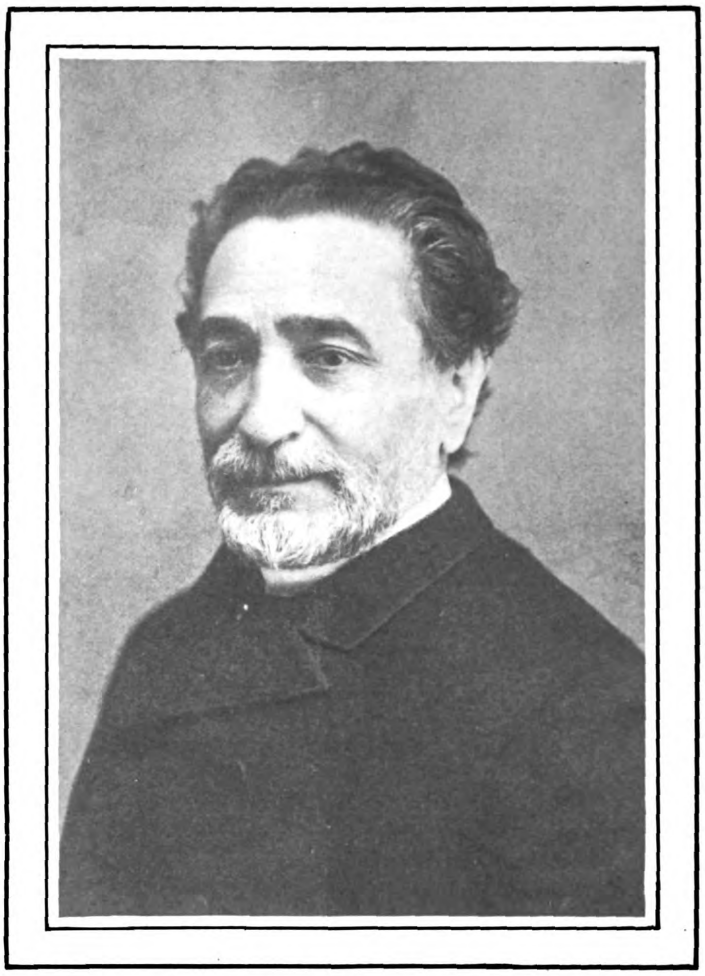
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Spain's Greatest Statesman

WE can best understand the part played in the history of his country by the late Don Praxedes Mateo Sagasta if we compare him with the great Englishman who was his contemporary, William Ewart Gladstone. In both the principles of extreme democracy were blended with a love of the forms and ceremonies of royalty; and each waged against the extreme radical and revolutionary forces a fight quite as bitter as that which they carried on against the ultra-conservatives and reactionaries. Like Mr. Gladstone, there was something in Sagasta of the doctrinaire and the student, and while the English statesman would have made an admirable archbishop or even cardinal had the Destinies so decreed, Señor Sagasta might, under more peaceful conditions, have mellowed into a genial old college professor, beloved and admired, the prototype of the head of one of our great colleges. Yet, while both were essentially characters of order and tradition, Gladstone and Sagasta alike were driven by fate to the work of destruction and demolition. Gladstone, the most religious of moderns, carried out the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland; while Sagasta, in every instinct of his nature more royalist than the King, became, against every moral and emotional probability, a leader of revolutions. Again, the names of these two great men are united in history to the names of queens who ruled over England and Spain through the most eventful years of the last three generations; and while the lax life of the first Spanish queen, the ill-fated Isabella, is a total contrast to the pastoral domesticity of Victoria, Señor Sagasta had, in Christina of Austria, a queen as remarkable in virtue and wisdom as the great lady who ruled over England. Finally, to complete the parallel, both Gladstone and Sagasta were identified with periods of national disaster and withdrawal: Gladstone's peace with the Boers after Majuba Hill, and his desertion of Gordon at Khartoum, being as passionately resented by his countrymen as were the defeat of Manila Bay and the loss of Cuba by Spain. The two great ministers, leaving the cares of state, ended their lives in quiet seclusion, the world forgetting, and, so far as practical weight in the conduct of affairs went, by the world forgot. To record, even in outline, the life of Sagasta, would be to write the history of Spain throughout the nineteenth century: the country's long struggle for better government against the old, bad despotism of the Bourbons, linked with aristocratic abuses and ecclesiastical tyranny on the one hand, and the explosive forces of anarchy on the other. Let the Escorial stand for the one danger, and Barcelona, with its red propaganda, for the other. Between these two fiercely contending extremes stood Sagasta, temporizing, building, mollifying; ever holding firmly his principles of mildness and moderation, even though forced to play a part in revolutions and wars. How much the present King of Spain owes to Sagasta for his advice and energetic leadership through the trying period of the war with the United States, and to his judgment in directing the contending factions of his own country after the war, can hardly be calculated. He was in all probability the only man in Spain at that time who could have saved Alfonso's dynasty. That he did succeed in quieting the troubles that threatened to reduce Spanish rule in Spain to the rule of the mob is only one of the enormous debts owed to him by the present King. As the leader of the Liberals in the Spanish Cortes he was not only charged at the outset by the people with criticising unjustly the government of Canova and the Conservative cabinet, but was held by many as an enemy of the state. The concessions he won little by little from the Queen Regent and from the Conservatives had their climax in the events that followed Weyler's false announcement that his reforms in Cuba were successful, and that the entire western part of the island was "completely pacified." His programme for the autonomy of Cuba was one of his diplomatic failures. The refusal of the Cubans to accept the propositions of his ministry after the return of Weyler and the amnesty proclamation of Blanco will be recalled. In the few months preceding the actual declaration of the Spanish war, the Carlists and Republicans seized every opportunity to urge on the government to hostile action. Sagasta held for an amicable settlement. He made every possible effort to learn the actual desires of the government at Washington and to carry them out. But the trouble lay beyond his hand.



Praxedes Mateo Sagasta

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(Continued from page 111.)

The growth of the city and its gigantic suburban population demand something more, and as if responding to the call, a great steel shield, with cutting edges and jaws which eat through silt and sand and solid rock down under the bed of the river, is carrying on the march of progress and relief.

For a quarter-century the work has gone on, with occasional lapses, but the time is near now, not indefinite, when the New York and New Jersey Tunnel—the "trolley tunnel," as engineers call it—will be a finished link in the stupendous chain of achievement which is making New York city the world's metropolis.

It is characteristic of the city that this work, or what might be called its renaissance, has not been noticed until the last few weeks. In the rush of $350,000,000 improvements in the greater city and amid the clamor incident to the vast enterprise of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a little thing like the approaching completion of the greatest tunnel yet built was overlooked.

Mr. Cassatt was voted his franchise for the Pennsylvania Tunnel, however, and the morning afterward 4,000,000 New-Yorkers and Jerseyites awoke to the fact that still another big Christmas gift was on the way, which promised quicker aid and wellnigh as rich a blessing to them. Chicago River and Thames tunnels are small affairs besides the New Jersey enterprise which approached its accomplishment so quietly.

A wretched accident, now less possible because of progress in construction, interrupted the work some twenty-odd years ago. Funds gave out, the boring halted, and interest, once world-wide, waned. Then English capital tried it, to fail likewise.

But not many months ago the wheels started again. Far-seeing men took up the task. The long tube, which had been bored over half-way under the river, was pumped out, the immense boring shield made ready again, the machinery renewed. Presently the hydraulic jacks which force the shield forward felt pressure—5000 pounds to the square inch, a total onward thrust of 2000 tons. The silt came in through the doors in the shield-head, and workmen standing amid an air pressure of over thirty pounds to the square inch—made necessary to keep the water out and prevent the men from drowning if water should be encountered, for the rush of the tide is only a few feet above them—attacked the oozy substance, and sent it back on cars to the tunnel's mouth in Jersey City.

The work now goes on with the brain and brawn and backing which promise through cars by next year's Independence Day. The sturdy shield has advanced until it has encountered the solid rock ledge near the New York shore, only a ship's-length from the great piers of red-stacked Atlantic liners.

The shield halted when it hit the ledge, but this time the halt will be brief. The Rock of Ages does not lie on Manhattan Island. The city's progress is not now deterred by water, rock, or earth. A week or so should result in the straightening of the shield's bent cutting edges, and then the rocky ledge, which is not of serious hardness, will be attacked with dynamite, down there under the twin-screw merchantmen, and while the people on the surface of the city swelter in next summer's heat, the tunnel workers beneath the docks will, in all human probability, be joining the Jersey bore with the old, short, completed section under West Street. The remainder of the undertaking—connection with the terminals, building of the stations, and all that—is a stupid, everyday affair. The tunnel is the thing.

Passengers on the Sound boats look up at the men working on the lofty steel towers of the new East River bridge and say that bridge-builders do brave deeds. None will gainsay that, but the strong, grimy, picked fellows who are digging down there in the shield, in a pressure which would set an ordinary man's ears a-roaring like trumpets and guns, deserve also their full meed of honor. Not many men can stand it, and those who, after rigid examination, are allowed to go in through the air locks, by which the sharp change from surface pressure to that in the shield is graded, have the

(Continued on page 116.)



The first-class, round-trip rate, Chicago to California, is $110. Tickets are good to return any time within nine months. Stop-overs are allowed. One stop-over, that is distinctly worth while, is at El Paso — to get a glimpse of Old Mexico.

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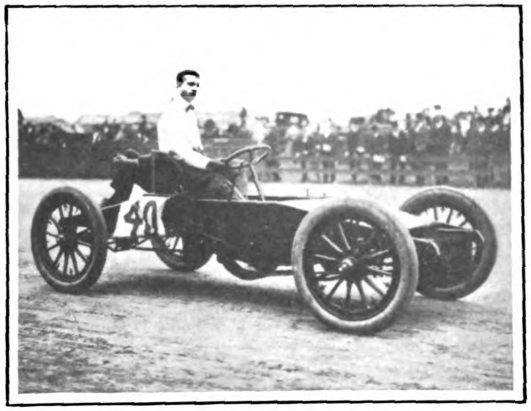


AT this writing no further progress has been made in the selection of American competitors in the Gordon-Bennett race. Alexander Winton is the only one so far chosen by the Automobile Club of America, and he is constructing a machine for the coming race. This motor will be interesting, as it will show the latest developments in American motor construction, and there is considerable curiosity as to the tires which will be used, as they are of vital importance in the race. Mr. Winton expects to sail for Europe on May 1, in order that he may have time to get used to the course. The other two competitors and their machines are to be chosen by the Automobile Club by means of some contest not yet determined. The present candidates for these positions are Percy Owen, who would use a Winton motor, H. S. Harkness, and C. W. Matheson, who is building a car in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

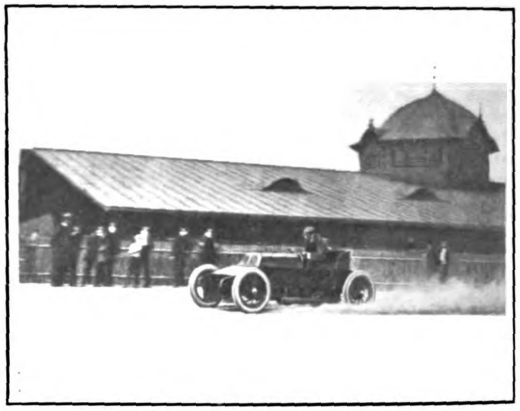
American motor-cars have been greatly improved during the past year: the engines have been constructed with especial attention to simplicity of operation and control and quietness in running; comfort for the occupants has been the requirement of purchasers, and this demand has been more effectively satisfied than heretofore; the foreign "tonneau" has been extensively copied, although this is being gradually superseded abroad by the more comfortable "Limousine" and similar types, which give shelter from bad weather and allow room for luggage. Perhaps in two years from now American manufacturers will begin to copy this style of body, as it is a curious fact that in this industry alone we seem content to remain well in the rear while Europe leads.

Alfred Harmsworth, the well-known English editor, has ordered a car from Panhard and Levassor which is the most radical development in motor-car construction. The car has a gasoline engine of the regular type, but, instead of being used for propulsion, the engine drives a dynamo, which in turn supplies current to a motor coupled directly to the driving axle. If the experiment succeeds, the advantages are obvious: no more gears with their complicated system of lubrication, the clutch is done away with, changes of speed are made smoothly with imperceptible variations, a brake acting through the motor is the most powerful and certain in its action, while the possibilities of luxurious fittings in the way of electric lights, heaters, etc., are almost illimitable. It is not stated whether this machine is to use storage batteries in connection with the dynamo, nor what device is to be used when a stop is to be made. In the case of the ordinary gasoline motor-car it suffices to pull out the clutch when a temporary stop is to be made, thus allowing the engine to run free. Probably it could be arranged to throw the surplus energy into a set of storage batteries by a method which would be regulated automatically, or it might be possible to use some arrangement like a clutch, by which the commutator brushes could be thrown in and out of contact at will. The appearance of this machine is to be but slightly different from that of a gasoline car; the main difference will be the heavy motors on the four wheels and the absence of chains.

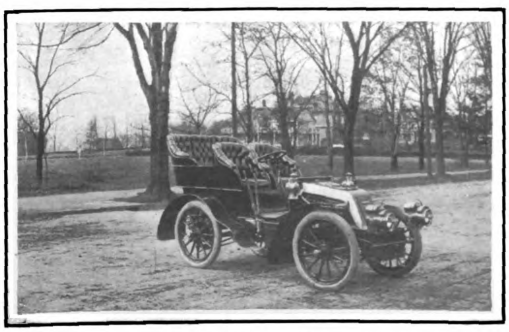
The present speed laws in relation to automobiles are likely to be changed in some measure, and in such a way as to favor the sensible driving of the machines. It seems rather unjust to regulate the speed on such open roads as those near Bronx Park by the restrictions which necessarily apply to the crowded streets in lower New York city. The Automobile Club, represented by Mr. Shattuck, and, in fact, all owners of motor-cars, have no objection to limiting the speed to eight miles an hour in places of crowded traffic, but effort is being made to change the law so as to allow a speed of fifteen miles an hour in all parts of the State where houses are more than 100 feet apart. This clause will make the regulations broad enough to allow a reasonable speed in unfrequented parts of the State, and yet will plainly indicate the eight-mile-an-hour limits irrespective of the growth of the city. It is also proposed that Lafayette Boulevard, and St. Nicholas Avenue, in the Borough of Manhattan, be under the fifteen-mile limit clause. This law, however, will not apply to incorporated villages and towns which have their own regulations.



Percy Owen in the Winton "Pup"



Alexander Winton doing mile in 1 min. 2 2-5 sec.



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FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

New-York Life Insurance Co.

JOHN A. McCALL, President

346 & 348 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

JANUARY 1, 1903

ASSETS.

(Company does not invest in or loan upon stocks of any kind.)

United States, State, City, County, and other Bonds (cost value, $218,423,051), market value, December 31, 1902	$225,039,295
Bonds and Mortgages (505 first liens)	26,125,318
Deposits in Trust Companies and Banks, at interest	22,622,058
Loans to Policy-holders on their Policies as security (legal value thereof, $35,000,000)	22,093,674
Real Estate (26 pieces, including 12 office buildings, valued at $10,990,000)	12,880,000
Loans on Bonds (market value, $5,949,420)	4,104,000
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities	3,147,027
Premium Notes on Policies in force (Legal Reserve to secure same, $4,300,000)	2,664,476
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities	2,294,277
Interest and Rents accrued	1,870,775
Total Assets (per Certificate of New York Ins. Dept.)	$322,840,900

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve per certificate of New York Insurance Department (see below), December 31, 1902		$268,344,420
All other Liabilities: Policy Claims, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentment for payment		4,462,361
Additional Reserve on Policies which the Company values on a 3% or a 3½% basis, over the 4% valuation by the Insurance Department		$5,397,325
Reserve to provide dividends payable to policy-holders during 1903, and in subsequent years, per policy contracts—		
To holders of 20-Year Period Policies and longer	23,877,326	
To holders of 15-Year Period Policies	8,270,742	
To holders of 10-Year Period Policies	588,663	
To holders of 5-Year Period Policies	587,401	
To holders of Annual Dividend Policies	800,947	
Reserves to provide for all other contingencies	10,511,715	
Total		50,034,119
Total Liabilities (per Certificate of New York Ins. Dept.)		$322,840,900

INCOME, 1902.

New Premiums (Annuities, $1,712,429)	$15,588,022
Renewal Premiums	49,461,923
Interest, etc. (Trust Fund, $463,831)	14,058,456
Total Income	$79,108,401

DISBURSEMENTS, 1902.

Death-Claims paid		$15,932,507
Endowments paid		4,045,102
Annuities, Dividends, Surrender Values, etc.		10,618,229
Total paid policy-holders	$30,595,838	
Commissions, Brokerages, and all other payments to Agents		8,369,787
Home Office and Branch Office Salaries and Physicians' Fees		4,829,896
Taxes, Advertising, and all other expenses		3,130,070
Total Disbursements		$46,925,591

INSURANCE ACCOUNT.

	Number.	Amount.
Paid-for Insurances in Force, December 31, 1901	599,818	$1,365,369,299
New Paid-for Insurances, 1902	155,440	302,798,229
Old Insurances Revived, etc.	1,444	2,897,000
Totals	756,702	$1,671,064,528
Total Terminated in 1902	52,135	117,436,502
Paid-for Insurances in Force, Dec. 31, 1902	704,567	$1,553,628,026
Gain in 1902	104,749	$188,258,727

CERTIFICATE OF SUPERINTENDENT

OF STATE OF NEW YORK

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT

Albany, January 3, 1903.

I, FRANCIS HENDRICKS, Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York, do hereby certify that the NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of the City of New York, in the State of New York, a Mutual Life Insurance Company, having no capital stock, is duly authorized to transact the business of Life Insurance in this State.

I FURTHER CERTIFY that, in accordance with the provisions of Section eighty-four of the insurance law of the State of New York, I have caused the Policy obligations of the said Company, outstanding and paid for on the 31st day of December, 1902, to be valued on the following basis: Policies known as the Company's three per cent. Policies, and all Policies issued since December 31, 1900, being valued as per the American Experience Table of Mortality with three per cent. interest, and all other Policies being valued as per the Combined Experience Table of Mortality with four per cent. interest; and I hereby certify the result to be as follows:

Net Reserve Value of Policies	$250,008,234.00	
" " " " Additions	3,332,529.00	
" " " " Annuities	15,248,311.00	
Total		$268,589,074.00
Less Net Reserve Value of Policies re-insured		244,654.00
Total Net Reserve Values		$268,344,420.00

I FURTHER CERTIFY, from the sworn Report of the Company on file in this Department, that the Admitted Assets are $322,840,900.03

Reserve Values of Policies as calculated by this Department		$268,344,420.00
General Liabilities		4,462,361.17
Additional Reserve on Policies which the Company values on a higher basis than that used by the Department, as above stated	$5,397,325.00	
Reserve to provide dividends payable to policy-holders in 1903 and in subsequent years	34,125,078.86	
Reserves to provide for all other contingencies	10,511,715.00	
Total Additional Reserves		50,034,118.86
Total		$322,840,900.03

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused my official seal to be affixed at the City of Albany, the day and year first above written.

FRANCIS HENDRICKS, Superintendent of Insurance.

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(Continued from page 113.)

watchful eye of a physician constantly over them, and oftentimes the doctor is a sadly busy man. Too sudden a change from one pressure to the other brings the "bends," and great care is needed in such cases to prevent fatality.

Whether trunk lines or trollies use this long tube under the river is a matter of minor importance. More tunnels will inevitably come soon, anyway. The main interest lies in the bigness of the undertaking—a thing which always appeals to an American, the saving of time and greater convenience in getting to the towns over the river, the new development which must inevitably follow in the neighboring State, and some lively changes in values in old Greenwich and Chelsea villages. The New York and New Jersey tunnel marks a long step forward.

The New Congressional Office Building

See page 110

PERSONS at all familiar with the domestic affairs of the United States Capitol at Washington have long appreciated that the members of the House of Representatives have been forced to content themselves with sorely inadequate accommodations in the matter of rooms. At the present time every available room in the House portion of the great structure is utilized by a committee, and members who are not chairmen of committees, but who must have some place to attend to their correspondence and other Congressional duties, are forced to either rent an office or take advantage of the courtesy of the chairman of some committee who has a small amount of surplus table space at his disposal. The latter plan is, as may be imagined, far from satisfactory, owing to the fact that a public committee-room is scarcely an agreeable place to conduct private business, while the alternative of renting an office presents a serious objection aside from the expense, in that few offices are procurable in Washington within any reasonable distance of the Capitol.

How serious the situation really is may be appreciated when it is explained that out of a membership of three hundred and sixty-one in the House of Representatives only fifty-two of the legislators are, by virtue of being chairmen of committees, provided with offices, and even these rooms must be shared for committee-work, or, as has been explained, with committee colleagues. Naturally, the situation will be made proportionately more serious with the increased membership of the next Congress, due to the reapportionment based on the new census.

A project for the erection of an office building to serve as an annex to the Capitol has long been under consideration in Congressional circles, and lately the Superintendent of the Capitol Building and Grounds, acting under authorization from Congress, has had plans prepared for such a structure. This action has been taken at a juncture when the need for such an edifice has been shown to be imperative for twofold reasons. A problem long recognized as second only in importance to that of providing additional office room is found in the necessity of providing for the rapidly increasing heating, lighting, and power-plant of the great white-domed building, and now that a vast addition to the main building has been determined upon by means of the extension of the east front, it is evident that the present engine-rooms will not accommodate the additional machinery, and that an annex must be provided that will embrace an extensive power-plant as well as extensive office facilities.

The new office building will be connected with the Capitol by means of a subway, through which will be carried the electric lighting, power, steam, and hot-water systems for heating and illuminating the main building. The subway will connect with each section of the Capitol. It will be sufficiently comfortable for use as a public passageway, and will be provided with means of transportation for both material and persons. The importance of such a passageway between the two buildings will be especially apparent in bad weather, and it will

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render it possible at all times for members occupying rooms in the new structure to reach the hall of the House almost as promptly as they do now from the present committee-rooms.

In view of the proximity of the new structure to the Capitol, it is proposed that construction shall be carried out on classic lines in complete harmony with the Capitol building. The exterior walls of the new building will be of either marble or granite, probably the former, and the interior will be constructed largely of steel and terra-cotta, together with other fire-proof materials. The court walls will be faced with enamel brick, which has been selected as conducive to cleanliness and good lighting for the interior rooms.

Four different plans have been prepared for the new office building, each being designed with reference to the limitations of a particular site,—all the proposed sites being almost equally convenient to the Capitol. That considerable latitude is allowed by these different plans, among which Congress is to make a choice, may be appreciated from the fact that, whereas two of the plans make provision for 374 and 380 rooms, respectively, the other plans contemplate the embodiment of 536 and 560 rooms, respectively. There is, of course, considerable latitude in the estimates of cost based upon the various plans, but if one or the other of the more extensive plans is decided upon, as seems probable, the expenditure necessitated will be considerably in excess of four million dollars.

Each of the rooms on the street section of the new building will be about sixteen by twenty-five feet in size, while those in the interior section will average about seventeen by eighteen feet in size. Every room will have a window opening outward, and therefore will be well lighted. Even the rooms facing the courts will suffer little in this respect, inasmuch as the courts will be large and will admit much light. Every room and corridor will be heated and ventilated by a forced supply of fresh air, at a constant temperature (during the cold months), and by the use of supplemental radiators, enabling the occupant to control the temperature above that supplied by the fresh air. Each room will be supplied with a lavatory with hot and cold water, and the rooms will be arranged with communicating doors, so that, if desired, suites may be arranged. The wood-work will be limited to the doors and sash, all the floors being of concrete, tile, or marble. That the building shall be most brilliantly illuminated, provision has been made for supplying ten thousand electric lights in the office building alone.

A full equipment of freight and passenger elevators will afford speedy communication between the three floors and the basement of the building, and a restaurant and kitchen will be located on the third floor. It is anticipated that the new heating, lighting, and power plant which will be installed to supply the new building as well as the Capitol will entail an expenditure of $375,000 in addition to the cost of the new building, and the subway which will extend from the office building to the several terminals in the Capitol building will cost at least $118,000 more.

The world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours:
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon:
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not — Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn:
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—*Wordsworth.*

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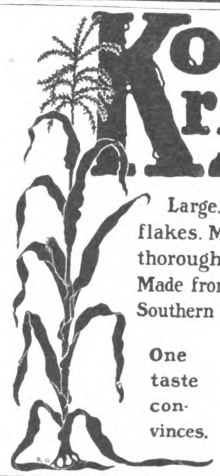


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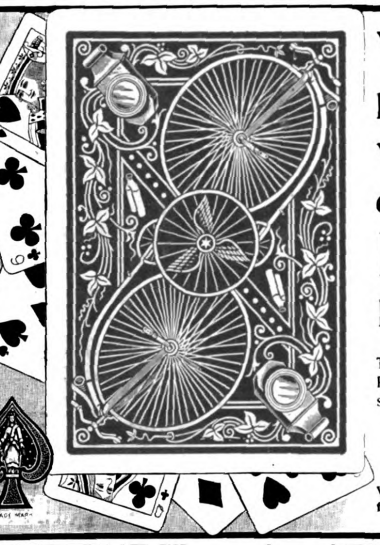
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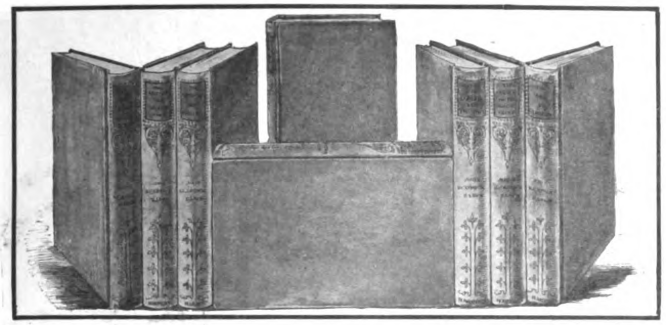
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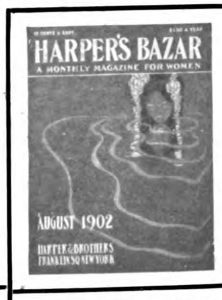
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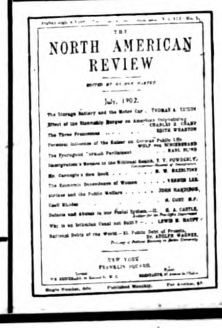
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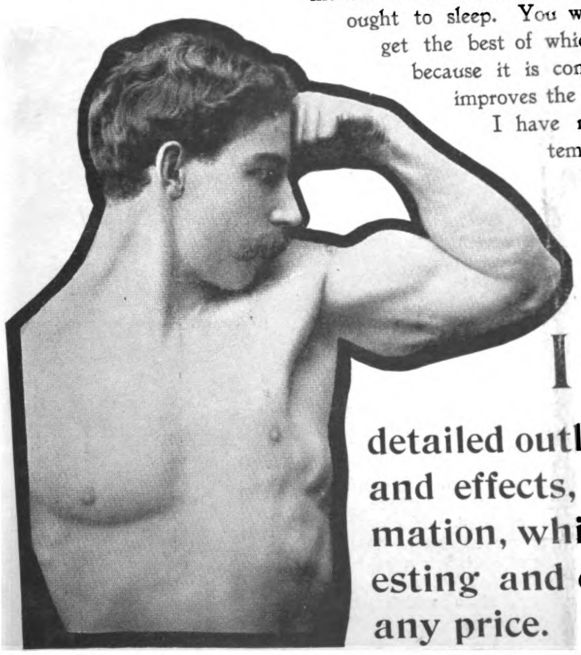
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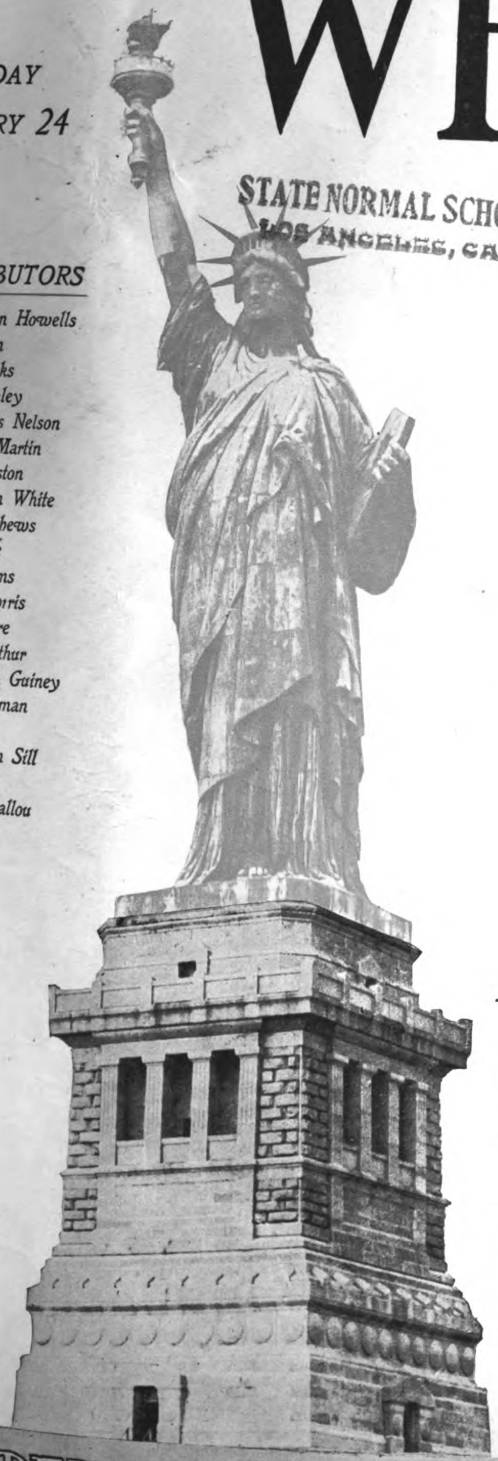
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Outlook for Currency Legislation

AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

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WILLIAM B. LEEDS

NEXT WEEK

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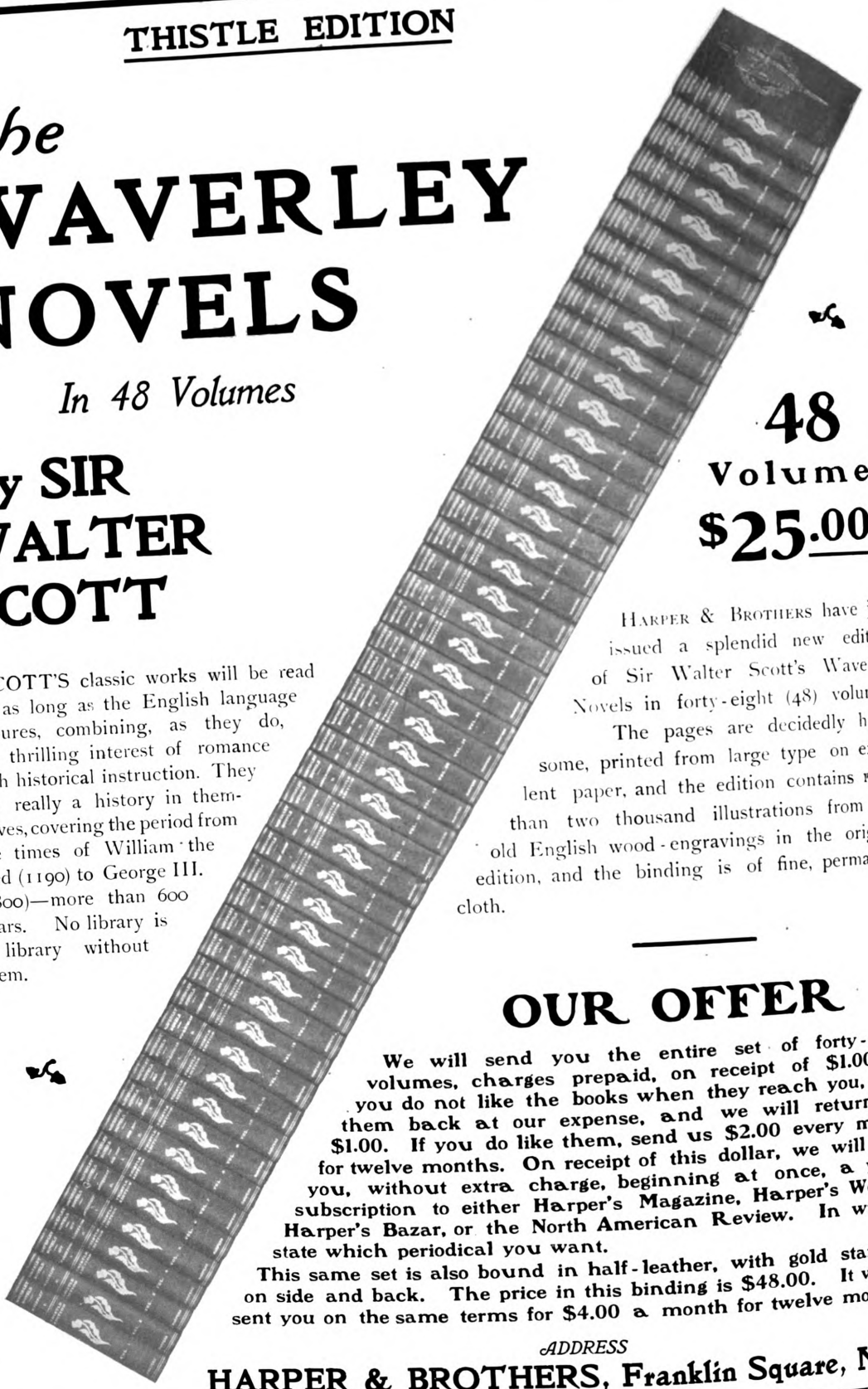
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VOL. XLVII. *New York, Saturday, January 24, 1903—Illustrated Section* NO. 2405

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXIV.—WILLIAM B. LEEDS, *AET. 41*

See page 138—Editorial Section

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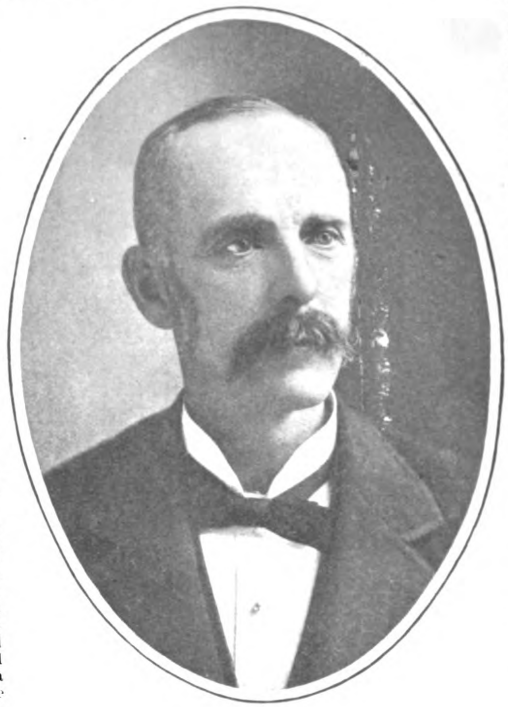
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The Outlook for Currency Legislation

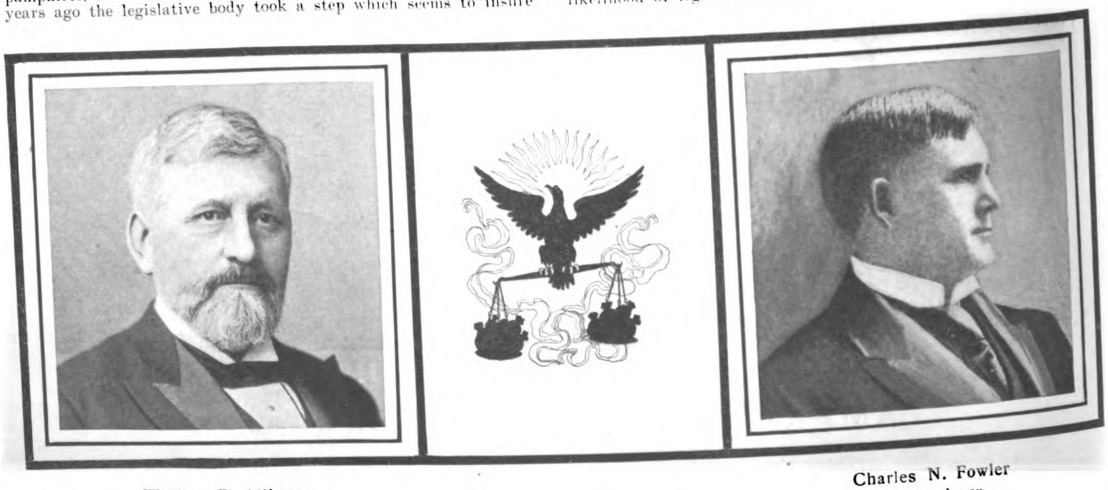
IN the process of time all questions that have long been pressing for settlement, all defects or evils that experience has discovered in our statutes, receive the attention of Congress. That busy body some day pauses in the engrossing tasks that are dearest to it, because its attention has been called to the fact that the country is clamoring for something, or that an important interest, which it will not pay to neglect, has asked for a word with the legislative mind.

The banking and commercial interests for thirty years have been asking for some attention to the currency situation. But the question is difficult, and, to most minds, it is dry, and, therefore, uninteresting. Since the panic of 1893 there has been a growing consciousness, among all sections and interests of the community, that something is wrong with our currency system. In that year, greenbacks and all other forms of gold and its representatives were hoarded, for much profit was made by shipping gold abroad, and greenbacks were held out of circulation because inevitably they drew from the Treasury the profitable metal. The national bank-note circulation broke down. It was unable to respond to the demands of business for the payment of ordinary current expenses. Cities and private citizens issued a token currency; manufacturers paid their hands in orders. The Clearing House of New York invented clearing-house certificates which were used in lieu of actual currency for the maintenance of reserves, and, by various makeshifts, the difficult times were endured, and the country emerged from the shadow into an era of prosperity. Still the evil stuck in our currency and banking systems, and at least once a year the enterprising men of the East are obliged to pay their demand-notes at the banks, in order that the latter may send out money to the West for the moving of the crops. This makes money high, and times hard in the East, especially in New York, and it has caused many an undertaking to be abandoned or to halt.



L. M. Shaw
Secretary of the Treasury

In the mean time bankers, in their conventions, writers of books, pamphlets, and of editorials have urged Congress to act. A few years ago the legislative body took a step which seems to insure the permanency of the gold standard, and which brought some relief by slightly increasing bank-note circulation. Nevertheless, this form of currency continues to lack elasticity, and, after a good deal of pushing and exhortation, interest was excited by some members of the House of Representatives, notably Mr. Fowler of New Jersey, Mr. Lovering of Massachusetts, and Mr. Overstreet of Indiana. The Fowler bill is the outcome of the agitation which was thus aroused. It is not a bill which wholly satisfies any one; even its author would probably prefer some changes, while a great many men, of the kind known as sound, are opposed to the theory of asset banking. Although the members named have for some years been eager to secure the passage of some legislation which will give us an elastic currency, and although the desire for such a reform has been growing stronger and stronger, and although its expression has become louder and louder throughout the country, the public men generally have not been deeply moved. So far, no Senator has betrayed the slightest interest in the question, so far as the public knows. The question, however, will be intelligently dealt with in the Senate, when it comes up for discussion, by Senator Allison,—who is the authority in the chamber on questions of finance,—by Senators Aldrich, Fairbanks, Hanna, and by a few others. The differences of opinion as to the proper remedy to apply to existing evils are so many and so great that a long time must elapse before agreement can be reached on any measure that is, in any degree, thorough or radical. A good many factors must be reckoned with. The Middle West, for example, is easily alarmed by any proposition to base bank currency on anything but the national debt. Then there are the enemies of all banks, who still muster a considerable number, and who prefer greenbacks to bank-notes. Then we have those who think that asset currency is not safe; and, again, those who have confidence in asset currency and in branch banks. The question is full of practical difficulties; the session is short. There is, therefore, no likelihood of legislation this year.



William B. Allison
Of Iowa

Charles N. Fowler
Of New Jersey

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THE GREAT SOCIAL EVENT OF THE SEASON AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Reception to the Diplomatic Corps at the White House

This drawing shows the scene at the first diplomatic reception given in the new east wing of the White House
Drawn by T. de Thulstrup

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THE SECRET THOUGHTS OF THEIR HEARTS





Buckingham Palace. His Britannic Majesty's boudoir, done in pink and gold. The crown on hat-rack near the door. On a gilded console, the sceptre and crystal ball, with several yellow-backed novels. His Britannic Majesty, in a cashmere dressing-gown flowered with heraldic roses, is seated in a huge arm-chair, with his feet on a fender-stool. Premier Balfour *is in attendance, outwardly balmy, but inwardly ill at ease.*

Premier Balfour. Well, really, your Majesty—ah! If your Majesty would only—ah! let me speak—ah! . . .

The King (testily). Damme, sir damme! It seems to me you do nothing else! It's too bad, sir! That's what it is! Damme, sir, I say. . . .



Castro, the former President, opens a sardine-can with a button-hook

Balfour. I can understand your Majesty's—ah—shall I say irritation—ah?

The King. Irritation? No, sir; damme, sir, no! Indignation, sir, indignation! Didn't you and Willy tell me it would be all right? "Work—ah—like a charm—ah!" those were your very words! And now look at it! Everybody is mad at me, sir! Mad, sir! and at me! My own people are mad! The American nation is mad, and Rudyard Kipling is mad! At me, sir! at me! at me! Damme, sir, I say, damme! . . . *(And the King relapses into an indignant silence.)*

Balfour (suavely). I trust your Majesty—ah! . . .

The King (snorting). Yes, sir! but how am I to trust you? And weren't you both cocksure, you and Willy? And didn't you know it all, and didn't you pooh-pooh my apprehensions? You're a nice pair, sir! Oh yes! you're a *nice* pair!

Balfour (shrugging his shoulders). Your Majesty—ah! must—ah! pardon me, but no one, not even England's Premier—ah! has the gift of prophecy, or can see ahead with infallible eye—

The King. See ahead! You, sir! Why, you couldn't see a haystack! What did I tell you would happen? What did I tell you? and before the Boer war, too? Oh, you were *so* sure about it! By heavens, sir! do you know what will happen? You will get whipped in Parliament, sir, and I shall have one of those damned fellows for Prime Minister. . . . Oh yes, you and Willy have done it! You hear me, sir? Done it! Done it! *Done it!* . . .

Balfour. Really—ah! Your Majesty—ah! . . .

The Palace, Berlin. Smoking-room, in old Teutonic oak, upholstered in artillery patterns, and adorned with portraits of the Kaiser as Adam, the Kaiser as Noah, the Kaiser as Methuselah, the Kaiser as Alexander the Great, as Homer, and so forth. His Imperial Majesty, in the undress uniform of a field-marshal, pacing up and down, twisting his mustache.

Kaiser Wilhelm. Well, Herr Graf, we are getting on, eh! The great dream realizes itself! The great drama unfolds! . . .

Von Bülow. Ja, Majestät!

Kaiser. Yes, Herr Graf! Yes! We are making history! We are forming events! We are mastering circumstance! We are outmanœuvring Fate! What a privilege you must feel it, to play a part, however small, in all this! to work with the master-mind!

Von Bülow. Ja, Majestät!

The Kaiser. I see before me *(halting in front of the picture of Adam)* my genius foreshadowed in the first man! Here *(pointing to Methuselah)* is a type of my endurance! And here *(twisting his mustache towards Noah)* is a type of my power to ride on the wave of circumstance! Yes, Herr Graf! Yes! It is all very wonderful, very wonderful and beautiful. . . .

Von Bülow. Ja, Majestät!

Kaiser. With what consummate skill I hoodwinked the Russian! And how adroitly, how perfectly adroitly, I wound the Sultan round my finger! And what a lesson it was for all time to see me fascinate the Persian Shah! Was it not delicious—ach, delicious—to see me entangling Chamberlain in my schemes *(chuckles sardonically)*, so clever, so alert himself! Was it not delicious?

Von Bulow. Ja, Majestät!

The Kaiser. And my poor old uncle! and now these Americans! Why, they think they have outgeneralled me!—me! *me!* Outgeneralled *me!* Colossal, is it not, Herr Graf?

Von Bülow. Ja, Majestät!

The Kaiser. Ah yes! let them laugh! let them laugh! *let them!* But he laughs well who latest laughs! . . . That is verse, Herr Graf,—did you notice? . . .

Von Bülow. Ja, Majestät!

The Kaiser. Well, dear boy, leave me now! I feel the divine afflatus coming. . . .

Von Bülow (aside). The deuce you do! [*Exit.*

Among the hills, south of Caracas. President Cipriano Castro *and* Signora Castro. *The President is trying to open a sardine-can with a button-hook, while the Signora mops her eyes with a yellow bandanna handkerchief.*

Cipriano (looking under his eyebrows at the Signora). Oh, come, Maria! What *is* the use of making a fuss about it? We'll lose our job, that's all! Many a good man has done so before. . . .

Signora Castro. Good man! *(sobs). Good* man! And so you call yourself a *good* man! *(sobs again).*

Cipriano. Oh, well, not exactly a saint, you know, but, among men of the world—oh, hang it, Maria, do stop snivelling! it's bad enough without your rubbing it in! Shut up, woman! Confound it all! shut up!



The Kaiser. "I feel the divine afflatus coming." Von Bulow (aside). "The deuce you do!"

Signora (still sobbing violently). No, I won't shut up! I won't! I won't! No, sir, your lawful wife will not shut up! I have suffered everything at your hands, but I will not suffer that! You may strike me, but you must listen! Yes! yes! yes! Kill me, if you want to, kill me, kill me! You would like to, wouldn't you! Why don't you kill me?

Cipriano (aside). Quite an idea! *(Looks at her meditatively, and in doing so jabs his thumb with the button-hook, bounces to his feet, yelling.)* Car-r-r-amba!

Signora (screams). Oh! oh! oh! he's going to kill me! *(Has a prolonged fit of hysterics.)*

Cipriano (trying another tack). Well-ums did-ums then! Poor little thing, then! *(Strokes her head. She gradually quiets down, and he sits beside her, putting his arm around her waist.)* What is it, then! I don't wonder she is tired and done up! It has been a hard time, all these days, with those nasty insurgents pesking at me, and the beastly foreigners cavorting along the coast! Bah! how I hate foreigners! *(The Signora begins to weep again.)* Oh, hang it all, Maria, turn off the water-works! What in the land is the matter now?

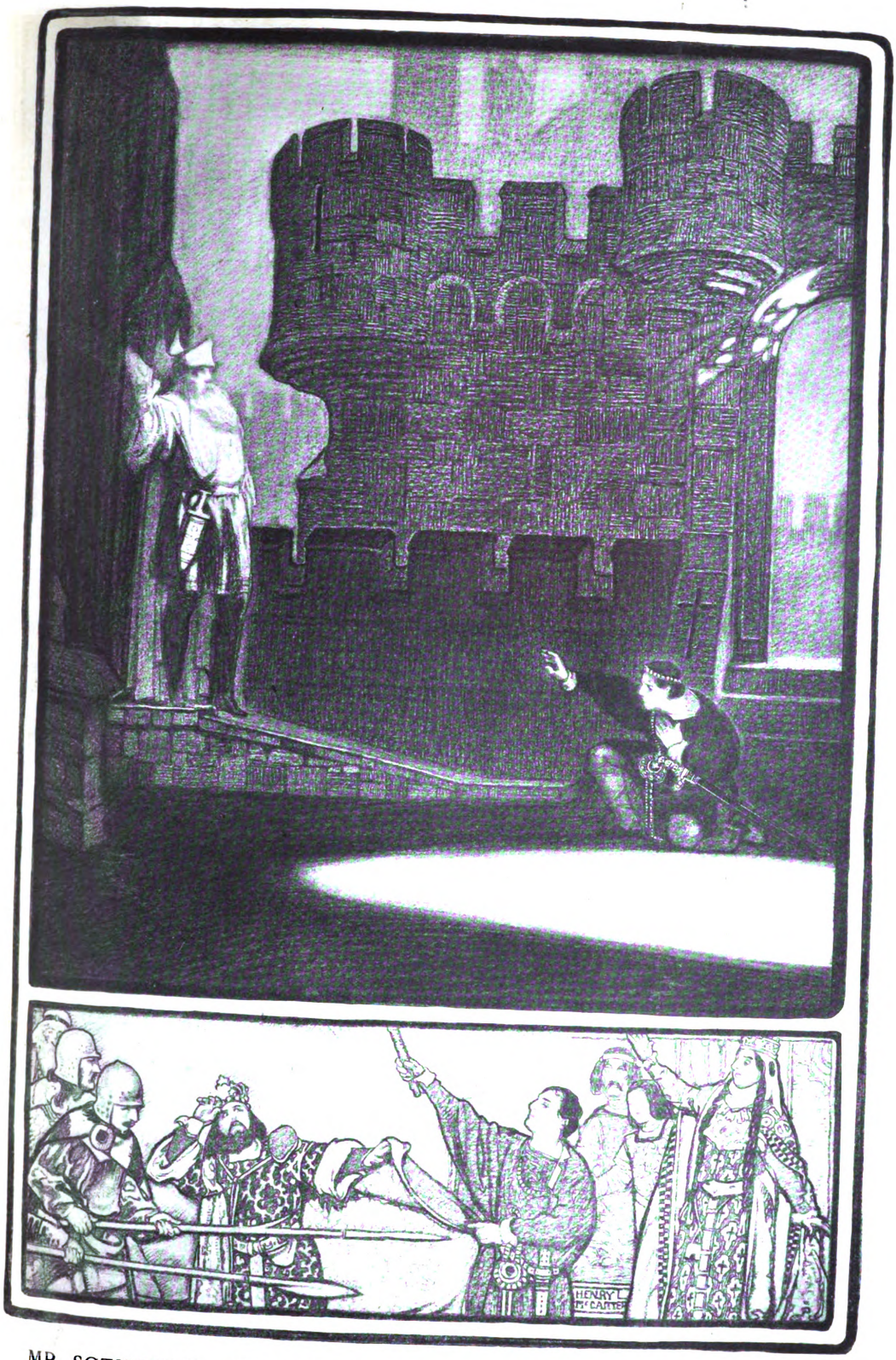
Signora (sobbing softly). Oh, Cip! It's the ingratitude! the base ingratitude, of our country, dearest Cip! To have a great man like you, and to—oh! oh!

Cipriano (consolingly). Well, I'm blowed! You're a good faithful sort, anyway—a sort of consolation in distress! Why *(hugs her again)*, do you know *(aside)*—shall I tell her? Yes! *(Aloud.)* Do you know. . . . If we can get away, I've got quite a nice little pile hid in a safe corner. . . . If we can only get away! . . .



The King (to Balfour) "Oh yes, you and Willy have done it! You hear me, sir? Done it! Done it! Done it!"

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MR. SOTHERN'S PRESENTATION OF "HAMLET" IN NEW YORK AT THE GARDEN THEATRE

In this drawing Mr. Henry McCarter represents the two most graphic and effective scenes in Mr. Sothern's production—the ghost scene, where Hamlet learns the perfidy of his step-father, and his subsequent denunciation of the King

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The Culture of Unknown American Tribes



Totem-pole in the village of a Kwakiutl tribe at River Inlet, north of Vancouver

SIX separate expeditions of discovery to unknown northern countries have recently been undertaken through the generosity of Mr. Morris K. Jesup, president of the New York Chamber of Commerce. The expense has been in the neighborhood of $50,000, and the results, now valued at twenty times that sum, have been presented to the American Museum of Natural History.

The expeditions which explored the American side of the North Pacific Ocean, under Professor Franz Boas, Curator of Ethnology of the American Museum of Natural History, and Harlan I. Smith, Assistant Curator of Archæology, found forms of culture of special interest. Indians the world over, Chunchos of South America, Chukchees of Siberia, Eskimos of the farthest north, Aztecs or Moyas of Mexico, and the various tribes of North America, are in their religious beliefs Shamanists. It is only in their forms of worship that they differ. Whether sun or fire worshippers, their belief in spirits still holds. Those American tribes who believed in the Great Spirit were not so far from the universal brotherhood of man which expresses its similar belief in forms of Christianity, Mohammedanism, or Confucianism. The Shaman priests, wherever found on either side of the Pacific, wear robes distinctive of their rank. Such robes are often highly decorated with symbolical figures, but they are seldom found except among the natives of the far north of America or of Siberia. The Shamanists do not pray to their spirits like the Christians. They portray their prayers on birch bark, paddles, or otherwise, and hang them up in the tent where the spirits may see them. This Shaman prayer never takes the form of thanks for benefits received, but of requests for benefits desired. The spirits speak to the Shaman worshippers and give them guidance in visions and dreams.

While tree burial has been long known to scientists, the explorers found examples of it among the Kwakiutl tribes around Fort Rupert on Vancouver Island that are unusual. Instead of placing the bodies of their dead on low boughs just above the reach of animals, these tribes buried them a hundred feet high in the biggest spruces. Other methods, too, of disposing of the dead were found which are remarkable when one remembers the nearness of the tribes to each other in boundaries and in commerce. Like the burial-places of the Druids were the massive rock cairns of Vancouver Island people. Some tribes placed their dead at the bases of mountains, where slides rolled down over them. Some built mounds surrounded by stones, like the mound-builders. Some threw their dead in heaps on the plains. Some Eskimos were found who placed their dead on the shores of the Arctic Sea, to be buried under the ice. It was found that most of the Siberian tribes took their dead to the tundras and burned them.



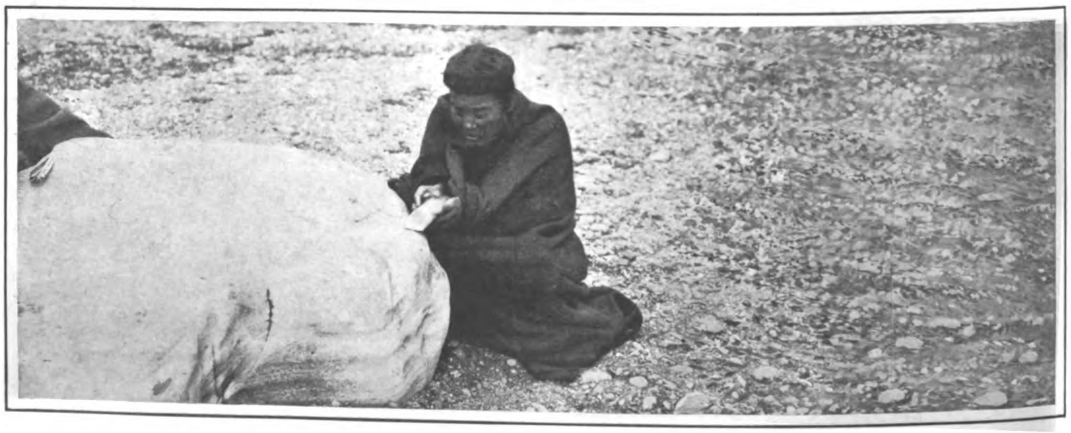
Human faces in tribal architecture. Here used as carved house-post by Bella-Bella tribe, north of Vancouver

With regard to the way the ancient Indians made their chert arrow points, knives, axes, spear-points, and other implements, the explorers cleared up a little-known subject by finding a Kwakiutl old man actually sharpening his celt on a rock, precisely as did his prehistoric ancestors. Special forms of stone can be used for implements, and they can be sharpened on certain kinds of rock.

Totem-poles and wood carved figures were known before, but not in the gigantic forms discovered on Vancouver Island and on the coast north of it. Some of these wood-carvings in the American Museum stand on the basement floor, and tower up through four or five stories of the building. The totem-pole is usually the emblem of the great deeds of some Indian chief or family. Of the Indian wood-carving found up to this time, animals for the most part have been the subjects. The exact meaning of the huge carved men found by this expedition, and of the totem-tree covered with human heads, has not yet been made clear. It is supposed that the carved human figures which were found represent the crude humorous genius of early tribes. The discoveries of this expedition fill an entire wing of the American Museum, and make a collection that is not surpassed by any in the world.



Two Shaman Priests of the Kwakiutl Tribe



A Kwakiutl Indian sharpening Stone Celt on Rock to make Arrow-heads

This clears up a little-known process of the way prehistoric tribes made their weapons

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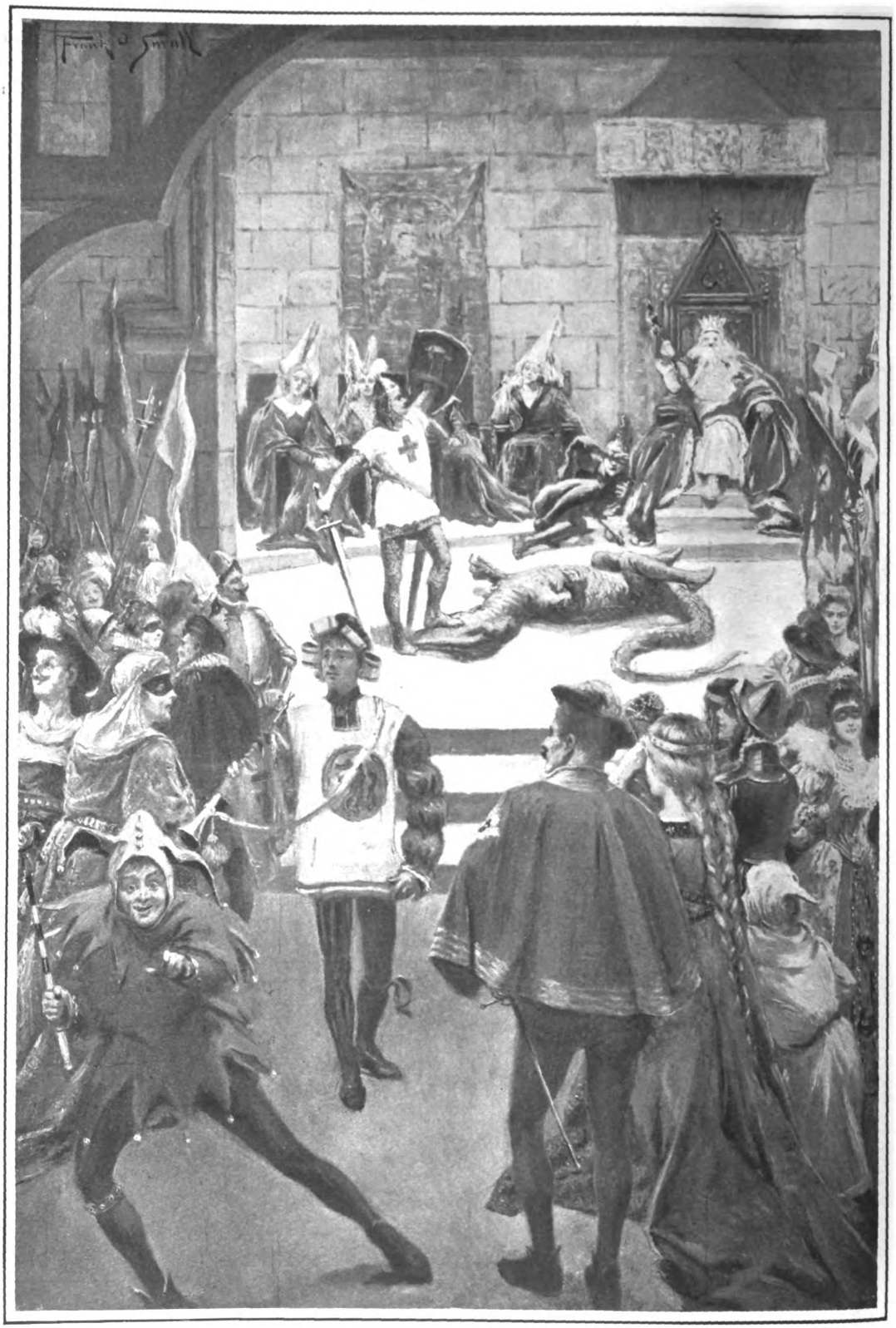
Count Cassini Baron Hengelmuller Baroness Hengelmuller

THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR'S FIRST ENTERTAINMENT

Sir Michael and Lady Herbert gave their first afternoon reception recently in Washington to all the official and diplomatic personages in the capital. The English embassy, which has just been redecorated, was filled with the leaders of Washington society

Drawn by E. M. Ashe

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Drawn by Frank O. Small

THE ARTISTS' FESTIVAL

The artists' festival, given this week in Boston, is one of the most interesting functions in the art world of America. It is given once in three years, and each year a different costume period is chosen. This year the scene is a "Twelfth Night Revel," and the picture here represents a fanciful tableau of St. George and the Dragon

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A TWENTIETH-CENTURY CREATION

The new Belmont Hotel, now building at Forty-second Street and Fourth Avenue, New York, is distinctly one of the new-century wonders. It not only has twenty-two stories aboveground, but there are five stories underground, as well as underground connections with the new subway and the Grand Central road. One can go from this hotel to San Francisco without leaving the cover of a roof. Interesting new appliances in hotels are told about on page 156

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MISS ELIZABETH TYREE

Miss Tyree is now making her first appearance as a star at the Madison Square Theatre, New York, in the new play, "Gretna Green," by Grace Livingston Furniss. Miss Tyree has already scored successes at the Lyceum, Daly's, and the Empire theatres

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending January 24, 1903

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COMMENT

ALL is quiet along the Orinoco. At least, at the moment of writing. At the moment of reading, it may be quite another story. We may have two or three more revolutions, an invasion or two, several dozen ultimatums, and a score or more of international complications while these pages are passing through the press. Venezuelans are an essentially speculative stock. The cause of the present lull is a slump in insurrections, accompanied by a rumored disagreement among the great powers, especially France and Italy, as to which is to be paid first. We regret now that our own claims against Venezuela have not been sent in,—our personal claims, we mean. We believe we would stand about as good a chance of collecting as any of the rest of the high contracting parties. Indeed, there seems something ludicrous to us in thus dividing the skin of the bear and fighting over the choice of pieces for fur collars while the bear is still growling among the mountains; or, to drop the language of poetry, it is rather silly of the powers to fight about who will be paid first, when it is very likely that none of them will get paid at all. That President Castro could not even pay for cigarettes for the powers is pretty evident, for he cannot feed, much less pay, his army of triumphant cowboys and Amazons. We learn that the merchants of the capital are supplying the troops with dinner, until something turns up. But nothing seems at all likely to turn up, unless it be the mustachios of the head of the Hohenzollerns, and that is not likely to help President Castro. Nor are the Andine cowboys and Amazons the only supperless folk in Caracas. There are others, as we learn from Minister Bowen, who, having stood it as long as he could, has wisely decided to come home. He tells us that he has been feeding a hundred Venezuelans daily at the American Legation, but does not say what is to become of them after his departure. Meanwhile the fleets of the allies continue to prowl up and down the coast with dauntless bravery, daring any rash Venezuelan to tread on the tail of their coats. This bristling ferocity has its funny side, though we can well believe that it is invisible to the hundred inhabitants of Venezuela whose dinners have so painfully vanished into the void.

News from China continues uniformly bad. We recently chronicled the alleged advance of the fighting general Tung Fu-Siang towards the capital, and pointed out how formidable a danger to the throne this advance must prove. We now learn of another Mohammedan rising in Chang-chia-cuana, a strategic point of great importance, where the Chinese emperors until lately kept a strong force of troops. We are also told that Kan Hofu, who is leader of the insurrection in Shing-kiang, has a force of not less than a hundred thousand men at his disposition, and holds all the important points in the neighborhood of Monkdei. He has proclaimed himself king, but what limits he sets to his territory we do not yet know. Meanwhile the rebellion in Kwang-si grows, and at least half of that province is now in the hands of the rebels. General Ma has fallen, and the capital of the state is in the hands of the insurgents. General Ma, it will be remembered, won fame during the Boxer rising by quelling the rebellion at Jehol. From Shanghai it is reported that the rebels in the neighborhood are concentrated at Shichen, Nanning, and Taiping,—a name of ill omen; on the left bank of the river at Nanning there are said to be four large bodies of rebels, in all numbering twelve thousand men. Before the close of the year the imperial forces under General Tong were defeated with heavy loss by the rebels in the Lochen-yuen district, the imperial troops being completely scattered. The rebels have erected forts at different points along the river between Kui-yuan and Nanning, and are plundering the trading junks that pass up and down the river. An insurrection has also broken out in the Shan-tung province, at a place called Choo-cou, as a result of the prevailing famine conditions. Altogether, a more gloomy outlook it would be impossible to imagine. The question of silver against gold for the payment of China's indemnities to the powers adds to the evils which are hanging over the Peking court. China asserts that she promised to pay in silver. The powers demand payment in gold. China points out that silver has greatly depreciated since the protocol was signed, so that, if she accedes to the claim of the powers, she must pay a fifth more than she bargained for. The powers are obdurate. There is some talk of referring the matter to The Hague court, but the matter is a perpetual threat to the integrity of China, a continual menace of new danger in the Far East.

Shrewd folk the people of Chile and Argentina. Observing that the Kaiser, Uncle Edward, and Company are on the prowl in South-American waters, that the fashion of sinking the alleged battle-ships of diminutive powers is growing on the Germans, and that the said Germans, considerably nettled at the delay in annexing Venezuela, are spoiling for a fight with some one else,—these shrewd folk, we say, have decided to sell off their fleets before the rush comes. If we owned a small and inoffensive fleet, and saw the Kaiser looming big on our horizon, we should do exactly the same thing. And they have put considerable style into the manner of doing it, too. Señor Drago, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the republic of Argentina, and Señor Concha Suber Casseaux, the Chilean minister, have not merely hatched a scheme: they have signed a protocol. We always feel envious when other people sign protocols. We feel sure the sensation must be fine. And there is some humor in the wording of the said protocol, too. The distinguished sub-

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scribers agree to "limit the naval armaments of the two countries," before the Kaiser gets a chance to limit them for good and all. They are to sell off the ships they now have under construction in Europe, and—the funniest point of the whole thing—if they are not successful, "the ships are to remain under the control of the King of England." If Uncle Edward has them in his keeping, Nephew William will have to leave them severely alone. At least, unless he decides to go to war with Uncle Edward, which would certainly stir things up.

Meanwhile, Argentina's neighbor, Uruguay, has been getting into trouble with Italy, which, considering that Italy is an ally of Nephew William's, seems to us a singularly rash thing to do. Indeed, Uruguay probably realizes that by this time, for three Italian cruisers are already under full steam, headed for the river Plate. The trouble arose thus: An Italian bark had a cargo of hides to carry for some Germans. The captain got interested in a game of old-maid and forgot to sail. The authorities came down on him. He spread the Italian flag on his decks and dared them to come on. This is the naval equivalent for treading on the tails of his coat. The authorities came on. They were careful not to walk on the flag, but they jugged the captain, just the same. Hence, as we recorded, three battle-ships are under way for the river Plate. If Uruguay owns anything in the nature of a battle-ship, cruiser, gunboat, destroyer, torpedo-boat, or even a rowboat with a punt-gun, we advise her to follow the wise example of her neighbors and sell it without delay. We wish to draw the attention of Mr. Moody to the fact that something in his line may be picked up very reasonably just now down near Cape Horn.

It is believed by well-informed persons in Washington that Dr. von Holleben, the German ambassador to the United States, has been recalled. Just how he has incurred the displeasure of the Emperor William II., or of Chancellor von Bülow, is unknown. It is absurd to suppose that he gave offence by the note in which he drew attention to the fact that Lord Pauncefote supported the Austrian minister in an attempt to bring about a joint protest of the representatives of the European powers against our war with Spain. Dr. von Holleben's note regarding that incident was published by the Berlin Foreign Office, and corroborated with additional evidence. It would also be unreasonable to blame Dr. von Holleben for President Roosevelt's ultimate refusal to act as arbitrator in the Venezuela dispute. When Dr. von Holleben suggested that Mr. Roosevelt should be invited to act in that capacity, he had good ground for assuming that the invitation would be accepted. There can be, indeed, no doubt in the mind of any careful observer that his country's interests have been more effectively served by Dr. von Holleben than by any other German minister since the formation of the German Empire in 1871. We deem it probable that his recall is the outcome of an old quarrel between him and Baron Speck von Sternberg, who was formerly First Secretary of the German embassy in Washington, and who, in 1900, was sent as German commissioner to Samoa. Baron Speck's agreement to refer Germany's bombardment claims against the United States to the arbitration of King Oscar of Sweden was viewed with disapproval by Dr. von Holleben, because an adverse decision was expected. It is thought to have been due to the ambassador's influence that Baron Speck was transferred to a place of lower rank in the diplomatic service, namely, the post of consul-general at Calcutta. As it turned out, however, that King Oscar rendered a decision sustaining Germany's claims, Baron Speck was restored to Emperor William's favor, and seems to have convinced his imperial master that he (Speck) had been treated harshly by Dr. von Holleben. One effect of Dr. von Holleben's recall and the substitution of a new ambassador will be that Germany's representative will forfeit the coveted position of dean of the diplomatic corps, a post that is held by the ambassador who has been longest in residence.

There seems to be some ground for the belief that in the Fifty-eighth Congress Mr. Richardson of Tennessee will not figure as the leader of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives. We have no desire to speak harshly of Mr. Richardson, neither do we expect impossibilities from any minority leader. It is nevertheless true that the Democrats have never played so insignificant a part in the popular branch of the Federal legislature as they have played under the leadership of the Tennessean. It is also certain that they must wake up and do something to challenge the respect and confidence of the country if they are to further the success of their candidate for the Presidency in 1904. It now seems probable that Representative John Sharpe Williams, of Mississippi, will be Mr. Richardson's successor in the leadership of the Democratic minority in the House. That the leader should be chosen from the representatives of Southern States is but equitable, since those States contribute 123 of the 178 members of the Lower House elected in 1902. Events are causing the Gulf States to regain the ascendency which they possessed in Democratic councils before the civil war, and they should make ready to assume the responsibility that goes with power.

Some Republican newspapers seem to have entered into a conspiracy of silence for the purpose of hiding from thoughtful persons the ominous significance of the returns exhibiting the growth of Socialism during the last two years. It is no sincere or far-sighted upholder of individualism who acts upon the theory that anything is to be gained by a suppression of unwelcome facts. If, on the face of official statistics, there is spread proof of the fact that Socialism is likely two years hence to become as formidable a political power in this country as Populism was ten years ago, the sooner the fact is recognized the better. Eternal vigilance is the price of economical salvation. Individualists cannot conjure the spectre of Socialism by shutting their eyes and pretending that they see no signs of it. The startling truth is that, while Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate for President in 1900, received but 86,000 votes, over 400,000 votes were polled for Socialist candidates for Congress at the recent general election. If the voting strength of Socialists should increase at the same rate during the next two years—that is to say, at the rate of 500 per cent.—they would be able to cast almost two million votes in November, 1904. In other words, they would be twice as strong as the Populists were in 1892, might carry a few States, and would hold the balance of power in others. What is much more serious, they might tempt one of the great political parties in 1908 to a species of fusion such as Mr. Bryan brought about between the Democratic and Populist parties in 1896. It is not by blinking and pretending to ignore it that the best means of coping with so grave a danger can be devised.

There is a curious report that the great and influential State of Texas intends, even at this early day, to commit itself to the selection of Chief-Judge Parker as the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency in 1904. Evidently the Texas Democrats assume that Judge Parker could carry the State of New York next year. The grounds for the assumption are hypothetical. Unquestionably, Mr. Parker was elected to his present office in 1897, the year after McKinley carried New York by an immense majority, and the year before Mr. Roosevelt carried it by less than 18,000 plurality. But, if the returns for 1897 be closely examined, it will be found that very many thousands of electors in New York city, who voted for Mr. Low for Mayor, omitted to support the Republican candidate for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals; or, in other words, threw away their votes, so far as that office was concerned. Chief-Judge Parker has never carried the State of New York in a sharply contested election turning on his candidacy. Much less is there any reason to assume that a man so little known outside of a small circle of lawyers and litigants could carry Connecticut and New Jersey, even if he could manage to obtain a small plurality in the State of New York. We repeat what we have formerly said, that if the Democracy are to win in 1904, they must have a candidate who there is good reason to believe will carry not only New York, but Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, and at least one other Northern State. There is really no basis for the supposition that such wide-reaching success could be achieved either by Judge Parker or by Mr. Olney. The latter would inevitably fail to carry his native State. There is but one Democrat alive who swept four Northern States in 1884 and more than five Northern States in 1892. We do not need to name the only Democrat who has occupied the White House since the civil war. If our friends

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in Texas will take our advice, they will wait until the spring of 1904 before putting forward a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Before that date the whole political situation may have been changed, and new men may have come to the front.

A great deal of fun used to be made of Mr. Thompson, when he became Secretary of the Navy, on the assumption that citizens of inland States could know nothing of maritime affairs. The assumption is certainly unfounded, so far as the States bordering, like Indiana, on the Great Lakes are concerned. The day is gone by when anybody could be pardoned for overlooking the enormous proportions of our interlake commerce. It is now well known that the tonnage passing through the Sault Sainte Marie Canal is far greater than the tonnage passing through the Suez waterway. There is, obviously, no reason in the nature of things why men who have served on sailing-vessels or steamships engaged in our lake commerce should not quickly adapt themselves to the conditions of navigation in the Atlantic or Pacific as employees either of our national navy or of our mercantile marine. This is one of those cases where he laughs longest who laughs last. The British press-gangs that were so active in the wars against Napoleon were quite too shrewd to confine their operations to seaport towns. The recruiting officers of our navy have long since extended their field of search from seaports to lakeports, and of late they have found excellent material in inland districts. What is wanted now is just what was wanted by the British press-gangs a hundred years ago, to wit, young, healthy, and vigorous men. It is of no importance that they may never have smelled salt water; they will get their sea-legs in good time. Lieutenant J. P. Morton, U. S. N., has just completed the most fruitful recruiting trip known in many years. He has traversed Montana, Utah, Colorado, Texas, Arizona, and New Mexico—a section of the interior never before canvassed for navy recruits — and he has enlisted no fewer than 1200 men and boys. In Texas alone Lieutenant Morton got upwards of 400 men. If we may judge by this record-breaking expedition, we should find it easy to secure in parts of the country hitherto neglected the complement of enlisted men which our large navy requires.

Again we express regret that a man like Senator Foraker, justly and widely held in high esteem, a man to whom the advocates of the war for the liberation of Cuba are under profound obligations, should lend his weight and influence to the Omnibus Statehood bill—that is to say, the bill which proposes to admit to the Union not only Oklahoma, but also New Mexico and Arizona as States. Even if New Mexico and Arizona were joined together and admitted as a single State, they would have, collectively, a population of less than 350,000, an aggregate too small when, as the censuses have shown, the process of growth is slow. The growth of Oklahoma, on the other hand, has been phenomenally rapid, and that Territory is already more populous than Arizona and New Mexico combined. The right solution of the Statehood problem is to bar out Arizona and New Mexico for an indefinite period, and to admit Oklahoma and Indian Territory as a single State, due precautions being taken to safeguard the treaty rights of the Indians. Those Democrats who advocate this method of disposing of the question argue against their party interests, for no well-informed person doubts that, whatever political combinations may be temporarily made, both Arizona and New Mexico six years hence will be represented by Democrats in the Senate. What is party interest, however, compared with the welfare of the country as a whole and the perpetuation of the Union? What is more certain to aggravate the dissatisfaction of populous and wealthy States with our existing Federal Constitution than the neutralization, not to say drowning, of their voice in the Federal Senate by the purchasable pipings and whinings of rotten boroughs?

Plain Mr. Greenlees has made a bid for fame as the John Hampden of South Africa. At the recent official dinner at Pretoria, at which his Sublime Highness Mr. Secretary Chamberlain was present, plain Mr. Greenlees was invited to make a speech, proposing the health of his Transparency Lord Milner. He made a speech. He proposed the health of his Transparency. He did more; he committed an epigram. Alluding to the fact that the Transvaal is a crown colony, he said the Pretorians wanted "less crown and more colony." That phrase is likely to become the rallying-cry of a campaign which can have only one end: the transformation of the Transvaal into a self-governing state, which will in due time become one of the Federation of South Africa, a practically independent nation, just as Canada and Australia already are. We congratulate plain Mr. Greenlees. We also congratulate the Transvaal; for it is becoming apparent that Lord Milner has had that wigging from his chief which we took some pleasure in predicting. Indeed, the reply of Lord Milner to plain Mr. Greenlees looks to us like a preparation for climbing down. In that light and airy way of his, which always reminds us of a rhinoceros dancing, Lord Milner spoke of a rapidly approaching time when he would lay aside the cares of the Transvaal, putting the burden of responsibility on the shoulders of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Arthur Lawley. As Sir Arthur Lawley has had his training in Australia, a country where "more colony and less crown" has been sedulously practised, the change is likely to work well; we suggest that Lord Milner should offer his services to the Sublime Porte, especially in the work of "pacifying" Macedonia, which will begin a few weeks hence, when the snows retreat up the rugged flanks of Mount Olympus. Lord Milner would find a congenial spirit in Abdul Hamid; but we console ourselves with the thought that they are destined to meet later on.

That gorgeous and perfectly useless celebration, the Delhi Durbar, has come to an end. And the bill has come in. It is said to be over ten million dollars, or, roughly, thirty million rupees. As Rudyard Kipling remarked on a similar occasion, the one person conspicuous by his absence was the starving ryot, who pays the bill. Let us, for a moment, look at the matter from his point of view. He is, as Kipling says, starving. Not merely at the present juncture, during the Durbar, but chronically, as a steady thing. And there are three hundred million of him, with incomes of a few cents a day, to feed a whole family. Or rather, not to feed them,—to leave them unfed. It is useless to say that, of the ten millions fooled away at Delhi, only about four millions came out of the coffers of the British Indian government, while the rest was paid by native princes. The starving ryot paid that, too. These native princes are merely ornamental drones, who do whatever they are told, and spend their money giving champagne dinners to British Indian officials, for which they get decorations and stars. Said decorations and stars also paid for by the starving ryot. There is no very marked condition of famine in any part of India at this moment, so far as we know; only several hundred millions of wretches half starved, with their women and children also half starved. But they are used to that. With their limited wants, or rather limited chances of supplying their wants, the sum squandered in glorifying the Curzons and their guests, and, in a minor degree, the new Emperor of India, would have fed the whole population of India for a day, at the rate of the last famine relief. Or, to put the thing in another way, it would have fed a million for about eight months,—quite a help in the next famine. But Lord Curzon had to be glorified, and so there it is. It is of interest to learn that, with all this, Lord Curzon has not succeeded in making himself popular. As a despatch says: Visitors accustomed to King Edward's court declare that there was more bowing and scraping in a week at Delhi than in a lifetime at Buckingham Palace. The affability and graciousness of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught afforded the pleasantest contrast to the manner of the Viceroy, who seems to have behaved like a reincarnation of the Grand Mogul. Evidently Lord Milner and Lord Curzon would trot well in double harness.

Mr. William Digby, British merchant, editor, writer, and close student these many years of Indian concerns, published a book last year whereof the conclusions indicate that, if all we are told of Lord Curzon is true, he is a man sorely needed in the land he rules. Mr. Digby considers that India is on the verge of collapse. He finds it very, very poor, and poor because its British rulers have continued for many decades to drain it of its wealth. He considers that British rule, as exemplified in India, is one of the least, if not absolutely the least, beneficent government ever known to mankind. He credits the British with important social reforms

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in India, and with building valuable irrigation-works and railroads, but he says India's railroads, worth $1,500,000,000, are owned almost wholly in Europe, and that she owes England $175,000,000 for her irrigation-works. England, he insists, has throttled her national industries, and denied to her able men of native birth the opportunity to develop their administrative abilities. Her government is very expensive. She pays more than fifty-two million dollars a year in salaries to civil officers, of which more than half goes to 8000 Europeans, while the rest is divided among 130,000 Indians and 6000 Eurasians. Famines, he declares, are far more frequent than they were a century ago, and though in the worst years enough food is grown to feed the people, they are too poor to buy it. Estimating the total wealth annually produced in British India and deducting the sum paid to officials, he finds that the unofficial population has an average income of about one pound a year. Accepting a generous estimate of Indian hoards, he finds they amount to about $4 50 per head of population, whereas the wealth of Great Britain is about $1500 for each individual. So he thinks India extremely poor, and calls upon his fellow-countrymen to do better by her. No doubt he is an enthusiast riding his hobby, but his opinions have at least enough statistical basis to be worth the consideration of persons who see in British rule in India a model for Americans to follow in the Philippines. They are adapted also to stiffen the backs of supporters of the Monroe doctrine, which seeks to secure to all American states a chance to work out their own salvation, and, finally, to secure government for the benefit of the governed, rather than for the profit of the governors.

Our newspapers have given a good deal of attention to the suggestion that the salary of the President of the United States should be made more commensurate with the dignity and importance of the office. As we formerly pointed out, the President's salary is no larger than that allotted to the Governor-General of Canada, and is only one-fifth as large as the salary received by the President of the French Republic. As everybody knows, the Constitution (Art. II., Sec. 1) provides that the President's compensation shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he may have been elected. If, therefore, the salary of our Chief Magistrate should now be increased by law, Mr. Roosevelt would not benefit by the increase during his present term; but the benefit of the new statute would accrue to him on and after March 4, 1905, provided he should be elected President in November, 1904. We have expressed the opinion that the President's salary should be at least double. Such a change would be desirable, not only in itself, but because it would raise the standard of remuneration for the occupants of many high executive and judicial offices authorized by the Federal Constitution. We send six ambassadors to foreign powers, but none of them receives more than $17,500 a year. The British ambassador to the United States receives more than double that amount, and is provided with a commodious house.

It ill accords with the spirit of our institutions that the United States should be represented at the chief European capitals mainly or exclusively by rich men; yet, as things are now, only a rich man can afford to accept an embassy. Even more egregiously underpaid are the Justices of the United States Supreme Court, who receive but ten thousand dollars apiece, except in the case of the Chief Justice, to whom an additional five hundred dollars is given. Unquestionably the honor attached to this judicial office is a superlative one; but he who faithfully discharges an exalted and momentous function is worthy, not only of honor, but of adequate remuneration. There are scores of lawyers practising at the American bar who earn four or five times as much as the sum annually allotted to a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. In England, the Lord High Chancellor receives fifty thousand dollars a year during his tenure of office, and twenty-five thousand dollars a year when he retires from office. The Lord Chief Justice receives forty thousand dollars a year. Yet the duties of our Federal justices are incomparably more important, since they can declare an Act of Congress unconstitutional, whereas no English judge can pronounce an Act of Parliament invalid. It might be well to begin by increasing the salaries of the Federal Supreme Court Justices and Circuit and District Judges, because the Constitution permits this to be done during their term of office. Such a step should be promptly followed, however, by an increase of the President's compensation, and a proportionate increase of the salaries received by the Vice-President, the members of the cabinet, and ambassadors. We do not believe that a move in this direction would encounter any strenuous opposition, and we hope to see the change made, by either the Fifty-seventh Congress during the short remnant of its life, or by the Fifty-eighth Congress, so that the enlarged salaries would be payable after March 4, 1905.

When we go into the king business we shall hire an enthusiast to shoot at our royal carriage about once in three months. Nothing booms a tottering dynasty like an attempted assassination. We should, of course, show our royal clemency in dealing with the suborned delinquent; first, because clemency is a great and kingly virtue, such as we should naturally possess; and, secondly, because the delinquent might otherwise be tempted to blow on us, which would be bad for business. We should confine him in one of our monarchical fortresses, and supply him with free smokes and libations, and such other rational amusements as might appeal to him, and ask him to the palace on off days. And our loyal subjects—we feel that this is exactly in the style of King Edward—our loyal subjects would line up along the streets and cheer us as we went past in solemn but cheerful state. This vein of reflection is, as our readers have divined, suggested by the recent desperate shooting at the King of Spain, who has lost no time in conforming to what is now a part of royal etiquette. No monarch is complete without it. We have two different sets of names applied to the would-be regicide, or chamberlainicide, as he prefers to be called, and we do not know which to choose; therefore we shall speak of him as the bloodthirsty villain.

The bloodthirsty villain seems to have been a particularly mild person, who had been promised a post as assistant bottle-washer, or something, at the palace, and went gunning for the Duke of Sotomayor, when that fine old grandee of Spain failed to make good. In a democratic country like our own we can smile at the naïvety of the bloodthirsty villain; fancy any one thinking that he was going to get an office merely because somebody in politics promised it to him. Incidentally, we are informed that the bloodthirsty villain had in his pockets unmailed letters addressed to our Mr. Roosevelt, King Edward, the Only Supreme Head of the Hohenzollerns, and, as an anti-climax, the Chief Justice of Mexico. We are told that the bloodthirsty villain explains that these persons are on his wife's visiting list; that she had given them to him to post, that he had promised faithfully so to do, put them in his pocket, and forgotten all about them. We understand that Mrs. Bloodthirsty Villain has previously threatened or even attempted to have him shut up in a lunatic asylum. We suppose he went about for a month with letters of hers to the Tsar of All the Russias, the Mikado of Japan, our Mr. Morgan, and other awesome persons. We can sympathize with her perfectly. The bloodthirsty villain seems to belong to that weary and wind-blown class whose motto is: Wherever you see a crowned head, strike it.

There is danger that, in Utah at least, Apostle Smoot is going to be loved for the enemies he has made. The President openly opposes his candidacy for the Senate, and when a President meddles in State concerns, and takes sides against a candidate for an elective office, he usually makes votes for the man he opposes. States are jealous of interference from Washington, and properly so, and though there is no politics in the President's objection to Smoot, and though most of us heartily sympathize with it, it seems more likely to help the apostle than to hurt him. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is also down on Smoot. It objects to him as a Mormon leader. It objects to all Mormons who are, were, or hope to be, polygamists. We all do. We object heartily to polygamy, and like it no better for being allied with Mormonism. We had rather that if a man is to have an assortment of wives, he shall have them in spite of his religion, than in accordance with it. They say Smoot is not a practising polygamist, but merely a high ruler of the Church that has disgraced the country as far as it could with its degraded

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habits, and which still has polygamy up its sleeve and plays it when it dares. If Utah sends him to the Senate, no reason appears as yet why he should not take his seat. To be sure, he represents Mormonism, impure and dubious, but that does not affect his right to sit in Congress if he is chosen. We have to tolerate Mormonism while it lasts, though there is nothing in the Constitution to hinder our holding our noses while we do it. Perhaps it may be for the best, in the long-run, that the Mormons should send an apostle to Washington. It calls attention to them and stimulates public disgust with their institutions. They have thriven on ignorance, obscurity, and sensuality. Attention—the irritated attention—of decent and enlightened people is the last thing that will profit them.

That was an interesting decision rendered the other day by the United States Supreme Court, and read by the new member of that tribunal, Mr. Justice O. W. Holmes. The decision upheld the law of California which declares void all contracts for the purchase or sale on margin of the shares of the capital stock of any corporation, or for the purchase or sale of shares to be delivered at any future time, and which authorizes the recovery of money paid on such contracts. In the case of Otis against Parker, the plaintiff sued to recover money paid the defendant as broker in a margined transaction, and now the United States Supreme Court says that the State law authorizing the suit is valid. It remains to be seen what effect this decision will have on stock speculation in San Francisco. It is not unreasonable to suppose that if the States of Illinois and New York were to pass similar laws, the effect on the stock exchanges and produce exchanges of Chicago and New York city would be catastrophic. Judge Holmes announced that, in the opinion of the Court, the treating of stocks of combinations as a class subject to special restrictions could not be looked upon as unjust discrimination, or as a denial of the equal protection of the laws. It was perhaps suggestive of the pressure exercised by sectional sentiment that Justices Brewer and Peckham dissented from the opinion of the majority of the Court.

By another opinion of the United States Supreme Court, read by Chief-Justice Fuller, it was decided that, so far as this tribunal is concerned, there is no presumption in favor of the survival of the male or of the younger of two persons who perish simultaneously, so far as all the evidence obtainable goes. This was the case of a mother and son who had drowned at sea in the wreck of the steamer *Elbe* in 1895. Many courts would have held, in such a case, that the son survived his mother, both because he was a male and because he was younger, and presumably, therefore, possessed a greater capacity of resisting death. This was, in fact, the decision reached by the Washington Court of Appeals, from which an appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court. According to the decision read by Chief-Justice Fuller, the presumption is, in the absence of evidence tending to show the order of dissolution, that the two persons perished simultaneously. The effect of such a decision on the testamentary distribution of estates is obvious.

A deep impression is likely to be made upon public opinion by the contrast in the conduct of the large coal companies on the one hand and of individual operators on the other, as regards the prices charged for anthracite coal. The coal companies, desirous of giving the consumers of the combustible all the relief possible under the abnormal conditions caused by the protracted strike, have faithfully carried out their promise to charge only five dollars a ton wholesale for coal, in order that the retail price of the commodity might not exceed six dollars and seventy-five cents. They have contented themselves, and will continue to content themselves, with five dollars a ton, when they might have obtained ten dollars had they chosen to profit by the operation of the iron law of supply and demand. It is not the coal "trusts," but the individual operators in whose interests the coal trusts are to be "busted," that have shown themselves determined to wring the uttermost penny out of the people's necessities. The individual operator, at the prospect of whose extinction Senator Hoar drops a sympathetic tear, is resolved this year, as he always has been, to take advantage of the cold weather to force the consumer to pay him an exorbitant price. Meanwhile the so-called "trusts" will go straight on accommodating the public with anthracite to the extent of their ability, at the price of $6 75 a ton. No doubt the income of the coal trusts during the winter months will fall materially short of the figures to which it would have attained had they taken advantage of the people's necessities. They have preferred to give the trust-busters an object-lesson that is worth many times more than it will cost.

Lamentations come from Niagara Falls over the intrusion of power-houses and industrial innovations upon the scenery. The American side has not been helped æsthetically by the various means devised to make the river run in harness, but the reservation of the State of New York seems to have been reasonably well guarded. Victoria Park, on the Canadian side, has not fared so well. Vociferous complaints are made about the alarming concessions of the Canadian commissioners to tunnel-builders and power companies on that side of the river. Several power-houses are being built in Victoria Park itself, and, worst of all, another is building in the gorge at the foot of the Horseshoe Fall. The Canadian commission has shown itself so indulgent to industrial companies that confidence in it is violently shaken. The New York commissioners have made a protest against its concessions, and the feeling is that, bad as is what has been done, there is only too much reason to fear that worse remains behind. Another ominous enterprise is going on at Niagara. An American company is using electricity to extract nitrogen products from air. Mr. Wells wrote a prophetic story that turned on the discovery of a process for getting nitrogen out of the air and turning it into food. The upshot of the tale was that the atmosphere was deprived of so much nitrogen that the resulting excess of hydrogen made every one tipsy, and things went from bad to worse, until finally the atmosphere took fire. If any such process as that has begun at Niagara the police should be notified. Whatever needs to be done to restrain the liberality of the Victoria Park commission must be done by the people or government of Canada. All we can do is to spread the tale of vandalism and stir remonstrance.

If the State of New York determines to spend between fifty and a hundred millions in reconstructing the Erie Canal, it will, of course, be vitally important to provide that the money shall be well spent. The State put nine millions into the canal some years ago, and the general sentiment is that most of it was wasted. The *Engineering News* has been discussing who should have charge of the work now proposed. Under the State Constitution, the State Engineer and the Commissioner of Public Works have charge of work on the canals. But so great a work as that now projected would call for a special arrangement. The *News* advocates an amendment to the Constitution which will put the work in charge of a non-partisan commission of engineers. Major Symonds of the United States Engineer Corps, who is called the originator of the 1000-ton barge canal project, suggests an advisory and supervisory commission of engineers, who should have the real charge of the work, though nominally subject to the State Engineer. It is still very doubtful whether the work will be undertaken at all, and unless it is going to be done it is not necessary to settle who shall do it. But there is no doubt about the importance of determining who shall build the canal before the money is voted to build it.

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals has confirmed the decision of Judge Lacombe in the lower court that Rudyard Kipling is not entitled to damages from the Messrs. Putnam. It will be recalled that the Messrs. Putnam bought unbound sheets of Mr. Kipling's works from his American publishers and bound them up in sets. Two hundred sets were issued, of which fifteen were ornamented by an elephant's head. Mr. Kipling held that the elephant's head was his trade-mark. He sued for infringement of it, and of his copyright, and charged unfair competition. He asked for $25,000 damages. Judge Lacombe decided that he had failed to make out a case, and the higher court has confirmed that decision. The court deprecated the idea that an author should protect his writings by a trade-mark, as though they were pills or soap, and it found that, anyhow, Mr. Kipling's claim to a trade-mark was not good against the Putnams. It acquitted the Messrs. Putnam of violating the copyright law and of unfair competition, though it suggested that their use

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of the elephant's head was "an impropriety." Mr. Kipling's suit has enabled him to record formally and impressively his opinion that he was ill-used, and possibly that result is all that he hoped for. At any rate, it is all that, to the mind of dispassionate observers, he ever seemed likely to attain.

The Filipinos seem to know a good thing when they see it. Their earnest desire to have Governor Taft continue in office is as creditable to their sagacity as the Governor's consent is to his sense of duty. By foregoing for the present the satisfaction of his wish to go on the bench of the United States Supreme Court, he has made us all his debtors. He represents ably and adequately the best intentions of the Americans towards the Filipinos. He is obstinately solicitous that the Philippines shall be as good a country for the Filipinos as they can make it, with the Americans to help them. He is fighting off just now the proposition to introduce Chinese labor. It would undoubtedly hasten the development of the islands, but the resulting riches would not go to the Filipinos. The Filipinos do well to trust him, for he is their friend. He is our friend too, for every day's work done for good government in the Philippines is a day's work done for American honor.

Congress has been invited to put its mind on music and art, and provide for such instruction in them in this country as shall make it unnecessary for aspiring young Americans to go abroad for training, which at present they cannot get at home. To this end, last May, Congressman Metcalf, of Oakland, California, introduced in the House "a bill to establish a national conservatory of music and art for the education of advanced pupils in music, . . . as well as in painting, drawing, and etching." The bill proposes a national conservatory, with four branches of equal standard, to be located in Washington, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. Its control is to be entrusted to a general board of regents, consisting of the President of the United States, the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House, the chairmen of the committees on education in the Senate and the House, and seven other citizens, to be appointed by the President. This board is to choose a general director, manage the conservatory in Washington, and help manage those in the other cities, which shall have their own regents, appointed by the President. The course of instruction is to be four years, or possibly five. The standard of admission is to be fixed by the regents, and pupils are to pay an entrance-fee of fifty dollars, but no other fees whatever. In support of this bill it is urged that there are now about 40,000 American students abroad studying art and music, at a cost of $25,000,000 a year; that many of them are exposed to hardships and unedifying associations in Europe, and get no good there; that our government, by having art and music properly taught at home, can keep most of these students at home, keeping their money in the country, and saving them from grave moral risks, and at the same time can put American art and American music in such a case that they can stand on their own legs and compete successfully with Europe. These arguments seem to be reasonably well founded. No one can doubt that among the American students of art and music abroad, a good many are getting no good, and might better be at home. Neither will it be questioned that it is desirable that music and art should be as well taught in various parts of this country as anywhere else in the world. But whether Congress should undertake the work, and, if it did undertake it, could prosecute it successfully, is another question. There is little by which the Congressional disposition towards music can be estimated, but judging from the tariff on works of art, its sentiment towards art is not very cordial. There are, of course, art schools and conservatories of music in our large cities already, but we have nothing to compare with the Beaux-Arts in Paris, and the Germans beat us in music. The plan which Mr. Metcalf's bill proposes would cost, to carry it out, perhaps a million dollars a year. Congress will undoubtedly invest many millions every year to much worse purpose.

The deserving effort to raise a fund of $100,000 with which to erect a memorial building to Henry Ward Beecher next to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and the discussion of the genius of Phillips Brooks, which has been revived by commemoration of the approaching tenth anniversary of his death —January 23—both have served to make thoughtful men consider the present status of the American pulpit. Great figures such as Beecher and Brooks were do not loom against the horizon. It is claimed that never was the average of attainment and character among the clergy so high as it now is, and the claim probably is valid. United States Senator Platt, of Connecticut, has recently argued in the Senate that the reason why there are not more giants there is because the average Senator is so large a person that to be a giant nowadays calls for the impossible. This claim also is urged with respect to the pulpit and its occupants. There are not a few men among the clergy who have what might be called a national reputation, and who, if they visit a large centre of population and their presence is duly advertised, may count on a crowded church. But Boston has no preacher to-day comparable to Brooks, nor Brooklyn one that equals Beecher or Storrs. With the death of Hugh Price Hughes and Joseph Parker, British Nonconformity is much bereft, but it still has Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, Alexander MacLaren, of Manchester, and R. J. Campbell, of Brighton, as stars of the first magnitude. But even so, Mr. Campbell himself is preaching mournfully on "The Poverty of Ability" in the English pulpit.

Three appropriations already made by the Carnegie Institution indicate what may be expected from that valuable addition to the educational and scientific apparatus of the country. Funds have been placed in the hands of Professor William O. Atwater, of Wesleyan, with which he is to continue the investigation of the conversion of food by the human body; Professor Chickering of the Astronomical Department of Harvard University has had $2500 set apart for use by his assistants in comparative investigation of the large accumulation of stellar photographs which are at Cambridge, having come in from the outlying stations of the observatory in South America and our own Southwest, as well as being nightly recorded in Cambridge; and now there comes word that $8000 has been set apart for use by experts of the Department of Agriculture for setting up a desert laboratory where the vegetable growths of the arid regions of our country can be studied in their native soil and normal environment.

Colonel T. W. Higginson has begun a course of lectures on American Literature, before Bostonians, under the auspices of that admirable institute named after Lowell—not the poet and essayist. As was becoming, he defined literature before proceeding to talk about it, as revealed in the writings of Americans. Literature, in his opinion, dates not from thought or feeling alone, and language is but its material. "Literature," he says, "goes beyond the word, and begins with 'the perfection and precision of the instantaneous line.' Its foundation is thought, but it demands the further impulse or instinct which leads men to give to thought continuity of form. You must get beyond the vivid phrase to the vivid line. When we reach this, literature is born." Virile and prolific Colonel Higginson shames many a younger man by his activity and productivity in these golden days of his life. To have brought forth biographies of Longfellow and Whittier during the past year and to have kept pace with his other customary literary output is a record which justifies his boast that he never was busier or happier.

William B. Leeds, whose portrait appears in our series to-day, typifies the West. Beginning work as a railroad man, he first learned his business thoroughly, then associated himself with other young, aggressive men from his own section in manufacturing pursuits, and finally, like the shoemaker, returned to his last, as the president and directing force of the Great Rock Island system of eight thousand miles. Incidentally, while doing all this—and it is a fact significantly illustrative of present possibilities—he acquired, within a space of ten years, a fortune supposed to be greater than that left to his children by Jay Gould. The difficulty of guessing at his future achievements is indicated by the fact that he is only forty-one years old.

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The Official Anti-Trust Bills

THE communication addressed by Attorney-General Knox to the Judiciary Committees of the Senate and House of Representatives was supposed to indicate that the drastic method of dealing with the trusts proposed by Senator Hoar did not meet with the unqualified approval of the Administration. What we may reasonably regard as the official measures are the bills subsequently introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Jenkins, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of that body, who avowed that the bills had been prepared by the Attorney-General. It is still uncertain whether these bills represent the minimum of anti-trust legislation which the Administration will accept. That the President has a definite minimum in mind may be inferred from his declaration that, unless effective steps toward the regulating and controlling of the trusts are taken by the Fifty-seventh Congress he will convoke the Fifty-eighth Congress in extra session soon after the 4th of March.

It behooves us to look somewhat carefully at the details of measures which purport to represent the purpose of the President and the professional acumen of Attorney-General Knox. One of these bills proposes to amend the Sherman law of 1890; the other, to create an anti-trust commission. The former would make it unlawful for any person to offer, grant, solicit, or accept any rebate, concession, or service in respect of the transportation of any property in inter-State or foreign commerce by any common carrier, by virtue of which concession such property should be transported at a less rate than that named in the tariffs published and filed by such carrier. A violation of this provision is to be punished by a fine of not less than five thousand dollars. Any joint stock company, corporation, or combination, however, which shall be convicted of violating this provision shall not only be subject to the fine mentioned, but shall be prohibited from transporting any article owned or produced by such company from the State within which the article is produced or manufactured. Cut off, also, from inter-State or foreign commerce will be any joint stock company, corporation, or combination which shall offer or give any special prices, inducements, or advantages for the sale of articles owned, produced, or controlled by it to purchasers in any particular locality in order to restrict or destroy competition in the sale of any such articles within that locality. The enforcement of the proposed law is intrusted to the Circuit Courts of the United States and to the United States District Attorneys, who will act under the direction of the Attorney-General. We observe, lastly, that any person who shall be injured in his business or property by any other person or persons, by reason of anything forbidden or declared unlawful by the proposed law, may sue therefor in any United States Circuit Court in the district wherein the defendant or defendants reside or are found, without respect to the amount in controversy, and shall recover threefold the damages by him sustained, together with the costs of suit and an attorney's fee.

Now this measure drawn by Attorney-General Knox differs from the bill introduced in the Senate by Senator Hoar in that a violation of its provisions is punishable by a fine, instead of by a fine or imprisonment or both. A fine of five thousand dollars would scarcely act as a deterrent upon powerful corporations engaged in inter-State or foreign commerce. The lenity of the Attorney-General, however, is more apparent than real. A fine is not the only remedy which he provides for a violation of the proposed law. The third section of his bill gives the United States Circuit Courts the power to issue, upon petition, and at any time before final decree, a restraining order or prohibition, and the failure to obey such order on the part of officers of a defendant corporation would be punishable by imprisonment for contempt of court. That is to say, if for any purpose any corporation give a preference or discrimination, its whole inter-State or foreign commerce may be arrested in a summary proceeding.

We pass to the Attorney-General's bill creating a commission to aid in carrying out the provisions of the Sherman Act, as amended by the measure just mentioned. It would be the duty of this commission, to be appointed by the President, and to be made up of representatives of both political parties, to investigate the organization and conduct of all stock companies, corporations, and combinations engaged in inter-State or foreign commerce, and to lay the information thus obtained before the President on the first day of October in each year, or oftener, if he shall require it. It shall also be the duty of the commission, whenever requested by the Attorney-General of the United States, to investigate the acts and methods of any particular corporation or combination, and to report to him the result. The commission may invoke the aid of any United States court for the purpose of compelling attendance and testimony of witnesses, and the production of all books, papers, contracts, agreements, and documents relating to any matter under investigation. No person shall be excused from giving testimony on the plea that such testimony may tend to criminate him, or subject him to a penalty or forfeiture, but no person shall be prosecuted or subjected to any penalty on account of any transaction concerning which he may testify or produce evidence. Any person, however, who shall make a false or fraudulent statement shall be deemed guilty of perjury, and subject to the penalties provided for that crime by the revised statutes of the United States. Moreover, any person who shall neglect to attend and testify, or to produce books and documents that are in his custody or control, shall upon conviction be punished by a fine of not less than five hundred, nor more than five thousand, dollars, and by imprisonment for not more than one year.

It is obvious that this second measure, which is ostensibly intended to secure publicity, would clothe the commission with intolerable powers of harassment and oppression, powers which easily might be so used as to drive out of business any corporation which happened to be obnoxious to a majority of the commissioners. As for the measure first described above, which, by way of punishment for a single violation of its provision concerning rebates or preferences, would annihilate the inter-State and foreign commerce of a corporation, we submit that the punishment would be out of all proportion to the offence, and, therefore, would fall under the prohibition set forth in the Eighth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, which enacts that no excessive fines shall be imposed, nor shall cruel and unusual punishments be inflicted. It is also questionable whether the second bill, requiring corporations to produce all contracts and documents relating to their private business, does not violate the Fourth Amendment of the Federal Constitution, which declares the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures.

We say of these bills, as we said of the Hoar bill, that they ought not to be passed, and we do not believe that they have any chance of becoming laws in their present form. The utmost that the Fifty-seventh Congress, or, for that matter, the Fifty-eighth Congress, is likely to do is to pass some measure which shall be calculated to assure a reasonable amount of publicity for the proceedings of corporations, but which shall stop short of the vexatious, inquisitorial, and business-destroying processes advocated by the Attorney-General.

England's Interest in the Monroe Doctrine

ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD is credited with expressing an opinion which, we think, will be ultimately shared by all of his countrymen who are possessed of common sense and foresight. He averred that it would be to England's advantage to come right out and say not only, "We support the Monroe doctrine," but also, "We are willing to fight for it." It will be easy to show that such a position would be identical with that assumed by England eighty years ago; that it would greatly strengthen her hold upon her dominions in the New World; and that it would permanently assure to her an open market in Latin America. We have formerly pointed out that, if the originator of a thing is entitled to give his name to it, the Monroe doctrine might, with a fair show of justice, be called the Canning doctrine. It was George Canning who, in August, 1823, proposed to Richard Rush, the American minister in London, concerted action for the purpose of establishing the principle that Spain's former colonies in the Western Hemisphere should not be exposed to conquest at the hands of any European power. It was not until the 2d of December in the same year that President Monroe accepted and formulated the same principle in his annual message. We add that a declaration emanating from a country relatively so weak as was our republic at that time would have exerted but little restraining influence on the great powers represented in the Congress of Verona, had not a similar prohibition gone forth from the British Foreign Office. Beyond a doubt the Spanish-American commonwealths are at least as much indebted to the United Kingdom as they are to the United States for the abandonment of the projected attempt to deprive them of their liberties.

The course pursued by Canning when, as he said, he called a New World into existence to balance the Old, has long and justly been regarded as one of the most splendid triumphs of British statesmanship. Why, then, should not Great Britain announce to-day her adhesion to a doctrine in the original propounding of which she bore a conspicuous, if not a leading, part. Earth-hunger and commercial greed now constitute dangers no less formidable to the independence of weak states than those which were threatened by the absolutist programme in the first quarter of the last century. We have seen a temporary coalition of Germany, Russia, and France oust Japan from the Liau-tung peninsula, and proceed to reward themselves by mutilations of China. Who can say that a like combination may not undertake a partition of South and Central America when the completion of an isthmian canal shall once more fix the eyes of commercial nations on the Caribbean Sea? In the twentieth century we have as much cause to fear a league for territorial acquisition and for spheres of influence as in the nineteenth century there was reason to dread the Holy Alliance.

Now let us see what Great Britain has to gain by a formal adhesion to the Monroe doctrine; that is to say, by asserting that existing American commonwealths must not be regarded as subjects of conquest or

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colonization on the part of any European power, and that, while the existing possessions of European powers in the New World ought not to be disturbed, these possessions should not be extended. From the moment of the adoption of such a position, the United Kingdom and the United States would be inseparably bound together by a community of interests and by a common policy, so far as the Western Hemisphere should be concerned; no definite alliance would be needed to insure their co-operation. From that moment British North America, the prospective value of which is incalculable, would be secured against aggression on the part of the only power that could conquer it, to wit, the United States. The British West Indies and the British coigns of vantage in Central and South America would be protected not only by British, but also by American, war-ships, since it would be to the obvious interest of the twin guarantors of the Monroe doctrine to defend each other. Again, no far-sighted British statesman can desire to see either Germany or Russia acquire points of strategic value in or near the Caribbean. The future, however, may hold contingencies with which Great Britain, single-handed, might hesitate to grapple. Suppose that Bismarck had looked forward in 1871 to the colonial expansion of Germany, and had demanded, as one of the conditions of the Peace of Frankfort, the cession of the French West Indies and of French Guiana. Would Great Britain have deemed it expedient to prohibit such a cession? We think not. Neither would the United States have been likely to prohibit it, because at that time the commercial and naval power of Germany was very much less redoubtable than that of France. Thus we see that, but for Bismarck's lack of prevision, his country might have acquired several footholds in the New World.

Now suppose that Germany, by conquest or by voluntary fusion, should acquire Holland; would it not be equally prejudicial to British and to American interests that the Dutch island of Curaçoa should pass into her possession? Suppose that Germany should conquer Denmark; could we or Englishmen survey with equanimity her acquisition of the Danish West Indies? Suppose that Russia should conquer Sweden; how should we like to see her assume control of the Swedish island of St. Bartholomew? It is evident that the intrusion of either Russia or Germany into the New World would seem to England, as well as to the United States, to be pregnant with unwelcome complications. No such intrusion would be even contemplated if it were known that Great Britain and the United States had agreed that the French, Danish, Dutch, and Swedish possessions in the New World should suffer no change of ownership, unless they passed under the sovereignty of the United States.

The formal adoption of the Monroe doctrine by England would mean precisely what George Canning intended it to mean, namely, that all the commercial advantages derivable by foreign purveyors and consumers from trade with Latin-American republics would accrue to the guarantors of their liberties. It was not expected by Canning, and it would not be expected now, that those republics should give any tariff preference to their protectors; but gratitude and sympathy might be counted on to prevent any discrimination against them. All that Englishmen and Americans desire is a fair field for commercial intercourse in Latin America. Such a field neither we nor Englishmen would ever have in any part of the New World which had been transformed into a German or Russian colony. What England has at stake, therefore, in the New World is precisely what she has at stake in China, to wit, the maintenance of an open door. The door may be kept open forever if, by proclaiming her adhesion to the Monroe doctrine, England shall become a joint guarantor with the United States of the immunity of the New World from foreign aggression. Nor is it only freedom of access to Latin-American markets that Great Britain would secure by the assumption of such a position. She is almost as deeply interested as is our own country in the constructing and safeguarding of an isthmian canal. It is, therefore, a matter of nearly as much concern to Englishmen as it is to ourselves that neither Germany nor Russia shall acquire a coaling station near either of the termini of the projected waterway. We have indicated the plausible ways in which coaling stations might be acquired, and we have shown that no attempt would be made to acquire them if England should signify her acceptance of the Monroe doctrine.

The President and Federal Appointments in the South

In every section of the republic sensible persons will regard with disgust and abhorrence the declaration made by the New Orleans *States* that Mr. Roosevelt's negro appointees in the South will be killed or run out of the country. If this newspaper could be looked upon as representative of Democratic opinion in the Southern States, we might as well abandon the notion that Southern Democrats can resume the leadership of their party. We are unwilling to believe that the New Orleans *States* represents anybody except the editor. Northern Democrats will never countenance the violent expulsion of Federal appointees from office, whether their color be white or black. The sooner that fact is understood the better. For a Southern newspaper to preach such monstrous doctrines as this at a time when upright and thoughtful men are seriously thinking of committing the guidance of the nation to the Democracy is at once a crime and a blunder. Mr. Roosevelt may make mistakes in his appointments to Federal offices in the South; but for the correction of those mistakes we look exclusively to the pressure of enlightened public opinion. The last thing that a sane and intelligent man like Mr. Roosevelt can desire is a revival of race conflict in the South. It will be no fault of his, but the fault of rancorous and reckless men like the editor of the New Orleans *States*, if we are once more confronted with such an atrocious state of things.

The leaders of the Democratic party in the Southern States now have an opportunity—the first since the close of the civil war—of convincing their Democratic brethren at the North that they deserve to be intrusted with the function of shaping platforms and designating candidates in a Presidential year. If those who wish them ill had intended to entrap them they could not have given them worse counsel than that which is offered by the New Orleans *States*. If astute Republicans desired to disqualify Southern Democrats for a reassertion of their former influence in national affairs, they could hit upon no better plan than to provoke them to acts of violence against negro appointees to office. Do our Southern brethren forget that they profess not to discriminate against the negro as such in those new State Constitutions upon the validity of which the United States Supreme Court has yet to pass? And will they now give the lie to those professions by virtually asserting that negroes have no right to hold office even under the Federal government? Having undertaken to debar them from office in many a State, will they now presume to debar them from Federal office also? Addressed to sane and far-sighted Southerners, such a question should answer itself.

We feel the more strongly on the subject of this ill-timed appeal to violence, because we believe that public opinion would have convinced Mr. Roosevelt that he has been ill-advised in one or two of his recent acts connected with the tenure of office by negroes in the Southern States. So far as the case of Mrs. Cox, the colored postmistress at Indianola, Mississippi, is concerned, we have already pointed out that, inasmuch as she has resigned, and has refused, under any circumstances, to recall her resignation, the President seems to have no status for interference in the premises, beyond instructing the United States District Attorney to inquire whether Mrs. Cox believes herself to have suffered any wrong remediable by a Federal statute. The President has no right, in our opinion, to suspend the service of the United States mails to Indianola, both because we know of no statute that invests him with such discriminating power, and because he would obviously be punishing the innocent as well as the guilty. It is a barbarous jurisprudence that makes a whole village answerable for the crime of one of its inhabitants. We add, with regard to the designation of Mr. Crum for the post of Collector of the Port at Charleston, that the appointment seems to us unreasonable. We think that Mr. Roosevelt would find it difficult to show that there are any colored men among the importers of foreign products into Charleston, or among the wholesale dealers in such products at that place. If colored men have anything to do with such products, it must be as retailers in a very small way of business. Under the circumstances, it would seem expedient to choose for collector some one who would be acceptable to those members of the community with whom, principally or solely, he would be brought in contact. It is inexpedient to select for the post a man known to be obnoxious to all of the business men, but for whose capital and industry there would be nothing for a collector to do. We do not understand Mr. Roosevelt to assert that there are no white men in Charleston qualified, in respect of experience and character, to discharge the duties of Collector of the Port. He simply asserts that Mr. Crum is equally qualified from those points of view, and should not be the victim of discrimination on the score of color. It may be true that Mr. Booker Washington is as well qualified, on the score of ability and character, as are most white citizens to represent the United States at the Court of St. James. Would Mr. Roosevelt feel himself justified in appointing Mr. Booker Washington to that post? Would he not hold that the susceptibilities and prejudices, whether well or ill founded, of the British court and of the British nation ought to be considered? But are not the susceptibilities of the importers of Charleston deserving of as much consideration as are those of foreigners?

It takes two to make a quarrel. If the leading Democrats of the South keep their tempers and evince the wisdom for which their forefathers were distinguished, they will silence the editor of the New Orleans *States* and other ridiculous persons who talk about killing negro appointees to Federal office or running them out of town. That sort of talk is only fit for idiots. Meanwhile the outcome of a good-tempered and judicious attitude on their part will probably be the recognition by Mr. Roosevelt that he and his advisers are not infallible, but in the selection of appointees to Federal offices in the South may have made one or two mistakes which ought to be corrected.

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The Russians in Manchuria

High affairs of state rarely have a genuinely humorous coloring; nor do we habitually turn to world-politics for amusement and entertainment. Yet we may find abundance of both in the story of the recent "evacuation" of Manchuria by the Russian armies, and the manner in which that evacuation has really been carried out. That solemn withdrawal, so often foretold, so often denied, has at last, we are told, been consummated; and we may add that the manner of this consummation is a lesson in statecraft for all time. It will be remembered that the Russian convention with China set dates, many months ago, for the withdrawal of the Tsar's troops successively from the three Manchurian provinces; the first date has just passed, and the second and third follow it at intervals of six and twelve months. After these dates were announced, the world was suddenly informed of the signature of the Anglo-Japanese treaty, avowedly directed against Russia's growing influence in China generally, and more particularly in Manchuria. Immediately on the heels of the treaty came a Japanese arrangement with Korea, and a resurgence of Japanese influence in the Hermit Kingdom. Japan's advance in Korea was not only a menace to Russia, but also a strategic advantage; for the campaign of 1895 had made Korea and the Chinese contiguous territory thoroughly familiar to Japan's generals; and a rapid advance from the Korean frontier on Mukden might easily cut Russia's line of communication, and isolate Dalny, Port Arthur, and the Russian fleet from their bases of supplies in Siberia and Vladivostok. We expressed at the time the opinion that Russia could not afford to overlook this aggressive step by Japan, and that the evacuation of Manchuria would most likely be deferred indefinitely as a result. When, notwithstanding, it was announced a few weeks later that Russia was preparing to carry out the original plan of evacuation on the day fixed, and, finally, when the evacuation itself was announced, we very decidedly expressed the view that more was meant than met the ear; that Russia had in all probability gained so firm a hold, secured so strong a position, that she had nothing to fear from Japan, and was, consequently, able to carry out her policy without endangering her influence in Manchuria and her hold on the railroad to Port Arthur. Facts are now to hand from the Far East which show that we were perfectly right; that Russia, while carrying out her treaty engagements with formal and scrupulous exactness, has really been laughing in her sleeve at the Anglo-Japanese treaty, and, to speak idiomatically, has simply walked all around British, Japanese, and Teutonic diplomacy. The ascendent genius of the Slav was never better shown than in this latest Russian achievement.

To begin with, it is quite certain that Russia, during her five years of occupancy, has done wonders for the commercial and civil development of Manchuria. We are accustomed to speak as if the Anglo-Saxon alone had the *gift* of successfully colonizing and assimilating new territories, but we have only to become more closely acquainted with the work of Russia in Merv, or Samarkand, or Tashkent, or in Eastern or Western Siberia, to see that the Slav has been everywhere extremely successful, and has everywhere been able to assimilate the moral life and feeling of the earlier races with her own in a way the Anglo-Saxon has so far never mastered. In Manchuria, the constructive genius of Russia is apparent on all hands. She has obtained from the suzerain government of China, for what consideration or by what inducements we are not told, a whole series of "conceded areas" along the line of the railroad, averaging several square miles in extent, and on these are rapidly growing Russian colonies, with houses, factories, fields, with thousands of Russian men, women, and children growing every day more at home on what is technically, as well as really, Russian soil.

This matter of the "conceded areas" is really the key to the political and military situation. As soon as we grasp its significance, we see how the "evacuation of Manchuria" was not only possible, but easy,—and we begin to smile at the grave simplicity of the thing. The string of concessions along the railroad line—the chain of colonial areas, each several square miles in extent—having become Russian territory, are no longer a part of Manchuria in the strict sense of the term. Therefore such Russian troops as hitherto occupied Manchurian territory have simply to walk over the line into the nearest conceded area, and, lo! the "evacuation" is complete! As Carlyle says, there is much, nay, everything, in names. To illustrate the value of names: since the evacuation of the southern province was completed, and the railroad was turned over to China, there are no longer any "railroad guards" in Manchuria. But there are 30,000 or more "frontier guards,"—the same men with a new title. Theoretically, all the "railroad guards" have been withdrawn. So with the rest of the "evacuation." The Russian troops in the country west of the Liau River have literally fulfilled the terms of the convention—by moving one march eastward to the Russian "conceded area" at Mukden, where they remain as a permanent garrison. The Russian troops at Niu-chwang had only to make one hour's march up stream to the Russian concession at Tashi-chiao to their strongly built stone barracks, and their part of the "evacuation of Manchuria" was ended. The Russian troops within the walled city of Mukden—the ancient and sacred city of the Manchus—had only to march through the gate to "Russian territory," an hour's walk distant, to their permanent quarters. The evacuation of Liao-yang meant the removal of Russian troops within the wall to the railway concession outside the wall, with its forts, barracks, nearly two hundred brick houses, engine-sheds, and hospital. The last two posts will each have a garrison of about five thousand men. So much for the southern province of Manchuria.

The "evacuation" of the central province, for which April is the date fixed, will be carried out in exactly the same way,—with the most scrupulous adherence to the letter of the convention. Thus in Kirin, the capital of the province, with nearly half a million inhabitants, the "evacuation" will consist in the removal of the Russian troops one hour's march to a "railway concession" on the branch line to Kwang-chengtsze. In like manner, the Russian troops in Tsitsihar, the capital of the third and most northerly province, will do their part of the good work by moving to a "conceded area" only sixteen miles away. The frontier city of Ninguta is in much the same position; the troops will have to withdraw as much as a dozen miles.

It must be understood that all these "conceded areas," with their permanent barracks and forts and strong Russian garrisons, are joined to one another, to Asian Russia, and to the open sea by the railroad; so that Russia's hold on Manchuria is about as perfect as anything can be in this vale of tears. It is admitted by English critics, who cannot be suspected of undue partiality, that the whole country is growing rich under Russian tutelage; that the Russian troops are now treating the natives with marked humanity; and that there is a growing spirit of friendliness between the Russian officers and the Chinese officials and merchants, in strong contrast to the thinly masked hostility and mutual suspicion at Hong-kong and Singapore. The Chinese are said, by a recent English visitor, to be experiencing a degree of material prosperity the like of which they have never known.

Finally, the end of this chain of Russian conceded areas is guarded by the almost impregnable fortress of Port Arthur, with its heavy guns, its quick-firing batteries, its fleet of six battle-ships, four armored cruisers, a dozen gunboats, and a number of torpedo-boats. Taking into consideration that the Russians are only Slavs, and not highly gifted Anglo-Saxons, they seem to have managed the "evacuation" of Manchuria fairly well.

The Real Wagner

It is doubtful if any figure in the history of musical art has so continually dwelt in the shadow of misconception and misrepresentation as the poet-composer who imagined a "Ring des Nibelungen," a "Tristan und Isolde," and a "Parsifal." Partly through an unaccountable popular obtuseness, and largely through his own theoretical professions, he has been blindly accepted at his own fantastic valuation—as a dramatist who was only incidentally a musician, as an admirable poet, as a master of subtle and profound philosophies,—as anything, in short, save that which he pre-eminently and paramountly was: a transcendent musician, an incomparable musical humanist, an authentic and inspired, but unconscious, mystic.

We are moved to these meditations by the recent notable performances at the Metropolitan Opera House of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," and of that work of Wagner's which, one would imagine, should most unmistakably reveal his essential greatness—that consummate and splendid flower of his genius, "Tristan und Isolde." We cannot easily conceive it possible to yield oneself to the sway of this magnificent tone-poem—this music which is truly, like the poetry of Shelley, "a singing and soaring flame"—and not realize, with the utmost conviction, that here is no mere *dramma per musica*, no stage play with an accessory musical accompaniment, but rather a lyric rhapsody with a wholly incidental text—a tone-poetry so incalculable in its beauty, so exhaustive in its emotional range, so surcharged with spiritual ecstasy, that one knows not where to find its parallel. If ever music achieved supreme magic of utterance, an ultimate eloquence and sublimation, it is in this immortal and most marvellous song of songs. And yet there are those who would have us believe, as Wagner himself believed, that his music is to be rightly regarded only as the handmaid of his dramatic invention—a kind of modern variant, as we have been so elaborately instructed, of the exegetical chorus of the Greek plays. To a certain superficial extent it is, of course, that; but its ultimate excellence, its ultimate and inestimable value inheres, not—as Wagner fancied, as so many of his disciples have fancied—in its dramatic appositeness, but in its miraculous range and eloquence as an instrument of abstract emotional utterance. For, in his endeavor vividly to heighten and intensify every moment of his dramatic psychologizing, he voiced (almost, one is tempted to say, accidentally), with incredible beauty and poignancy, every elemental mood of the human soul,—every note of passion, of desire, of grief, of terror, of pity, of delight, of aspiration. His range is universal: "his lyre has all the chords."

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An English Election

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *January 5, 1903.*

THERE is an election going on in East Cambridgeshire, and I would give a good deal to know Mr. Croker's private opinion of the way it is being run. Happily, one need not travel down to Wantage to find out. No one who turns an American eye on an English election can wonder that from time to time Mr. Croker finds England intolerable. Imagine Paderewski living within earshot of the music-room in a "young ladies' seminary," and you may faintly conceive Mr. Croker's emotions when from the security of his country seat in Berkshire he watches Englishmen bungling along the road he himself has learned to tread with such colossal assurance. New-Yorkers are quite wrong in thinking that it is a mere tender regard for their interests that convoys Mr. Croker every odd year or so through the Narrows. The truth is, he is driven from England by the respect he owes to himself and his art. All his sensibilities rise in revolt when he sees what it is that Englishmen conceive by an electoral campaign. The contempt of the professional for the raw bungling of amateurs sends him hurrying from the spectacle in disgust. To a man who can carry conventions, and dictate plattorms, and coolly command that all checks shall be made payable to his order, and direct voters and heelers, not in twos or threes, but in whole battalions, what final pleasure can there be in a country where canvassing is done by volunteers, most of them women, where primaries and machines are not, and where each candidate makes his own little platform and runs on it to suit *himself*? How can a man of Mr. Croker's opportunities be really at ease in a land where any ten voters in a constituency can nominate any candidate they please, where money spent "on account of bands of music, torches, flags, banners, cockades, ribbons, or other marks of distinction" (46 and 47 Vict.: c. 51, s. 16) makes an election void, and where the electorate has a thoroughly impertinent habit of taking matters into his own hands, and even insists on knowing in detail just what measures are favored and what opposed by the man who is seeking its suffrages? Even with his fat smiling pasture and farm lands, his quiet country mansion, his stables, and his racing, Mr. Croker is far more miserable than one would think. A single bye-election is enough to upset him; two in quick succession utterly prostrate him; and a general election sends him flying to New York to recover his self-respect. Mr. Croker's health is always in inverse proportion to the amount of political activity that is going on around his English retreat.

This bye-election in East Cambridgeshire was brought about by the sudden death three weeks ago of Colonel Harry McCalmont, the sitting member. Mr. McCalmont inherited an enormous fortune from his uncles, who built it up partly in the West-Indian trade and partly by shrewd dealings in American railroads. He was a first-class sportsman, won the Derby in 1893, owned one of the finest game-preserves in the country, was a member of both the Jockey Club and the Royal Yacht Squadron, a close friend of the King, who frequently shot over his coverts, served eight years in the Guards, and snaffled a C. B. from the Boer war. Americans may remember that just before the Spanish war he sold his yacht, the *Giralda*, to the Spanish government. It was intended to use her as a cruiser, but for some reason or other she never left home waters. He came in for some severe criticism from the press for running so publicly counter to the general feeling of the country, but nothing could do much damage to his popularity in the East Cambridgeshire division. He was a prince of good fellows, lived in the constituency, was generous to a fault with his money, and had, besides, the imperishable halo of a Derby-winner. The chief town in the constituency is Newmarket, and Newmarket, as every one knows, is the head racing centre of all England. No one who is not a sportsman need trouble himself with East Cambridgeshire. It is a turf constituency through and through, and would never dream of intrusting its political fortunes to a man who was not a member of the Jockey Club. Colonel McCalmont filled the bill exactly. At the election of 1900 he was proposed, nominated, and returned at the head of the poll during his absence at the front and without holding a single communication with his constituents except to cable his acceptance of the nomination from Pretoria. It was at that election that Loates, the well-known jockey, spoilt his ballot paper by writing across it, "I votes for Mr. McCalmont and no mistake." For the rest, the constituency covers a wide area, some thirty miles long by twenty broad. It is dotted with small villages and market towns, and makes up on the turf what it loses on agriculture, and altogether is a very charming specimen of rural England. About 9000 voters are on the register.

The candidates this time are Mr. C. D. Rose, who is standing as a Liberal-Imperialist—a "Rosebery man," as he would be called in America—and Mr. Leonard Brassey, who, like the late member, is a Conservative. Both are wealthy men, both have country places in the neighborhood of Newmarket, both are members of the Jockey Club, both ride to hounds, patronize coursing, and know more than a little of farming. Mr. Rose is a well-known and popular figure on the turf, and races horses of his own breeding. Four of his sons went through the war in South Africa, and two of them fell there. Moreover, he is a really keen Liberal and an effective speaker. In this he has the advantage of his opponent. Mr. Brassey, who is barely thirty-two, knows as little of politics as it is possible for any intelligent man to do who goes through the world with his ears *open* and catches something of what is being said all round him. He received the invitation to contest the seat, as he ingenuously admitted, while smoking a cigar after a day with the hounds. He thought it a nice safe Tory seat that could be won and kept without much trouble. Instead, he finds himself expected to hold forth on the Education Bill, the alliance with Germany, the Sugar Convention, and all sorts of absurd and bothersome topics. Frankly, his handling of these questions has proved a disappointment, and I notice the local papers that support him are now laying stress on his "handsome and most English-looking face," and proving that a man who stands six feet two in his socks and is as straight as an arrow can well dispense with such a vulgar and entirely commonplace attribute as knowledge of the issues that are before the country. Mr. Brassey may not be a great politician, but he is masterly on horseback or on the box of his four-in-hand; and the sight of him at the covert-side, or judging a coursing-match over Newmarket Heath, or galloping his four-in-hand down the village street with horns a-tooting and banners flying, is a powerful electioneering argument. Mr. Rose does most of his canvassing on a motor-car, and should by rights have been had up for furious driving at least twice a day for the past fortnight. I spent a day with each candidate, and toured the constituency with them. Methods are pretty much the same on both sides. Each has his country house stocked full of friendly M. P.'s who have come down to help; each visits from ten to fifteen villages a day and addresses as many meetings; each has a paid agent, one or two paid sub-agents, and a whole army of voluntary workers, men and women, boys and girls, who cover every inch of the ground on foot or wheel, in carriages or traps, with canvassing cards, leaflets, photographs, and such native powers of persuasion as Providence has given them; and each has still an hour or so to spare for receiving deputations, consulting prominent supporters, and entertaining his guests. Mr. Rose has one of the few covered tennis-courts in the kingdom—not lawn-tennis, but the real thing—and finds time for a daily game; and if there is a meet of fox-hounds or harriers anywhere in the neighborhood, Mr. Brassey will somehow contrive to make it fit in with his day's programme. It is all very pleasant and good-humored. There are no parades, nor torch-light processions, nor fireworks, nor bands, nor campaign ditties, nor street-corner meetings, nor "wash" bets, nor "straw" votes, nor the maledictions of rival bosses, nor hourly newspaper interviews. The two candidates are near neighbors and old friends, and whenever they meet in country lane or village street each descends from his motor or four-in-hand for a five minutes' laughing chat. Their wives invariably accompany them, and Mrs. Brassey, who is a daughter of the Earl of March, is a past mistress of the arts whereby the wives of rural butchers and farm hands are won over to guide their lords to the true political faith. For one dazzling fortnight the East Cambridgeshire laborer finds the Squire and the Squirearchy and all its women folk the humblest of suppliants for his favors; and the way he is wheedled and coaxed and harangued and argued with and deluged with leaflets by his fair inquisitors would make an American woman gasp and stare. And I am not sure that even Mr. Croker might not learn something from it.

But beneath all the seeming easy-goingness there is real hard work and keen rivalry. You would not doubt it after a day with either candidate. Mr. Rose thinks nothing of taking in six villages and addressing a meeting in each as an after-dinner pastime. The meetings are not large, but they are full of incident. Their size is limited to the capacity of the local schoolhouse or the upper room of the village inn, and an audience of two or three hundred is thought a good one. But the speaker does not have things all his own way. It is an unwritten law in England that he is liable to contradiction. Any man in the audience may get up and dispute any statement he pleases, and the orator is not allowed to disregard the interruption, but has to stop and argue the matter out with his adversary. The heckler has a recognized standing, and all Englishmen are hecklers. There is nothing they like more than badgering a speaker. Not infrequently paper and pencils are handed round at the end of the candidate's speech, and the voters present are invited to write down any further points on which they would like to hear his opinion. The invitation is very freely accepted, and while I was in East Cambridgeshire I attended three meetings that wound up in a series of joint debates between the candidate and some pertinacious hecklers. These contests are followed by the audience with supreme zest and good-humor, but a man needs all his wits to emerge from them with credit. There is another custom which makes for liveliness. An English audience will not tolerate a bore. Directly a speaker grows tiresome there come shouts of "Toime! Toime!" If a man can't hit the nail on the head at once he is not given a second chance.

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The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

APRIL

I HAVE been here nearly a month without spending a single night away. That in itself is a sign of improvement, for I suppose—to my shame I own it!—that it must be years since I have spent thirty-consecutive nights in the same lodgings. And what, I believe, is a greater sign of improvement is that I have not wanted to go away, and I do not want to go away. I like these level, uneventful days, these mornings of work, followed by a few hours of out-of-doors, and in the evening, "the face of a friend," in this house or another. How dull I should have thought it, not long ago!—how antipodal to dull I find it!

I said uneventful just now—that was a mistake. I have been through fierce trials, in the shape of a cook who could not only not cook decently, but could not cook at all. In any case, she didn't, and I have eaten raw flesh on the altar of rusticity. Then there was a personage who represented herself as a charwoman. Though I cannot say she was a house-breaker, she was certainly nearer that than anything else; though she did not actually break the house, she broke everything inside of it. She began "cleaning," so she called it, before it was yet day, and till nightfall the house was resonant with fracture. When there was nothing left to break she upset her wash-pail over anything that came handy—brocade, for choice. She upset also permanganate of potash, with which I was staining a floor, over a green carpet, and one evening I found her eating asparagus (my asparagus, too) in the scullery. Thereupon I said "board wages," and it is my belief that she simply added board wages to her ordinary diet, which she ate at my expense. Otherwise there is no possible way of accounting for the fact that a sirloin of beef which had come in in the morning— Enough. She is gone.

Stevenson recommends weeding and cocoa-seed-planting as a suitable pursuit for any one who thinks he can make his living out of writing "measly yarns." But now I have one advantage over that divine author: I know a far better employment. It is to paint floors with permanganate of potash (otherwise known as Condy's fluid), but you can get much more of it for your money, though it is cheap, anyhow, if you buy it in the raw. For a shilling you get enough to stain all the floors in your house (unless you live in an exceptionally large one) the most beautiful brown. The very process reminds one of the scene of the powder-mixing in *Jekyll and Hyde*. It is laid on dark purple: before your eyes it changes to a livid angry green, and while yet it is wet it becomes a dark brown. You lay it on with a large pastebrush, and feel you are saving money. Incidentally, you get a quantity onto your hands, and it is apparently indelible. Then you rub it with beeswax, and your deal floor becomes primitively ancestral. A few Persian rugs then bring you back from a villa to the Conqueror. But even before I stained the floors I bought seeds and planted sweet-peas and nasturtiums broadcast, also (these in seedlings) jackmanni and tropæolum and tobacco-plant, and two crimson ramblers. Then, as a day to be marked with red in the annals of scarification, I took a trowel and a pocket-knife and went into the highways and hedges to cut standards for rose-trees. But I took no gloves. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ*. Anyhow, I cut seven standards.

This is the way *not* to do it. I started cheerfully along an unfrequented lane. Larks hovered trilling, spring was bursting in numberless buds, and the green mist of leaves hung round the hedgerows. Before long I saw in the hedge by which I went a suitable standard. It was rather inaccessible, but the lust of the gardener burned in me, and I took a sort of header into the hedge. A short spray of the coveted standard retained my cap, another took one arm in keeping, a third gently fixed itself to my left hand. That had to be very carefully disengaged, since the thorns were encompassing it, and in disengaging it I dropped the trowel. An incautious recovery of this trowel, drew the first blood. Then I began.

It is necessary in cutting a standard to get a piece of real root. This particular standard, however, seemed to have no particular root. It went on and on below ground without object, as far as I could judge; infirm of purpose it could not begin. When it did begin it was already mixed up with a bramble, the thorns of which were set on the parent stem on a totally different principle, and I did not want the bramble. But with a totally undeserved popularity on my part, the bramble wanted me. It got me, in pieces which I hope were of no use to it, and I began to see that under certain circumstances, and to a certain extent, as Mr. Gladstone might have said, gloves were, if not necessary to human life, at any rate a protective agent against possibly fatal hemorrhages. Just then the root began.

I destroyed the bramble, root and branch. I destroyed a hazel (branch), and I destroyed the standard (root). That was all at present.

Clearly this would not do. I was as far from standards as ever, but I was bleeding like a pig. So I went home, got some gloves, and became successful. But to be successful in a soul of adventure is to become dull, and with a view to avoiding this as much as is possible short of writing at all, I will merely say that I cut seven standards on that divine afternoon, and—but that I cannot sing—went home singing.

The cat next door, so it appeared, had observed the planting of the jackmanni with a disapproving eye, and even as I went into the garden with my seven standards (like a Roman emperor) I saw a stealthy form moving slowly away from the corner (invisible at the window) where I had put one of them. Now I know something about cats, though nothing, it appears, about standards, and without the least hurry I walked into the garden and said, "Poor puss," and saw out of the corner of my eye (I dare not look honestly now for fear poor puss should see) that my jackmanni was entirely disinterred, and a flurry of pebbly dry earth lay near it. There were therefore two courses open to me,—either the direct, which lay in taking the cat, which (with the shallow diplomacy of its species) had advanced towards me, straight to the disinterred jackmanni, and there slapping it, or the subtle course. I chose the subtle. The cat was a knave; I knew that perfectly well. I chose to be the knave set to catch it. So I said "Poor puss" again, and went to the uprooted jackmanni, and planted it again in the sight of poor puss. Then I went slowly in-doors, a very Bismarck. Once arrived inside I fled to the lumber-room, and with feverish hands unearthed a large garden squirt, and filling it with cold water (I wish it had been iced), fled to what we long called the wing of the house (it consists merely of a back room) which commands, strategically speaking, the jackmanni. The window was open, and with great caution I advanced to it and looked out. Already once more that very stupid knave of a cat was busy in the bed. I took careful aim, and the cold water drenched the knave. I will teach it, at least I think I have taught it, that I do not plant jackmanni merely to give it a few moments' senseless amusement. Besides, to-morrow I shall have a fox-terrier. So the garden squirt was the kindest sort of cruelty.

I am afraid that in talking thus vaguely of "the house" and "the garden," the reader may have formed a totally erroneous impression of scale, and I must inform him at once that "the house" is the kind of house which is called "The Cedars," because apparently it has one withered furze-bush in the garden. It is semidetached, stands on the outskirts of the town, and is of an external appearance which is better forgotten. Inside, however, the rooms are good, high, and airy, and, anyhow, it suits me. There is a small strip of garden in front, in which at present I take no interest, and a space of garden behind measuring some sixty or seventy feet by thirty, encompassed by a walk of old and very large bricks. A strip of border sown from end to end with sweet-peas runs up one side. At the far end is a small raised terrace of grass, on which grow an apple-tree and a plum-tree by which I have planted the crimson ramblers. The seven standards to be bedded next month stand in a formal row below the terrace, and parallel to the border of sweet-peas stand half a dozen tubs in which are sown nasturtiums of the large climbing kind. This leaves a space of grass twenty feet by forty, and on this is being now erected "the shelter," a wooden room with trellis on two sides, match boarding on one, and entirely open on the other. Felt will be laid down over the grass, and over the felt, rugs. There will be a couple of basket chairs there, an old French mattress covered with rugs, a writing table, and a small dining table with four chairs. There I propose to live as soon as the summer comes. Over one side the nasturtiums in the tubs will trail their green and ruddy arms, and I shall look towards the seven standards and the scarlet ramblers. In the evening an Arab lamp with electric light, brought on a long cord from the house, will illuminate it. The very planning of the shelter was an absorbing joy; absorbing, too, is it to see it rise, smelling clean of freshly chiselled wood. Then it will be painted green and ready for habitation. In front of it, towards the terrace, will stand a sundial which will not get, as far as I can see, any sun at all, since the stately shelter will entirely shade it. However, I dare say, it will do better in the shade, like lilies-of-the-valley. Besides, one never uses a sun-dial in order to tell the time.

I often wonder how large an area of house and garden it is possible to get really fond of. The fact of broad acres and limitless corridors may and often is delightful to the possessor, especially if they are of long-standing possession, but to be fond of a place in the way that I mean implies to be intimate with every separate inch of it. Your own niche, your own particular *angulus terræ*, must, I think, be small: the great reception-rooms, the huge lawns, are delightful to have, but you will often find the owner of such choosing a small room for himself to work in and live in, and making perfect according to his own taste some sequestered angle of his garden, shut out from vastness, and brought within the scope of his invention. The great lawn and shrubberies he may plan and take pleasure in, but he will not be fond of them with the personal affection he feels for his own room, his own garden corner. And it is the personal aroma, the definite impress of an individual taste on rooms and gardens that makes them alive with their own individual entity; they are parasitic, like mistletoe, drawing their life from a parent stem. The large rooms, the rows of marbles, the acres of signed can-

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vas are beautiful and wonderful things, but no one man can appropriate them and fasten them to himself, or himself to them, for they are too large, and are the setting not for one person, but for the brilliant crowd. But his own "den," where he has the books he wants, the chair he likes, the few pictures he loves, it is there that he is *chez lui*,—at home. That is the good part: to have the other is enviable, no doubt, but one does not envy it with the sense of need. Of course no two people may have the same idea of a *chez lui;* and it is always with a certain anxiety that one awaits the arrival of a friend who has not seen one's own. He may easily not like it at all (as I have said, the appearance of the house outside is among the things to be forgotten), and if he does not, it is part of me he does not like. But it takes all sorts to make a world. If it were not so the world would be infinitely less entertaining than it is, and infinitely less lovable.

Almost exactly opposite my windows is an old graveyard, the stones in which are for the most part mossed and gray. A gravel-path winds in and out of the sleeping-place of men long dead, and round it stand a half-dozen of fine elms. It borders on the road, and is separated from it by only a low paling. And looking out of my window this morning I saw there one of those very simple little common things that give the lie to cynics. It was a fine sunshiny morning, and the road was populous, and among others there came down it two big strapping privates out of the regiment that is stationed here, all trappings and scarlet, while between them, with a hand in the arm of each, walked a little old lady dressed in black. Each of the two men carried a cross of white flowers, and they walked very slowly, hanging on their steps, and suiting their pace to the woman. All three passed in at the cemetery gate, and went across the grass to a tomb which lay underneath the elm, and had an old weather-worn stone to mark it. On it the two soldiers laid down their crosses, took off their forage-caps, and all three knelt side by side for a couple of minutes, it may be, at the foot of the grave, close by the road. Then they rose, and the old lady kissed both her sons very tenderly, and stood with them there a minute more, a hand clasped by each, while they talked together, I suppose, of the dead. Then they passed out of the cemetery gate again, and, for aught I know, out of my life. But a little later I went across the road, and to the grave where the crosses of lilies lay. The stone, as I had said, was of old standing, and I read that it was in memory of a man who had died in the year 1880, on April 17, so that to-day was the twenty-second anniversary of his death. Two days afterwards I happened to ask the colonel of that regiment whether there were two privates of a certain name among the men.

"Yes," said he, "excellent steady fellows; they look after their old mother who lives here."

So the reconstruction was simple enough. The father must have died while the two sons were still boys of five or six; yet on the anniversary of his death, so it seems, they still go to the grave with their mother, quite simply and naturally, and say a prayer there with her. The grass, too, on the grave itself was, I noticed, kept short and carefully tended, so I suppose they go there not infrequently. I think the man who lies there must have been a good husband. God keep all our memories as green in loving hearts!

Meantime, April is here, and it is good to be in England, for in no other country that I have ever seen is the rush of color more jubilant. Flowers you may get in plenty on the Grecian hills when, blossom by blossom, the spring began, but nowhere do you get such green as that in which here April hangs the trees and hedgerows. Star-like the pink-petalled daisies shine in the grass of the water-meadows, and soon the yellow shower of buttercups will make sunshine on the earth. In lonely places the daffodils dance together for the joy of their renewed life, and the warm wind shakes the snow of almond and apple blossoms onto the thick-bladed turf. Morning by morning fresh spears of living stuff have pierced the earth, rising upwards in obedience to the great law that moves all life,—to look on the kingdom of the sun,—and every day the sap and growth hum and tingle to the end of twig and tree, bursting forth through pink-sheathed buds into stars and crescents of leaf and blossom. On the great downs the grass of last year already shows gray and withered by the newness of the excellent emerald, soon to be wrought with tapestries of thyme, where the bee scrambles heavy-legged with the pollen of its fragrant labor, and the chalices of the fairy-bells, to which, so the legend of the countryside has it, the fairies dance, leaving a deeper green where their feet have trod. Brimful from bank to grassy bank the chalk stream, drawn from their cool deep brain of the downs, hurries steadfastly through the meadows, setting the weeds quivering and jerking. Here its course lies over beds of white chalk and gravel, each pebble shining lucently, jewel-like; here the water-weeds, growing thickly from bank to bank, are combed and waved by the passage of the water; here the stream is set on a more sober and earnest purpose, as it knits itself together in the bricked and narrowed passage that leads to the melodious thunder of a mill, from which, having accomplished its work without any loss or fatigue, it emerges in a soda-water of bubble from the dripping sides of the sluice and the mist of its own outpouring. There in the pool below lie its great mysterious citizens, the aldermen of the river, for whom on many days I shall, with my heart in my mouth, cast flies upon the water. Think if I should catch him, Lord Mayor himself, an eight-pounder at least, so the miller tells me, who has broken as many lines, it appears, as there are pebbles in the stream, or heads of racing thistledom in a windy meadow! And if, as is highly probable, the lord of the stream defends his own, and will put such slight wisdom into the heads of his fish that not even the least cautious stripling among them is lured by me, yet he cannot cast out from me that fond hope that this cast or this will meet its reward; or when evening comes, and the creek is still untenanted, take away from me the benefit of those water-side hours, the combing of the water-weeds, the translucency of sunlit ripples, the infinite refreshment of companionship.

To be Continued.

Smoot

What's the matter with Smoot?
Isn't he smooth? Isn't he cute?
What will he represent?
Lust and lies and women's tears,
Darkness, greed and craft and fears.
Let like by like be sent!
Evil branch of evil root,
Why won't he suit?

Send him, Mormons, if you will.
Nor jostle,
Senators,
Utah's apostle!
Make room for Smoot;
Smooth, cute Smoot!
He fills the bill!
Evil branch of evil root,
Why won't he suit?

The Golden Time of Good Queen Anne

It seems a little strange that the three reigns of the greatest fame in English history, and destined to remain the dearest to the fancy, should be the reigns of the three queens who at wide intervals have broken the long line of her inadequate and uninteresting kings. It is as if the order of events had put itself gallantly out, and hurried or stayed to accumulate in the times of those ladies the greatest riches of incident and of character, the highest achievements in literature, science, and art; but very likely nothing of this sort could be proved, and we must remain with the riddle of their supremacy unread. It may simply have happened that the ages which we call after them are the most splendid in English annals. They were not ladies of the greatest authority naturally in the regions where their celebrity resides. Elizabeth was rather a horrid old harridan, vain, wilful, cruel; Victoria was a good mother of a family, kind, just, and true, but not, one would say, very luminous; Anne was good, too, in her seventeenth-century way, but narrow-minded, of a rather childish fancy, and perhaps somewhat stupid. Neither was of strong appeal to the hearts or heads of men, and we shall never know by what occult means the heavenly powers were conjured to make their times among the greatest in the human story. One does not get nearer the answer to the conundrum by recognizing that these queens had themselves, of course, little or nothing to do with illustrating their epochs. They might each have been altogether different from what she was, and still her reign would have been illustrious.

Of the three reigns that of Anne must longest remain the playground of the imagination. We are too far from Elizabeth's to be at home in it; too near to Victoria's to see it in "the light that never was." But we have about the right distance on Anne's, and the more clearly it is ascertained, the more charming is the glamour in which it is wrapped. It may be that we find there the beginning of the modern spirit, the sane, prose spirit that reasons and proves, and accepts nothing that is not reasonable and probable, and that this is why we like so much to read about it. If we are more for poetry we must go back to the Elizabethan days, or pause in the Victorian. Of the highest and deepest poetry it has long been known that Anne has little or none to give us; but as the human spirit is more comfortable in prose, or in the verse that has its clearness and ease, it is probable that it will continue to seek that middle distance, at least in its modern moods, and take its pleasure there. In the spacious vacancy of the background one is rather lost, and in the crowded foreground one is jostled and poked about too much. But there in good Queen Anne's time one is just enough related to the motives and meanings through one's own to have the sense of an agreeable hospitality from the polite and charming presences of the past who really understand one. There are enough people, and as yet there is no crowding of distinctions upon the imagination. Marlborough, Pope, Bolingbroke, Addison, Arbuthnot, Harley, Swift, Newton, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Steele, are of the company one meets; Blenheim, Ramillies, Malplaquet, the *Tale of a Tub*, "The Rape of the Lock," the "Essay on Man," Inoculation, Gravitation, *Cato*, the *Spectator*, are the events which engage men's minds and form the topics of conversation.

It is the beginning of English literary criticism, and the beginning of English science, which is a sort of criticism of the uni-

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verse: of English satire, which is the criticism of society. It is the beginning of English journalism, and almost of English fiction: quite that, indeed, if we consider the *Spectator* a sort of imaginative work in the whole, as it is a journalistic work in the parts. It is the beginning of the English ethicism from which nothing wrong in art or science or politics has since escaped without self-reproach, without being finally brought to book. The poet, when first

He stooped to truth and moralized his song,

confessed the advent of a new influence which was to fix in the soul that sense of responsibility which Puritanism had vainly endeavored to implant, and which Agnosticism has never dreamt of disallowing.

All this and more is what Mr. Justin McCarthy makes clear in his delightful history of *The Reign of Queen Anne*, which we have been reading with more pleasure and instruction than we should be able to make evident. It is all very familiar ground, in a way, that the book covers, but the familiarity is of the sort through which one feels the charm of novelty. One has the dreamlike perception of having been there before, in *Henry Esmond*, in the *Spectator*, in Macaulay's essays and history, in the tales of Swift and the verses of Pope, and the letters of lots of brilliant people; but this does not weaken or obscure the effect of Mr. McCarthy's view of the events and characters of that interesting and important reign. He no more sees them newly than you do; he could not without putting them in a false light; there they are in the plain day where they have always been. They have no secrets darker than Swift's loves for Stella and Vanessa; they are immensely simple in every aspect; and this is the surprise, the ever-novel charm which the latest view of them imparts.

It is a very literary view, and the book is all the better for having the character of a succession of clever and agreeable papers on several topics suggested by the events of Queen Anne's reign. The fact does not accuse them of superficiality; superficiality and lightness are very different, and superficiality may be heavy, and lightness deep. Apparently the "original sources" have not been troubled by Mr. McCarthy's studies, but we know them too little to be sure that they have not been profoundly roiled. What we are sure of is that no turbidity has got into the results distilled from them, which are beautifully clear, and through which the past shows itself as through a window of advantageous outlook.

The various papers are all literary, but the reader who has not yet come to them need not fear from this praise anything of that pseudo-pictoriality which once attempted the rehabilitation of this or that period, and gave to history the gaudy unreality of historic fiction. That danger to the past is over, and it was never to be feared from an artist of Mr. McCarthy's make. An artist we must own he is, first of all, but we do not see why in the abstract that should disable him from seeing clearly and judging fairly. In the concrete he always does that, we think, and the entire amiability of his book is consistent with its impartiality and its manly and generous conclusions.

The object of sarcasm is chiefly to give pain; the object of irony is chiefly to give pleasure, either by a sense of amusement or of novelty.—*The Spectator.*

A thing is worth precisely what it can do for you, not what you choose to pay for it.
—*Ruskin.*

More from Mark Twain about Christian Science

THERE is a deal of thoroughness about Mark Twain. When he sets out to relieve his mind he is apt to relieve it fully. He stops not at the end of the page, nor at a convenient point, but when he gets through. When that happens it is usually found that he has made a mark that will stick. The reader may differ with his views, but he does not forget them. They are too well pounded in for that.

The first instalment of his observations on Christian Science has been considered in the WEEKLY. The second, in the *North American Review* for January, is at hand, and there is a third to come next month. These discourses were written in Europe in 1899, and have been seasoning for three years. This month's chapter is mainly devoted to the amazing profitableness of Mother Eddy's monopoly. Mark insists that the old lady will be worshipped in due time by her following; meanwhile he guesses how much money she must have made, and what are the financial prospects of what he calls the Boston Christian Science Trust. He can find no evidence that this trust ever gives anything away. It sells many things —the great Eddy book, hymnals, manuals, miscellaneous writings of Mrs. Eddy, and the like, "always at extravagant prices, and always on the one condition—*cash*, cash in advance." From end to end of the Christian Science literature, says Mark, "not a single (material) thing in the world is conceded to be real except the dollar. But all through its advertisements that reality is eagerly and persistently recognized."

Mark has a keen scent for money-changers in the temple, as readers may recall. The trust, he finds, now collects a fee of three hundred dollars for a finishing course of seven lessons at its metaphysical college in Boston, and a tax of one dollar a head, annually, from all members of Christian Science churches. He thinks its revenues from all these sources—books, souvenir-spoons, fees, and taxes—must already be very large, and bid fair to be enormous. And he cannot find that it has any serious expenses, or that it supports any charities. He is very deeply impressed by Christian Science as a commercial enterprise in the hands of a small trust, not accountable to any one for its receipts. He insists that it is destined to win an enormous growth. He guesses there will be ten million Christian Scientists in America in 1910, and that they will be a political force. He guesses that they will be politically formidable in 1920, and in 1930 "the governing power of the republic—to remain that permanently." "And I think it a reasonable guess," he adds, "that the Trust will then be the most insolent and unscrupulous and tyrannical politico-religious master that has domineered a people since the palmy days of the Inquisition."

As for the curative branch of Christian Science, Mark declares that the power which a man's imagination has over his body to heal it or to make it sick is a force which none of us is born without. But because, if left to himself, a man is likely to use only that half of the force which invents imaginary ailments, it takes two imaginations, his own and some outsider's, to help him.

The outsider must imagine that he is doing the work, and the patient must imagine that this is so. "I think," says Mark, "that it is not so at all; but, no matter, the cure is effected, and that is the main thing." The outsider's work, he says, is unquestionably valuable. He likens it to the work done by the engineer when he turns on steam and starts the engine. The power is in the engine, but if left alone the engine would never start of itself. Whatever you call the engineer—Christian Scientist, Mind Curist, or Hypnotist, he is simply the engineer, and turns on the same old steam and the engine does the work. The reason why the Christian Scientist engineer beats all the others is partly, Mark thinks, because he has the takingest name and wears religious overalls, but chiefly because he has organized the business, backed it with capital, and concentrated it in Boston in the hands of a small and very competent trust. It is on the existence of this trust that Mark has based his expectation of the vast spread of Christian Science. If it were loosely conducted, as such enterprises usually are, it would do no better than "unorganized great moral and commercial ventures" usually do. "But I believe," he says, "that so long as this one remains compactly organized . . . in a trust, the spread of its dominion will continue."

So ends Mark's second lesson on this subject. It is not convincing in its prophecies, but it is highly suggestive. Who is the real John Rockefeller of the Christian Science Trust? Is it the venerable Mother at Concord? She is an old woman. Who is her understudy? Who are her colleagues?

An enormous amount of mental cure is being sold nowadays outside of Christian Science. In the Sunday edition of an important New York paper a few weeks ago were three advertisements, each about a column long. One advertised free cures by absent treatment by Professor X; another advertised that Doctor Y, the noted scientist, had given a sum of money to be spent in free distribution by a noted college of a book on personal magnetism; the third advertised to give away books disclosing the wonders of Professor Z's system of personal influence. Each advertisement gave a different mail address, but all came from the same thrifty concern that sells hypnotic (absent) treatment, literature, lessons by mail, and diplomas on an astonishing scale. It is only one of many such establishments in various parts of the country, most of which are working overtime and making very satisfactory profits.

The United States Post-office Department has tried from time to time to throw some of them out of the mails, but the United States Supreme Court believes in free trade for mental healers, and protects them in their postal privileges. Possibly it is averse to giving Christian Scientists a monopoly of the business. At any rate, the trade in mind-cure is so extremely brisk that even the enormous size of the field can hardly save the traders from feeling presently the effects of competition. Probably the very success of Christian Science will breed its own checks, and limit within safe bounds the growth that Mark Twain seems to think will be so overwhelming.

The Full Hour

WHEN a woman is but a thing
For a man to fondle and pet,
Let her dance and sing—
Her hour is not yet.

When a man is but a staff
For a woman to cling to, dumb,
Let him strut and laugh—
His hour is not come.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

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Correspondence

THE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM IN FRANK NORRIS AND IN MISS WILKINS

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

In the January Easy Chair of HARPER'S MAGAZINE Mr. Howells surprised and honored a certain "polite correspondent," to whom he refers, by himself answering certain questions which this same correspondent had proposed to criticism in general. Among them: "What are the conditions from which springs, we will say, Mr. Norris's theory of the novel?" and "What makes the difference between Miss Wilkins's *Portion of Labor* and, say, Hauptmann's *Weavers*?" Mr. Howells's answers are themselves so individual, so provocative, that the correspondent finds herself restating her own answers to the questions anew, and even writing them out—her only excuse being that Mr. Howells has made the questions themselves so much more interesting by his discussion of them.

Frank Norris's theory of the novel was, indeed, broadly speaking, Zola's theory of the novel; but the question remains, in the mind of the correspondent, why did Zola's sociological method seem to adapt itself so well to Mr. Norris's American theme—to the great exultant, practical and material civilization of the West? But Mr. Norris's practice was more than Zola's, it was his own—to quote the Easy Chair again; and if *The Octopus* succeeded in embodying the spirit of our Western civilization as no mere sociological novel could have done, and indeed as no other contemporary novel has done, it was because, one thinks, Mr. Norris was himself moved to so much sympathy with it. There is a hard and critical light on the work of certain novelists of the "Chicago School" that betrays them to be really spiritual aliens from the society which they describe. Mr. Norris was no such alien. He laid bare the brutalities of a great economic struggle in which human lives and human souls went down with candor, but, in spite of himself, with zest in the intensity of the drama. Nor is his conclusion intentionally pessimistic. If I read *The Octopus* aright, it finds the sacrifice of these souls a heroic one, since it has helped to solve the great feeding problem of the world. This is truly the faith in a material progress to which the great lusty life of America is at present dedicated. Mr. Norris was characteristically American also in his recently expressed conviction that the novelist must read his newspaper and not his Ruskin or his Carlyle for any returns to his art. Of course this is partly the academically trained young man's revolt from the academic training, when he has to face actual life and actual creation; but it has in it, too, a youthful scorn for the strains of personal and ideal reflection that used to shape our own authors, and still go into the making of a Tolstoy, a Hauptmann, a Björnson, a Meredith—and a Howells. "Mere Literature" has certainly very little place in the novelist's equipment, unless it is to deepen the personal springs of his life, and make him look out on the Real World with a more complete self-consciousness.

Miss Wilkins's *Portion of Labor* is also, in a different way from *The Octopus*, characteristically American, and when put alongside of Hauptmann's *Weavers* is a strong illustration, as the correspondent herself had in mind to say, of two different civilizations. But as she reads Miss Wilkins's story, there is no such despair of present society in it as Mr. Howells finds; certainly none such as is to be found in Hauptmann's drama—nothing like the same picture of awful and hopeless destitution which certainly does make *The Weavers* more "effective" in the dramatic sense, but less real to the American's experience than Miss Wilkins's story. In the New England village the penalties of labor are heavy, but not so heavy as to crush the soul. The laborer still eats, even if he cannot educate his daughter "like a lady." And his deprivations and the deprivations of his fellows call for the steady exercise of self-sacrifice, such as the rich never know. Labor and poverty are their own education, Miss Wilkins seems to say. And it is a characteristically American touch, one with which we are familiar both in her stories and in Mr. Howells's own, that even though the strikers fail in her factory village, natural democracy reasserts itself, and the son of the capitalist marries the daughter of the laborer. Say that there is something of our provincial faith in democracy surviving in Miss Wilkins's story, it is yet that faith which is the heaven of American life. To the present writer there could be no better examples of Christianity, as the Old and the New World receive it, than the *Portion of Labor* and Hauptmann's drama. The Weaver has exhausted his hope in the present world, and so he looks beyond it to that other world where the physical order is reversed, and the humble, the weak, and the oppressed are inheritors. Miss Wilkins finds in the life of labor its natural present compensations—as indeed the society that she pictures yields them. For the American idealist, Christianity is yet the hope of social progress; to the European it is the consecration of suffering.

Yours, etc., E. B. B.

THE CURB-BIT IN THE ARMY

NEW YORK, *January 15, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your article in a recent issue, on Adjutant-General Corbin's report, must have proved interesting to those who are informed or care about the apparent effort being made by the War Department to modernize the methods, system, and equipment of our army. I hoped to find that the report contained a recommendation to abolish the antiquated, unnecessarily severe, and cruel bit specified by the regulations—perhaps it escaped the editor's attention, or perhaps General Corbin regarded it as a detail beneath his notice in comparison to singing classes and matrimonial discouragement. It is, nevertheless, of great importance, and will be, just so long as horsemanship plays any part in warfare.

With all the improvement made in our army and its equipment, the single curb-bit has been allowed to remain; it exerts practically the same force against every horse, whether he needs it or not, and, therefore, is just as sensible as though every trooper had to wear the same size boot; it is opposed to the best results of horsemanship, primarily because it ruins a horse's mouth. In all of the real tests of horsemanship—for example, hunting, polo, etc.—what could be accomplished with a single curb-bit? The cowboy (an example of the best riders in the world) puts aside the curb-bit when he undertakes to train a pony for polo, just as the army officer rides his charger with the regulation curb, but knows that it would be useless to try to obtain any result in a contest where real horsemanship is called for, with such an implement, for example, a broad-sword contest.

Did General Corbin notice the "single-curb" bit on any horse in the German cavalry? From personal observation of that magnificent branch of their service, I can venture the reply that he did not, nor could he have seen such a bit in use in the English, French, Russian, Belgian, or Italian cavalry; certainly this must mean something—horsemen know what it means.

Polo has been encouraged at West Point, because it was found that at several army posts it was an excellent means of developing horsemanship and other qualities essential to a useful soldier. Have the cadets found it possible to engage in a contest of horsemanship when using a "single-curb" bit? Not with one horse in fifty. The Sixth Cavalry, when stationed in Washington, was one of the first cavalry regiments in the United States army to start polo, and they began with army saddles and bridles. Their first match ended the experiment, and they replaced the curb-bit with the usual "bit and bidoun," or so-called double-rein bridle.

In the National Guard of New York State, which assimilates closely to the regular army, there are two cavalry organizations in the city of New York, containing many splendid chargers. In drill these horses are misused by the regulation bit; but their owners, who are horsemen, rarely, if ever, when off duty and riding the same horses, employ such a useless and harmful implement. One of these cavalry organizations has developed polo very extensively in their regiment, having upwards of sixty players. General Roe regards this as particularly advantageous, but every one of the sixty men know that enforced use of the army curb-bit would end this attempt to improve horsemanship.

The interest of your valuable journal in army reforms and improvements may well be directed to the omission from reports of recommendations to abolish "single-curb" bits, and thus to add to the usefulness of the cavalry.

HENRY M. EARLE.

The Truth about Chicago

WHEN local color comes into a story or into a picture or into any other work of art, the local color must come in secondarily and subconsciously. Manifest attempts at reproducing local color fail. Yet there is no real art that does not speak of its habitat and the soil that grew it. And the best art, whether it be that of the picture-maker, the sculptor, or the writer, is the art that grinds the local color into the form and substance of the creations, and makes the form and substance great of themselves and for themselves; while the local color they may carry is the blood that makes the world akin.

The best thing about George Horace Lorimer's *Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son* is that they tell the truth about Chicago so unconsciously. Lorimer in his letters has created a paper man as vital as any of the men made by American story-writers. "John Graham" is strong, hard-working, broad-gauged after the Western fashion, mean to his enemies, provincial, country bred, city made, an automatic philanthropist, and what the country papers call "a kind father, a loyal husband, a generous friend, and a good citizen." Graham has more philosophy than the Shepherd of Arden, but it is the philosophy of business; cynical as a cold south wind. But the marvel of the whole book, John Graham, Pierrepont, his "Ma," Helen Heath, and all of the simple *dramatis personæ*, is the way it reproduces and reflects Chicago. In no other book is the dirt and riches and unformed mass of the town more vividly yet consciously set down than in these "letters." The book is Chicago boiled to an essence. The barbaric yawp of protest and the careless whoop of approval that Chicago voices where she pleases, are in the book. If a statue typical of Chicago were to be made it should represent "John Graham" writing to his son: "Repartee makes lively reading, but business dull. What the house needs is more orders."

The local color in the book does not stick out in dialect. It is in the blood of it

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Finance

THE course of the securities-markets lately has been what unprejudiced observers of the situation looked for; that is, after a period of great activity and strength has come a halt in the upward movement. The development of the "reactionary" tendency, inevitable from the extent and rapidity of the previous advance, led to as inevitable a curtailment of activity. And the speculative community finds itself hesitating, like stock values. Always in these indecisive periods the trading assumes what Wall Street calls a "professional" character. The outside public being absent, the bulk of the buying and the selling comes from the professional speculators, whose operations are more apt to be based upon technical market conditions more or less transitory, that upon general business or financial conditions, upon which must rest really important or extensive campaigns, either for the rise or the decline.

The rise in stocks was violent. Many of the features of the "old-fashioned bull market" were present in last week's trading. Transactions were on an enormous scale, far beyond anything witnessed for many months, and Wall Street again had its "million-share days." While the heaviest dealings were in a few stocks, there was a fairly wide distribution of activity, and, moreover, the air was full of rumors and talk of deals, surcharged with the "mystery" that has proven so often potent to stimulate the public appetite for stock-gambling as no array of printed statistics, however favorable, could. The bull fever and its symptoms were there. The extent and rapidity of the advance were so great as to frighten the more conservative, and a torrent of warning, printed and spoken, poured into Wall Street—even as it always does at the beginning of all bull markets. It is probable that the sober advice of impartial observers of the situation had some effect, but it was not so much a sudden-born desire to be conservative which checked the advance, but the enormous sales to realize profits on the part of cliques and individual operators to whose efforts and manipulation the entire upward movement was due. Some outside demand for stocks had been created by the *simulacrum* of a bull market. When this demand was satisfied, aggressive manipulative operations for the rise having been suspended, the market fell into the hands of professional traders, who saw only one way for prices to go, and that down.

The great hue and cry against the January rise, because it was so transparently due to the aforementioned "manipulation" by daring market cliques, was scarcely justified. To be sure, precisely such operations were indulged in by a coterie of Western plungers last summer and autumn, and they, as is well known, came to grief. But the manipulation then ended disastrously because it was ill-timed. Conditions were against the plungers, and natural conditions are stronger than men, even Chicagoans. In the slump that followed, prices fell first from the inflated level to the level of actual value, and then, because on such violent movements prices always go much further than is strictly justified, they fell below the real value level. The first recovery obviously consisted of the readjustment of stock prices to the proper or investment value. Then those speculative influences which had precipitated the slump having disappeared when the danger of serious money stringency passed, the second or speculative rebound followed. That it was assisted, or, indeed, even caused entirely by manipulation was not a market crime. It has been stated repeatedly in this column that stocks do not go up. They are put up. Left to itself, that is, to investors, the market would fluctuate but slightly.

MRS. EDDY'S WRITINGS

Mrs. Eddy's publishing agents having refused to sell me her book called "Miscellaneous Writings," to my great inconvenience, I have placed an order for this work with Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and shall hope that some one possessing an extra copy of it will be willing to sell it to them for me. Please communicate with them. MARK TWAIN.

Harper's Weekly

FOR NEXT WEEK

The aim of HARPER'S WEEKLY *is to present every week, in picture and text, the living questions of the day treated in an interesting, comprehensive way. The issue of next week will have, among other contributors,*

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
E. F. BENSON
HENRY LOOMIS NELSON
SYDNEY BROOKS
E. S. MARTIN
CHARLES JOHNSTON
JAMES MacARTHUR
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ALBERT LEVERING
GRANVILLE SMITH
HARRY C. EDWARDS
E. M. ASHE
C. J. POST *Etc., Etc.*

Forty pages of interest on the vital questions of the day.

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Financial

The

Corn Exchange Bank

New York

WILLIAM A. NASH, President
THOMAS T. BARR, } Vice-Presidents
WALTER E. FREW, }
E. T. MARTIN, Cashier
WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check .	31,349,710.76
	$36,565,818.54

Financial

Letters of Credit.

Bills of exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made. International Cheques. Certificates of Deposit.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

Official Legal Notice

THE CITY OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS, MAIN OFFICE, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN
NO. 280 BROADWAY, STEWART BUILDING,
January 15, 1903

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN AS REQUIRED BY THE Greater New York Charter, that the Books entitled "The Annual Record of the Assessed Valuation of Real and Personal Estate of the Boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond, comprising The City of New York," will be open for examination and correction on the second Monday of January, and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1903

During the time that the books are open for public inspection, application may be made by any person or corporation claiming to be aggrieved by the assessed valuation of real or personal estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan, at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 280 Broadway.

In the Borough of The Bronx, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building, One Hundred and Seventy Seventh Street and Third Avenue.

In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.

In the Borough of Queens, at the office of the Department, Hackett Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City.

In the Borough of Richmond, at the office of the Department, Masonic Building, Stapleton.

Corporations in all the Boroughs must make applications only at the main office in the Borough of Manhattan.

Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of personal estate must be made by the person assessed at the office of the Department in the Borough where such person resides, and in the case of a non-resident carrying on business in The City of New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough where such place of business is located, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., except on Saturdays, when all applications must be made between 10 A. M. and 12 noon.

JAMES L. WELLS, President.
WILLIAM S. COGSWELL,
GEORGE J. GILLESPIE,
SAMUEL STRASBOURGER,
RUFUS L. SCOTT,
Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.

Financial

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NO. 30 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK
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504 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL. WILLIAMSON BLDG., CLEVELAND, O. 30 COLEMAN ST., LONDON, E. C.
LINCOLN TRUST BLDG., ST. LOUIS, MO.

PRESENT DAY READING

Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.50

Venezuela

A Land Where It's Always Summer

By WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS

With a Colored Map. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.25

Chatty and entertaining, and gives us an interesting picture of scenery, history, and life. An appendix contains the official correspondence between the United States and Great Britain. The story of the life of Guzman Blanco, self-styled "The Illustrious American," is well worth reading for the glimpse it gives into the ways of South American politicians, as well as for its portrayal of a unique personality.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

The Mechanics' National Bank

of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)

33 WALL STREET

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ANDREW A. KNOWLES, - - - - - CASHIER.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

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INTERESTING FICTION

The Reflections of Ambrosine

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "The Visits of Elizabeth"

If Elinor Glyn charmed novel readers by her first work, she has certainly added to her popularity with this newly published story. The keenness of observation, the audacity, of "The Visits of Elizabeth" are here, but, in addition to this, she has given us a strong love story and a novel of real dramatic power.

$1.50

The Maid-at-Arms

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of "Cardigan"

Mr. Chambers has long since won a most enviable position among contemporary novelists. The great popular success of "Cardigan" makes this present novel of unusual interest to all readers of fiction. A stirring novel of American life in days just after the Revolution. It is a story with a fascinating love interest, and is alive with exciting incident and adventure. Some of the characters of "Cardigan" reappear in this new novel.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

$1.50

The Intrusions of Peggy

By ANTHONY HOPE

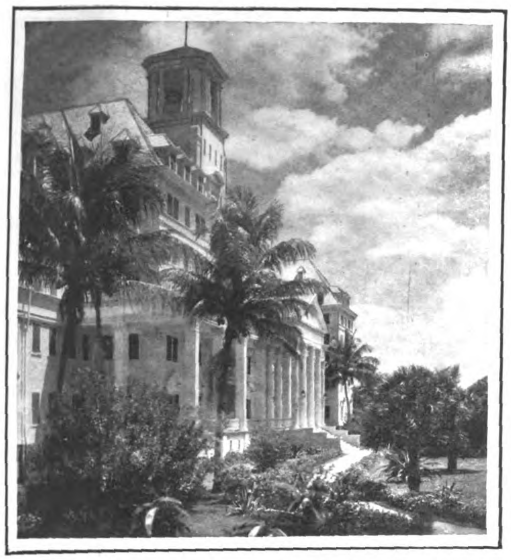
Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

A charmingly entertaining story of London life of the present day, full of wit and cleverness. A rich and attractive young widow, Trix Trevalla, goes to London to make her social way in the world. Into all her adventures, matrimonial or financial, Trix's friend, Peggy Ryle—a breezy and ingenuous young woman—intrudes, much to the reader's amusement. It is, indeed, a highly clever comedy, brilliantly written and of unflagging interest.

Illustrated by William Hurd Lawrence. $1.50

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

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The Royal Poinciana at Palm Beach



The Regular Way of Getting About

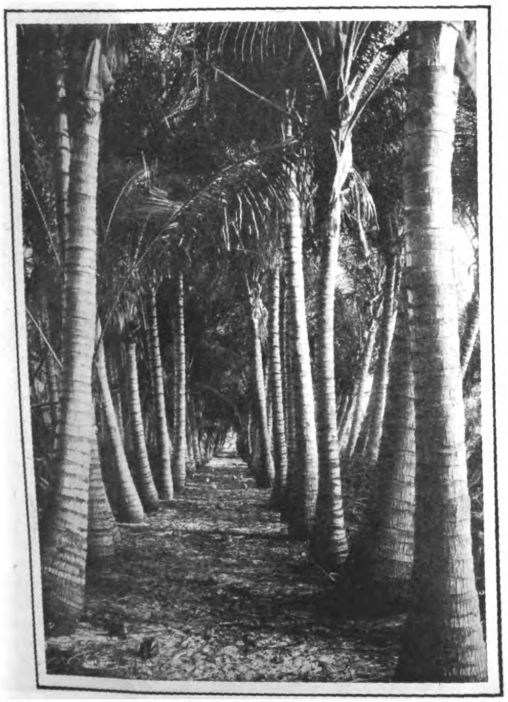
A Show Resort in the South

PALM BEACH is one of the great "show" places of America. It has been called the "American Riviera," but the Riviera has nothing to compare with it in gorgeous tropical setting. It used to be a swamp and a jungle. The wealth of one man has converted it into the most beautiful mile or two of water-front on any sea. There are ocean bathing nearly all winter, and fishing and good sailing on Lake Worth, which is an arm of the sea. Being wheeled over shady paths in bicycle-chairs is the regulation way of getting about.

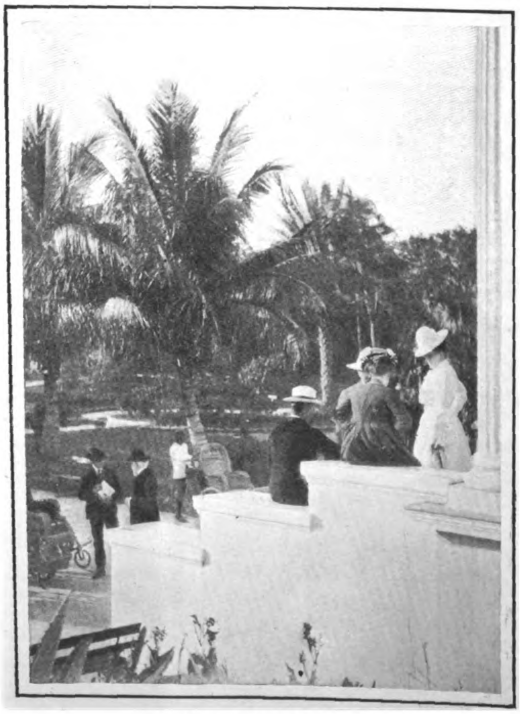
Between the two hotels—The Breakers, on the sea-front, and the Royal Poinciana on Lake Worth—is an *allée* which for beauty defies description. It is arched over with the fronds of palms and the branches of cocoanuts, which come in regular alternation, while between them glows the gorgeous red of the hibiscus softened by the tender pink of oleander. The color scheme is dreamlike in its beauty. Yet the arrangement was regularly planned and carried out, though so artistically that it seems part of tropical nature.

The days are spent mostly outdoors, in golfing, sailing, fishing, and bathing, with an occasional détour into the Everglades by the Nimrods with a Seminole guide. But every night at Palm Beach is "opera night." The Royal Poinciana at night is the centre of the show. Evening dress is *de rigueur* for dinner. There is immense wealth (if not always refinement) shown in the costumes and jewels of the women at dinner, and when it is borne in mind that over a thousand people easily can be seated in the Poinciana dining-room, the brilliancy of the scene can be imagined. Palm Beach is a show-place in more senses than one. After dinner the display continues in the parlors and on the broad verandas. Some women, whose bank accounts are more flourishing than their family trees, literally seem to stagger under the weight of their jewels.

Down the beach is the Monte Carlo of the resort, where private dinners are served, and where every evening can be heard the click of poker chips, the whir of roulette wheels, and the voice of the dealer at faro.



The Avenue of Palms



On the Steps of the Hotel

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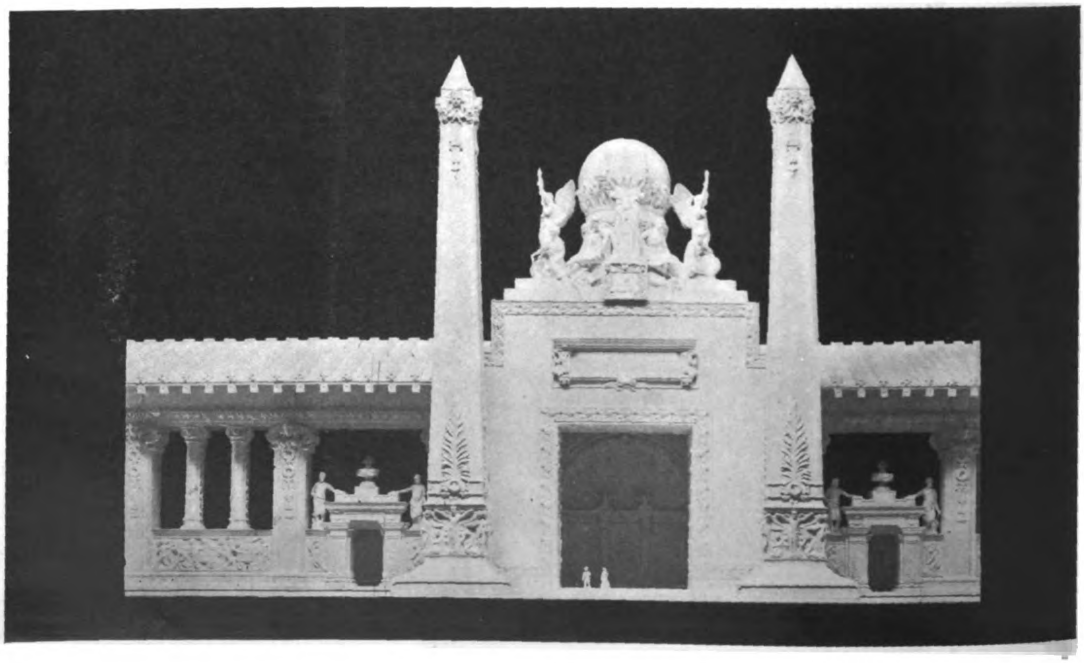


Details of one of the St. Louis Fair Buildings

WHEN the Louisiana Purchase Exposition opens its gates to the people of the world, they will probably see the most beautiful structures which have ever been designed and erected for any display of this character. The promoters of the Exposition have had ample opportunity to study styles of architecture which would be appropriate yet ornamental, and judging from the plans which have thus far been accepted, they form masterpieces of American architecture.

Those who have planned the buildings have had ample space allotted them in the 1200 acres appropriated for the Exposition grounds, while a very generous portion of the $20,000,000 which will probably be spent before all of the arrangements are completed will go into these truly magnificent structures. The director-general is authority for the statement that the "White City" at St. Louis will far excel even that at Chicago, the beautiful "Rainbow City" at Buffalo, and even the displays in that centre of art — Paris. The illustrations on this page, of the structure which is to be devoted to mining and metallurgy give an idea of the truly exquisite exterior of the principal buildings. These views form a perfect representation of the building in question, of which a perfect model has been made. Although in miniature, it defines every feature, and is in perfect proportion with the one to be completed. The main entrance is the most ornate feature, and the colossal group which surmounts it is artistic in every detail, as can be seen at a glance, while the columns rising at either side complete the stately effect. It will be one of the most elaborately decorated structures, so far as statuary is concerned, of any of the group, but every portion of the exterior, it may be said, represents the handiwork of the artist, even in the smaller columns forming the various sections. As its name implies, the building will be devoted largely to an exhibit of the mineral resources of this country, for which the States and Territories comprised in the Louisiana Purchase are especially notable. Consequently, it will be one of the most important of the structures from an educational standpoint, and this fact the directors have evidently appreciated. The building is the conception of a local architect, Mr. Theodore C. Link, of St. Louis.





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Marcellus

Virg. Æn. Lib. VI.

FATE can but show him
A moment ours ere he depart;
Longer to know him
Had swelled too high his country's heart.

For such another
The Latian breed shall hope in vain,
Nor Rome, his mother,
Rear nursling like to him again.

O pious duty,
O faith that filled the elder land!
In thy sword's beauty
What foe had lived, thou tameless hand?

Bring lilies hither,
Bring armfuls of their radiant bloom:
For wage let wither
Lilies upon the early tomb.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

THE INFANT
takes first to human milk; that failing, the mother turns at once to cow's milk as the best substitute. BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK is a cow's milk scientifically adapted to the human infant. Stood first for forty-five years.—[*Adv.*]

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WHEN you are at the club, drink a nice cold bottle of COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE. An exhilarating beverage.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

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for it disinfects while it cleanses. It is a safeguard against disease as well as dirt. A soap with life-saving qualities, and only 5 cents at dealers. Try a cake now.
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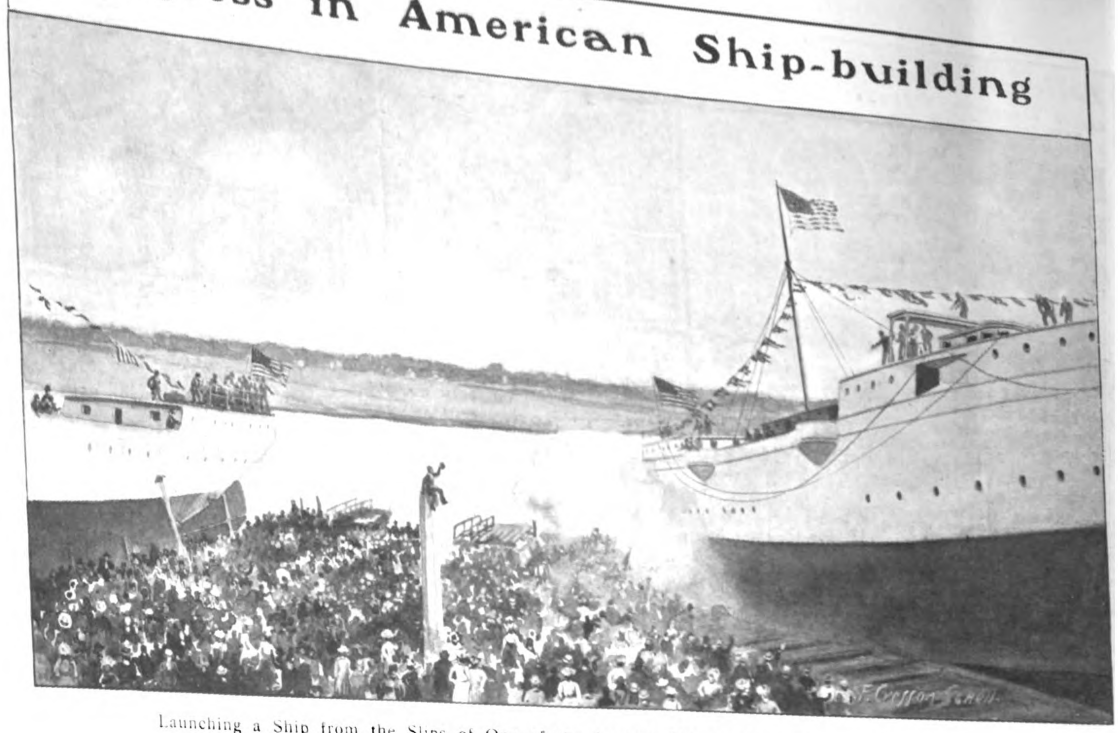
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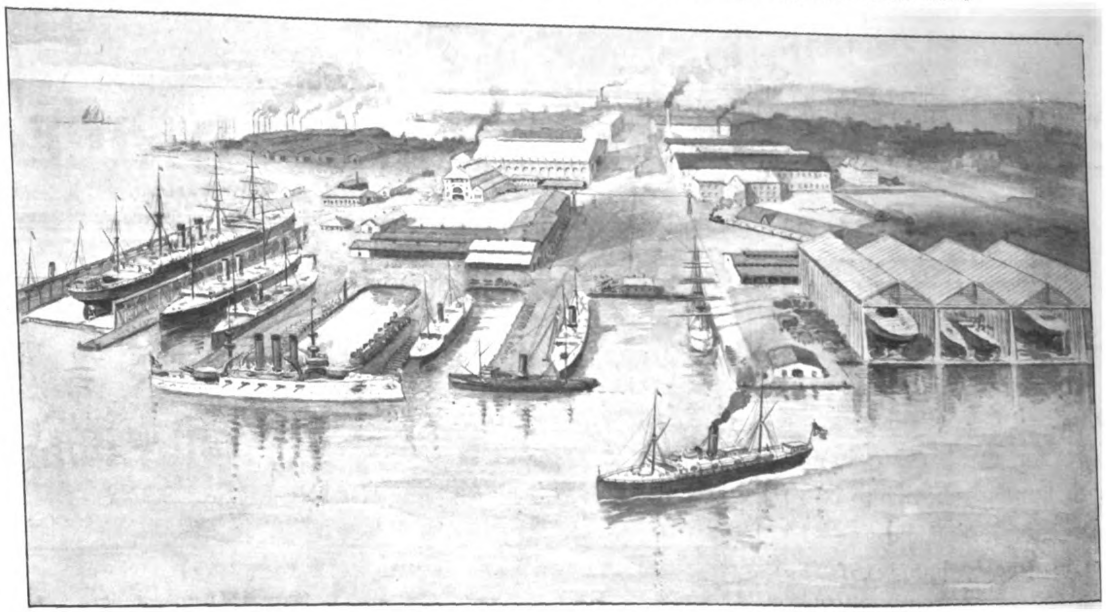
ORIZA-PERFUMERY (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

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Progress in American Ship-building



Launching a Ship from the Slips of One of the Largest Ship-building Companies in the World



A View of the Yards in San Francisco where the "Oregon" and "Olympia" were Built

In this yard, and those connected with it, there are facilities for making every possible part of a war-ship, from the armor to the most intricate machinery

Drawn by F. Cresson Schell

IT is doubtful if the average citizen realizes the tremendous significance of the changes that are going on in American marine interests. American ingenuity and American capital are now engaged persistently in building up the shipping industry of the country. The era of new railroad construction is practically past; the era of ship construction, which means the restoration of the American flag to the high seas, has only just begun.

Already the United States occupies a peculiar position in the matter of ship-building. On the Great Lakes the cheapest merchant vessels in the world are built. On the sea-coast the cheapest men-of-war in the world are being constructed. The one thing now needed in our ship construction is the power to build merchant vessels on the sea-coast as cheaply as they can be constructed on our inland lakes. When that stage of commercial development is reached the United States should lead the world.

A step of great importance to secure that end has just taken place in this country. It is the formation of a ship-building organization that for the first time in the world can turn out a finished war-ship solely from its own plants—hulls, engines, auxiliaries, armor, and guns. What this means in war-ship construction may be understood thoroughly when one considers that in England the Armstrong Company makes men-of-war and guns for them, but no armor. In Germany the Krupp concern makes guns and armor, but builds no ships. In France, Schneider of

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Creuzot, makes the armor and guns, but no ships. In this country we now have a company, the new United States Ship-building Company, which builds ships, guns, and armor, as well as the great number of auxiliaries needed in ship construction.

But this is not all. The first step has been made for the cheaper construction of merchant vessels on the sea-coast. This step lies in a system of organization. Most persons said, when the United States Ship-building Company was formed, "Here's another trust." In the loose sense in which the word trust is used, the statement that one had been formed in the ship-building trade would seem at first to be correct. It is not a trust in the sense that it has or is to have a monopoly in our sea-coast ship-building. It controls only about forty per cent. of our sea-coast ship-building plants, and it has monster rivals in the Cramp, the Newport News, the Fore River, and other plants. It is simply an organization formed from a community of interests to get economical production.

The great reason why our sea-coast ship-yards have lagged behind those of the Lakes in building cheap merchantmen is that the yards on the coasts have all been built for the war-ship trade. They have been organized under the most costly conditions. They have had to be ready to turn out a battle-ship as well as a tug. The fact is indisputable that if we can build the cheapest merchantmen in the world on the Lakes, we should also do it on the sea-coast. But a ship-yard made and managed to do the expensive work of building battle-ships cannot turn out cheap freighters to advantage.

The new ship-building combination was formed to classify this work, so far as possible; to build small boats at one place and big boats at another; to have an elaborate organization at one plant and a simple one at another, and not to fritter away the system necessary to make a battle-ship in producing a tugboat.

The country owes a greater debt to William C. Whitney for the development of American ship-building than most persons realize. When he became Secretary of the Navy the United States had no plants capable of turning out forgings for the machinery or guns of a modern man-of-war, and there were no facilities for making armor in the country. He was determined to build up the so-called New Navy. A committee of Congress waited on Mr. Whitney, and told him they would give him the right to import all such forgings. They would be satisfied if he would simply build the boats here. That of itself, it was thought, would be a great achievement.

Mr. Whitney told the members of this committee that they could put the provision in the law if they wished, but under no circumstances would he take advantage of it, for he was determined that American men-of-war should be built exclusively by American workmen and of American material. This decision was of stupendous importance to industrial America. It has meant the expenditure of millions upon millions of dollars in this country, and the effect upon varied industries concerned has been widespread. It not only kept alive our ship-yards, which had the coastwise trade of the country for their sole support, but it caused most of them to be enlarged, and others to be built, so that now they have the facilities to build the largest merchantmen afloat.

Within a year the largest two American-built vessels, surpassed in size by only half a dozen vessels in the world, have been put in commission. They are the *Korea* and *Siberia*, of the Pacific Mail Line, built at Newport News, and they are engaged in the contest on the greatest battle-ground, so to speak, for commerce in the world,—the trade of the Pacific Ocean. In a few months, at the most, what are said to be the largest ships ever built, vessels of 33,000 tons each, will be finished at the great shipping-plant at New London, a plant that never would have existed had it not been for the fostering care of American shipping by Secretary Whitney and his successor, Benjamin F. Tracy.

Mr. Whitney caused the establishment of great forging-plants of the country, and

(Continued on page 155.)



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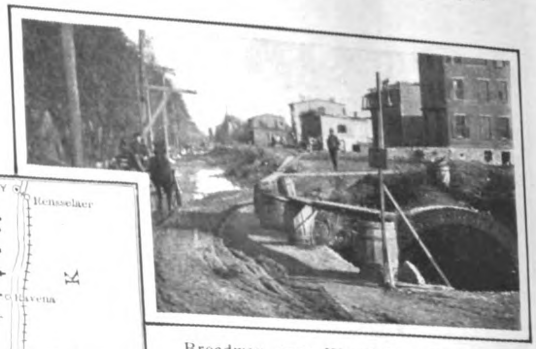
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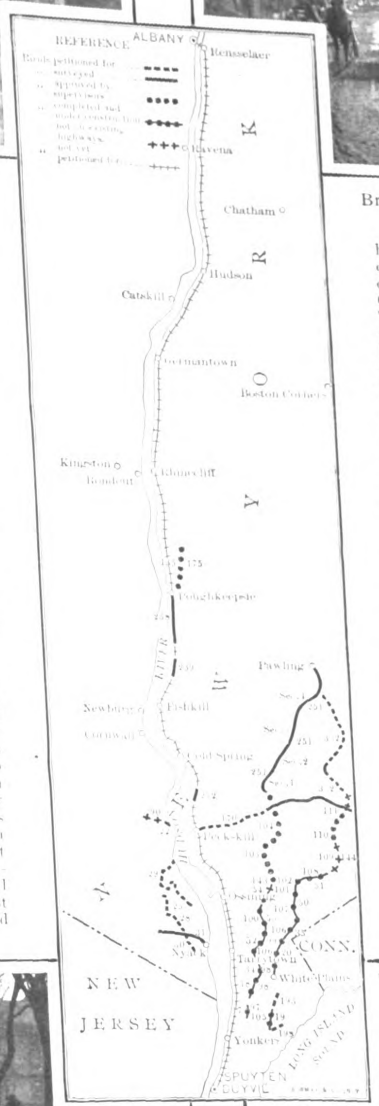
New York Roads: Present and Future



An Automobile Road in New York



Broadway, near Kingsbridge, New York



ON the 1st of December, 1902, a bill was introduced in the House of Representatives which opens the way to far-reaching results for the benefit of farmers and all persons who make use of the public highways. It is a bill "to create in the Department of Agriculture a bureau to be known as the Bureau of Public Roads, and to provide for a system of national, State, and local co-operation in the permanent improvement of the public highways." The director of this bureau is to have authority to use his discretion as to whether the road petitioned for is necessary and advantageous to the community which it serves.

The expense of construction is to be divided as follows: one-half is to be paid by the State or county in which the road is located, the other half by the Federal government in proportion to the number of inhabitants in each State. Under the census of 1900 the maximum pro-rata distribution would be $1,949,000 for New York State, $752,000 for Massachusetts, $243,000 for Connecticut, and for other States in proportion.

The sponsor for the bill is Colonel W. P. Brownlow, member from Tennessee, and son of the famous Parson Brownlow. Colonel Brownlow introduced the rural free-delivery bill, the first appropriation for which was $50,000, and has shown the scheme to be so financially successful that an appropriation of $12,500,000 is now asked for. He hardly expects the Roads bill to go through in its present form, but hopes in time to get a satisfactory measure passed. The important feature is to get the idea of Federal assistance as applied to highway construction well in the minds of the public. As the last government appropriation for rivers and harbors amounted to about $70,000,000, chiefly applied to the seaboard States, it does not seem too much to ask for $20,000,000 for the use of every State in the Union. The macadam roads completed and in process of building will form a circuit of about one hundred miles, starting from White Plains to Peekskill and around back. It is hoped eventually to have the road extended north through Pawling, about fifty miles, and that a State road may follow the Hudson as far north as Albany. These plans, however, are but possibilities, as it is unlikely that they would be petitioned for in the near future. Under the Higbie-Armstrong bill, for the aid of road construction in New York State, $10,000,000 is appropriated, yet it will take at least ten years to build the roads already petitioned for under that bill. New York State pays one-half the cost, the county thirty-five per cent., and the town fifteen.

It would seem as though some recognition should be given by even the most rabid "motor-phobiac" to the endeavors of the Automobile Club of America to procure immediate, practical legislation to the end that good roads may be the rule rather than the exception. Aside from the general scheme outlined above, very active work is being done to further the building of good roads in the immediate vicinity of New York city. The condition of Jerome Avenue, Seventh Avenue, from Central Park north, and St. Nicholas Avenue has been brought to the attention of the city authorities, and it is hoped that this spring will see the repairs well under way. One difficulty is that the city wishes to put down a pavement more expensive than the property-owners are willing to be assessed for.



A Hold-up in the City Limits



A "Good-Road" Breakdown

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(Continued from page 153.)

General Tracy insisted on building battleships as large as the best English battleships of the time, and he also insisted in making these battle-ships do one-third more work than those of the English type. The man who assisted them in this work, the young naval officer who designed the *Oregon* and her sister ships, Lewis Nixon, is now at the head of the new ship-building combine, whose purpose it is to take another forward step and to try to build merchantmen, as well as war-ships, as cheap as or cheaper than they can be built anywhere else in the world.

There are five ship-yards, three of them of large size, in this new combination, and four large auxiliary plants.

With the resources of these plants there is nothing about a ship of importance, whether it be a war-vessel or a merchantman, that cannot be made entire by a single ship-building concern, and it is this feature that gives the concern its especial strength, and adds to American renown in the latest field of industrial development in the United States.

Under the supervision of Mr. Nixon this company is now constructing no less than thirty-seven vessels, whose tonnage amounts to 178,000. The value of this work reaches, in round numbers, the enormous sum of $50,000,000. The plants concerned cover 375 acres, of which 48.7 are under cover. The company employs 15,000 persons, and has an annual pay-roll of about $8,500,000.

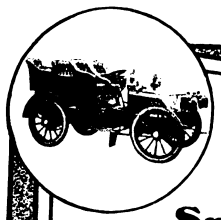
When one realizes that this represents only about forty per cent. of the ship-building on the coast, who shall say that American ship-building has not revived, or is not in a most flourishing condition? Then consider the condition of ship-building on the Lakes. There are no less than eight enormous plants there, five of which have been united in the American Ship-building Company. This concern alone built no less than forty-one vessels in the year ending June 30, 1902, with a tonnage of 198,500, and at that time there were in its yards thirty unfinished vessels.

This Lake traffic is a most impressive revelation of American skill. Ten years ago the largest of these Lake vessels was only 300 feet long. Since then they have grown to a length of 500 feet; but it has been found that a length of 430 feet is best suited to the requirements of the trade. Through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal in 1891 there passed a tonnage of 8,888,000. Ten years later this had grown to a tonnage of 28,400,000. Some of the finest and swiftest passenger vessels afloat also ply on these lakes. Thus it will be seen what an important place a new ship-building combination on our coast may hold.

It is a sign of the coming of what this country needs most industrially—a merchant marine in keeping with American ideas, American growth, and complete American independence.

The Openings of the State Legislatures

In nearly forty States the open legislative season has come. For sixty days, at least in these States, it will be lawful to level bills and aim petitions and resolutions at almost any object that comes within the range of desire for private gain or public welfare. The supply of ammunition seems inexhaustible. Thousands of bills are already on the calendar or in readiness; and they concern every relation and interest of life from the registration of a child's birth and the care of its eyes in infancy, to burial precautions, from the protection of the Jerseyman's diminutive oyster-beds and the guarding of the Coloradoan's irrigation ditches, to the attempted regulation of trusts. For with the increase in population and complexity of life and with constant change in the conditions which environ the citizen, readjustment seems to be ceaselessly necessary. More and more the individual demands protection against the possible dishonesty or greed of his neighbor, and more and more the State is besought to extend its functions to include services that once



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were left to private initiative and activity. Bills relating to sanitation, the protection of game, the prevention of adulteration of foods; bills entrusting to the State the examination and licensing of barbers, undertakers, actors, and plumbers, as well as of physicians and teachers; bills making State provision for the care and treatment of epileptics and persons afflicted with tuberculosis—these are but indices pointing the direction in which the legislation, both proposed and enacted, of our commonwealths is travelling. It is of interest in this connection that avowed Socialists have in two States at least—Massachusetts and Illinois—been elected to the Lower House of the legislature this year, a fact which accentuates the tendency that has found expression in the increasing paternalism of the State.

But the first task which many of these forty legislatures have to perform is the election of United States Senators. Among those whose terms expire in March of this year are Senators Platt of New York, Platt of Connecticut, Teller of Colorado, Fairbanks of Indiana, Mason of Illinois, Allison of Iowa, Penrose of Pennsylvania, Gallinger of New Hampshire, Foraker of Ohio, Vest of Missouri, Jones of Arkansas, McLaurin of South Carolina, Perkins of California, and Spooner of Wisconsin. Several have already been elected to succeed themselves, and there is likely to be but slight change in the present personnel of the Senate. Senator Mason of Illinois will probably be succeeded by Congressman Hopkins; Senator Perkins's re-election is assured at last accounts; Senator Gorman succeeds Senator Wellington; Senator McCreary takes Senator Deboe's seat, and Senator Jones of Arkansas, the manager of Bryan's two campaigns, is not to be his own successor.

The return of Senator Spooner, which the country at large desires, and which now seems assured, calls attention to the anomalous situation in Wisconsin, where the Republicans have endorsed the La Follette platform, to some provisions of which Senator Spooner has been hostile, and yet have demanded that Mr. Spooner be sent again to the Senate. In other States there are complications between State and national interests, which but add support to the movement in favor of the popular election of Senators. And it is probable that a renewed effort will be made this winter to secure the concurrence of two-thirds of the States in compelling Congress to call a convention for submitting an amendment to the constitutional provision, relating to the choosing of Senators.

What the various legislatures are likely to accomplish in the way of specific legislation cannot now be predicted with any certainty. In 1901, when the same legislatures were in session, the distinguishing features of their enactments were: the tendency to increase the number of State boards and commissions and to centralize these administrative agencies; the extension of home rule for cities (though Ohio in 1902 took a decided step in the other direction); more extensive provisions for secondary education; the affording of care and treatment to classes of defectives hitherto left to private charity; greater concern for the health and moral environment of working-men, working-women, and children; greater precautions against the spread of disease, both among men and animals; the protection of forests and game, restriction of hours of labor, and the disposition to refer an increasing number of matters of a legislative character to a popular vote. The futility of most State trust legislation will probably discourage further serious attempts in that direction.

A Twentieth-Century Hotel

See page 131

THE new Hotel Belmont, which is to be built at Forty-second Street and Park Avenue, by the promoters of the subway, from the designs of Warren & Wetmore, will be the tallest, most thoroughly fireproof, and most modern of its class. All the devices which common sense and architectural skill have agreed to be desirable in a hotel have been included. The excavation for its substructure has taken many months

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to blast from the solid rock. The new hotel will have five stories below the street level and twenty-two above, with a half-story on the roof. From foundation-stones to cornice it will rise three hundred and sixty feet, and its ground area will cover the lot two hundred feet on the west side of Park Avenue, by one hundred and five feet on Forty-second and Forty-first streets. It will contain nine stories of public, service, and storage rooms, and seven hundred and fifty bedrooms. Nearly a thousand employees will be necessary to run it. The building and site will represent an outlay of five and a half million dollars.

The manager of the new hotel will be able to direct every detail of service from a central office, facing both the Park Avenue and the Forty-second Street entrances. The telephone exchange will be as large as that of a good-sized town, and seven hundred and fifty telephones will be installed in the bedrooms alone. No bell-boys will sprawl and wrangle in the lobby of the Belmont. They will have quarters behind the office, out of sight, and their trips to other floors will be made in four service elevators at the back of the five guests' elevators which will face the broad Park Avenue entrance in the centre of the building. All these elevators will be enclosed in a fire-proof shaft, into which nothing more combustible than the clothing of passengers will ever enter. Separate elevators will be provided for freight. Nor will bedrooms be made uninhabitable by the noise and vibration of elevators, for none will adjoin them. Two well-lighted staircases will reach from the street floor to the top of the building at considerable distance from the elevators, and broad corridors will extend from street to street, their windows opening to daylight and fresh air. The bedrooms will be entered through corridors, with a bath-room at one side and a large clothes-closet at the other; so that the occupant of a room may, in Oxford phrase, sport his oak, and, connected with the outer world only by telephone, rest immune from noise and interruption.

Space and dignity of treatment will mark the public and semi-public rooms, and the gorgeous decoration of the usual great hotel will be happily lacking. The main Forty-second Street entrance will lead to a lobby one hundred feet broad and thirty high, and corresponding with it at the Forty-first Street side will be a dining-room of like dimensions. On the Park Avenue front will be smaller dining-rooms. The inevitable palm-room will lie between the lobby and the great dining-room and connect with them. A mezzanine floor, giving upon the lobby, the halls, the palm-room, and the dining-room, will afford ample lounging and writing rooms, while, in emergencies, it will be available for dining.

The café will occupy all of the basement which is not needed for kitchens, and will extend beneath the sidewalk on the Park Avenue side in a series of alcoves. Under this floor will be a billiard-room, a large barber shop, and an entrance to the Vanderbilt Avenue station of the underground road, while a corridor under the surface of the street will connect with the waiting-room of the Grand Central Station. The dweller in the Belmont who selects his down-town office with discretion will be able, therefore, to transact his day's business without exposure to unpleasant weather, and may, if he chooses, attain the happy condition of the white ants so graphically described by Darwin, and, reduced to a brain and a stomach, get on very comfortably without legs. Three basement floors are devoted to servants' kitchen, dining-rooms, and laundry, and to storage and machinery.

The exterior of the building will be simple and imposing in treatment. The French Renaissance has been employed, without elaboration of ornament. Harvard brick and Indiana limestone of a warm tone will be the materials used. The floors will be of tile, mosaic, marble, and concrete, and the small amount of wood essential to the trim will be fireproofed. It is believed that all danger from conflagration has been eliminated by the architects, and that persons whose purses permit may dwell secure above the noise, mosquito, and fly belts in the upper stories of this cloud-piercing structure. The Belmont will be under the management of Mr. B. L. M. Bates, of the Everett House.



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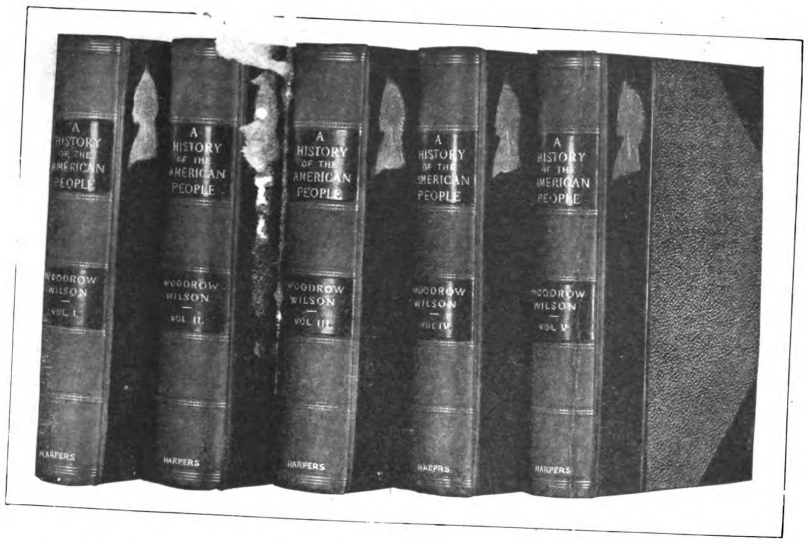


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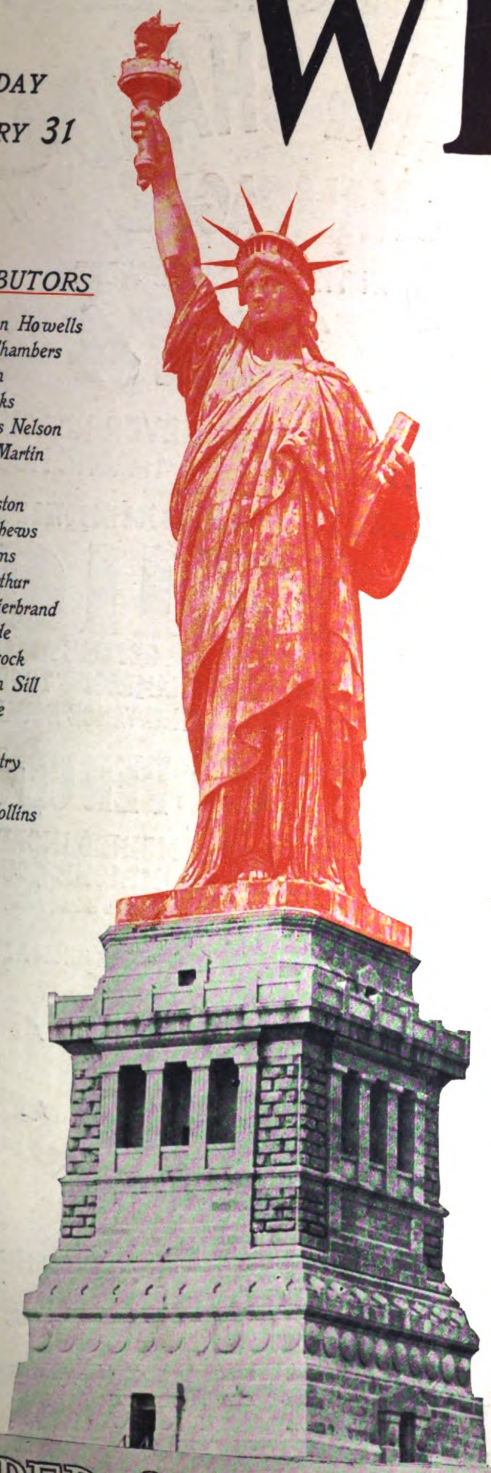
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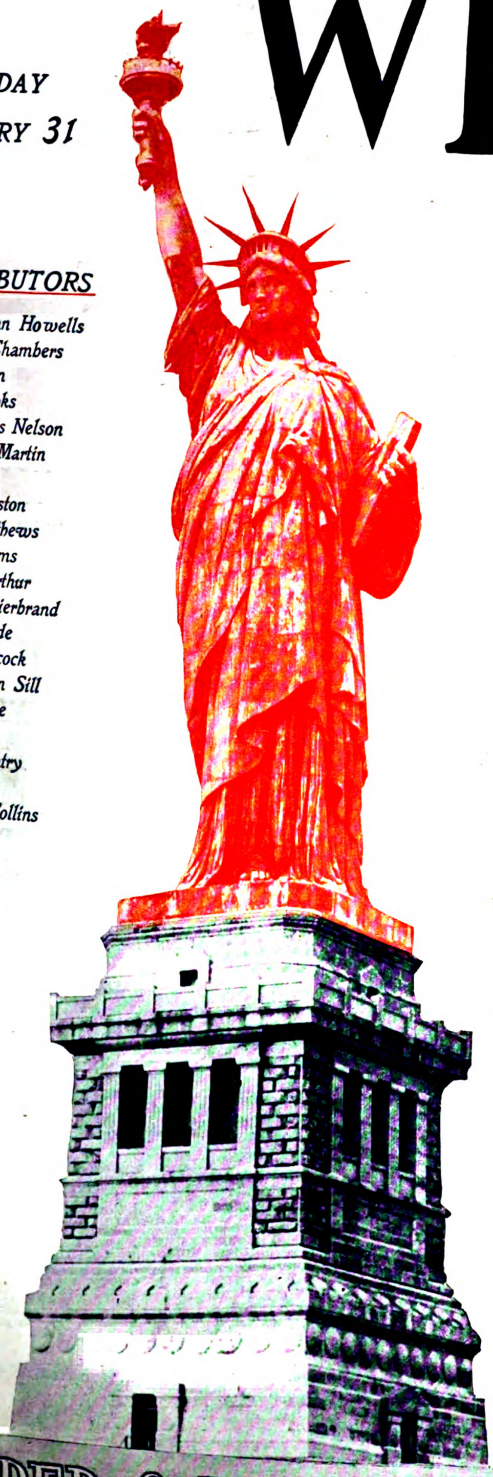
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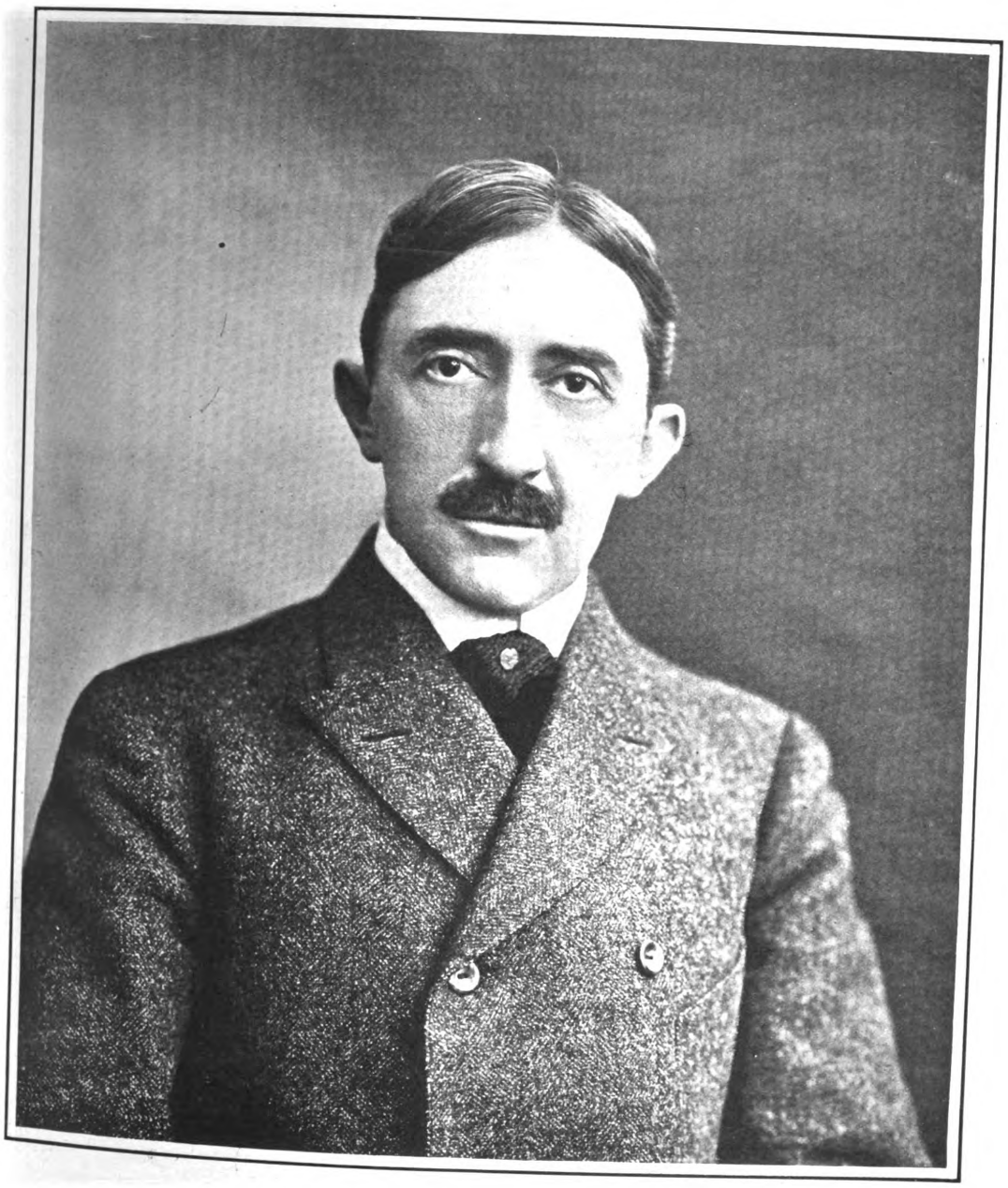
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII. New York, Saturday, January 31, 1903 —Illustrated Section No. 2406

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXV.—EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, *AET. 40*

See page 186—Editorial Section

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Sir Michael Herbert Baron Speck von Sternburg



Signor Mayor des Planches Herbert F. Bowen

THE VENEZUELAN CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON

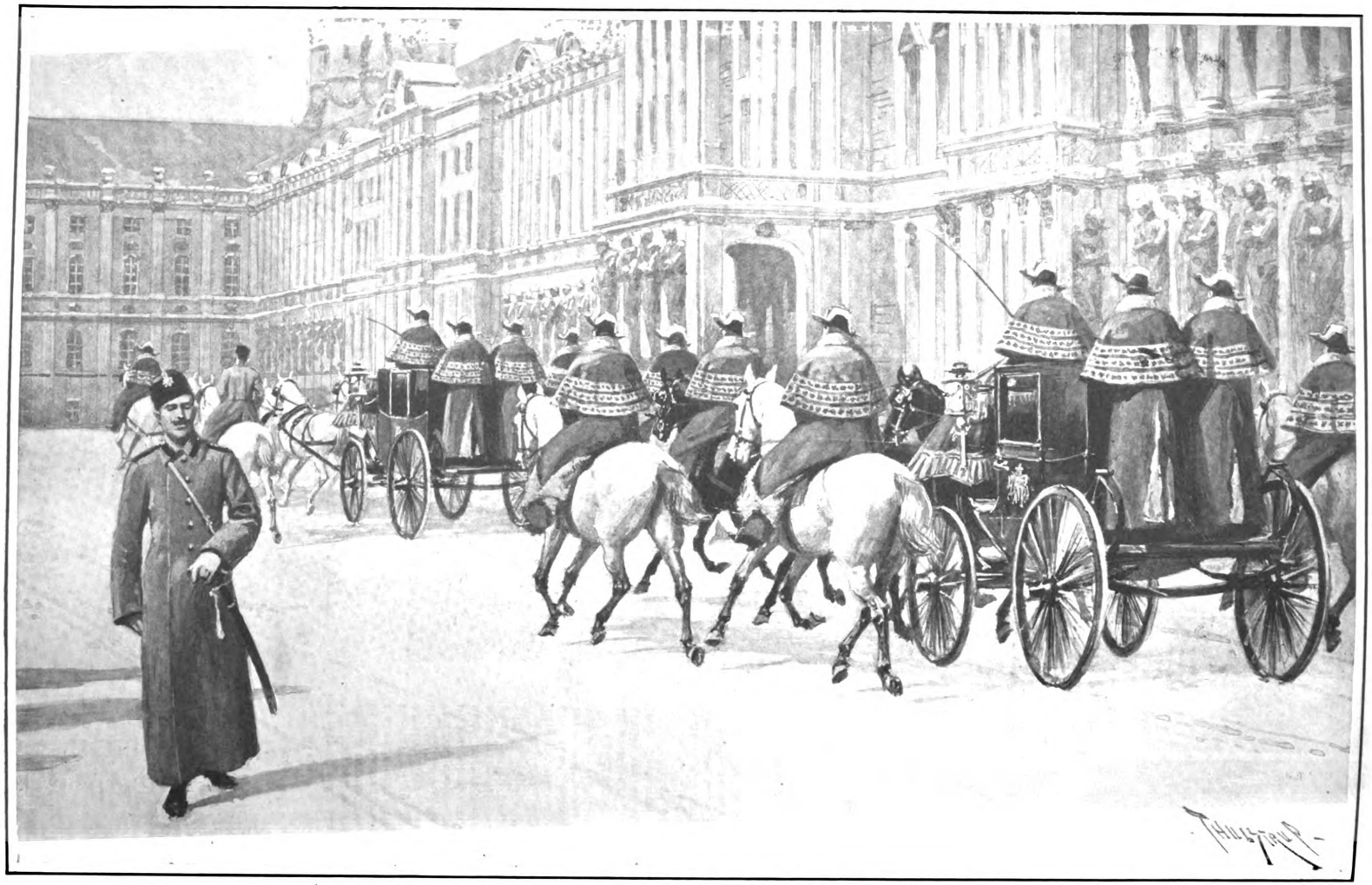
IN the Venezuelan conference at Washington to settle foreign claims, Venezuela is represented by Minister Bowen, Italy by its own ambassador, England by Sir Michael Herbert, and Germany by its new diplomat, Baron Speck von Sternburg. For obvious reasons the part of the English ambassador is especially embarrassing and difficult. Minister Bowen has been so much in the public eye since this South-American imbroglio began that little need be said about him. He has practically made his reputation by his skill, tact, and firmness during the last trying months, and his departure from Caracas was a personal triumph. All parties vied with one another in showing him honor. President Castro and his cabinet saw the distinguished minister to the railroad station; delegations from the British, German, and Dutch colonies read addresses to him, while a committee of negro masons and carpenters wished him a happy voyage. He was accompanied to the port by the representatives of Spain, France, and Belgium, and his gifted wife received no less than sixty bouquets, a quite formidable consignment of garden produce. The recollection of these splendors will lighten for Mr. Bowen the heavy hours which he must pass through before he once more sights the port of La Guayra. Baron Speck von Sternburg is rather more of an unknown quantity, though, in justice to the brilliant German, it must be said that he has made strenuous efforts to correct this, and to make the inner workings of his mind familiar to us all.

He was born in England, had an English-Scotch mother, and a German father, and has married one of the fair and brilliant women from Kentucky, whom he has so eloquently described, and has, of course, had a long training in diplomacy at our national capital. England's representative at the conference has our sympathy in his extremely difficult task. His government is officially allied with Germany not only in this Venezuelan affair, but also in the Far East, as twin guardian angels of China against the rapacity of the Bear. And his nation heartily distrusts this alliance, and never loses an opportunity to say so. We have been told that England's naval officers in South-American waters have so far forgotten their duty as to criticise the whole history of the Anglo-German alliance, which seems a rather grave breach of discipline: and we do not need to be told that the English press is almost unanimous in denouncing the plan of co-operation with Germany as a piece of extravagant foolishness, even attributing it to the hypnotic powers of the Kaiser in person. All this cannot tend to profound spiritual unison between the English and German members of the conference; nor can the equally outspoken expressions of the German press on the Monroe doctrine be supposed to make the position of German's ally any easier. We have been told a good many times recently by influential German papers that the Monroe doctrine, the keystone of our foreign policy, is an incredible piece of impudence; and one notes that, while Baron Speck von Sternburg has much to say about our fair women, our genius, and the transcendent qualities of our young writers, he does not give any hint of his views on the foreign policy of President Monroe. Does it, in his opinion, rank among the immense things which we do so easily, or is it a mere piece of intellectual levity? In any case, it seems that in this conference England's representative will be unpleasantly conscious of attempting to sit on two stools at once.

The conference has really only two questions to decide: How much Venezuela owes to each of the claimants; and, How is the money to be raised? As to the sums claimed, it is probable that they will undergo a pretty severe process of shrinkage as soon as the conference actually gets to work. The Maximilian episode showed how claims of this sort grow. Mexico all along maintained that a large part of the English, French, and Spanish claims was either fraudulent or usurious, and doubtless the Venezuelan authorities will say much the same. As for securing payment, there seems to be only one possible way: to hypothecate the customs, thus putting Venezuela in much the same position as China and Turkey, and bringing on the South-American republic the evils which afflict those two much-suffering lands. Venezuela is practically dependent on the customs for her revenue, and the various departments of government are likely to go to rack and ruin if this source of supply is cut off. At least there will be the less to attract plunderers.

Yet it cannot be concealed that the parties most vitally interested in the outcome of the conference are the other South-American republics, with their foreign debts, and the United States, which must steer between the Scylla of political complications and the Charybdis of financial obligation assumed for these younger brothers.

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OUR NEW AMBASSADOR AT ST. PETERSBURG

The new United States Ambassador to Russia, Mr. Robert S. McCormick, recently presented his credentials to the Tsar and Tsaritza at the Tsarskoe-Selo palace, St. Petersburg. The Ambassador and the first and second secretaries of the American Embassy were met at the station by the Tsar's state carriages, with out-riders and postilions, and were conducted to the palace, where the formal ceremony of presenting the credentials took place. In the above drawing Mr. de Thulstrup has pictured the arrival of the Ambassador and his party at the palace

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A PHASE OF THE SITUATION IN NORTHERN AFRICA



A Caravan of Tuaregs in the Great Desert

AGAIN the fringe of civilization which European nations have established on the northwestern coast of Africa is threatened by the barbarians who still inhabit southern Algeria, Morocco, and even the Sahara itself. If these tribes are persuaded by the fanatical Moslems to enter into another "holy war," there is good reason for the activity of the French, Spanish, and Italian governments in sending troops to northern Africa, for it means a struggle with a people who do not know what fear means, and who believe that in yielding up their lives in battle they will gain the reward of the Prophet. In equipment and discipline they are, of course, far below the standard of the military forces which would be sent against them, but they are so numerous that an army of 100,000 men could easily be raised from the various tribes who inhabit this portion of the continent.

These barbarous tribes go under various names, but all are of the Hamitic family, and are descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of northern Africa. The Algerians know them as the Kabyles; in Morocco they are called Shelluh; while the portion who have remained in the Sahara or on its threshold are called Tuaregs or Tawarcks. Generally known as the Berbers, their population has been estimated by travellers in this region at nearly 4,000,000, and to-day they entertain the same hostility towards the white race which prevailed among their ancestors centuries ago. While the tribes frequently battle against each other, all are united in their hatred of the European, and as they rank among the most bigoted of the followers of Islam, taken as a whole they have been a veritable "thorn in the flesh" to the French, Spanish, and other Europeans who have colonized the shores of northern Africa.



A Tuareg Warrior

Very few of the true Berbers reside in Algiers, Fez, or other cities of the European tributaries. While called by this name, they are generally of mixed blood, being part Arabic, part negro, and, in some cases, partly European. In spite of the long period which has elapsed since the Arabs overran northern Africa, the people whom they drove from the shores of the Mediterranean into the mountain country, as well as into the oases of the Sahara, have intermingled but little with other races, and, it is stated, to-day follow most of the customs inherited from past ages. They may be divided into three classes—one, the agricultural class, who maintain small herds of sheep and cattle in southern Morocco and Algeria, grazing them upon the scanty vegetation which is to be found in some of the valleys; also olive-growers, and the owners of vineyards.

The most barbarous of all are the Tuaregs, who are the original nomads of the desert. Although driven here and there by invasions of the Romans, the Goths, and the Arabs, they are still unconquered, and may be called the masters of the Sahara, for they practically control the great caravan routes from northwest Africa to the Sudan, and with their herds of camels transport the bulk of the merchandise between the North-African cities and Timbuctu. They are noted for their expert horsemanship as well as their skill in camel-riding, and while some still carry such crude weapons as the spear for arms, they are quite well supplied with guns, swords, and ammunition, which are actually manufactured by the mountain tribes of Berbers who inhabit the Atlas district.

Although they are supposed to recognize the authority of the ruler of Morocco and the French governor of Algeria, it is well known that the Berbers in general have very little respect for these officials, and while some of the tribes have representatives or embassies at the capitals, they are sent merely as a matter of form, and act as spies to keep their people informed of the political situation. Really no one has control over the Tuaregs except their chiefs and the Moslem priests. The word of the latter is law with them, and this is one of the facts that make the situation in northern Africa just now all the more menacing.



A Family of Kabyles

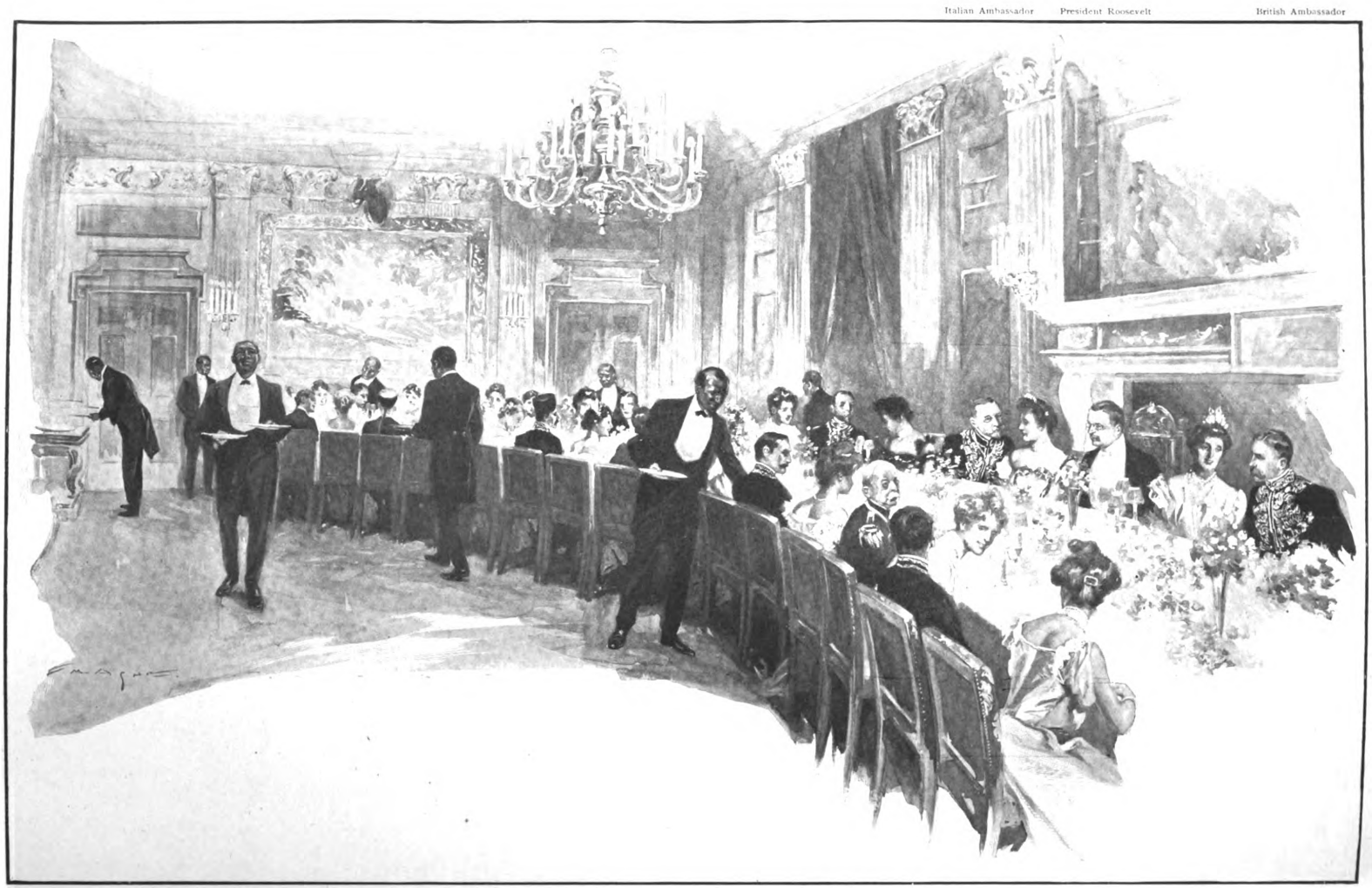


A Family of the Sahara



A Nomad of the Desert

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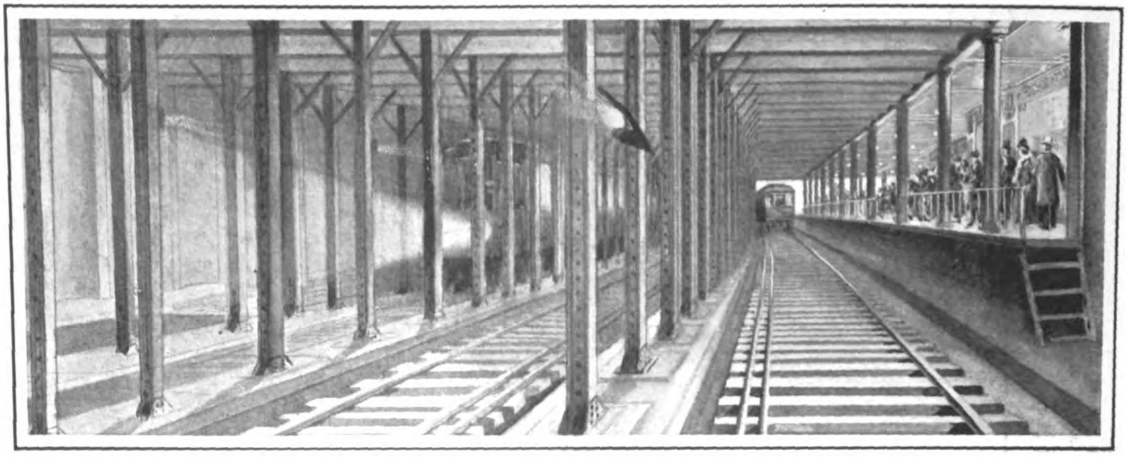
THE PRESIDENT'S DINNER TO THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

The new state dining-room in the White House was filled recently with some eighty guests of President and Mrs. Roosevelt. The occasion was the annual formal dinner to the foreign ambassadors, ministers, and their wives. This function is always an important one, but this year, with the stimulus which the Roosevelts have given to social life in Washington, the dinner was unusually brilliant

Drawn by E. M. Ashe

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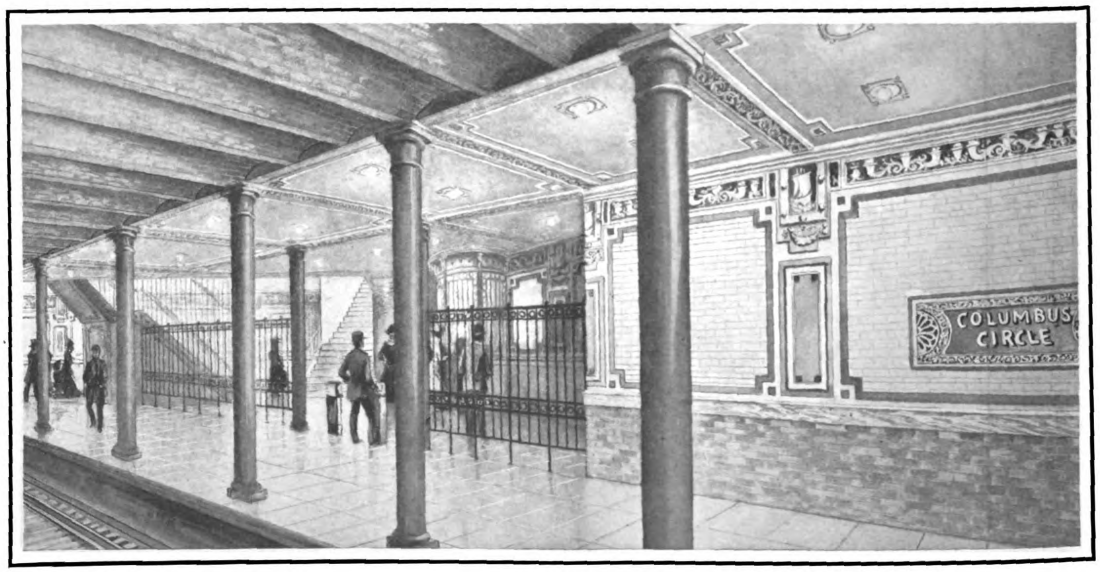
The Subway and its Stations



A View of the Interior of the new Subway in New York, showing the general Arrangement of Tracks and Stations
Drawn by H. M. Pettit

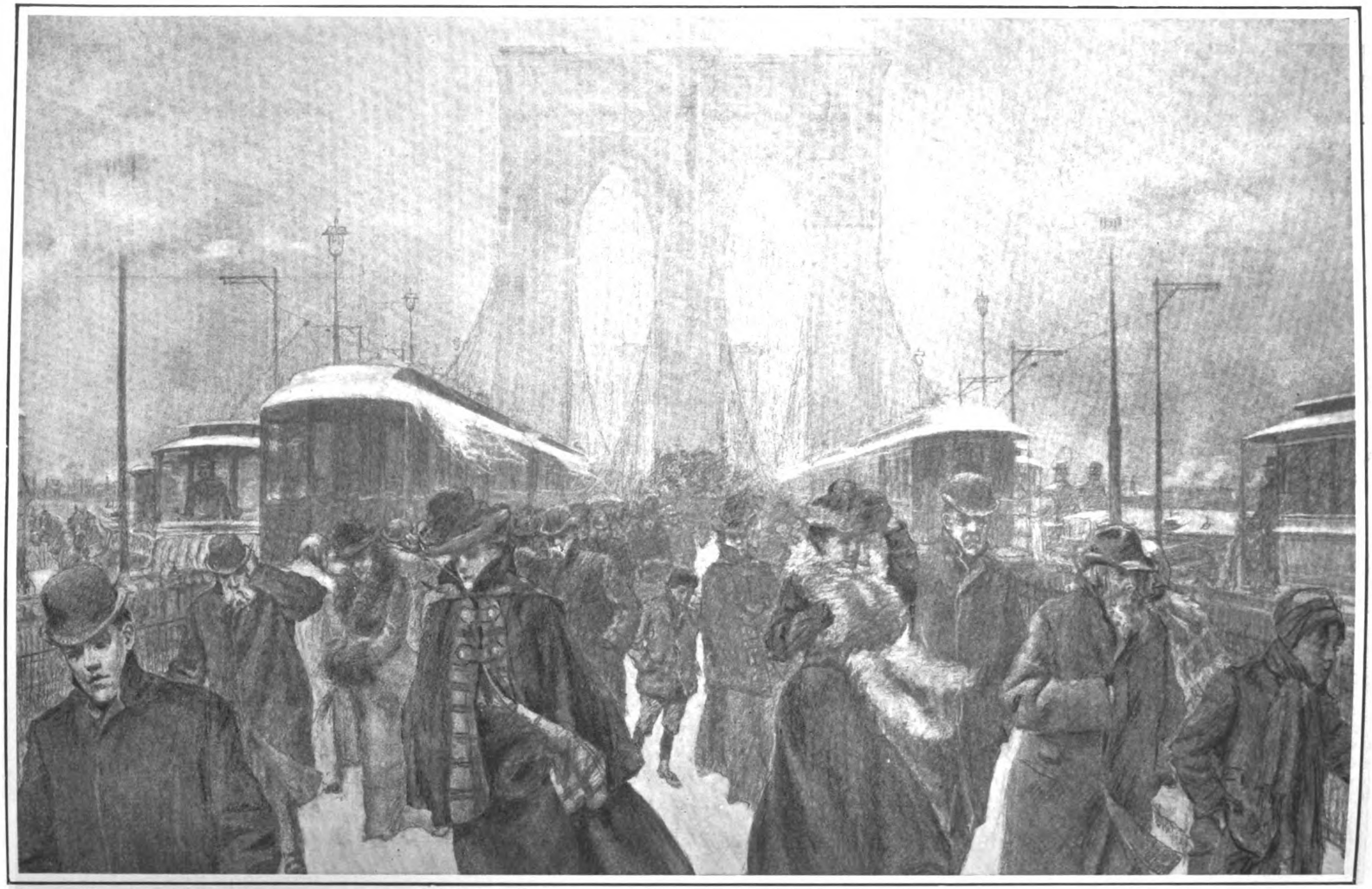
IN the new Subway in New York crowding will be eliminated by the simple device of providing one stairway for entrance and one for exit, and by making the platforms large enough to accommodate several hundred persons at once. There will be broad staircases of easy grade, ticket booths designed with reference to appearances as well as use, and the stations will have lofty, vaulted ceilings well lighted by day through bull's-eye glass and at night by electric lamps. The decorations will be of tiles, faience, and glazed terra-cotta, with the name of the station plainly marked in panels. All the ornamentation has been designed to help the passenger recognize his station without the necessity of listening for the announcement of the guard or reading the signs. Express stations at the City Hall, Fourteenth, Forty-second, Seventy-second, and Ninety-sixth streets naturally divide the local stations into groups. For each group a general scheme of decoration has been devised, and no two stations in a group are decorated in the same colors. For example, the ornamentation of all stations between the City Hall and Fourteenth Street will be characterized by long horizontal lines. The walls will be a white glass tile, the cornices of glazed terra-cotta, and the prevailing color of cornice and name panels will be, at the Worth Street station, dull green; at Canal, yellow; at Spring, white; at Bleecker, blue; and at Astor Place, bright green. Between Fourteenth and Forty-second streets, the decorations will be richer, and in panels instead of horizontal lines. Designs significant of the locality will be used wherever they can be appropriately. At Astor Place, beavers will appear in the designs; at Thirty-third Street, eagles; at Columbus Circle, Fifty-ninth Street, caravels; at One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, the blue and white of Columbia University. In other words, while no series of railway stations in the world will be so attractive to the eye as those of the Subway, there will be no meaningless ornamentation.

Repeated experiments have convinced the architects and engineers that the moisture and drip familiar to explorers of caves and tunnels can be avoided in the Subway stations by building air-chambers behind walls and ceilings. Accordingly, this method of construction has been adopted, and the underground will be dampproof. The tunnel will be cooler in summer and warmer in winter than the upper air. Subway trains will be made up of coaches a little larger than the new cars of the Elevated roads, five in local trains and eight in expresses. The third rail and the motor-car have been adopted for propelling the trains, and the same system will be employed to run the suburban trains of the New York Central, Harlem, New Haven, and Portchester roads to the City Hall loop. The cars will be heated and lighted by electricity. The carrying capacity will be greater than that of the four lines of the present Elevated system, owing chiefly to the greater speed of trains and the ease with which passengers can enter and leave stations and trains. Thirty miles an hour, including stops, will be the rule for expresses, and local trains will make considerably better time than the Elevated under existing conditions. Where the tunnel is near the street level, there will be fewer stairs to climb than at Elevated stations, and where the street is not readily accessible by stairways, as at the One-Hundred-and-Twenty-fifth-Street Viaduct, elevators will be provided.



A typical Station of the new Subway, showing proposed Arrangement and Architectural Details
Drawn by H. M. Pettit

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AN INCIDENT IN NEW YORK'S GREAT TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM

The Brooklyn Bridge connecting New York and Brooklyn carries over half a million people each day. The cars crossing on the four tracks cannot begin to accommodate the crowds, and as a result thousands of people walk in all kinds of weather in throngs that make even the pedestrian anxious for his own safety. The completion of the new subway will go far toward relieving the congestion, especially at night, at the New York end of the bridge

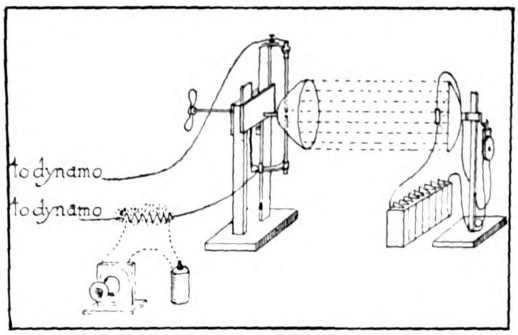
Drawn by Seymour Stone

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Experiments just Made in Telephoning without Wires

THE principles of light-telephony were discovered by Professor Alexander Graham Bell in 1880. To the apparatus used for this method of transmitting sound Bell gave the name of "photophone." The sound waves are transformed into light waves by a transmitting device, and these are again converted into sound waves by the receiving instrument.

In the photophone invented by Bell, a beam of light, from the sun or from an electric light, is brought to a pencil point by means of a lens, and centred on a little concave mirror fastened to the back of the diaphragm of an ordinary telephone transmitter. When spoken into, the circular iron plate, or diaphragm, of the transmitter vibrates in unison with the sound waves impinging on it, and the concave mirror reflects more or less of the light shining upon it. The amount of reflected light depends upon the intensity of the vibration of the diaphragm.



The Apparatus for Telephoning on a Ray of Light

The reflected light passes through another lens for the purpose of sending out a concentrated beam to the receiving station, where the beam of light falls upon a selenium cell connected with a battery and a telephone receiver. Selenium is a metal which possesses the property of conducting a current of electricity with less resistance when exposed to the light than when in the dark, so that when the beam of light falls upon the selenium cell its resistance is instantly lowered, and the current from the battery will flow through it and so operate a telephone receiver.

Every modification of the beam of light will make a corresponding change in its inherent quality of conducting a current of electricity, and therefore a corresponding difference is made in the sounds in the telephone receiver. Until Herr Ruhmer of Berlin began experimenting with the nature of selenium, the photophone had been confined to the laboratory, as it was adapted to the transmission of speech over a distance of a few feet only, but by constantly improving the transmitter, the receiver, and making each conform to the requirements of the other, Herr Ruhmer has evolved an apparatus which promises well for military and naval service.

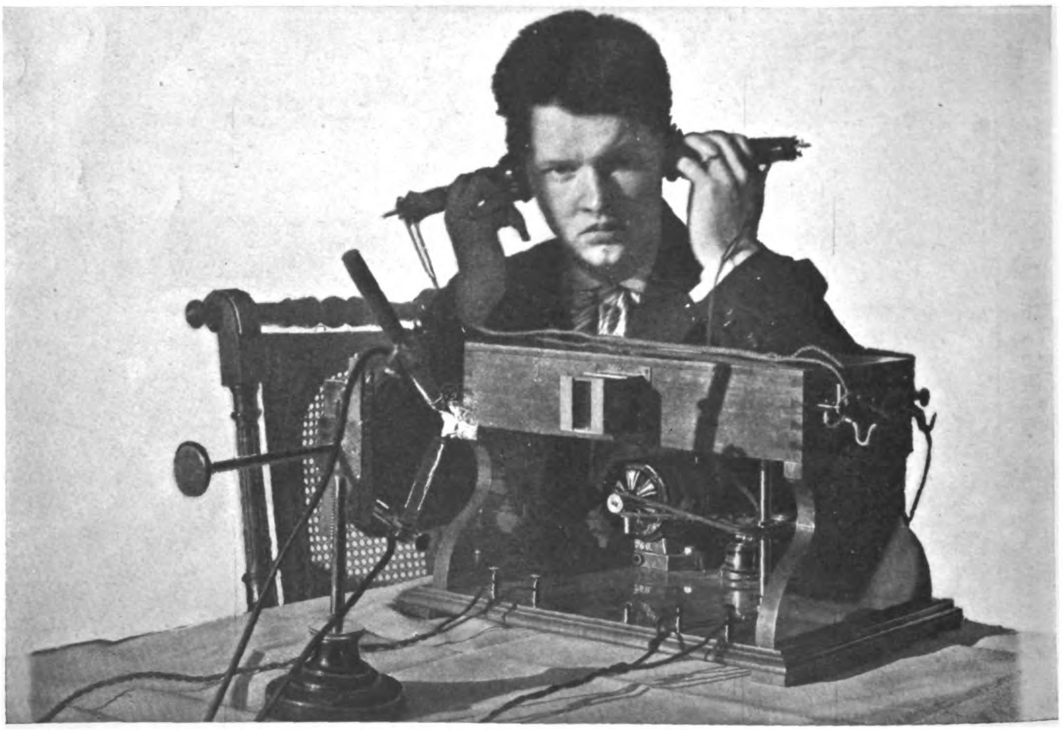
Herr Ruhmer has done away with the necessity for having the reflection of light at the transmitting end of the apparatus. He has found that by connecting an arc-light in circuit with an ordinary telephone transmitter the arc will reproduce every word spoken into it both audibly and luminously.

This is due to the fact that the resistance of the arc is varied by the changes in the current flowing through the telephone transmitter, and as the resistance is increased or decreased, however slight the change may be, the temperature of the arc-light and the intensity of the light emitted by it vary. These variations of light values in the arc cannot be observed by the human eye, but to the sensitive electric eye—the selenium cell—the slightest change in the intensity of the arc-light causes a corresponding change in its resistance.

The arc-light, on which is superimposed the rapidly alternating current caused by the speaker's voice, is placed in the focus of a reflector like those used in search-lights. From here the small beam of light issues and is propagated in a straight line through space to the receiving instrument, where it is received by a similar curved mirror. This mirror converges the diffused beam into a pencil of light which falls upon the selenium cell.

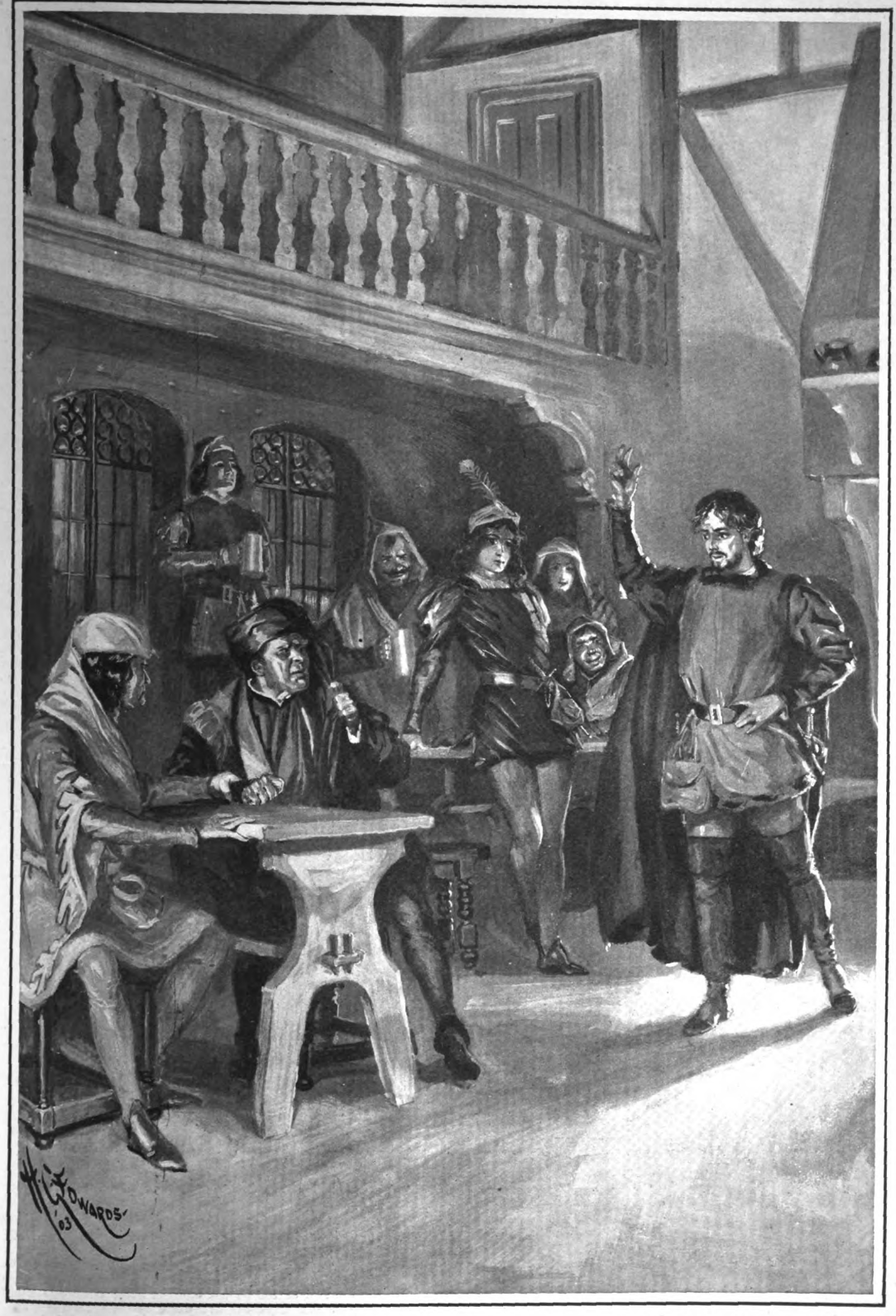
The selenium cell is connected with a telephone receiver and a battery, and as the resistance of the cell changes, the current flows through both the cell and the receiver, and reproduces clearly the words spoken into the transmitter at the sending station.

The experiments with the light-telephone were made on the Wannsee near Berlin, with the transmitter mounted on board the electric launch *Germania;* the receiving apparatus was stationed at different points on the shore. Tests were made in the daytime, when the sun was shining, and the results were eminently satisfactory. Experiments were also made when the atmosphere was heavy with fog, and under these conditions articulate speech was transmitted and received a distance of four miles.



Herr Ruhmer of Berlin, who has made the most important recent Experiments in Wireless Telephony, taking a Message through his Light-Phonograph

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REVIVAL OF JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY'S "IF I WERE KING" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE

This drawing represents Villon (Mr. Sothern) reciting the ballade "If Villon were the King of France" to his companions, while Louis XI., the King, and his minister, both in disguise and unknown to Villon, sit near by and overhear. The motive of the play is indicated in this scene. Louis takes Villon at his word, and makes him King in his place

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An English Artist Here

THE art world of America experienced a ripple of surprise in '97 when Sir Philip Burne-Jones came to this country, bringing with him his great picture, "The Vampire." The artist is again in America, and is about to exhibit his paintings in the cities of the West. Sir Philip and his work came as an innovation to the prevalent trend of American art. He was received with the common salutations of the lion, the wailing of critics,

Along no set line or groove, as is the American custom, does Sir Philip work. Here a selection from Browning's *Pippa Passes* is exquisitely pictured with a daintiness befitting the subject. Here Henry James's sad story of *The Madonna of the Future* is illustrated, radiating with the whole deep feeling of tragedy of the never-to-be-realized ambition of ideal. Portraits of some of New York's beautiful women are among the latest from his brush,



Sir Philip Burne-Jones in his New York Studio

and the gnashing of press teeth. In the last period, however, the world American has awakened to the fact that a difference in subject selection as well as technique and handling is a distinction rather than a crime.

A wonderful scope of imagination is evinced in all Sir Philip's work, and especially in a recent production entitled "Earthrise from the Moon." The spectator is supposed to be upon the surface of the moon. The huge disc of our earth is seen to the left, rising behind the mountains and craters. The skeleton of an extinct Lunarian lies in the foreground. The picture, in its breadth of creative fancy, gives a flight of soul far "into the invisible."

giving a tone of conventionality, while in his "Vampire" is displayed the symbolical feeling for which Sir Philip is famed.

The broadest horizons of subject have been attempted by Sir Philip Burne-Jones. And already the Western art world is aquiver with anticipation of the advent of these great pictures into their midst. In a few days the art world of New York will know these works no more, as they start on a tour for exhibiting purposes only some time within the present month. The work which Sir Philip came here to perform seems to have been accomplished —the work of introducing to the American art world English art stripped of English environment,—of proving to the world that English art, as he conceives it in his work, is art the world over.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending January 31, 1903

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COMMENT

ENGLAND'S action in combining with Germany to sit on Venezuela has found two severe critics in England itself; we cannot say two English critics, since one of them happens to be an Irishman and the other a Scotchman. The former is that redoubtable "broth of a boy," Lord Charles Beresford, of Waterford and the British navy, and now on a special mission to this country in the interest of Anglo-American friendship. He is reported as finding fault with the Anglo-German alliance from beginning to end. He strongly hints that there is already much concealed ill-feeling between Germany, England, and the United States, and thinks that Mr. Balfour's cabinet has shown the worst possible judgment throughout the whole affair. We wonder, incidentally, whether Lord Charles objected on the same principles to the alliance of England first with Germany and then with Japan, for the avowed purpose of checking Russia; what he goes on to say would apply with equal force in the Far East. Great nations, says Lord Charles, always know their own business best; if they combine, they may do something which would lead to mutual annoyance. Therefore, it was a conclusion, in his mind, that Germany and Great Britain should have gone it alone in their demands against Venezuela. Surely there is something wrong about this argument; for, if it holds water, then any alliance between two powers is to be deprecated, since great powers know their own business best. Yet we find Lord Charles arguing a little later for an ever stronger and stronger alliance between England and the United States, though he expressly bars written treaties and protocols. But, if nations know their own business best, then England and the United States know their own business best, and should decide to go it alone, to use Lord Charles's own phrase. Clearly it is a bad argument; but let that pass. More interesting is the way Lord Charles goes for Rudyard Kipling and "The Rowers," which he regrets very much, as being in bad taste and not chivalrous. Lord Charles does not approve of saying nasty things about other countries, but says that, if you are going to fight, you should fight, and not grow abusive like a fishwoman. The abusive fishwoman is obviously friend Rudyard. It is now up to him to say something about Lord Charles. Finally, our good guest indulges in a sentiment which vividly reminds us of the recent bouquet handed to the American nation by our prospective German ambassador. He tells us that in our enterprise and adaptability to new conditions we undoubtedly lead the world—which, of course, is the merest justice to our great and admirable qualities.

The Scotch critic of England's Venezuelan muddling is Mr. Primrose of Dalmeny, or, to speak in the language of British oligarchy, the Earl of Rosebery. Delivering an oration at Plymouth a few days ago, he said most of the things against the Anglo-German alliance which Lord Charles Beresford said, and a few of the many things which we ourselves have said, and a small modicum of things which no one else has said; but the evident trend of the whole is that Mr. Balfour ought to abdicate, and open the door of power to the one really capable man in Great Britain, to wit, the Earl of Rosebery. The mischief of it is, that while people in general in Great Britain are obviously getting very tired of Mr. Balfour, as witness the recent bye-elections, culminating at Newmarket, people in general are very far indeed from being convinced that they would be any, if at all, better off if they put Mr. Primrose in his place. It is all very well to pull the work of other people to pieces; we ourselves are always ready to do it, when needed, and can do it to admiration. But governing an empire according to an intelligent design is quite another matter, and one which we would only undertake with much diffidence and inward shrinking. Even Lord Charles Beresford can propose nothing more hopeful for England than holding on to the coat-tails of Uncle Samuel, which is, of course, one way of governing the world's biggest empire.

The Venezuelan situation is extraordinarily complicated by the German attack on Fort San Carlos, if the cabled reports are anything like the truth. The German gunboat *Panther* opened fire on the fort, which commands the entrance to the inner bay on which Maracaibo lies, some twenty miles away. There was, apparently, no provocation from the Venezuelan side, nor any warning or preliminary notice, ultimatum, or what not, from the German side. Captain Eckerman of the *Panther* seems to have opened fire on the fort, acting on the general neo-Teutonic principle: Wherever you see a fort, shoot at it. Greatly to his surprise, this particular fort shot back, and not only shot back, but shot to some purpose. Seemingly as a result of this return fire, two explosions followed on board the *Panther,* and it is said that two sons of the fatherland were killed. At any rate, the *Panther* seems to have suffered serious damage, as she ceased firing, and presently steamed away from the fort. So much for the event. But the event itself is by no means the most extraordinary part of the story. It is said, on what seems good authority, that the whole thing was deliberately planned and ordered from Berlin. President Castro is reported to have received warning from Curaçao that some days later the fort of San Carlos would be attacked, and that the German commander had been specially ordered to make the attack before the arrival of Minister Bowen in the United States. It will be remembered that this same gunboat—the *Panther*—presided at the obsequies of the Haitian *Crête-à-Pierrot,* and we shall not be astonished to learn that the shade of the late Admiral Killick was seen pointing the guns at Fort San Carlos. Needless to say, the streets of Caracas were full of triumphant crowds, wild with delight over the defeat of the haughty Teuton; but we need hardly point out that local feeling on the subject sinks into

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insignificance when compared with the international complications which must ensue.

It is an old saying that when in doubt as to which of two courses to take, you would do well to see which course your enemies or rivals would like you to pursue, and then adopt the other. Suppose we apply this rule to the Cuban reciprocity treaty. There is no doubt that our commercial rivals in Great Britain and Germany desire our Senate to reject that treaty. If we may judge from the position taken by the Berlin Foreign Office in 1878, when we entered into a reciprocity treaty with Hawaii, then independent, Germany will hold that she is entitled, under the "most-favored-nation" clause of her treaties, to the benefit of all the concessions that the United States and Cuba may make to each other. International law affords no basis for this assertion. An agreement to give a particular country all the privileges granted to the "most favored nation" refers to gratuitous privileges only, and not to such as may be granted in return for a valuable consideration. In the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Cuba no gratuitous privileges are granted: a consideration is offered for every concession. The opposition evinced in England to our reciprocity treaty with Cuba has even less foundation in law or ethics. The Marquis of Lansdowne, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, has agreed to receive on January 22 a deputation representing various British chambers of commerce, for the purpose of hearing objections to the pending treaty between Cuba and the United States.

The objections are based upon two grounds—first, that the treaty is a breach of the original undertaking of the United States in regard to Cuba, and, secondly, that the treaty, if adopted, will shut out other nations from the trade of the island. There is, obviously, nothing in the first objection. We pledged ourselves to give political independence to Cuba. We did not pledge ourselves to refrain from making with the independent insular government such a reciprocity treaty as we formerly made with Spain, or as we made with Hawaii. The second objection is based on an economical fact, but it is a fact with which the British Foreign Office has no concern. We deem it possible, and we certainly hope, that the reciprocity treaty will enable us to monopolize Cuba's import trade, and thus shut out both Great Britain and Germany from traffic with the island. What of that, provided that Cuba is convinced that she is getting a *quid pro quo*. Great Britain and Germany cannot offer a market for her cane sugar. We can; and if Cuba can secure it by giving us a monopoly of her imports, she will make an excellent bargain. She will do exactly what Hawaii did in 1878, and there is no reason to doubt that she will find the compact equally profitable. The fact is generally overlooked that, if we may judge from our experience with Hawaii since 1878, one outcome of the reciprocity treaty with Cuba will be greatly to increase the number of ocean-going vessels carrying the American flag.

Anglo-American unity must surely be pretty complete when the fine old British merchants feel called on to consult with Foreign-Secretary Lansdowne over our reciprocity treaty with Cuba. At a recent conference, deputations from various chambers of commerce throughout the United Kingdom discussed the treaty with Lord Lansdowne, and were pretty unanimous in declaring that the treaty was going to hit them hard. The discussion had merely a psychological interest, as it is doubtful whether the Senate will see its way to consulting the feelings of either Lord Lansdowne or the fine old British merchants who called on him to protest. As Orlando remarked, there was no thought of pleasing them when the treaty was drafted. There is, indeed, something decidedly comic in the attitude of these worthy Englishmen, who are so unfeignedly perplexed at the fact that arrangements can possibly be made which leave them out of account. There is a flavor of bygone grandeur in this assumption that the world exists for the British merchant. From a wholly different source we receive the suggestion that the prolonged fight in Cuba itself against the reciprocity arrangement with the United States was primarily inspired and promoted by those foreign powers whose trade with Cuba will be badly damaged by the treaty. Surely this cannot refer to Lord Lansdowne's friends, the fine old British merchants of the late conference? Can it be possible? perish the thought! It is a psychological impossibility. The fine old traders of the Thames who are so firmly convinced of their divine rights and prerogatives as to assemble and solemnly protest against our treaty would never do anything so painfully modern and up to date as buying a Cuban Congressional opposition. The two things belong to different geological epochs. What a contrast in the unselfish devotion of certain local industries in Cuba, who will also be hurt by the treaty, but who, nevertheless, appeared before the Cuban Committee on Foreign Relations to declare that they would not in any way oppose the treaty, even though injured by it themselves. It is a matter well worth speculating on how far our own Southern States will profit by the stream of trade to Cuba which the treaty will create.

Mr. Chamberlain, whom we discuss at some length elsewhere, seems to be convinced that evident destiny points to him, and not to Lord Rosebery, as the man to steer the British Empire. We are not quite so convinced of this. His policy seems to be to look about for portable property, and when you see it to grab it. Quite an intelligible policy in its way, until some one else sights the same thing, as, for instance, the trade of Cuba, or the Atlantic shipping. There is something peculiarly sordid in the turn matters are taking in the Transvaal: the too palpable consideration for value received, paid over by the mine-owners of the Rand to the imperial government. It is as though it were openly confessed at last that the men for whom the Boer war, with its incalculable sacrifices and irreparable losses on both sides, was waged, were the speculators whom one English writer has recently described as "a gang of cosmopolitan Jews." This is surely the seamy side; and it is characteristic of the man, that Mr. Chamberlain should apparently fail to see the incongruity of all this with the high talk about British glory which has been lavished from Durban to Pretoria. There is also the question of importing Chinese cheap labor for the Rand mines, and it is suggested that Mr. Chamberlain is ready to advocate this, in return for the special contribution of thirty millions sterling from the people characterized as the "gang of cosmopolitan Jews." Unless we are greatly mistaken, this Chinese question will arouse very strong feeling, not so much on the part of the Boers, as on the part of the British colonists in Cape Colony, Natal, and Rhodesia, who will thus have the "yellow peril" brought home to them, as it has been brought home to their brothers in Australia.

Our good friend Minister Witté has once more been getting himself into immortal print. He has, indeed, been "talking back" to Great Britain, and his talk is both amusing and instructive: amusing to Minister Witté, and instructive to Great Britain. The subject of his sprightly repartee in the present instance is that famous sugar bounty which Russia says she does not pay, and which nearly all the rest of the world, including our own Treasury Department and Supreme Court, says she does; and it appears that England, through the mouth of that rather infelicitous person, Lord Lansdowne, has been advising Russia to drop the bounty which Russia asserts she does not pay. Fancy Lord Lansdowne solemnly advising Minister Witté, the strongest financial power in the Old World, as to the management of his local finances! Minister Witté finally mastered his astonishment enough to rejoin, and his rejoinder was thusly: Great Britain's contentions, he says, are attempts to interfere in Russia's domestic legislation, and he strongly repudiates the idea that another state may, in its own interests, press for a change in Russian internal legislation, or, in the event of Russia's not agreeing to its proposals, that it can penalize Russia's products without violating existing commercial treaties. Minister Witté goes on to declare that Russia can under no circumstances give her adhesion to the Brussels agreement, and concludes by saying that, as Great Britain declines arbitration, and as the penalty clauses cannot be applied to Russian sugar until the international commission declares the Russian system to be a bounty system, any further exchange of views would, at present, be fruitless. That is one way of getting the last word. It remains to be seen whether Lord Lansdowne can think up something crushing to retort. Meanwhile Minister Witté has not only been writing letters; he has also been receiving them. The latest is from the autocratic Personage who modestly signs it, "Ever your grateful well-wisher, Nicholas." The imperial well-wisher declares that his

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confidence in Minister Witté's devotion to the throne and the empire has greatly lightened his own labor for the country's welfare. His Majesty goes on to compliment Minister Witté on his ten years of most successful work at the Finance Ministry by the Neva, and also on his instruction of the Tsarevitch, younger brother Michael, in the principles of political economy. It is a pity that Lord Lansdowne could not have been included in the lessons. Well-wisher Nicholas ends his letter with the hope that the throne and country may long retain Minister Witté's valuable services at the Finance Ministry, and no more at present from yours truly.

Nothing could so strongly have marked the new order in Eastern politics as the Dardanelles incident between Russia and England. We all remember the part England, in the person of Lord Beaconsfield, played toward Russia after the Russo-Turkish war. The San Stefano treaty, which incidentally freed unhappy Macedonia from the grinding oppression of the Turk, was set aside at Berlin, and a new treaty was made, which undid most of Russia's work of liberation, and robbed her of the best fruits of her victory. England posed as the affectionate brother of Abdul the Damned, receiving Cyprus as a fraternal recompense, and, incidentally, barring the Dardanelles in perpetuity against ships of the Russian navy. The real purpose of this last move was to keep Russian battle-ships, of which there are ten or twelve, splendidly equipped, in the Black Sea, away from the Suez Canal and the road to India. Recently Russia had four torpedo-boat-destroyers in the Mediterranean, which she wished to take through to the Black Sea. She asked the consent of the Qualified Abdul-Hamid, who, mindful of the huge unpaid arrears of war indemnity still owing to Russia, promptly acquiesced. England as promptly protested, and called on Germany and Austria, as two chief parties to the Berlin Treaty, to join with her in protesting. To England's profound astonishment, both Germany and Austria declined to do anything of the sort; and the Russian boats went safely through, and are now at Sevastopol. This is one of the greatest setbacks English diplomacy has suffered in a generation, and is one more evidence that Lord Lansdowne's notions are archæological. The point of the story is that the thing was not really of the slightest importance to England; Lord Lansdowne apparently protested merely for the sake of doing something disagreeable to Russia.

This is not the only field in which Russia has cause for congratulation. Minister Witté's recent budget statement shows that in the industrial world also a change has come over the great empire of the north. He has the satisfaction, to begin with, of declaring a surplus of over eight million dollars, which is not doing so badly for a country which we are so often assured is on the ragged edge of bankruptcy. Then, in the department of expenditure, nearly a hundred millions are to be entered as permanent investments, chiefly the building of government railways. Russia is, in fact, rapidly becoming a gigantic trust, with the well-wishing Nicholas as honorary president, and Minister Witté as chairman of the board. Minister Witté goes on to tell us that it is his pleasure this year, for the first time in a long period, to be able to give the assurance that the general conditions of Russian economy show evident signs of changes for the better. Russia has just had a splendid harvest, the best in ten years, the yield being nearly a third more than the yearly average. The condition of the money-market is also improved; and Russia has a balance of exports over imports of $150,000,000. It was just when Minister Witté was gently rubbing his hands over this condition of things that Lord Lansdowne came along with his advice as to how Russian finances ought really to be managed.

At the hour when we write, the outcome of attempts to elect United States Senators in Delaware and Colorado is still uncertain. Delaware would have two Republican Senators if the "Regular" and "Union" Republicans would combine; but there is no prospect of such a combination. The Democratic members of the Legislature have offered to give the "Regular" Republicans one of the Senators if the latter, in turn, will help to elect the Democrat. We adhere to the opinion which we formerly expressed that the interests of the State have been sacrificed to the supposed interests of faction long enough in Delaware. It is unquestionably better that one of Delaware's Senators should be a Democrat than that the State should continue to be wholly unrepresented in the United States Senate. It is difficult to understand on what ground the "Regular" Republicans, who only number ten in all, can reject the Democratic proposal. In Colorado the Democrats have a majority of each branch of the Legislature on the face of the returns. The Republicans assert, however, that seventeen Democratic members of the Lower House were elected by fraud. If the right to vote is withheld from these seventeen members, the Republicans will not only control the Lower House, but will have a majority in joint session. The Democrats, however, who control the Senate, declare that for every Democratic member unseated in the Lower House they will unseat a Republican Senator. If this threat is carried out we are likely to witness a protracted deadlock. The two principal candidates for the vacant seat in the United States Senate are well known. If the Democrats have a majority in joint session, Mr. Teller will remain in the Senate six years longer. Should the Republicans be numerically preponderant, Mr. Wolcott will have a chance of returning to the Senate, though it is not certain that he can gain all the Republican votes.

The bill designed for the regulation of the trusts has not yet been reported from the Judiciary Committee to the House of Representatives. It is understood, however, that the provisions of the measure, in its ultimate form, will be much less drastic than were those of the bills introduced by Mr. John J. Jenkins, chairman of the committee, or than those which were desired by Mr. Littlefield, chairman of the subcommittee. We learn on good authority that the bill, as reported, will not embody the assertion that Congress has the power indirectly to crush a corporation created by a particular State, through depriving it of the privilege of selling its products in other States. We do not believe that the United States Supreme Court would have sanctioned such a revolutionary extension of the right to regulate inter-State commerce vested in Congress by the Constitution. We are glad to learn, however, that the question is not likely to be raised by the bill about to be submitted to the House. That measure confines itself, we are told, to arrangements for a more rigorous enforcement of the regulative law already on the statute-book, and for bringing the search-light of publicity to bear on the transactions of large combinations of capital. If this outline of the forthcoming bill be correct, we have no reason to doubt that it will be passed by the Fifty-seventh Congress. It may be that publicity will prove unwelcome to the Standard Oil Company and the American Sugar-refining Company, but it seems to be viewed without any apprehension by the United States Steel Corporation. The last-mentioned body, from its inception, has set a good example by taking the public voluntarily into its confidence.

It is hard to treat seriously Mr. Jenkins's resolution which proposes an inquiry into the power of Congress to seize the Pennsylvania anthracite coal mines by means of the assertion of an alleged right of eminent domain. If a right of eminent domain is given to Congress anywhere, it is in the seventeenth clause of the eighth section of the First Article of the Constitution, which empowers it to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district (not exceeding ten miles square) as may, by cession of particular States and the acceptance of Congress, become the seat of the government of the United States; and to exercise like authority over all places purchased, *by the consent of the Legislature of the State in which the same shall be,* for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dockyards, and other needful buildings. If the strictness of the limitation thus imposed on the right of eminent domain be not patent to Mr. Jenkins on the face of the document, let him examine the text in the light of the *res gestæ*—that is to say, the proceedings relating to that clause which will be found set forth in Elliot's Report of the Debates in the Philadelphia Constitutional Convention. The danger of conceding to Congress a right of eminent domain was clearly recognized by that body, which, not content with the restriction of the right to the purposes above recited, added the further condition that, even for those purposes, land could not be taken without the consent of the State in which the land was situated. Assuredly, Mr. Jenkins

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cannot imagine that the State of Pennsylvania would assent to the seizure of her anthracite coal mines by the Federal government. Even if the State would consent to sell them, it is impossible to find in the clause that we have recalled any basis for the assumption that the Federal government would have a right to purchase land for mining purposes. We had supposed that Mr. David B. Hill had pre-empted the eminent-domain absurdity, but it seems that the ex-Senator's claim is disputed by the chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives.

It remains to be seen whether the coal famine will be mitigated to any extent by the Act of Congress granting a rebate equivalent to the duty on all kinds of coal imported during the year following the passage of the measure, and also repealing the duty of sixty-seven cents per ton on anthracite coal containing less than ninety-two per cent. of carbon. In the course of the debate a good deal of light was thrown on the circumstances in which the last-named duty was imposed. Several Senators declared that, under the Dingley tariff, true anthracite was intended to remain precisely where it had been for many years, to wit, on the free list, and they explained that the duty of sixty-seven cents per ton was intended only to prevent the importation of a semibituminous, semianthracite coal from British Columbia into San Francisco. That was the view of the provision taken by President Roosevelt, and by many other careful students of the Dingley tariff, but the customs officials held otherwise, and, had not the duty been repealed or suspended, all foreign anthracite brought into our Atlantic seaports would have been subject to it. Congress is, of course, to be commended for doing what it could to relieve the suffering caused by the scarcity of fuel, but we doubt whether coal will be imported in quantities sufficient to produce a material effect upon prices. The dearth of the combustible is due to many causes, some obvious, others obscure. Owing to the prolonged strike, the stock of anthracite usually accumulated in the summer was lacking. So much is plain. It is also true that, since the strike ended, the anthracite mines have not been worked to their full capacity, owing to the refusal of the miners to exhibit exceptional diligence and energy. It is also certain that the independent operators have tried to profit by the people's necessities, and have obstructed the anthracite-carrying railways by keeping large quantities of coal in cars, instead of transferring the supplies promptly to their yards. By thus creating a fictitious scarcity, they have been enabled to raise prices.

But, while all this is true enough and deplorable enough, how does it happen that the bituminous mines, wherein work went on all summer unchecked by any strike, are so unable to cope with the demand that the price of that combustible also has undergone a surprising increase? One explanation of this latter fact is that the transportation capacity of the bituminous coal-carrying railways is not adequate. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company asserts that it is short of locomotives. Upon what other theory can we explain the fact that the bituminous coal shipments of the Pennsylvania Railroad are actually less than they were at the corresponding period last year? Either we must admit that the transportation powers of that great public servant are unequal to its duties, or else we must assume that the soft-coal operators, like the independent operators in anthracite, are taking advantage of the public necessities.

Between thirty and forty bituminous, or soft-coal, mine-operators and dealers have been indicted by a grand jury in Chicago on charges of illegal combination in restraint of trade and to fix prices. The indictments are based on the State statutes. This action, growing out of the agitation, suffering, and financial loss which have followed in the wake of the anthracite strike, is the most radical so far taken anywhere in the country. The specific charges on which the indictments were found are that some of the men indicted controlled the mining of soft coal in the Indiana and Illinois fields; that they and their fellow-conspirators took advantage of the situation to cancel yearly contracts with customers for coal supplies at an agreed price per ton, and forced such customers to go into the open market and buy coal at greatly advanced figures; that an abundant supply of soft coal was actually on hand, but was so handled and manipulated that the consumer was obliged to pay double prices for it; that regular scales of prices were fixed, and retail dealers forced to live up to them on penalty of having their supplies of coal cut off. The evidence before the grand jury went to show that in some cases the mine-operators also acted as jobbers, under a different corporate name, and even as retailers, and that mine-operators, jobbers, wholesalers, track team dealers, and retailers were all closely bound together in a series of associations, all controlled from a common centre. It was shown that retailers who did not sell at the price fixed by the jobbers had their coal supplies entirely cut off, and were practically driven out of business. Much of the evidence was furnished by the Illinois State Manufacturers' Association, many members of which have been obliged to shut down their plants and throw thousands of men out of work because they were not able to get coal at prices that made profitable manufacturing possible. In the mean time more than $30,000 has been raised in Chicago by public subscription and spent in the purchase and distribution of coal among the suffering poor of the city. It will take the trial of the men now under indictment to determine how far the charges against them are well founded and to show how far such a conspiracy—if proved—is responsible for the present situation.

We are unable to see why $25,000 of the public money should be appropriated, at Senator Hoar's request, to collect statistics relating to marriage and divorce in the several States. If he wants statistics relating to marriage and divorce in the Territories and the District of Columbia, there is no reason why such data should not be furnished at the public cost, for it is the business of Congress to regulate marriage and divorce in that part of the national domain which is under its exclusive jurisdiction. With marriage and divorce in the States, on the other hand, Congress has nothing to do, and never can obtain the power to do anything except through a constitutional amendment. It is incredible that three-fourths of the States—the number required to pass a constitutional amendment—would ever delegate to Congress their reserve powers to deal with matters of such vital moment to themselves as marriage and divorce. It is well known that, as regards the causes for divorce, there exists among the several States a very wide difference of opinion, which difference, of course, is reflected in State legislation. If a uniform divorce law were obtainable at all, it could only be reached by a compromise, which would be as unacceptable to the few States that now make divorce difficult as it would to the many States that now make it easy. It is not impossible that the States might agree as to the legal definition of a marriage, but it is scarcely conceivable that they should agree regarding the legal grounds of divorce. Under the circumstances, the public money could be better expended than for the purpose suggested by Senator Hoar.

We hope that in the next, if not in the present, Congress serious attention will be given to a bill introduced on January 16 by Mr. Fitzgerald of New York in the House of Representatives, a bill intended to encourage, promote, and develop the merchant marine of the United States. It may, at the first glance, be thought that a bill so entitled has a subsidy in view. This is not the case, however. The bill simply proposes to allow a rebate of ten per cent. of the duty imposed by law upon all merchandize imported into the United States from any foreign country, or from the Philippines, when such merchandise is carried in vessels of American registry. That is to say, while avoiding subsidies, this bill, if it became a law, would give American-built ships a tremendous advantage over vessels of all other nations. Not only would our native shipbuilding industry be stimulated, but our importers would get cheaper freights, for there is no doubt that, in practice, the rebate proposed by the bill would be divided between the freight-payer and the freight-carrier. What would be the probable amount of the rebate? We answer that during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1902, the United States collected in customs duties $254,444,708. Had there been enough ships of American registry to carry all the goods imported into this country, the aggregate rebate allowed would have amounted to $25,444,470. Half of this sum—the fraction that would have accrued to the native freight-carrier—would have

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helped him quickly to recover that large share of the world's carrying trade which we possessed in the fifties. The United States could well afford the rebate, inasmuch as our surplus revenue last year exceeded $91,000,000.

We referred last week to the importance of increasing the salaries of the Federal justices and judges. Beyond recalling the fact that the functions of the justices of our United States Supreme Court are more exalted and more arduous than are those of the English Lord High Chancellor and Lord Chief Justice, we need not repeat the reasons for pronouncing it an absurdity that the members of our highest Federal tribunal receive but ten thousand dollars apiece—the Chief Justice gets five hundred dollars more—while the Lord High Chancellor receives fifty thousand dollars annually when in office, and twenty-five thousand dollars in retirement, and the Lord Chief Justice forty thousand dollars a year. We desire to re-enforce our argument at this time by pointing out that the nine judges of the United States Circuit Courts receive only six thousand dollars apiece, and the judges of the United States District Court only five thousand dollars each, except in Alaska, Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma, where they receive only three thousand dollars each. Now will anybody pretend that the functions of a United States Circuit judge are less onerous and dignified than are those of justices of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, sitting in the first and second judicial districts of that State? Of such judges in the first and second judicial districts of that State there are no fewer than thirty-four, and every one of them receives $17,500 a year, or seventy-five per cent. more than a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and almost three times as much as a judge of a United States Circuit Court. Even in the rural districts of the Empire Commonwealth the justices of the State Supreme Court receive $7200 apiece; when sitting in the Appellate Divisions of the First and Second Districts they are paid at the rate of $17,500 a year, and, if assigned to duty in those districts other than in the Appellate divisions, their additional compensation is ten dollars per day. The notion that the justices of a State court earn more than the justices of the Supreme Federal tribunal is, of course, preposterous, and the assumption that the cost of living is less in Washington than in New York is equally unfounded. A justice of the United States Supreme Court is a great personage; it is a mooted question whether he should not take precedence of ambassadors. He has, therefore, a certain state to keep up; whereas the style of living adopted by a justice of the New York Supreme Court is a matter of unimportance to himself or to anybody else.

It is no secret—it is not even news—that the University of Oxford feels very poor. A book has lately been issued setting forth its pressing needs, to which the London *Times* has called attention. The Rhodes scholarships, instead of helping it, have increased its burdens. Its great library, the Bodleian, is cramped for room, both for books and readers, and has not funds enough to buy the books needed to keep it abreast of the times. Its deficiencies are so serious that the Oxford Board of Modern History reports that the scientific study of European history cannot at present be prosecuted at Oxford. In science its wants are manifold. It lacks equipment for the study of metallurgy, its instruction in geology is wofully inadequate, it needs a mechanical laboratory, with instructors, buildings, and machines; it has no engineering department, and it is far behind the times in the attention it pays to physics. Something seems to be wrong with the relations of England to Oxford. Perhaps the trouble is that the old university has been so long regarded as a rich man's university, and as a source of income and maintenance to fortunate fellows, that the British public is slow to realize that the venerable nurse of learning herself needs to be fed. There is no lack of money in England, but the British millionaires seem not to have formed the habit, so widespread here, of giving money to universities. Dr. Andrew White, defending his countrymen from the charge of greed, said last November, in a valedictory speech in Berlin, that the gift of over seventy million dollars to American colleges in 1901 abundantly proved that if the American knows how to chase the mighty dollar, he also knows how to use it. The British are earnest money-getters, but they don't seem to have the American accomplishment of letting go.

Mothers must be careful what they read to their children, or, without suspecting it, they may ruin, or at least badly injure, the morals of the rising generation. They may not safely confine themselves to *Jack and the Beanstalk, Bluebeard, The Three Bears,* and other time-honored classics of childhood. Mrs. W. D. McClintock, of the Department of English at the University of Chicago, declares that each of the tales specifically mentioned above has a vicious "moral squint," and that many of the tales read to children are positively immoral. Mrs. McClintock would allow no child to read to itself until it is twelve years old. And for the benefit of mothers generally she has laid out a programme of safe and improving reading, beginning when the child is two years old, and running through, by years, until it has reached the age of fourteen. From two to seven years, fairy tales which have no "moral squint" should be read; from seven to nine, such tales as *Robinson Crusoe,* with a whole year spent on that especial joy of boyhood; from nine to ten, the *Robin Hood* tales and animal stories; from ten to twelve, carefully expurgated tales of the old Greek heroes; from twelve to thirteen, stories dealing with the adventures of good knights, without too much romance; from thirteen to fourteen, at least one such play as the "Merchant of Venice," and some one of Scott's novels. As a general prescription this may do very well, but in actual practice it would doubtless show the grave defects of the cure-all patent medicine—it would fail to fit the individual case. How, for instance, shall a mother read fairy tales, "without a moral squint," to a small son who is only interested in stories of animals? And little girls have been known who yawned and went to sleep over the pages of *Robinson Crusoe.* At any rate, Mrs. McClintock's warning may serve to remind mothers that what their children read or have read to them during the first ten years of their life is certain to have a deep and lasting effect upon them. The subject is one which the women's clubs might profitably consider.

The reports of the successful use of formalin to cure blood-poisoning are of very great public interest, and indicate a new discovery of the highest importance in medicine. Formalin is an extract of wood-alcohol. It has been used in the form of vapor in the treatment of tuberculosis of the lungs, but failed in that use because it destroyed the lung tissues. Its value as a germicide in blood-poisoning cases was first demonstrated last Christmas day at the Bellevue Hospital in the case of a colored woman who had blood-poisoning as a consequence of child-birth. The case was desperate. The woman had a temperature of 108, and was dying. Blood drawn from her arm was found to be crowded with the virulent bacteria of septicæmia. Dr. Charles C. Barrows, feeling that the case was one in which the trial of a desperate remedy was warranted, injected formalin in considerable quantity into a vein of her arm. The effect was magical. Improvement followed almost instantly. Examination of the blood showed a vast diminution of bacteria. The patient's temperature dropped. Two days later a second injection was made. No ill effects followed, and ten days later the woman seemed well. This case, reported at a meeting of the New York Obstetrical Society, excited the most enthusiastic interest. The new remedy has since been tried in several obstetrical cases, with good results. It is too soon to consider its efficacy established, but there is every reason to hope that medical science has been enriched by a discovery of the first importance.

Mrs. Eddy has been heard from. She has read extracts from Mark Twain's articles on Christian Science, and is stirred to a number of disclosures. She says it is no fault of hers that the Scientists call her "Mother." She discouraged it, but vainly. She still thinks the name inapplicable, for she says: "I stand in relation to this century as a Christian discoverer, founder, and leader. I regard self-deification as blasphemous: I may be more loved, but I am less lauded, pampered, provided for, and cheered than others before me—and wherefore? Because Christian Science is not popular, and I refuse adulation." Again, after other remarks, she makes this disclaimer: "I believe in but one incarnation, but one Mother Mary, and

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know I am not that one, and never claimed to be. . . . I have not the inspiration, nor the aspiration, to be a first or second Virgin Mother — her duplicate, antecedent, or consequent. What I am remains to be proved by the good I do." It will be seen that, modest as she is, she takes herself pretty seriously. Mark Twain advertised in the WEEKLY of last week that he was anxious to get certain of her writings which he had not been able to procure. She can easily get sight of his writings on Christian Science, and it is to be hoped that she will not rest content with the sight of mere extracts from them, but will read all his articles all through. Then perhaps she will ease Mark's fear that she thinks she is the woman of the Apocalypse, and, possibly, will also make some statement about the so-called Christian Science Trust, its powers and profits, actual and prospective, which will relieve the minds of apprehensive observers.

The dinner to John Hay by the Ohio Society was a deserved tribute to a scholar and a statesman. But we do not intend to follow in the footsteps of his hosts more than to express our pleasure that the Secretary of State was thus honored. One speech of the occasion, however, is worthy of special mention, because some of the allusions to it suggest that it was taken as a satire on President Roosevelt. Mr. James H. Hoyt seemed to praise Mr. Hay for the possession of every quality which Mr. Roosevelt is supposed to lack. He said, among other things, for example, that while "we Americans are aggressive, and greatly admire push and courage and dash and pluck," there is a "strong strain of conservatism in us"; that "away down in our hearts we Americans like, above all, a safe man. When one of our public servants has fairly won our confidence in his discretion, he always becomes deservedly great in our estimation." He also said, "while John Hay remains Secretary of State we Americans can sleep nights." He expressed the opinion that while Mr. Hay would be careful to sustain the honor of the nation, "he will never lower the dignity of that majestic emblem by needlessly flaunting it in the face of the world." In the mouth of an enemy these remarks might be counted as a reflection on the President, as at least rather broad irony. But there is no reason to believe that Mr. Hoyt meant them thus, and it is certain that if he did, Mr. Hay would not have been pleased. In fact, Mr. Hay is indeed very different from the President. This difference very much alarms some of the people of Massachusetts, who do not want to believe that Mr. Lodge will succeed in forcing Mr. Hay out of the cabinet. But the President also recognizes the difference, and it is partly because of it, because Mr. Hay supplements him, that he is desirous that the honored guest of the Ohio Society shall remain in the cabinet, and at the head of the State Department.

In his public relations Abram Stevens Hewitt exemplified that earlier and loftier conception of citizenship, "when to be citizen rang Roman yet." Scarcely any other man of his day could have offered a more plausible excuse for declining to take an active part in politics, for from the beginning to the end of his adult life he gave his time and his strength to the development of a great national industry. If he had never given an hour to State and municipal affairs, he would still have had a claim to be remembered, for his name is inseparably associated with the history of iron and steel manufactures in the United States. He considered himself indebted, however, to the political conditions of his country for the opportunities of personal advancement which he turned to memorable account, and he considered it his duty to discharge the obligation by keeping steadily in view the welfare of his city and of the nation. A firm believer in Democratic principles as they were propounded and applied by Jefferson, he was no slave to party, but co-operated with Tilden in the overthrow of the Tweed Ring, and he was one of the leaders of the great secession of Gold Democrats that assured the defeat of Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900. He used to say in these latter years that the Democratic party had left him, rather than he the party, and there is reason to think that had his life been prolonged he would have been seen once more among the chiefs of a revivified Democracy. He had none of the arts of the politician—he lacked the patience and the pliancy which the acquirement of those arts demands—but, considered as a statesman in the large and high sense of the word, it is doubtful whether since De Witt Clinton the State of New York has given birth to a son better qualified for public service. He must be largely credited with the fact that the problems of rapid transit in the city of New York and of intercommunication between the boroughs of the metropolis have at last been brought near solution. To him also, more perhaps than to any other Democratic leader, the country owed its escape from civil war in the winter of 1876-7, when the rival claims of Hayes and Tilden to the Presidency were referred to an electoral commission. A less impressive, but eminently useful, outcome of Mr. Hewitt's connection with national legislation is the United States Geological Survey. We add that the clarity and vigor of his intellect remained undiminished almost to the last. None of his earlier public papers is better worth reading than are those penned in the last year of his life, in which he defined his attitude toward the so-called "trusts," and discussed the political and economical questions raised by the strike in the anthracite coal region.

With the death of the Paris correspondent of the *Times* the journalistic world loses its most distinguished, or at least its best-known, member. M. de Blowitz, a Hebrew of the Hebrews in race and appearance, was born in Bohemia, close to Pilsen, the great home of lager-beer. He went early to France, apparently adopted the honorific particle on his own responsibility, and became a language-teacher in the south. He shouldered a musket in the Franco-Prussian war, and rendered good service to the government during the red days of the Commune. He was offered a consulship in Russia, but about the same time Laurence Oliphant asked him to interview M. Thiers for the *Times*, and this was the first step up the ladder of journalistic fame. With a gift for self-advancement amounting to genius, M. Blowitz managed to make himself an international personage. Ministries in Paris came and disappeared, but Blowitz went on forever. He damned with faint praise, or praised with faint damns, as the humor took him; and all Paris looked in the *Times* to learn how it had been behaving during the last twenty-four hours. He had more power than an ambassador, and the world of letters should erect a statue in his honor, as a type of the old Jovian school of journalists, whose personal view and personal word had weight in the destiny of nations. No figure has loomed so large in Paris during the last thirty years.

Readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE lost an old friend by the death of Julian Ralph. Newspaper readers of mature years remember his long and brilliant service as a reporter and correspondent of the *Sun*. He joined that paper about 1875, and continued on its staff for twenty years. No American paper ever had a better lot of reporters than Mr. Dana got together in those days, and the *Sun* never had a better reporter than Julian Ralph. He could see and remember and write. He had imagination and humor and a genial spirit. Some of his stories, continued from day to day, read like novels, and good novels at that. Political conventions and occasional murder trials gave him great opportunities, and what he wrote, hastily as it was done, made wonderfully good reading, and came near being literature. In 1895 he went to London as correspondent of a New York paper, and happened unluckily to be there when the Boer war broke out. He went to South Africa as correspondent of the London *Mail*, suffered great hardships there, lost his health, and came home in 1902 much the worse for his experiences. Last November he was appointed Eastern representative of the St. Louis Fair, but six weeks ago he was seized with illness, which caused his death on January 20. He wrote nine books, of which seven were published by the Harpers. His death at fifty is a sorrowful consequence of his labors as a war correspondent.

Mr. Edwin A. Alderman, whose portrait appears in our series this week, has devoted his best years to education in the South. Apart from his duties as a university president—he was at the head of the University of North Carolina from 1896 to 1900, and is now president of Tulane University in New Orleans—he has been for some time a director of the Southern Education Board, of which Mr. Robert C. Ogden is president. The work of this board in connection with that of the General Education Board has already shown splendid results. Mr. Alderman is contributing largely, especially in the Southwest, to the successful carrying out of their energetic educational policy. He is now forty.

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The South and Cuba

THERE has been manifested a curiously narrow view of their duties by some of the Southern Democratic Senators. We do not write for the purpose of prevailing upon them to vote for the ratification of the Cuban treaty, because it is to be hoped that before these words reach them the treaty will have been ratified, or, at least, that they will then have abandoned their opposition to it. Their first thought, however, whether they continue to entertain it or whether they abandon it, affords the country still further evidence that the South cannot take a leading place in national politics until some of its hasty sons are taught a lesson of wisdom.

Senator Bacon of Georgia is a man of ability, but he was not serving the Democratic party when he announced his opposition to the Cuban reciprocity treaty, for the simple reason that his position was hostile to the best interests of the country, while it was inconsistent with a proper regard for the national honor. Moreover, if now or hereafter Senator Bacon and those Democrats who have thought with him succeed in committing the Democratic party to their view, that party will be open to the suspicion of having been acquired by the Louisiana and the beet-sugar interests. Nothing could be more suicidal than the adoption by his party of Mr. Bacon's views concerning the proper attitude to be maintained by the Southern States towards the tariff and towards tariff questions. He says: "I am opposed to protective tariffs *per se*. I am against the whole principle of protection." Then he proceeds to say that he is opposed to the Cuban reciprocity treaty because it involves an assault upon the industries of the South. He meant by this, undoubtedly, that the reduction of duty on Cuban sugar for five years would injure the Louisiana sugar industry. He overlooked, therefore, the more rapidly growing beet-sugar industry of the Northwest, which, comparatively small as it is, is not a Southern interest, so that, even on Mr. Bacon's low plane of political and economic philosophy, the Cuban treaty is not sectional.

Mr. Bacon and other Southern public men who think as he does have helped to make the Democratic party impotent for good ever since the close of the war of secession. One of the evils of our high protective tariff law is that it promotes sectionalism. One of the great opportunities of the Democratic party is that it may help to mitigate a policy which is not only a burden upon all our agricultural producers and upon all our consumers, but which is growing to be a restraint upon manufacturing, as it has long been upon commerce.

Unless the Democratic party assumes the policy of enlightenment, unless it advocates industrial and commercial freedom, unless it is to insist upon the gradual dissolution of the existing corrupting partnership between the great combinations and the government, a partnership formulated in the protective tariff law, there is little reason to prefer it to its opponent. A fine practical opportunity for showing its good faith, for proving that it is for liberal commerce, for fair international dealing, is presented by this Cuban reciprocity treaty. Another excellent opportunity was presented last year when the Philippine tariff bill was before the Senate. When the measure was in the House of Representatives, the Democrats then voted to increase the tariff concession to the archipelago; but when the bill reached the Senate a sufficient number of Democrats voted against the Foraker amendment to deny to the Filipinos a reduction of fifty instead of one of twenty-five per cent.

Last winter, the excuse was that the Democratic Senators believed in free trade with the Filipinos. Therefore they would take nothing less, a decision which has resulted in serious loss to the islands and such an obstacle to our commerce with them that, this year, the Republicans themselves have been forced to consider a concession of seventy-five per cent. This year Mr. Bacon follows up the folly of a year ago, and says that while he favors a liberal policy, he will not do anything that will injure his section, regarded from a purely protectionist point of view, for Mr. Bacon's view of Southern interests is a protectionist, and, therefore, a local, view. The real interests of his section will be promoted by an expanded commerce, and not by tying the whole South to the sugar industry of Louisiana, a policy which, so far as that State is concerned, has made it Republican on every issue, with the exception of the race question. More important still, the real interests of the South are to be best promoted by an emergence from sectionalism on to the broad plane of nationalism.

The country follows the President on this subject of Cuban reciprocity. It believes with him, or as he did believe when he wrote his first message to Congress, that common principles of fair dealing demand that we should keep the promises which the Cuban commissioners understood to have been made to them by Mr. McKinley and Mr. Root. It is not an answer to say that Mr. McKinley and Mr. Root could not promise what it was within the power of Congress alone to grant. The question is, as Secretary Moody once put it, "What did the Cubans understand?" We are too big, too powerful, to be ungenerous or technical in our interpretation of that promise. Mr. Roosevelt believes that it should be fulfilled. Mr. Root is sure that it should be. The country is in agreement with them. So universal is the feeling that the nation's honor is involved in the matter, that even the beet-sugar States gave their Senators and Representatives to understand that they had made a mistake in bringing about the defeat of the bill for Cuba which passed the House of Representatives at the last session of Congress, but, by caucus tactics, was made to fail of consideration in the Senate.

These Southern Senators ought to have realized by this time that the nation is growing stronger and larger in the imaginations of the people, and that the sections are growing smaller and of less importance. The man or the party who now puts himself or itself athwart the path of the nation is likely to be swept aside, and perhaps destroyed. Mr. Bacon's false notion of his duty to the sugar-cane growers cannot be permitted to prevent the keeping of the nation's faith. Neither the sugar cane nor the sugar beet, nor the South alone, nor the West alone, nor New England alone, can rule this country. The sooner the Democratic party realizes this, the sooner will it put itself in the way of victory. There are many Southerners who have risen up to the modern conception of the nation, and to the fact that the interests of the whole country are to be considered first. The Republican party, based on protectionism as it is, cannot fully comprehend the need of the time. With few exceptions, its leaders are clinging to its sectionalizing polity. The opportunity is therefore open to the Democrats. It is especially open to Southern Democrats, who have only to insist upon the old economic doctrine of their party. If this opportunity is not seized, it will pass away and into other hands. The paltry policy announced by Mr. Bacon is like the refusal of a golden crown. If it is symptomatic of the Southern Democratic party, if the South cannot grow to the proportions of a national policy, its day of return to leadership is yet far off; but it is sincerely to be hoped,—and there is evidence to sustain the hope,—that Mr. Bacon has not spoken for those Southerners who can take the leadership if they will.

The German Emperor and the Monroe Doctrine

THE attitude of the German Emperor towards this country furnishes food for interesting speculation. It is no longer a secret in well-informed circles in Washington and elsewhere that Dr. Von Holleben has been recalled because he did not satisfy the Emperor. The question remains, however, as to how and where he fell short in carrying out his master's wishes. He was certainly, in many respects, an impressive minister and ambassador. He was much in society. Among the many self-amusing and mutually entertaining people of the capital he was fairly popular. He did his best to carry out the Emperor's purpose to establish German and weaken English influence in this country. He was faithful. He was, however, a dragoon in diplomacy, having entered the service, as they say, by the back door, coming from the army. Intent as he was on furthering the interests of the Emperor, he did not quite comprehend his master's purposes. In the opinion of that master, his ambassador cultivated the wrong kind of society. He was too much at Harvard, and too little in Wall Street. Too many of his American and German-American friends were academicians, and too few were financiers. The Emperor was not appealed to as deeply by the LL.D. at Harvard as he would have been by the news that his representative at Washington was in the habit of riding wildly with the President. Dr. Von Holleben thought that his best plan was to cultivate the friendship and to gain the confidence of the scholars and thoughtful men of the country. The Emperor entertained a different notion; he believed that Germany's purpose would best be served by winning the President, courting the alliance of the captains of industry, and exciting the plaudits of the multitude. Dr. Von Holleben was not happy enough to become intimate with the President, nor did he make progress with the financial interests or with the people. So far as the President was concerned, his ill success was noticeable, and the Emperor himself did not aid him by his inopportune attempt to deny the reality of Lord Pauncefote's friendship for this country. Indeed, Dr. Von Holleben distinctly fell in the estimation of the members of the administrative circle when the Emperor's action revealed, or provoked, a question of veracity between the German and British representatives.

From his point of view, the German Emperor's policy is correct. If he is to accomplish what he has set his heart upon, his ambassador must be what Dr. Von Holleben was not, and must do what he failed to do, or what he neglected to undertake. The German Emperor has adopted a new policy in his relations with the United States. Until the conclusion of the Spanish war, he agreed with Bismarck that the Monroe doctrine was an "impertinence,"—an "American impertinence." Some Germans of importance, whose minds are not so agile as the Emperor's, continue to think thus. One of them repeated the odd re-

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mark—odd in the light of recent revelations—only a week or so ago. Dr. Von Holleben, however, is not one of these, but he seemed, nevertheless, to believe that the Emperor's change of policy simply meant that he was trying to get the better of the doctrine by blinding us to his purpose by blandishments. This was not astute. It was a hasty jump at a conclusion, and naturally, therefore, resulted in a wrong landing. It resembled the ambassador's error in asking Lord Pauncefote to entertain Prince Henry at dinner. Dr. Von Holleben had seen and recognized signs that the Emperor did not wish to alienate England to the point of unfriendliness, and he made the request of Lord Pauncefote in the happy confidence that he was anticipating his master's inclinations. He was rudely awakened to the knowledge of his blunder by a cable which informed him that under no circumstances would the Prince be permitted to dine with the British ambassador.

The Emperor, doubtless, did think at one time that he could unite Europe, including England, in hostility to the Monroe doctrine. When he found that this purpose would not work: that England was wise enough to stand by the doctrine which an English statesman invented, and the maintenance of which is quite as important to British interests as to those of the United States; that the insolence of Von Diederichs did not help Germany with England, and that the assault upon Lord Pauncefote actually injured Germany and impaired Dr. Von Holleben's influence with the Washington administration—he quickly composed a new design, and in the accomplishment of this new design his old ambassador could not be useful, partly on account of his failure to comprehend it, and partly because the Emperor himself had made him ineffective. The truth is that our administration was so enraged at the attempts upon Lord Pauncefote that a man as bright as the Emperor could not fail to understand that by it he had made his tool at Washington utterly useless.

The Emperor's new policy is to secure shelter under the Monroe doctrine. To accomplish this he must not only cease to regard the doctrine as an impertinence, but he must accept it as a rule of international law, and must assume towards it the attitude which, as we pointed out last week, is the attitude which England ought to assume by reason of her interests and of her historical responsibility for its adoption and declaration by President Monroe. The German Emperor looks to colonization in South America. German emigration to Brazil and the Argentine has awakened a dream of empire on this side of the Atlantic. The promise at present is small, but if it could be certain that his rule might accompany it, the Emperor would undertake to stimulate the popular movement. This, of course, was in his mind, and, before that, it was in the mind of Bismarck when the policy was denunciation of the doctrine. The German purpose has not changed, if the method of effectuating it has been revolutionized. The purpose is to secure the right of colonization in South America; the new method is to induce this country to assent that the German Empire, as well as England, shall be a partner with the United States in asserting and maintaining the doctrine. The resistance to be overcome before this method can be successful is very great. The official and the public opinions of this country and of England are opposed to the establishment of a piece of the German Empire, with its strong inclination for tariff wars, on this side of the Atlantic. Such an establishment would greatly injure a market which England already possesses, and would prevent our establishment of one that we desire. The Emperor, however, has set himself to the task. He has succeeded in securing an alliance with England for a small raid on a South-American republic, hoping to perpetuate it and to secure the aid of his uncle's kingdom in bringing about a permanent and sympathetic union which will exempt from the operation of the doctrine German colonies to be, as existing British colonies are already exempted.

In furtherance of this object, the Emperor has also selected Baron Speck von Sternburg as representative to succeed Von Holleben. The new envoy is not of ambassadorial rank, but that matters nothing, for the Emperor will supply him with sufficient rank for his purpose. Baron von Sternburg will be a welcome addition to Washington society. He has long been an intimate friend of Mr. Roosevelt. He can ride as hard and as fast as the President. He is as strenuous and as reactionary. He can charm the people whom he will meet at the capital, and he will be able to excite popular enthusiasm. He will stimulate the excitability of the Washington atmosphere; but when he comes to the effort to induce the President to assent to a modification of the Monroe doctrine so that German South-American colonies may be set up with the concurrence of this government, he will doubtless discover that the Emperor's new and amiable plan is no more effectual than was his first and hostile scheme. The President will not admit the German Emperor as a partner in the Monroe doctrine (first) because he does not want the association, and (second) because, if he did, he knows that the country would object. As conditions exist, it is no more possible for Germany to crawl under the Monroe tent by prevailing upon us to look the other way for a moment than it is possible for the Emperor to rush the guardians.

The Kaiser's New Envoy

THE Kaiser has done a shrewd thing in sending, as his envoy extraordinary to Washington, Baron Speck von Sternburg. There are various reasons for congratulating him on his choice. It would not be in consonance with the rather rigid rules of preferment obtaining in the diplomatic service of Germany for the Kaiser to make Baron Sternburg the immediate and full-fledged successor to Baron Holleben, with the title and rank of German ambassador to Washington. Baron Sternburg has not been long enough in the diplomatic service for that, nor has he had that large measure of varied experience in responsible and representative positions at a number of European courts which is deemed requisite in Berlin to fit a man for one of the seven ambassadorships which are the seven "sugar plums" and the highest offices attainable, in the purely diplomatic line, in the service of the Empire. Baron Sternburg joined the German diplomatic ranks much later than is habitual there. His youth and his early manhood were spent in the German army. He was a dashing cavalry officer and had served with distinction in the 18th Hussar Regiment, forming part of the Saxon contingent, when he turned to diplomacy. Thus, he has barely a decennium of diplomatic service as a score, and this fact, if the man had not shown unusual aptitude, coupled with great tact and other qualities that are rare in the diplomatic service of any country, would in itself have sufficed to prevent his rising too rapidly. Men who joined the German diplomatic corps simultaneously with him have scarcely gone higher as yet than to a second secretaryship at one of the more important courts, or else to some minor post. It speaks plainer than words for Sternburg's great ability that he has managed to break through the meshes of that network of tradition and custom enwrapping Germany's entire diplomatic service on several conspicuous occasions, that he has been intrusted with independent missions of a highly delicate and important character, acquitting himself to the entire satisfaction of his sovereign, and that, in so short a time, he has attained a high rank and an enviable reputation, both at home and abroad. No confidence is violated when it is said that he is *persona gratissima*, not alone with the Kaiser, but with President Roosevelt and the American official and political world. With the Kaiser he became so solely through his merits, and on this side of the water it has principally been the efficiency and tactfulness, together with the sympathetic manner in which he was largely instrumental in laying that silly but annoying Samoan ghost, a couple of years ago, which for a time seriously threatened to strain Americo-German relations, and the extraordinarily well-informed manner in which, before and since, he had fathomed and then reported home the spirit of the American people as he had found it during his connection with the German embassy in Washington. In arriving at correct conclusions as to the temper and aims, likes and dislikes, currents of thought and driving forces in the political life of the American people, Baron Sternburg has been enjoying more than ordinary means. His English birth and childhood; his English mother, and the fact that English is his mother-tongue and his favorite vehicle of expression; his varied travels and official experiences in English-speaking countries, a large part of which was in this land; and, finally, his marriage to a lovely and highly accomplished Kentucky girl,—all these factors combined to give him a clear and sympathetic insight into both the American and the English mind and character, and to thus make him an exceptionally valuable interpreter of it to his government. Neither the Kaiser nor his government will, without pressing need or for exceptional reasons, disregard the hoary traditions as to "seniority" and the regular scale of advancement in vogue in the German diplomatic service. And it is, therefore, doubtful whether Baron Sternburg, even if his mission to this country should turn out as successful as one may confidently expect it will, will be promoted in the immediate future, over the heads of scores of other and older competitors, to the rank and emoluments of a German ambassador to Washington. He is still a young man, it must be remembered, and he has so far held no independent diplomatic post at even one of the smaller courts. But it may be foreshadowed for him that he will be, first, *de facto*, a very efficient diplomatic representative of Germany at our national capital, under whose guidance the German part of the Venezuelan imbroglio will be disentangled in a way to give no needless offence to American susceptibilities, and next be promoted to the regular ambassadorship itself. Certainly, it would be a graceful thing for the Kaiser to do. In this connection it may be timely to destroy an erroneous opinion, frequently expressed in the American press, viz., that Baron Sternburg lost favor in Berlin when he had, as Germany's special commissioner to Samoa, settled, in conjunction with the British and American commissioners, that hornets' nest of tripartite squabbles to the

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satisfaction of the three parties. It has also been stated since, on many occasions, that his transfer to Calcutta, as German consul-general, was in the nature of a degradation and punishment therefor. The exact opposite is true. The high opinion the Kaiser holds of him dates from the very time Baron Sternburg showed such statesmanlike qualities in removing for good and all the Samoan problem from the international horizon, the conciliatory manner of his doing it subserving Germany's best and most vital interests. And as for his appointment to Calcutta, that was distinct preferment. If at that time one of the minor ministerships, to either Denmark, Switzerland, or elsewhere, had been vacant, no doubt it would have been offered Baron Sternburg. But in the absence of that the post to Calcutta, one of the highest-paid and most important in the German service, was given him, his English sympathies being also taken into consideration. It has, besides, been an open secret in Berlin for years that the Kaiser has had his eye on Sternburg for Washington, and there were good and potent reasons for it. The only serious competitor, for the space of several years, in his way was another German diplomat very popular in Washington, namely, Mumm von Schwarzenstein. The latter it was who effected the so-called Saratoga Convention between the two countries, an agreement on tariff matters which did considerable for a time in allaying mutual recriminations in the matter of levying duties. But the despatching of Herr von Schwarzenstein as German minister to China removed that gentleman from the list of "possibilities," and his usefulness to Germany in China has proved too great to admit of his being recalled from there for years to come. Besides, Schwarzenstein's American experiences lie farther back, ten years ago and over. With the present mood of the American people, with the political currents here to-day, he has little, if any, acquaintance. The field is, therefore, free for Sternburg.

To the Jews a Stumbling-block and to the Greeks Foolishness

A YOUNG man who has great possessions, and is also the teacher of a Bible class in a church of this city, grappled a few Sundays ago with that difficult text of Scripture relating to the hardships of a rich man in entering the kingdom of God. He frankly debated it with the members of his class, and did not spare himself the tacit or explicit inferences in the minds of his hearers, however personal he may have felt them. He reasoned first that when Jesus bade that other young man who had great possessions go and sell what he had and give to the poor, conditions of society were very different from the social conditions of to-day. He then held that there were many things a man might give up for Christ's sake besides his property, as, for instance, legitimate pleasures, though he did not say why he need; that it was always a matter between Christ and His follower what should be given up; and he suggested that Christ might have perceived that the heart of that young man was mainly set upon his possessions, and therefore their sacrifice was the sacrifice due from him. He thought that we ought to take Christ's words in a broad sense, yet he applauded the disciples who left their nets and followed Him, though he seemed to feel that their merit was in their obedience rather than in the surrender of their property. When one of his class asked, "How about Tolstoy, who gave up everything in life, all his worldly possessions?" the young man did not take the usual short and easy way with Tolstoy, and say simply that he was a crank, and that was how about him, but answered that his was "certainly a very noble example," though he urged again the difference of the present social conditions, and argued that a man could serve God while attending strictly to business, and we must not take Christ's sayings in a literal sense.

Upon the whole, his discourse as reported, was pathetic, for he said quite what that other young man who had great possessions might have said to a Bible class in the synagogue, after parting very sorrowful with Jesus. No one can read that plain story without a heartache, if he has a heart: it is awfully human; and no one, if he has a heart, can withhold a throb of compassion for the young man with great possessions who finds himself in like case to-day: who hears that call and longs to obey, but cannot because of his great possessions. Then, as now, such a young man would have told the members of his class that "the conditions of society" were different from those of a time when a person could give up his property for the sake of life everlasting. He would have made excuses, and said that those fishermen who had left their nets at Christ's call had certainly set a very noble example, "and that the lesson to be derived is obedience to the words of Christ," but you must first make sure whether He meant His words to be taken figuratively or literally. The young man would probably have argued that it would do very well for a lot of poor fishermen, who had little to lose, anyway, to take them literally, but that a person of independent property, realizing all the high responsibilities of wealth, had better think twice before he did so. He might even have shown that obedience in some such cases would be essentially impossible: that if, for instance, a certain very wealthy man of that day gave every village in Judea a free library, still he would probably not succeed in dying poor. Perhaps if Jesus Himself had been present at the debate He would not have been able to refute the young man's position.

Still, we think that in the very first of them the young man was wrong. The conditions of competitive society are now just what they always were, without the shadow of change. The world, the flesh, and the devil we have had always with us. It is no harder in New York now to do the will of Christ, to fulfil his sayings literally, than it was in Jerusalem two thousand years ago. There were then rich and poor, as there are now, and there was the same buying and selling and getting gain. The question is whether the literal fulfilment of His sayings was not always impossible. A few of His immediate followers thought not, and formed themselves into a little republic, in which they had all things common, but that was where they fell down, and their republic with them. They still left the well-meaning to ask themselves how they could enlarge the eye of the needle so as to enter the kingdom of God with their assets, after having given the deserving poor all they could without pauperizing them.

But that answer to the young man who had great possessions was not the only hard saying of the Master, who, we are instructed, ought to be obeyed in what He meant rather than what He said, though without His words His meaning is difficult. He also said, "He that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, hath" done something worse than begin a harmless flirtation; but if this were taken literally, there could be no more décolleté toilettes. He said, "Thou shalt not kill," but if he were obeyed in this there would be no chance of a great people constituting themselves a world power. He said, "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you," but if we had taken this command seriously what would have become of the helpless Filipinos? He bade us turn the other cheek to him who has smitten us, but if people did so, there could be no such thing as the honor of a gentleman. His teachings in regard to divorce were such that if they were taken on their face large numbers of our fellow-men and fellow-women would not be living now in what they regard as holy matrimony.

Were these and other sayings of Christ too hard for human nature? It would really seem that they were; and the church is founded on the spirit of words whose letter killeth. It comes mercifully between the absolute love and purity and righteousness and the trembling sinner who would like to obey, but does not want to, and offers him a compromise, a *modus vivendi*, which he can accept. Sometimes it does this in one way, and sometimes in another, according to its special creed, or his special need, and as the churches are several, and by no means all of the same mind, there is hope for almost every sort of sinner. The church has tried to have the children of light do as wisely in their generation as the children of darkness, and it cannot be said that it has not succeeded. It offers a compromise, a *modus vivendi;* but nobody contends that this is final. Perhaps we are really, though unconsciously, waiting for the conditions to be changed, so that the precepts of Christ shall be practicable. In that time, whenever it comes, no young man having great possessions will be obliged to account for their retention, for there will be no such young man. Meanwhile, with Christ figuratively taken, Christianity gets on very well, while with Christ taken literally, it bristles with apparently insuperable difficulties.

The Crocus

I

On mountains the crocus
  Ere hollows be clear
In the bed of the snowdrift
  Will rise and appear.
Aloft the pure crocus,
  Born under the snow,
In the sun is left trembling,
  All bare to his glow—
Like the heart of the woman who listens
  To love in the forests below.

II

The Lover speaks:—
O light-born, how oft
  Shall I drink in like wine
Thy body cloud-soft,
  Earth's marvel, yet mine?
How oft shall I dare,
  Unabsolvèd by death,
In the flood of thy hair
  And the flame of thy breath?
From the incense-boat sun hast thou wandered,
  A dream from a time beyond death.

III

And she yearns to respond
  To that strain out of reach,
To the glowing and subtle
  Stream spirit of speech.
But she weeps—ah, too childish
  For love is the span
Of the half-bestrung lyre
  Of the language of man.
So she breathes the sun-song of the crocus—
  Reveal it, repeat it, who can!

HERBERT TRENCH.

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Mr. Chamberlain

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *January 7, 1903.*

VERY curious is the position Mr. Chamberlain holds in the public life of England. His triumphal progress through South Africa marks the climax of one of the strangest careers that has ever been interwoven with the tale of English politics. Disraeli himself, from the moment his first speech was laughed down in the House of Commons to the day when he stood up before the Berlin Congress, the world's central figure, hardly surpassed its shifting fortunes. It was said of Sir Robert Peel that "of almost all the great measures with which his name is associated, he attained great eminence as their opponent before he attained even greater eminence as their advocate"; and it has taken volumes to explain and justify Sir Robert. A whole library will be needed to explain and justify Mr. Chamberlain. He has boxed the entire political compass. He began life as an extreme Radical, with more than a touch of half-baked Republicanism about him. There was a time when people seriously looked to Chamberlain and Dilke as the forerunners of an English republic. Those were the days when he denounced the aristocracy as a class that "toils not, neither does it spin," when he spoke as though the ownership of property were a crime, when the rosy-cheeked country gentlemen in the House of Commons almost shrieked at the idea of his entering the sacred precincts, and when Lord Salisbury publicly commented on the appropriateness of Mr. Chamberlain's initials, inasmuch as they were also those of Jack Cade. Well, this same Mr. Chamberlain is now a member of the stiffest Tory government that England has known for thirty years. He started as a Little-Englander of the most provincial and Labouchereau type, and confessed himself prouder of his work in Birmingham than of the whole British Empire. He lived to be so ashamed of his early speeches that when some thoughtful enemy collected and published them, he bought up and destroyed every copy of the volume he could lay his hands on. He has now made himself the exponent of an equally pronounced Imperialism, and written himself on history as the first Colonial Secretary with a policy of his own. He was "a home-ruler before Mr. Gladstone," yet he broke up the Liberal party on the home-rule question: a Dissenter, yet he votes for doles to the Established Church; a foremost advocate of secular education, yet a member of a cabinet that, as the Education bill showed, will risk anything in support of the denominational system. He began by attacking the House of Lords: he may end by sitting in it. He has joined every party and been on both sides of every public question, and yet stood always alone.

That is the way his opponents usually sum up the case against Mr. Chamberlain, and it is not to be met by his simple statement, "It is circumstances that have changed, not I." Mr. Chamberlain has changed too, and as most people who have read his early speeches will agree, it is very much to his credit and advantage that he has. But there is a good deal in the argument that the inconsistencies of his career have, as it were, been forced upon him. Americans may conceive his position exactly if they will imagine an able and strenuous Democrat who, finding himself honestly unable to vote for free silver, has joined the Republican ranks. So long as the party he has left continues to pin its faith to the objectionable measure, he is constrained to number himself among its opponents. Once granted that that is the only right course open to him, and it is easy to understand how close and constant association with the Republicans may modify his views on the tariff and "government by injunction" and so on. This has been Mr. Chamberlain's case precisely. He left the Gladstonians, and doomed himself and those who seceded with him to ten years of political exile because he regarded the particular form of Irish home-rule proposed in 1886 as the beginning of the disruption of the Empire. In the past seventeen years the alliance with the Conservatives has grown into an indissoluble union, and as a practical politician Mr. Chamberlain has been obliged to recognize the fact. It has undoubtedly toned him down in some particulars; on the other hand, he, just as undoubtedly, has contrived to rub off some of the Conservative angles. There has been an approximation on both sides. He has liberalized the Tories, and the Tories have partially deradicalized him. For the rest, he has grown in breadth as the whole country has grown, saving only the stern and unbending relics of Gladstonianism, like Harcourt and John Morley. He no longer wishes to tinker at the old and tried institutions of the country: no more does anybody else. It is perhaps less correct to say he has changed than that he has not stood still. At heart he is a Radical even now, but a passive Radical, a Radical with a juster sense of what is possible. He would still, if he could, disestablish the Church of England, "reform" the House of Lords, and utterly secularize education; but he knows that he can't. Towards genuine Toryism, which is far more a matter of instinct and mental habits than of opinions, he has scarcely advanced an inch. Of all things, the "philosophy" of Toryism has the least attraction for him. The Conservatives feel this. They know him to be a recruit, but not a convert, very able, very useful, but still not one of themselves, and liable at times to wild Radical relapses, as, for instance, in the matter of old-age pensions. Such a man they could not accept as a leader. Toryism in England has, it is true, again and again profited by the services of brilliant outsiders, and even at times submitted to be led by them. But in all cases they have been *men* who had the Tory instinct. Disraeli was otherwise as incongruous a captain for the Conservative party as could be imagined, but they followed him like sheep, not only because his genius was indispensable to them, but because he never had the remotest sympathy with the Radical view of things. If he laughed at the extremes of Toryism in his sleeve, he had a quite sincere respect for its appanages. They pleased his historic and artistic sense and drew him willingly to their defence. But Chamberlain is still essentially what he was thirty years ago, with the crudity worn off and a more temperate judgment in the place of it; but otherwise, the same.

Do Englishmen trust Mr. Chamberlain? It may, I think, be said they are beginning to—but with reservations. There are many who hate him both personally and politically; there are more who intensely admire him; but there are comparatively few whose complete confidence he has managed to win. Some final sense of insecurity seems to mingle with the popular estimate of the man. No Englishman, for instance, would think without a shiver of Mr. Chamberlain being made Foreign Secretary. He has, for one thing, the knack of inspiring an extreme animosity without the compensation, which Gladstone enjoyed, of an equally extreme enthusiasm. All his life he has been in hot water, always attacking and attacked. France hates him as she hated Pitt; Germany for the past three years has been in a very tempest of anti-Chamberlainism; in Spain and Italy he lacks not only a single defender, but any one who will do him even bare justice; and Russian journalists are encouraged to say anything they please about him, so long as it is to his discredit. The description he gave of himself a few years ago needs amplifying to-day. He is not only "the best-abused man in England," but in the world. At home there has been nothing in all English history to compare with the hunt of obloquy of which Mr. Chamberlain is the quarry. This universal hatred has had something to do with popular distrustfulness. The superficial gyrations of his career have had something more. The English masses do not look very closely into the heart of things, and Mr. Chamberlain's always vehement expression of whatever faith he may be holding is a further obstacle in the way of dispassionate judgment. Moreover, he "betrayed" a man whose mastery over the minds and affections of his followers took on an almost religious completeness. When all is said and done, there is no charge that damns a politician so effectually in the estimation of the many-headed as that of "inconsistency." Mr. Chamberlain laid, or seemed to lay, himself open to it, and has suffered by having withheld from him the last degree of trust.

And very largely Mr. Chamberlain himself, his manners and his nature, are to blame if the country does not think as highly of the man as of his abilities. Somebody once said of Gladstone that he was Oxford above, *but* Liverpool below. Chamberlain is Liverpool, or rather Birmingham, above, below, and all through. He makes a personal matter of politics, in a way that rather jars on Englishmen. He fights always and openly for victory, and he is diabolically clever at it. No point is so small that he will not score it if he can, and having scored it, he drives it home with real zest. He is never satisfied that his victim is really disposed of till the tomahawk has done its work. One feels too bluntly the lack of the humanities in both his manner and his methods when Chamberlain is on the warpath. There is a disenchanting absence of "bigness" in his character and instinctive way of looking at things, a too obvious readiness to corner his opponent and turn the most trivial incident into a means of personal glorification. He has no moderation in him, whether his adversary be Campbell-Bannerman or Russia or Count von Bülow; and in this way he often trespasses against good taste and sometimes defeats his own object by over-statements and acrid asides that drive men into antagonism. He is not only warlike in himself, but is the cause of war in others; and being by all odds the keenest hand-to-hand fighter in English public life, he glories in this sort of conflict and is careless of the wounds he may leave behind. His strongest point and most statesmanlike gift is his exceeding quickness of intuition; but his outlook is not naturally a broad one, and there are many who accuse him of a provincial narrowness of mind. A man who always knows precisely what he wants and the shortest road to it is usually liable to some such accusation. There has, however, been no lack of elevation in his speeches on the Empire, even if the imaginative flights that come so easily to Lord Rosebery are altogether beyond his practical, matter-of-fact mind that prefers, for the most part, absorption in the here and now. He is, in a word, the type *par excellence* of the business man in politics, with all the good points and a good many of the bad that the definition implies.

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The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

MAY

MAY has come in with gleams of sunshine and gusty fits of tears; half the time one is out-of-doors one is being soaked, the other half being dried by the sun and the warm boisterousness of the west wind. The heavens, indeed, are like some wayward woman, scolding and storming, then suddenly showing the divinest tenderness. "I didn't mean it," says the sun and the west wind. "I only wet you for fun. Oh, don't go indoors and change; I will make you quite dry in a minute!" But for as long as I live, I think every May that comes round in the circle of months will be to me not the May of the year whose course is now running, but the May of three years ago. So, too, when we come to June you will find the June of two years ago. For to me now and to me always, so I think, May will mean the things that happened then, and June will mean the things that happened thirteen months later. I will tell you that story. It concerns three people only, and two of them are dead.

Dick Alington and I were very old friends. We had been at school together, and his father's house was next to ours in the country, the woods belonging to each running contiguous, and separated only by the park paling. In consequence, from our frequent passages the one to the other, a beaten track lay through the woods in a bee-line from house to house, and the paling at the particular point where the bee-line crossed it was, from the frequent scrambling over it, broken and splintered, till after the lapse of some years it was no more than a stile that could be walked over without any scrambling at all, and the path was known as the "boys' path." We had remarkably kindred tastes, because we both of us liked practically everything except parsnips and being indoors, even down to and including London fogs, when we used to have games of hide-and-seek in Berkeley Square, where we both lived, which for sheer excitement and mystery beat any pursuit in which I have ever been engaged either before or since. The game itself is one of the utmost simplicity. I stood in the porch of either house while Dick was given ten seconds' law. He had then, without leaving Berkeley Square, to remain uncaught for five minutes, while I pursued him blindly in the fog. We were not allowed to run or to hide, but only to walk about the space, and we were properly dressed with tall hats and gloves, so that in case of the fog clearing rapidly we should appear respectable. Of course, for the whole of that five minutes we were utterly lost, and we usually caught each other by walking straight into each other. Hence the excitement; the pursued guiltily turned from every figure that loomed through the fog, the pursuer eagerly peered at such, to vanish precipitately again if this was not his quarry, to merely annex it if it was. At the end of the five minutes, if the pursued was yet uncaught, both returned (if they could find it) to the house from which they set out, and pursued and pursuer changed rôles. I have not, indeed, yet heard of any employment with which we did not amuse ourselves, and we ranged from birds' eggs to carpentering, from chess to knucklebones, from football to the writing of Tennysonian lyrics with equal fervor. We also revised the pentathlon, as follows: Dick won the toss, and said "golf," and I retorted with tennis. He then chose billiards and I croquet. The odd event was, of course, selected by the winner of the toss. Two games were barred, namely, single wicket at cricket, because we neither could ever get each other out; and long jump, because Dick could jump just about twice as far as I. The whole pentathlon had to be decided on one day, so that endurance came in as well.

Then a stormy day would come, too bad for man or beast to be abroad in, and we had pentathlons of the intellect — playing chess, draughts, backgammon, the poetry game, and halma in feverish succession. Here, also, games at cards were barred, because of Dick's strange inability to grasp the hang of any card game whatever. He merely fell asleep over them. So that made it quits in the matter of the long jump—in fact, the balance was in my favor, since there is only one long jump, but there are many games of cards, and I could have named all the events, of which I had the call among them.

So from school we passed out into life: Dick went into the army, and I took up as a profession the work on which I am at this moment engaged. We had many mutual friends, and there never came, as long as Dick was alive, any break in our intimacy, nor until a certain day did either of us, as far as we were aware, grow any older. Then pentathlons continued with unabated fervor, and I should be ashamed to say how old we were when we last played hide-and-seek in Berkeley Square. It would appear hardly credible to any sober and right-minded person, while those who did believe it would be filled with contempt for us. And it is bad to be contemptuous, so I will not mention the ages.

Now there has always been in our lives a third person, a girl rather younger than either of us, a neighbor both in town and country, and a distant cousin of Dick's. For years Dick and I had liked Margery, but had necessarily despised her because she was a girl.

Then there succeeded years when we had begun to be men, not boys, and Margery not a girl, but a woman. The contempt ceased (that was so kind of us), and we three formed what I may call an alliance of laughter. Margery was always present at the pentathlons, acted as umpire in case of disputes, and was even allowed to join in them herself. Then, quite suddenly, I became aware that I had fallen in love with her. And it was in this manner I knew it:

It was at the conclusion of the golf event in the pentathlon, and on the eighteenth green. Dick had holed out his last putt and won from me; he had also won from Margery, and Margery had a long putt of five yards to halve with me. She looked at it for some time, standing with her back to the sun, so that her brown hair was flushed and gilded with it; her eyes, very blue and vivid with thought, were intent on the line to the hole; her mouth was a little drooped; and the white line of her teeth showed below her lip. Suddenly she said, "Yes, I see!" and putted.

The ball travelled smoothly along the turf, and she threw her arms wide.

"It's going in," she cried. "*What* a darling!" and as the ball dropped into the hole she looked up at me. Then something caught in my breath. It was no longer the Margery I knew who stood there, but she—she who was the completing and perfect woman to me a man.

For a time the old intimacy of the alliance of laughter went on externally, I suppose, as before. I think we laughed no less; we contested as many pentathlons; we made plans for every day of Dick's leave, and usually abandoned them for subsequent improvisations. Then, not more than a week afterwards, there came a day when Margery had to go to town, and Dick and I were left alone. She was coming back in the evening, and we were to go to the station to meet her, have tea there, and ride our bicycles back over the ridge of Ashdover's Forest, down home in time to be exceedingly late for dinner.

The afternoon was very hot and sultry, and Dick and I abandoned our game at tennis we had begun, for we were both slack and heavy-handed, and strolled through the woods up the "boys' path" for the coolness and shelters of the beech-trees. The ground rises rapidly near the broken paling, and finding a suitable bed of bracken, we lay down and smoked, looking out from cover over the great ridge of gorse and heather that stretched below us. The air was full of the innumerable murmurs of a hot day, and a warm heathery smell hung idly on the air. Near at hand was a flaming bank of gorse, and as we lay there, far more silent than our wont, we could hear the popping of the ripened seeds. The birds, too, were very silent in the bushes; only the grasshoppers chirped unwearyingly in the grass. Dick, I remember, was cleaning his pipe stem with yellow grass stems, his straw hat tilted over his eyes; I, though lying there, was in reality waiting for the train at Victoria, No. 6 platform. It started in five minutes, and had two hours now before it. Then Dick sat up.

"Look here," he said, "I've something to tell you. There's no doubt about it; I've fallen in love."

I think I knew almost before he spoke what he would say; certainly before he spoke again I knew what was coming.

"Yes, Margery," he went on. "My God! I have fallen in love."

He turned his brown eyes suddenly from the hot reeling landscape in front to me.

"Why, Jack," he said, "what's the matter? You look queer, somehow."

"Dick, are you—are you sure?" I asked.

"That you look queer?"

"No; that you have fallen in love with Margery."

"Sure? You'll be sure enough when you do the same. There's no mistake about it, I can tell you. Why, Margery is the whole point of the pentathlons now!"

"She has been so to me for the last week," said I.

Dick said nothing for a minute. Then, below his breath, "What do you mean?" he asked.

"That you and I are in the same boat," I said.

"How long have you known this?" he asked.

"A week yesterday."

"And you didn't tell me."

"No, I couldn't. It has been too wonderful to speak of. I'm made like that. I should have told you, though, before long."

"Have you spoken to Margery?" he asked. "No; of course you haven't."

"No, I haven't spoken to anybody."

Dick got up.

"Come away," he said. "I don't like this place. And what are we to do?"

I looked at my watch.

"Start for Braceton at once," I said, "or the train will be in before we get there."

Dick put his arm in mine.

"I say, Jack," he said, "whatever happens, we'll behave decently, won't we?"

"I know you will," said I.

"That's all right, then. We won't talk this over to-night. It must simmer a bit before we can get used to it. Don't let us say another word about it now."

So we rode off through the heat to Braceton, found the train already in, and Margery waiting for us on the platform, looking, for all the oppressed stagnation of the day, like some nymph of Grecian waterways, and Dick and I looked thirstily on her, but

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feared to meet each other's eye, for life and love were in the balance, and we were friends.

That evening, when the others had gone to bed, we sat on in the chairs that had been taken out of the smoking-room to the lawn for coolness. The odor of the hot summer night hung heavily, and nothing stirred in the windless air, except that from time to time a faint ghost of a breeze whispered from the beds of tobacco-plant, and brought with it a waft of the thick scent. The sky had grown overcast; from a bank of clouds which rose slowly in the west, the fires of lightning flickered, and a note of distant thunder answered. In the rooms downstairs the lights were already put out, but the bedroom above showed illuminated squares of blind. Nearly opposite us was Margery's room, and now and then her shadow crossed it. Then that light was put out, and presently afterwards we heard the whir of the blind updrawn, and at the open window through the darkness her white figure glimmered dimly.

We could neither of us move nor speak, and in the silence I remember hearing the creak of Dick's shirt grow more rapid as his breathing quickened. Then in a bush close at hand a nightingale suddenly burst into bubbling song,—no lament, as the Greeks thought it, but the lyric passion of mating-twit, when the stir of love goes through the world, and the lion seeks the lioness, and the Libyan hills echo to the roaring of his unmastered need; when the feathered and bright-eyed birds lie breast to breast in their swaying habitations; when the man seeks the woman, and cannot rest till he has found her.

Then a flash of lightning somewhat more vivid lit up for a moment the lawn and the house, and she must have seen us then, for from her window came a little stifled exclamation, and before the thunder answered she was gone.

"The storm is coming up," said Dick. "Let's get indoors and talk there. Besides, I'm as dry as dust, and I want a drink. We'll go up stairs; all the lights are out down here."

Our rooms were next each other, communicating by a door, and, drawing our chairs up to the window for coolness, we sat down.

"Somehow or other we've got to settle it now," said he; "settle it, that is, as far as we are able."

How long we talked I do not know, but before we had finished we had to shut the window, for the storm came nearer, and burst round us in sheets of heavy rain and violet fires of lightning. Then it passed, and still we sat there, till at the end the moon came out and rode high in a clear-washed heaven, with the stars clustering round her like swarming bees, while to the east the sky grew dove-colored with the first burst of dawn. At last I rose.

"It remains, then, just to toss," said I, and spun a coin.

"Heads," said he.

"It is. You speak to Margery first, then," I said.

He got up, too, irresolute, and we looked at each other gravely, rivals in that which makes life sweet, but friends. And that makes life sweet too.

"And whatever happens, Jack," he said, rather huskily, "we will do our very utmost not to let this stand between us, and to keep all knowledge of it from her."

"Yes, whatever happens," said I. "Time to go to bed, Dick; good-night."

I went into my room, closing the door of communication, but before I was half undressed it opened, and Dick came in.

"One thing more," he said. "We didn't settle when."

"That must be left to you," said I, "but, Dick, for God's sake, let it be soon. Surely it had better be soon."

His face lit up with the unimaginable light of love.

"Yes, the sooner the better," he said.

I slept long and late that night, from the mere exhaustion, I suppose, of thought and suspense; did no more than turn and sleep again when I was called, and woke finally to find it was after ten, and the calmness of the promise in the dawn had been fulfilled by a perfect day of unclouded blue. I went through into Dick's room, but he had already dressed and gone down, and even as I passed the window I saw him and Margery cross the conservatory and out on the lawn, surrounded, as was her wont, by a wave of dogs. But this morning it seemed that Dick had no word for any of them; thus they passed out of sight behind the bushes. And I knew as surely as if the thing had happened already that Dick would have something to tell me when they came back. What that should be I had no idea. We three had played like children together for years. Had Margery her secret, even as Dick and I had had? Or had she none? Were both of us her playmates?

It could not have been very long before Dick came back, for I was still in the dining-room, staring blankly at the morning paper, with my breakfast yet untasted. As soon as I saw him I knew.

"So it is you," I said, and stopped. Thus our compact and our friendship aided me. "Oh, make her happy, Dick," said I.

The dear man sat down on the left of the table.

"Jack, I'm cut in two about it all," he said, and never have I seen so radiant a happiness on the face of living being. "Really, I'm— Oh, damn it all! And Margery told me to come and tell you, and she wants to see you. She says she'll see you about it first, and then we'll all play the fool together, as we've always done. So I had to lie to her. First thing I did was to lie to her, and I told her that you were not particularly fit this morning — thunder-storms kept you awake—and that I didn't know if you'd be up to a pentathlon."

He broke off suddenly.

"My God, if it only wasn't you!" he said.

I remember feeling then as if I was a piece of mechanism external to myself. This mechanism saw Dick sitting on the edge of the table, saw breakfast waiting, and ate it, and spoke and moved in obedience to an instinct that seemed to have nothing to do with me. Behind, somewhere, sat Me watching what went on.

"No, a pentathlon by all means," said the tongue of the mechanism. "We've got to have one more to settle the last, and you go back to-morrow. It begins with croquet; Margery chose that."

Dick's eyebrows suddenly grew into a frown, and he bit his lip.

"Oh, Jack!" he said.

Then for a moment I took possession of the mechanism.

"It's no use talking," I said, "the thing is so, and all I can do at present is to behave with some semblance of decency, anyhow, so that Margery shall not know. I can manage that perfectly, and it will give me something to do. It is no use your being sorry for me, my dear man; besides, it's not humanly possible for you, nor would it be for me, if I was in your place, to have sorrow predominant. Margery fills the world for you: she does for me—"

"No, not fills it," said he. "You don't understand."

"I understand perfectly. You're a decent sort of fellow,—and, well, I am your friend. It's no manner of good talking about it. All we settled last night I feel fully, fully. Do you understand? I can only assure you it is so. Whatever happens—do you remember saying that? I do, and—oh, for God's sake—don't—Dick—there's a loathsome tear standing in each of your green eyes. I never saw such a devilish behavior."

Dick got off the table, turned his back to me, and blew his nose very long and loudly, and, drawing up a chair, sat down by me with a quivering lip.

"I've made a fool of myself, I suppose," he said, "and I've done not a particle of good, but only made it harder for you. That's like me. I'm happier than I thought it was allowed for a man to be, and I'm wretcheder than I hoped was permitted. That's all; there was no need to say it, because you knew it. But I had to."

Then again the mechanism moved, and I sat and watched. And now I find it is quite easy to write down what happened, for I only watched. But it was hard to write down what happened when, as on the last page, I was doing it myself. If you think of it, you will see it must be so.

"Where is Margery?" I said. "Oh, Dick, don't be a fool!"

Again he blew his nose.

"Out in the garden," he said. "Are you going now?"

"Yes, the pentathlon begins in ten minutes. Nothing has happened. Just the pentathlon."

I walked out of the dining-room, leaving him still there, into the blinding blaze of sunshine. She,—the She,—was sitting in a chair at the end of the lawn, and my mother beside her. The latter got up as I came near.

"You have heard?" she said. And I saw that look which I have seen in her beloved face three or four times in my life when great sorrow or great joy has brought us into that union which, so I verily believe, can only exist between mother and son. I knew that she had guessed what unspoken word to Margery had been on my lips.

"Yes, Dick told me," said I.

"Be a man, then," said she, seeing that I knew that she knew. "And God bless you, my darling, and comfort you."

It was but a step to where Margery sat, and I held out both hands.

"Oh, Jack, I am so happy!" she said, and with that she ran on tiptoe, put her arms round my neck, and kissed me.

It was all right, you see, that she should do that now, for she was my friend, and I was Dick's friend, and she loved Dick!

There is but little more to say about that May, since even in a diary like this one has to avoid egotism, in order to avoid being unbearable. The pentathlon was played, and I won. Also, I had ten minutes with my mother that night, while Dick and Margery were together. Nothing much was said on either side, but I knew again, with the vividness that usually comes only with a thing heretofore unrealized, that she was my mother, and that I was her son,—part of her being, born from her body, indivisibly, while ages lasted, hers. Hers was every little effort that I made towards ordinary human decency of behavior—hers was the resolve, I made then, and have tried (with how many failures), to keep since, to realize that these things could not have happened with any but a benignant purpose, blind and incomprehensible as it might seem to me or to her, and that to become in the least degree embittered, or to fail in the smallest particle of friendship to my friend, or of love to the woman whom I loved, was to miss the divine purpose, and to make yourself a senseless animal.

To be Continued.

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Little Stories in Rare Books

By John Paul Bocock

OLD books tell their stories to the most select audience in the world. The book-plate of Murray, Earl of Dunmore, in this Dacier of 1709, is water-stained, and recalls the wild nights on the James when the hot-headed royal governor bade the Council come sit on board a British war-ship, which the Virginians would not do. Instead, they made the country too hot for him, and when he went back in haste to England, in 1776, with his books and his servants and his plate hurried on board, this particular volume of Dunmore's favorite Horace got such a bath as has wellnigh disabled it this century and a quarter. Who fished it up and found its nine unwashed fellows there is no knowing. But here is the set, complete. And now and then the present Earl of Dunmore comes over to talk Christian Science and commune with Mother Eddy. How Horace would have delighted in that!

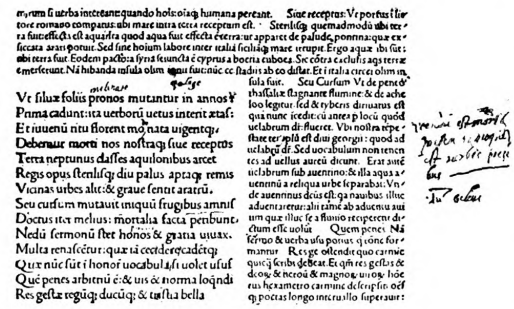
Old John Randolph of Roanoke put his coat of arms with its mottoes on the inside cover of this Tonson variorum of 1717—in which Milton made his début as an Horatian scholar. *Fari Quæ Sentiat* (Say What You Think), and *Nil Admirari* (Marvel At Naught) — how well the eloquent Virginian lived up to them! When his bones were disinterred a few years ago shreds of paper, the good rag-paper of our fathers, were found in his grave. Perhaps he took another Horace into the ground with him. This one was almost in rags when I got hold of it, the book-plate creased in four.

Empsi Roma Xembris 1815, wrote Baron Glenbervie, of Kincardine, when he bought his first edition *Fea*, in Rome, just four years after it came from the press in two octavo volumes under the learned direction of the Prefect of the Chisinian Library and of the Roman Antiquities. Then he pasted in his book-plate, which is the more a curiosity inasmuch as this Douglas was the only Baron Glenbervie, the title having been created for him and dying with him in 1823. At Aberdeen and at Leyden he learned a great deal of Latin, but not enough Horace to despise a title. Sheridan pasquinaded him:

Glenbervie, Glenbervie,
What's good for the scurvy?



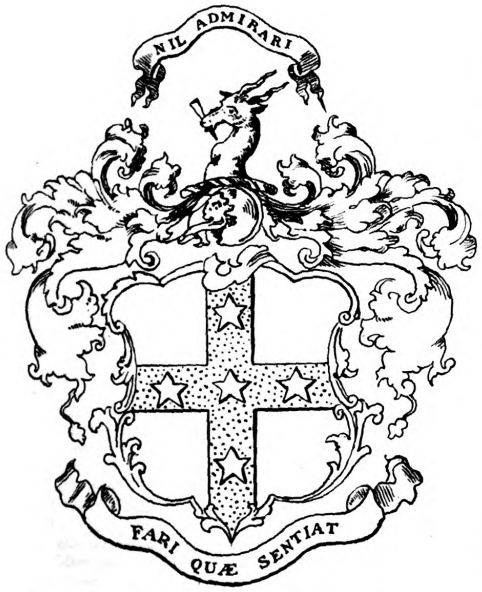
Baron Glenbervie's Book-plate in Fea's "Horace"



Vt siluæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos
Prima cadunt: ita uerborũ uetus interit ætas:
Et iuuenũ ritu florent modo nata uigentq;
Debemur morti nos nostraq; siue receptus
Terra neptunus classes aquilonibus arcet
Regis opus sterilisq; diu palus aptaq; remis
Vicinas urbes alet: & graue sentit aratrũ.
Seu cursum mutauit iniquũ frugibus amnis
Doctus iter melius: mortalia facta peribunt.
Nedũ sermonũ stet honos & gratia uiuax.
Multa renascẽtur: quæ iã cecidere cadẽtq;
Quæ nũc sũt i honor uocabulã si uolet usus
Quẽ penes arbitriũ ẽ: & ius & norma loqndi
Res gestæ regũq; ducũq; & tristia bella

A Page from the Forlivio Folio of 1483
Showing Tasso's MSS. and annotations

Every annotated page of these beloved volumes, pondered and cherished by a score of honest hearts in the centuries, has its own story to tell. Who of us will live, like Horace, even in a folio four hundred years old!



Book-plate of John Randolph of Roanoke in the Tonson "Horace" of 1715



Armorial Book-plate of Governor Dunmore of Virginia in Dacier's "Horace"

In pigskin, calf, and crushed levant,—each famous Horace exudes the mystery of its own history. Earls and churls, bookbinders and proof-readers do their worst: the great Roman Commoner smiles on.

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Books and Bookmen

Of late years American fiction has been getting away from the Civil War as a field of action, and concerning itself more with the post-bellum life of the people under social, industrial, and agricultural conditions. Two noteworthy novels, however, have lately made their appearance which are not lightly to be passed by. One is by a new writer, the other by one who has already made his name familiar as a household word, and contributed a distinct creation to literature in the character of Uncle Remus. *Gabriel Tolliver*, by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, is, one can imagine, the patient work of many years' observation and quiet reflection. One feels that the author has lived with his characters—the story breathes from him in a reminiscent, leisurely way, and denotes the pen of a desultory, unhasting writer at variance with the hurrying pens of our modern scribes. This means that in order to enjoy these pages you must give yourself up to the mood of the author, and when once the reader has allowed himself to come under the spell of his author, he will read on delighted and absorbed by the intimate human charm of the narrative to the end. It covers the Reconstruction period, the day of the crafty carpet-bagger, with which Mr. Thomas Nelson Page made us notably familiar for the first time in *Red Rock*. Mr. Harris's art is best displayed in his handling of character—his humor, his sympathy, his love of home, and the sweet ties that bind in human fellowship; these are the qualities that shine clear and strong in his work, and it is a rare art that exhibits them more forcibly in character than in incident. The new writer is Mr. Rupert Hughes, whose first novel, *The Whirlwind*, is a remarkable piece of work. It opens in ante-bellum days, carries the hero through the war, and signalizes the hour of his triumph by a tragic bolt from heaven, like Jove recalling his favorite. The action is rapid and seldom halts, yet there are chapters that are as idyllic, especially in the early part of the book, as a shy lake sheltering among caressing hills. Alabama is as bewitching a damsel as ever came out of the old South. With all due deference to Mr. Hughes, we love her better than the gentle heroine, for all her high spirit and fine graces of womanhood. Elkanah Tew, who loved his Shakespeare so that he called his wife Rosalind, and adorned his speech with Elizabethan English, is a fresh, humorous figure in fiction. But it is to John Mead and his heroic little mother that the memory clings closest. If a novelist is to perpetuate his genius in fiction it must be in the creation of individual character, in the appeal of man to man; and long after the vivid coloring and brilliant effects of the battle-field have grown dim and faded in the memory, the pages in which John and his mother live in humble obscurity, and struggle by dint of the inevitable toward their common ambition, will be unforgotten. There is something here of the light that never was: the gracious art of artless writing that goes to the making of literature. *The Whirlwind* is a book that Americans may well be proud of, and Mr. Rupert Hughes has reason to feel that he has made a strong entrance into American fiction. He will be heard of again, and we shall look for his next book with eager expectations. Meantime, let us hope *The Whirlwind* will not be neglected.

Seldom has an old house been so poetically idealized and commemorated in fiction as has the Old Manor at Chiddingfold, near Godalming, nestling among the downs of Surrey. "Perdita and I," says Mr. Le Gallienne in the opening sentences of *An Old Country House*, "almost as soon as we dreamed of keeping a house together at all, had agreed that, if possible, it must be an old house. . . . It was a dream that had to wait." But the time arrived when "the dream of the old house came back. An old house with an old garden—cut trees, a lawn of green velvet, and a sun-dial. Already I knew that Perdita saw herself on that lawn in the spring sunshine, leading a flower by the hand, with the sun-dial and two white peacocks against the well-clipped yews." The dream came true, and the Old Manor in Surrey where Richard Le Gallienne and Max Beerbohm have spent many happy days—not forgetting Perdita—has piously materialized through the sympathetic imagination of the poet in *An Old Country House*, one of the most beautiful books that has ever housed an exquisite idyll of "love and the quiet life." Nothing quite so idyllic in charm, so fresh in feeling, so poetic in fancy and color has come to us in the recent literature of country life. Mr. Le Gallienne in his feeling for nature never neglects the human touch. In the old familiar haunts of an old country house he finds the romance of life and love fresh as the dew of morning, still at its Spring; and like Stevenson, we learn afresh that "the most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek." Mr. Le Gallienne's friend, Max Beerbohm, once cleverly caricatured the poet at a time when the critics were wont to laugh at the wealth of his dusky locks. We have reproduced this caricature. Mr. Beerbohm, who has a reputation as a wit and a wag in London, recently sent the following plaintive verse to Mr. Le Gallienne, who is now in New York:



Mr. Richard Le Gallienne
By Max Beerbohm

Bewitched by American bars,
Pan calls you back home on his pipes;
We love you for loving the stars.
But what can you see in the stripes?

It was in 1894 that Mr. Stopford A. Brooke published his book on *Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life*, and announced his intention of following this up with a companion volume on Browning. We have waited a long time, but at last it is in our hands. Mr. Brooke's sympathetic study of *The Poetry of Robert Browning* was well worth while waiting for; the fine qualities of mind that made his work on Tennyson a classic in spiritual interpretation have contributed a like distinction to his Browning. Mr. Brooke writes not idly or dispassionately as a mere critic, but as a man with a message, rather as one bent on making clear and strong and vivid the message which lies at the heart of the poet, out of a profound earnestness and love of beauty and truth. His style is noble, clear, uplifting; something of the joy and glory of the thought and passion of Browning has informed his own thought and feeling with dignity, and given to his diction a sonorous rhythm and stately music. It is, perhaps, because of these insistent qualities of quiet, earnest passion, and manifest spirituality in literary interpretation that we are reminded by Mr. Brooke of our own Mr. Mabie, more than of any other critic. If there is one function of criticism that Mr. Mabie has made so distinctive and active in all his writing as to give it the appearance of originating with him, it is the function of spiritual discernment and emphasis. This arrestive note appeared very early in his literary career. "Has it not been a strange oversight in the study of literature," he wrote in 1890, "that while the river courses and the mountain ranges have been traced and located with precision, observers have taken little thought of those overhanging heavens which are as much a part of every landscape as running stream and everlasting hill? This upper sky of spiritual truth, ideal, and relationship is too often left out of account in our surveys of the field of literature; and yet it is the spiritual element which adds immeasurably to the complexity and variety no less than to the wealth and power of modern books."

There is a review of Mr. Stopford Brooke's *Poetry of Robert Browning* in an admirably edited magazine which must have caught the editor napping, for it begins with a sentence so atrocious in taste, construction, and language that it ought to be held up in future Treatises of English Grammar as an awful warning. Here is the sentence:

Dead at Venice, more than twelve years ago now, with the "proofs" of his last book, *Asolando*, in his hand, his brave voice with its last word—"greet the unseen with a cheer"—fled into silence, and his keen eye closed forever to all "Italia's rare o'errunning beauty," the body of Robert Browning was brought to England and laid to rest in Westminster Abbey.

It is related of Thackeray that when he read the number of *Dombey and Son* containing the description of the death of Paul, he went to the *Punch* office and flung it down before Mark Lemon, exclaiming: "There's no writing against this. One hasn't an atom of chance; it's stupendous!" Yet the author of *Vanity Fair*, then in course of publication in parts, was at that very time describing the memorable death-scene of George Osborne:

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. The darkness came down on the field and city, and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

Notwithstanding Thackeray's praise and self-depreciation, we have here Dickens at his worst—Thackeray at his best.

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Finance

WHEN, despite enormous transactions, certain stocks failed to advance beyond a certain level, professional Wall Street, guided by the lamp of experience, decided that the pools and stock manipulating cliques had carried their operations for the rise as far as they meant to; for the time being, at any rate. If a stock has been bought aggressively for a week or longer, and then transactions in one day aggregate close to 200,000 shares, leaving the price at the end of the session practically unchanged from the previous night's closing quotation, the professional trader concludes that stock has been "distributed" by the manipulators in such quantities as to mean a halt in the upward movement. In nine cases out of ten it works out that way, and that proportion amply justifies men who speculate daily for a livelihood in betting accordingly. The stock-market has afforded many such examples of late. First came Reading, though, to be sure, the culmination of the movement in those shares came logically to an end with the official announcement that the control of the property had passed to interests identified with the Pennsylvania and the New York Central railroads. The "mystery," always so alluring to stock speculators, had ceased to be a mystery. The "news was out." Then the stupendous transactions in Rock Island, and the small net gain in the quotation. Finally, Erie. Beyond a certain figure, prices would not budge. They soared no longer. And the professional element on the Stock Exchange made up its mind that stock had been marketed. It turned the professionals from mild bulls to positive bears. The market at first hesitated. Then the volume of business dwindled. The public was not in the market as buyers. The manipulators could not sell in a narrow market, and the traders had things their own way, within reason. At first prices held steady enough. If the public wasn't buying, neither was it selling. Spasmodic attempts were made by one or another pool to advance the price of its specialty, but as the market became duller and outside speculative apathy more pronounced, such efforts were abandoned. Then followed the "professional trading-market," with its absence of interesting features.

If the technical condition of the stock-market has undergone no significant change of late, neither have basic conditions outside of Wall Street changed to such a degree as to justify important modifications in market views or in stock prices. Speculative apathy prevails in the securities-markets of practically all the financial centres of the world. It is attributable, abroad as at home, probably to the uncertainty with which the future is regarded, for if the investor sees nothing to make him buy stocks, neither does he perceive the advisability of selling the securities which he holds. It results in a species of speculative deadlock which has been witnessed not infrequently during the past year.

General trade conditions in this country continue good. There is every likelihood that an enormous business will be done in nearly all lines during 1903. Spring orders for many classes of merchandise are on a huge scale. The railroads have planned to spend fully a quarter of a billion dollars in improvements during the coming twelvemonth. Traffic in every section of the country suffers no diminution. It continues record-breaking. The present facilities of even the best equipped roads are inadequate to cope with the volume of business offering. To such an extent is this true, and so inconvenienced by the freight to be handled are some of the largest systems that one of our most prominent railroad officials stated in private conversation the other day that much of the business would have to be done at a loss.

MRS. EDDY'S WRITINGS

Mrs. Eddy's publishing agents having refused to sell me her book called "Miscellaneous Writings," to my great inconvenience, I have placed an order for this work with Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and shall hope that some one possessing an extra copy of it will be willing to sell it to them for me. Please communicate with them. MARK TWAIN.

The following paragraph appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY of July 5, 1902

We anticipate that, within the life period of the majority of those who will read these lines, America will dominate the world in literature, art, science, finance, commerce, and Christianity; and believing, as we do believe, that, by virtue of the intelligence, industry, and conscience of her people, she is the nation best fitted to hold that commanding position, it becomes the chief mission of this journal to hasten the day and to help to perfect the equipment of those upon whom the responsibility must fall for the successful performance of their duty to progress and civilization.

Some of the Features of HARPER'S WEEKLY for Next Week following along these lines will be

NEW NEW YORK

A double-page drawing, with an interesting, comprehensive article, showing the proposed changes in architecture and so on that will make New York one of the most artistic municipal centres in the world.

THE KAISER'S IMPERIAL NAVY

What it will be in 1906, and the completed plan for 1925, with pictures and plans of the new type of German war-ships

THE DISCOVERY OF A NEW PEOPLE

An important article, with pictures, showing the results of an expedition just returned from the western part of America

NEW THEORY OF MARTIAN CANALS

A scientific article, with illustrations, based upon recent investigations of European scientists

NEWS IN MID-OCEAN

Full-page drawing, showing a phase of the ocean travel of the future

Etc., Etc.

There will be, besides, a number of other full-page drawings and articles on PROGRESS, and on subjects of vital moment

ALSO **16 Pages** of Editorial Comment upon all Events Worth Considering

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Financial

The

Corn Exchange Bank

New York

WILLIAM A. NASH, President
THOMAS T. BARR, } Vice-Presidents
WALTER E. FREW, }
E. T. MARTIN, Cashier
WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check .	31,349,710.76
	$36,565,818.54

The Mechanics' National Bank

of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)

33 WALL STREET

OFFICERS

GRANVILLE W. GARTH, - - - - - PRESIDENT.
ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - - VICE-PRESIDENT.
ANDREW A. KNOWLES, - - - - - - CASHIER.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(*CONDENSED*)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

DIRECTORS

ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - David Dows & Co.
LOWELL LINCOLN, - - - - - - - Catlin & Co.
HORACE E. GARTH, - - - - - - - - Ex-President.
HENRY HENTZ, - - - - - - - Henry Hentz & Co.
CHARLES M. PRATT, - - - - - - Standard Oil Co.
HENRY TALMADGE, - - - Henry Talmadge & Co.
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WILLIAM B. BOULTON, - - Boulton, Bliss & Dallett.
EDGAR L. MARSTON, - - - - - - Blair & Co.
GRANVILLE W. GARTH, - - - - - - President.

Financial

Letters of Credit.

Bills of exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made. International Cheques. Certificates of Deposit.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

HASKINS & SELLS
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS
NO. 30 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK
CABLE ADDRESS, "HASKSELLS"

204 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL. | WILLIAMSON BLDG., CLEVELAND, O. | 30 COLEMAN ST., LONDON, E. C.
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VENEZUELA

A Land Where It's Always Summer

By WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS

With a Colored Map. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.25

Chatty and entertaining, and gives us an interesting picture of scenery, history, and life. An appendix contains the official correspondence between the United States and Great Britain. The ... well worth reading for the glimpse it gives in... ways of South American politicians.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHE... N.Y.

Official Legal Notice

THE CITY OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS
OFFICE BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN
NO. 280 BROADWAY, STEWART BUILDING

January ...

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN AS REQUIRED by the Greater New York Charter, that the Annual Record of the Assessed Valuation of Real Estate of the Boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn and Richmond, comprising The City of New York, open for examination and correction on the second Monday in January, and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1902.

During the time that the Books are open to public application may be made by any person or corporation to be assessed or by the assessed valuation of real estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments No. 280 Broadway.

In the Borough of The Bronx at the office of the Department, Municipal Building, One Hundred and Seventy-Second and Third Avenue.

In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.

In the Borough of Queens, at the office of the Department, Hackett Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City.

In the Borough of Richmond, at the office of the Department, Masonic Building, Stapleton.

Corporations in all the Boroughs must make application only at the main office in the Borough of Manhattan.

Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of real estate must be made by the person assessed at the Department in the Borough where such person resides, or in the case of a non-resident carrying on business in the City of New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough where such place of business is located, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., except on Saturdays, when all applications must be made between 10 A. M. and 12 noon.

JAMES L. WELLS, President
WILLIAM S. COGSWELL,
GEORGE J. GILLESPIE,
SAMUEL STRASBOURGER,
RUFUS L. SCOTT,
Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.

THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

EDITED ... GEORGE HARVEY.

February, 1903.

The Political Opportunity of the South . . THOMAS F. RYAN
Christian Science.—III. . . . . MARK TWAIN
Origin and Import of the Monroe Doctrine . W. L. SCRUGGS,
Formerly United States Minister to Venezuela.
The Art of the Dramatist . . . . . BRANDER MATTHEWS,
Professor of Dramatic Literature in Columbia University.
Why the Army Canteen Should Not be Restored,
Mrs. LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS,
President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.
Macedonia's Struggle for Liberty . . . CHARLES JOHNSTON
The Industrial Crisis in the Philippines, BREWSTER CAMERON,
Official Representative of the Philippine Chambers of Commerce.
The Monarchs of the Triple Alliance.—III. The King of Italy,
SYDNEY BROOKS
Out of the Shadow . . . . . LOUISE MORGAN SILL
Phillips Brooks: An Estimation,
The Rev. Dr. WASHINGTON GLADDEN

RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.

A Government of Laws, not of Men . . . W. J. GAYNOR,
Justice of the Supreme Court of New York.
As to Lawlessness of the Police: A Reply, HOWARD S. GANS,
Assistant District Attorney in New York County.

THE AMBASSADORS.—II.

A Novel by
HENRY JAMES

50 cents a copy *$5.00 a year*

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

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"The Vampire"



Sir Philip Burne-Jones's Greatest Painting

This painting, which is soon to be exhibited in the principal cities of the West, is the conceded masterpiece of Sir Philip Burne-Jones. "The Vampire" is the painting which suggested to Rudyard Kipling his poem of the same name

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MISS SANDOL MILLIKEN

Miss Milliken has been up to this time best known to theatre-goers from the parts she has played in musical farce. She is now making her first appearance in comedy in Clyde Fitch's new play, "The Bird in the Cage," at the Bijou Theatre

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The Machine and the Working-man

By Cy Warman

At Rossland, British Columbia, as in many other parts of this earthly vineyard, the machine is beating the working-man out of his job. That well-dressed, retiring, velvet-fingered "gent," the faro-dealer, who has spent long days and nights learning to deal from the bottom of the deck, is unknown in a Canadian camp. Just picture in your mind's eye one of these dapper gents alighting with his layout from the afternoon stage. Follow him to the leading gin, and watch the four-card flush fade from his handsome face when he meets that bloodless usurper, the slot machine.

For the next thirty days he will haunt the café, flooding his grief with champagne, and going against the machine between drinks. Finally, when his dust has dwindled, we see him in the back yard of a cheap boarding-house, halting between a sawbuck and the jail. It is, indeed, a pathetic picture.

I went into a little cigar-store with Mr. Hector. The shop is run by one James Crow. Upon the counter there were two

(Continued on page 201.)

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

COW'S MILK

for infant feeding must first take into account the source of supply. The milk must come from a healthy, well-fed, well-groomed herd of cows under hygienic supervision. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is prepared under highest scientific methods.—[*Adv.*]

Telephone Service is not used so often in the home as in the office, but its value in emergencies is great. Rates in Manhattan from $48 a year. N. Y. Telephone Co.—[*Adv.*]

By the sad sea waves drink a bottle of delicious Champagne—Cook's Imperial Extra Dry. It is the very best.—[*Adv.*]

Increase your strength, ward off ill-health, use Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, the strength-giver.—[*Adv.*]

For coughs and colds Piso's Cure is still the best and most pleasant remedy. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

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A MARCONIGRAPHIC POSSIBILITY

SUGGESTING THE INHARMONIES WHICH MAY RESULT FROM A LITTLE TOO MUCH HARMONY

BY ALBERT LEVERING



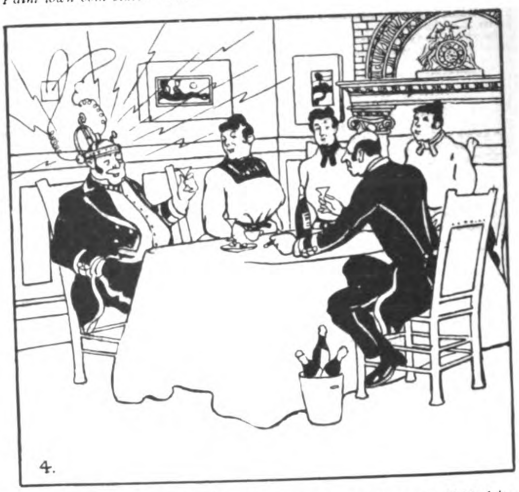
Baer (on 'Change). "Say, Wilkins, wish you'd get these messages off my mind on the wireless."



"To William Bullem, Broker:—Meet me club 'It' has gone to Europe. Paint town both sides.—Baer."



"To Skinnem & Fleece, Brokers:—Sell 20 000 Flintrock Preferred. Am after Bullem's scalp—quietly.—Baer."



"To Hock, Heimer, & Co., Wine Dealers:—Send up five cases old Madeira. Label 'Books.' Account the servants.—I. B. Baer"



"To Mrs I. B. Baer, S.S 'Platonic':—Good-night. Fond love. Got to dine with Uncle Hotrocks, dern him! Why don't he let go and give the money. —Lonely Hubby."



The Operator. "Sorry, sir. Polar current too strong, sir. Tuned everything up in 'G.'"

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(Continued from page 201.)

and that the increase in wages has not been in proportion to the increase in expenses.

A careful analysis does not bear out these contentions fully. There can be no doubt that if the average family lives precisely as it did five years ago, the money cost would be more now than then. For example, if the same quantity and quality of meat were eaten to-day that were eaten five years ago it would cost the householder perhaps thirty per cent. more for his meat. But the standard of consumption does not remain fixed. When meats went up enormously last year the average householder cut down his supply both in quantity and in quality. Statistics based upon a fixed ratio of consumption are therefore not fully correct, except upon a mere theoretical basis.

The average wage-earner is likely to run from the specific to the general in his reasoning on prices, especially when so important an article as meat takes a great jump in price. He forgets that other things have gone down. The price that makes him wince is the one that he remembers. It was so with meat. There had been a partial failure of the corn crop in 1901. Farmers rushed their cattle to market to avoid feeding expenses. As a result in 1902 there was a shortage of beeves. Vegetables were high in 1901 and meat was cheap in comparison. In 1902 meat was high and, owing to the great crops, vegetables were cheap. Potatoes that were worth $1 25 a bushel in 1901 were worth only forty to fifty cents a bushel in 1902. The householder thinks little about the drop in potatoes, but thinks much about the high price of meat.

Many sets of statistics have been gathered upon this subject of living-expenses. The commercial agencies, like Bradstreet's and Dun's, and the Department of Labor in Washington, besides several State agencies, have done a great deal of figuring upon this matter. But to bring the matter down to a most practical basis, I am at liberty to tell in a general way of an unusual experiment, the results of which have just come to the Bradstreet agency. A large railroad contracting firm, buying supplies in Chicago, wrote that it had taken work on the Northwestern Railroad at a close figure. It had to feed its laborers. For two years it has kept the closest watch upon the expenditures for exactly 100 men, giving them precisely the same amount and kind of food in each year. There was no change in the meat schedule or any other.

The figures for these 100 men who dig and who require a large amount of food are considerably lower for 1902 than for 1901. The story is told briefly in a sentence. Meat is higher this year than last, but vegetables are much lower. Now this was an actual experiment with a certain grade of men as compared with the theoretical estimates based upon the fluctuation of prices, with the idea that consumption remains the same when prices are high as when they are low. In this case the consumption did remain the same—it was made so for a purpose—but in the ordinary family it does not remain fixed, and the conclusion from such reasoning is that if there has been a great increase in certain prices the householder has adjusted his manner of living to it, and really is spending only a little more in comparison to what he did five years ago.

But there is another set of actual figures which throw light on this question. They are collected by Horace G. Wadlin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor in Massachusetts, and regarded by all experts as an authority in such matters. He has taken 152 working-men's families at random in Massachusetts as a basis of comparison. He finds an actual decrease in the cost of flour, coffee, and sugar in 1902 since 1897. He finds a great increase in the cost of meats. It is not fair to include fuel, because the coal strike has produced abnormal condi-


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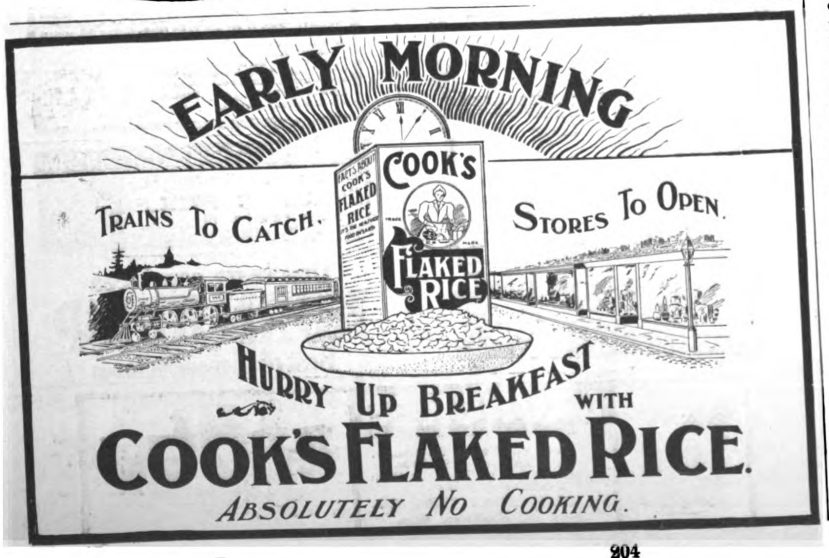
Pure beer contains no germs.

Schlitz Beer is sterilized after it is bottled and sealed, by a process invented by M. Pasteur, of France. It requires one and one-half hours.

That's how we double the necessary cost of our brewing. We do it to make purity certain—to make Schlitz Beer healthful.

Will you drink common beer, and pay just as much for it, when Schlitz Beer can be had for the asking.

Ask for the Brewery bottling.



tions. Dry-goods have gone up very slightly in the amount of annual cost, and shoes have advanced only a trifle. Rents have increased heavily, owing to the great improvements that the working-men now seek and apparently can pay for.

On the other hand, probably the most striking figures that have been produced in this quest for the cost of living are that the price of board for the working-man in Massachusetts has declined seventy-one cents a week since 1897, and that for women has declined thirty-two cents a week since 1897. Put in percentage figures, one dollar would purchase 17 per cent. more board for men in 1902 than in 1897, and 9 per cent. more for women.

In the matter of meat and butter, a dollar would buy less than in 1897 by these percentages: roasting-beef, 16 per cent.; veal, 23; mutton, 32; lard, 40; butter, 20. Although there have been many increases in price since 1897, the figures show that practically every kind of provision is cheaper now than in 1872. The price of groceries decreased 7 per cent. in 1902 as compared with 1897, and the prices of meats have increased 19 per cent. as compared with five years ago. Since 1872, however, groceries have declined 44 per cent., and meats nearly 9 per cent. This shows that although meats in five years have gone up greatly, groceries have declined nearly half as much in the same time, and that if the family expenditures for food are adjusted to the new scale of prices there need be little more expense in that branch of the cost of living.

The statistics show that 28 per cent. of the family income is used for groceries, and 17 for meats. An increase in the grocery account and a decrease in the meat account, such as have been made undoubtedly by most families of small means, would soon bring the expenditure down to a normal basis. The percentages show also that there is an annual decline in the expenditure for food, while for clothing it remains the same. What is saved from food is going into higher rents and extras, such as newspapers, church dues, and pleasures.

If the family expense had remained precisely the same in 1902 as in 1897 the figures show that an increase of income of nearly 14 per cent. would be required. Well, there has been a general increase in wages and, what is more to the point, there has been steady employment, and hence there is reason to believe that if the family food schedule has been changed a little from meats to groceries, that fact, with the undoubted increase in income from higher wages and constant work, has brought down the living-expenses of the average man to only a little more, at the most, than they were five years ago. What a working-man has left over tells the tale about as well as anything. This surplus in 1902 was about $16 on the average for the 152 families as compared with $24 in 1872, but the working-man of to-day is not helped out by child-labor, as he was then, and spends more for extras, and especially for rent. The conclusion is, that with slight changes of dietary the working-man is spending only a small sum more than he did in 1897 for living-expenses.

Dun's index numbers show that what cost $96,891 in 1901 cost $100,648 in 1902. But it does not follow that the average citizen purchased the same quantities and qualities of goods that he did a year ago. Certainly he does not in meats. Speaking of the general increase in wages, *Dun's Review* says: "The official returns from the State of Massachusetts indicate that the balance is in favor of the wage-earner by a wide margin." Bradstreet's publication says, in reference to the compilation of statistics as to the cost of living by the Government Department of Labor: "It appears from

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this summary that the group of farm products reached the lowest average in 1896, and the highest in 1891; that of food, etc., the lowest in 1896, and the highest in 1891; that of cloth and clothing, the lowest in 1897, and the highest in 1890." So it would appear that the prices to-day are by no means the highest in recent years.

Summarizing the price conditions for September last as compared with former prices, this journal says:

"The approximate index number on October 1 is shown to have been 87.42, a gain of six-tenths of 1 per cent over September 1. It is an advance of six-tenths of 1 per cent. over September 1. (Dun's figures, based on a theoretical fixed consumption, are an increase of 4.1 per cent. for the month.) It is an advance of 2.7 per cent. over January 1, of this year, and a gain of 4 per cent. over the low point reached on June 1, 1901, and is, in fact, the highest index number reached since October 1, 1900, just two years ago. In all, thirty-six prices have advanced, while twenty-five declined and forty-four remained unchanged during the month."

The conclusion of the whole matter is that, eliminating the high price of meats and considering the increase in wages and in the number of days of employment, the average man is paying only a little more, if anything, for the cost of living. There is reason also to believe that the cost of meat will decrease this year. A great corn crop was raised last year, and hundreds of thousands of farmers are raising live stock for meat so as to catch the high prices. This year meat promises to be comparatively cheap.

Jonathan to John

(With apologies to "A Hoodlum.")

ONCE we were good-and-hunk as hunk can be;
You could have packed your puttees in my trunk,
Gone whacks with me on junk and bunk and drunk;—
Say, John, for fair you had a cinch with me.

No kick is comin', not a little bit;—
If you prefer His Whiskers cellar door
Then cut it out, and slide with me no more:—
I thought you wise on Willy;—aber nit!

Get next, get next! Say, John, it ain't too late.
Back to the woods with Geezer Willy's crew!
They didn't try to do a thing to you
Ere Oomty Paul was counted out,—a skate!

When first I sailed into Manila Bay
Strange lands and customs to admire an' see,
Up paddles dotty Willy, joshin' me,—
An', John, I told him not to get too gay!

Say John, I never piped you for no saint,
But I'm dead sore to see you chase that bunch—
—A mixed-ale push a-huntin' Dago lunch
With Weary Willy raggin', fresh as paint!

Get busy, friend, and shake that bum bazoo,
For, honest, I don't have to stand for it.
That gang must git—or else I've got to quit.
You know me, John; and now it's up to *you!*

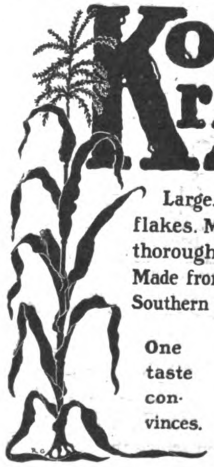
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By

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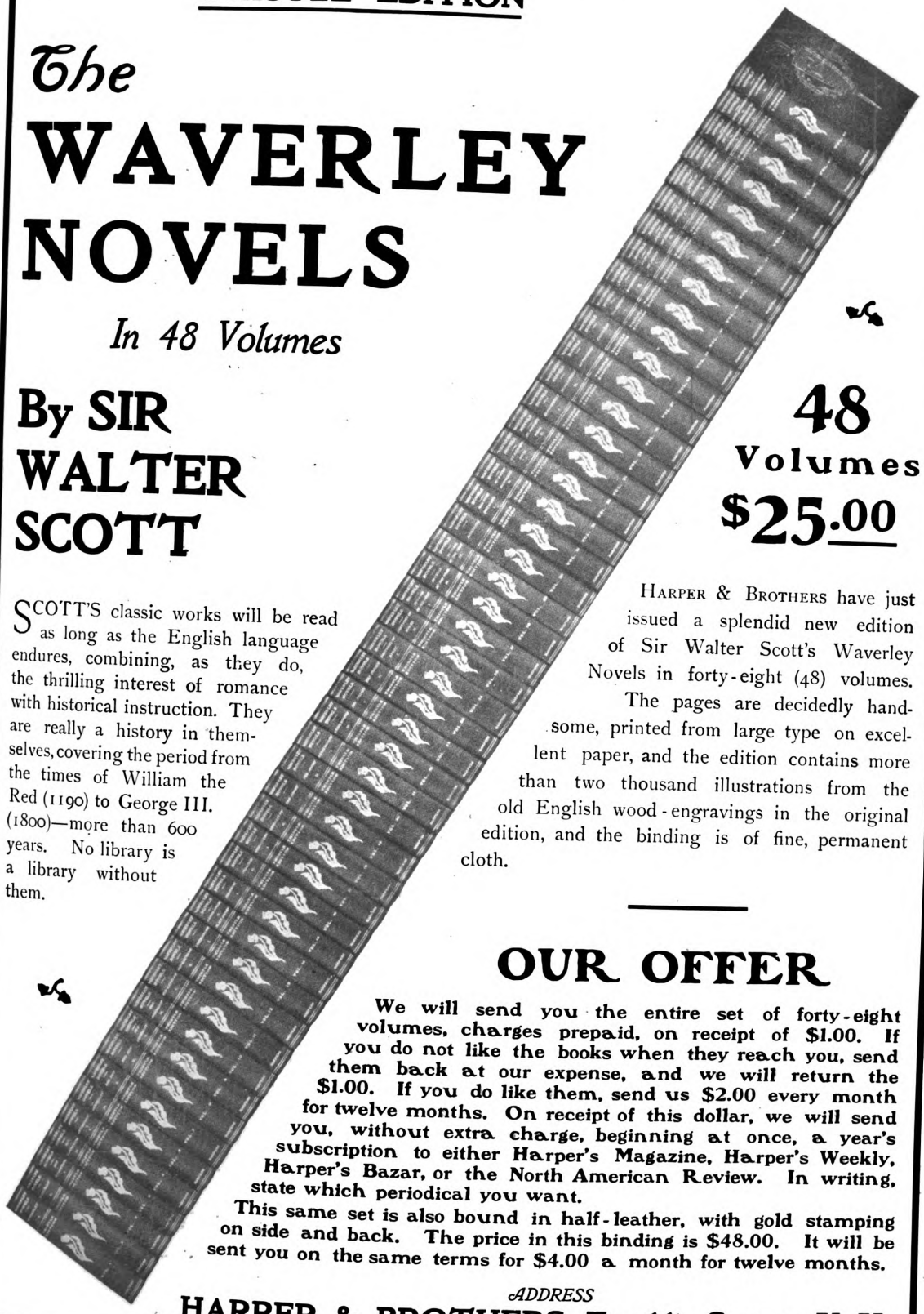
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HA

SATURDAY
FEBRUARY 7
1903

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY
FEBRUARY 7
1903

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

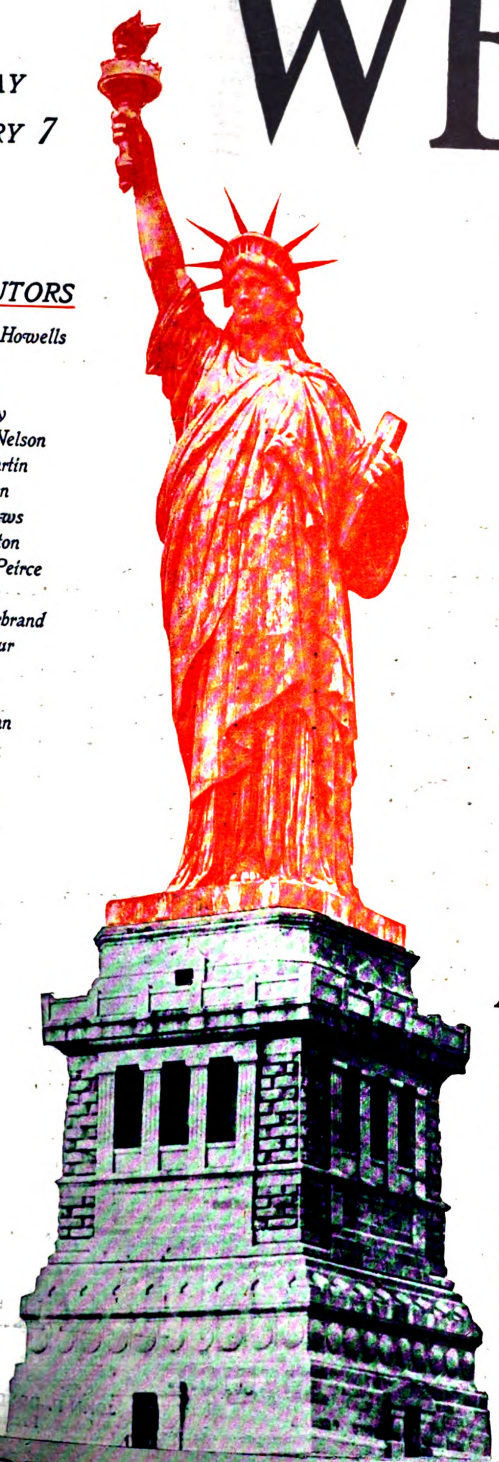
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The New Justices of the Supreme Court

FUTURE OF NEW YORK: A Modern City Beautiful Double-page Drawing with Article Based upon the New Architectural Plans for Beautifying the Greater City

Germany's New Imperial Navy

The Man Who Corrupted Eddyville

AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

THIS WEEK

JOHN S. SARGENT

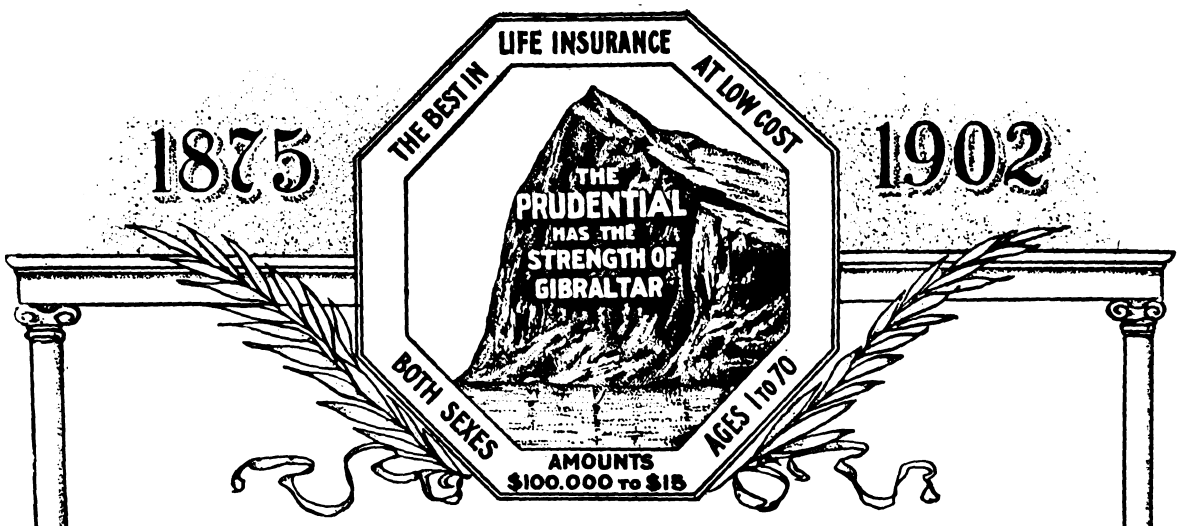
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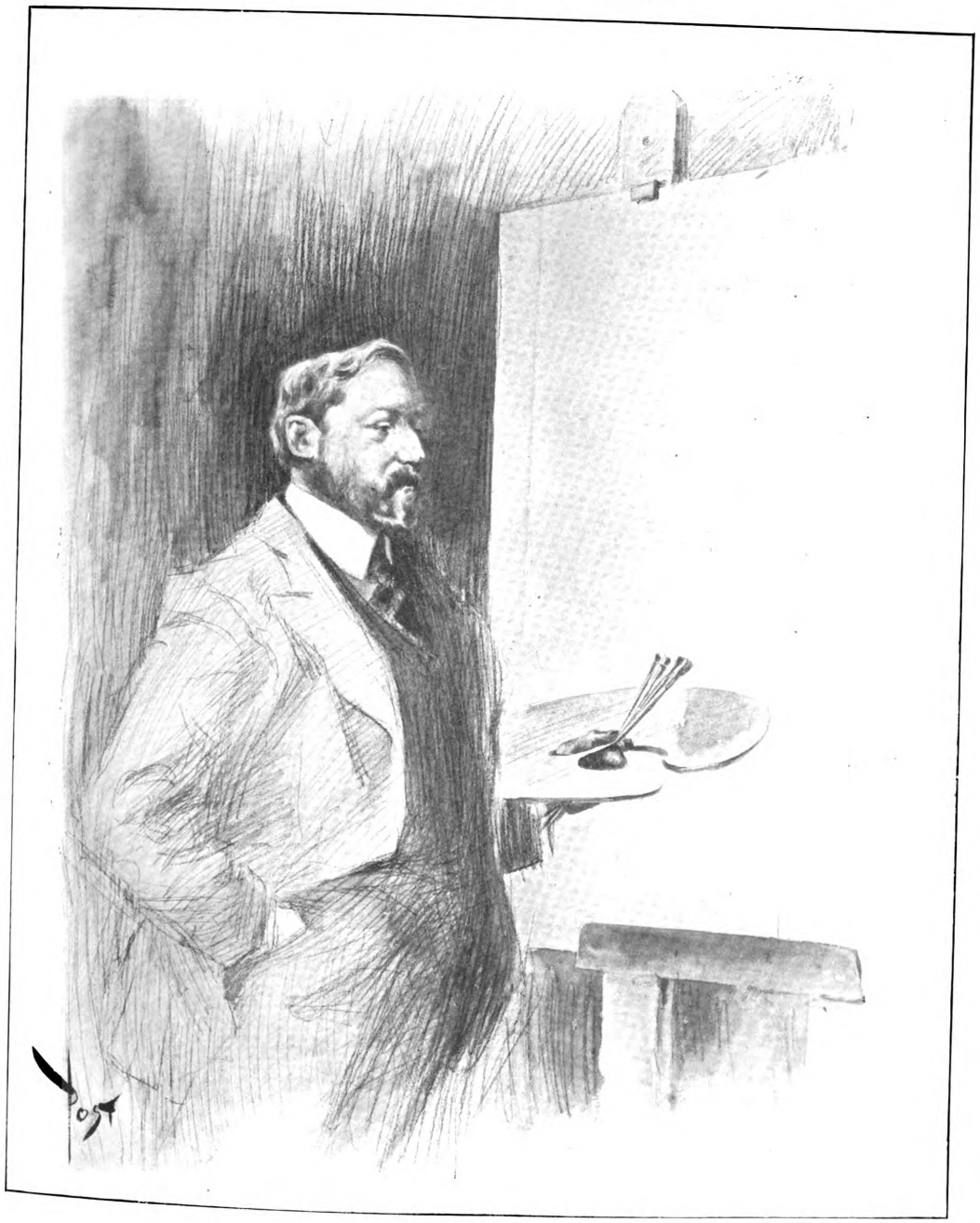
JOHN F. DRYDEN,
President.

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXVI.—JOHN S. SARGENT, *AET. 47*

See page 226—Editorial Section

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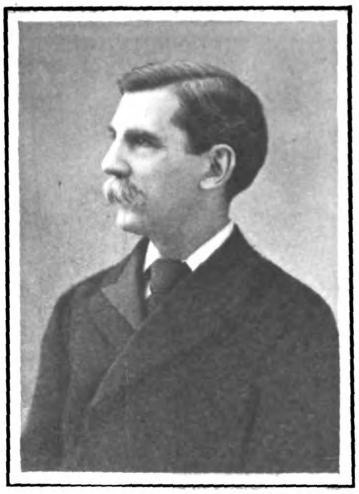
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THE NEW JUSTICES OF THE SUPREME COURT

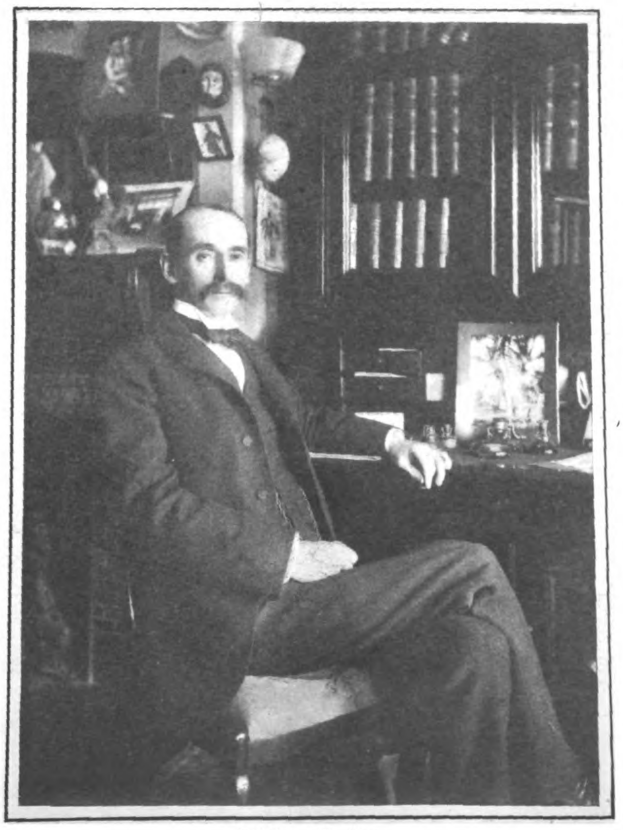
THERE is no part of our Federal machinery which has attracted more favorable European criticism than the Supreme Court. It is not only the greatest judicial body in the world in point of function, but it is as eminent in the purity of its personnel. Partisanship has not corrupted it. Suspicion has seldom entered its chambers. It has kept its dignity amid the irreverence of democracy, which is not permitted to touch it with its own electoral hands, and this despite some decisions dictated seemingly by political exigencies. It is the oracle whose deliverances keep the executive and the legislative within the guidance of the Constitution, which is to our people what a patron divinity was to some ancient States.

Its constitutional function cannot alone account for its peculiar prominence; it is the confidence on the part of the people in its integrity. If it were to lose this it would soon fail to exercise that restraint which is vital in our complex system of checks and balances. It is gratifying, therefore, that the new appointments to this bench have been such as to strengthen rather than to impair that confidence. President Roosevelt has been most diligent and successful in searching out men of both judicial ability and high personal integrity for all the vacancies in the Federal courts, and especially for those which have occurred by the retirement of Justices Gray and Shiras from the Supreme Bench. Not only has there been a toning up of the entire civil service in the purely executive departments, but the judiciary has likewise been strengthened by the judgment of the President in his appointments.



Oliver Wendell Holmes

Justice Holmes, who succeeded Justice Gray, came into the Court with what to the lay public was only a State or a provincial reputation, but his decisions as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts had given him a wide fame among lawyers. The remark of an able Indiana judge that he had read every opinion of Justice Holmes and that they were the best opinions written, gives some intimation of the technical esteem in which he is held. And if one may infer his judicial qualifications from his personality and from his discussion of untechnical subjects, he is rather a fearless yet reverent pioneer than a tiller of ancestral farms. He is not disposed to accept without question the conventional values put upon things; like Justice Field, whom he succeeded in the State court, he is undoubtedly less interested in the embryology of the law as an object of abstract speculation or in the logical outcome of precedent than in making sure that every interest is represented before the court and in extending useful remedies. This disposition has perhaps invited the criticism of radicalism, of which he can hardly be guilty, for we must agree that the quality just mentioned constitutes a good fault in a judge. He is a man of heroic temper; severely wounded in the Civil War, he has nevertheless lived a strenuously active life, and kept ever a gallant exterior toward his work. He will bring not only a distinguished name to the roll of Supreme justices, but a personality of surpassing charm among men—this besides his long judicial experience and trained mind, which sit in a body that keeps the vigor of his younger years.



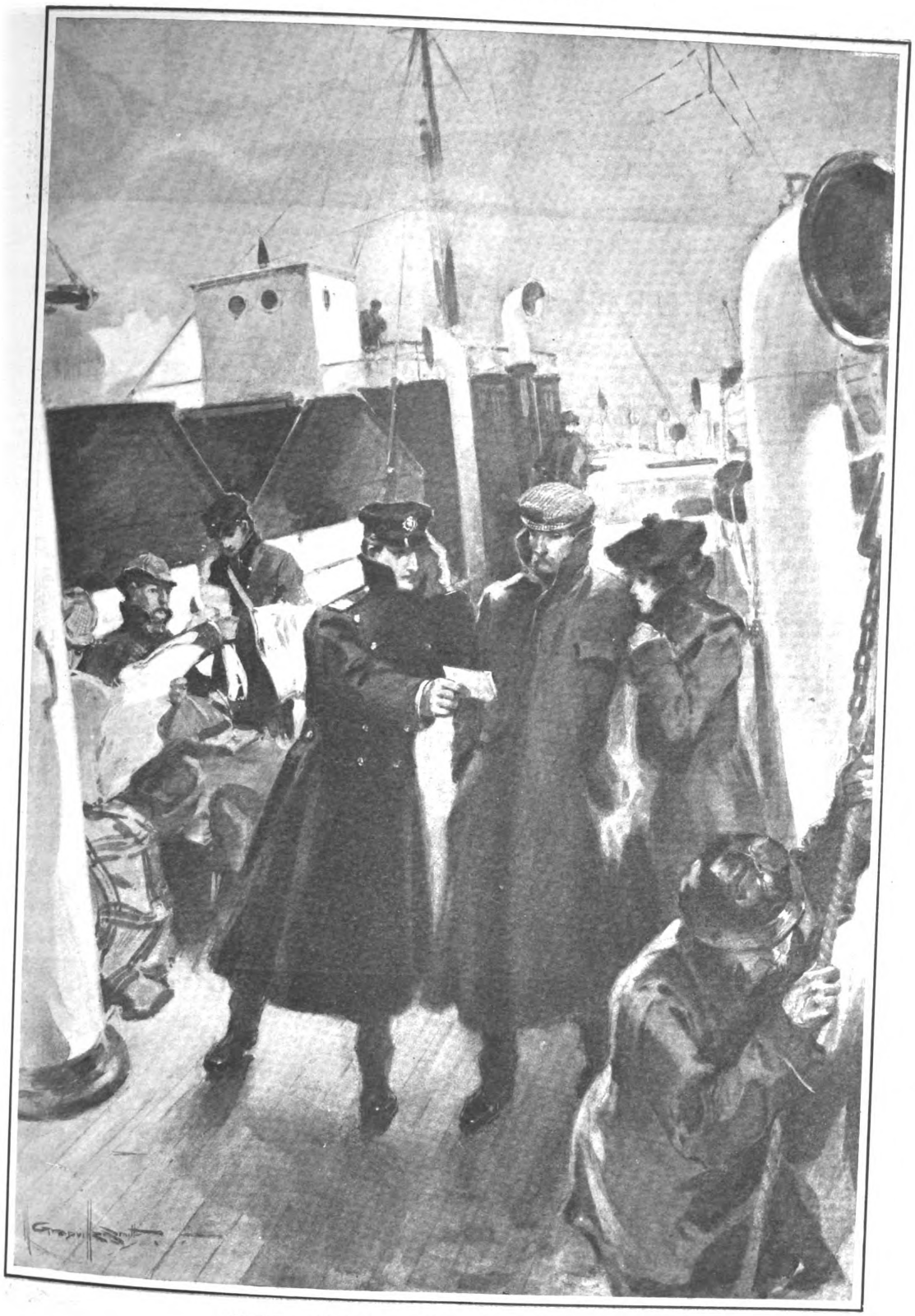
William R. Day

Justice Day, of Ohio, who is to succeed Justice Shiras of Pennsylvania, has come through a varied public service to this seat. And he comes, too, with a temperament far different from that of Justice Holmes, yet with as great promise of usefulness. His experience in the State Department during the Spanish War, and his conspicuous and responsible part in the peace negotiations, have given him a peculiar preparation for dealing with the questions which have grown out of that war and the terms of peace which he concluded. He has, to express an opinion again from lay impressions, rather more respect for what has been, and is possessed of a keen and experienced understanding of present economic and political relationships, with a practical though not a pioneering mind. His public career, at any rate that portion of it which brought him into the notice of the world and into distinction as a diplomat, had its beginning in what may have appeared to be a fortuity—President McKinley's friendship for him—but this seeming fortuity had such support in the unusual ability of the man, that it can hardly be believed now that there was any element of chance in it. Before he was called to Washington by President McKinley as Assistant Secretary of State, he had come to local and even State distinction as a lawyer. President Harrison appointed him to the Federal bench of the Northern District of Ohio, but this appointment he was obliged to decline on account of health. He later sacrificed much when he went to Washington to take the nominally subordinate position where he was able to give the President and the country most needed service; but he made no boast of sacrifice, and unostentatiously took on himself the burden of the conduct of the department without the honors. His subsequent service in his higher offices the country remembers. He went quietly back to his law practice, after his short, brilliant diplomatic experience, but was soon appointed to succeed Judge Taft on the United States Circuit Bench, from which he is now promoted to the Supreme Court. And it is virtually as the successor of Judge Taft that he enters this higher court, the former's continuance in the Philippines being demanded by all the interests that are represented there.

Governor Taft will yet come to a seat in this body, it is universally hoped, though he has earned a distinction which even this honor cannot augment. Meanwhile it is a source of much gratification that the service of Judge Day should find its recognition in his appointment to the place of highest honor in his profession. It is a cause for deeper gratification that he comes to this position with substantial attainments and eminent fitness for its duties.

The Court will unquestionably be strengthened by what these new justices will bring to it.

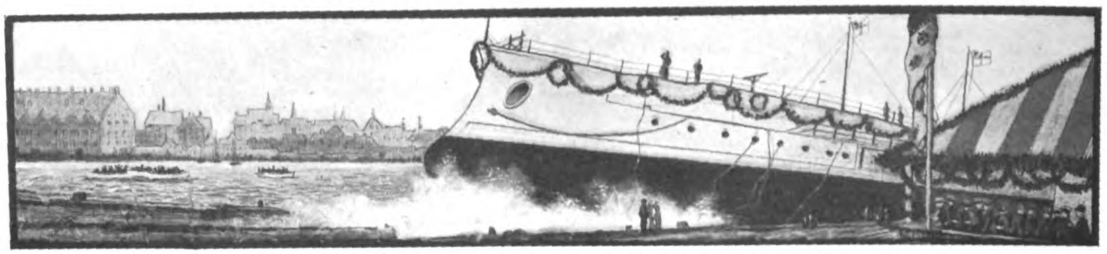
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THE NEWS IN MIDOCEAN

In the above drawing Mr. Granville Smith pictures a phase of the transoceanic travel of the near future. Already there is a chess championship of the Atlantic, which has been played for by teams on liners in different parts of the ocean. The receipt of wireless telegrams many miles from shore is not an unusual occurrence, and a syndicate has lately been formed to issue the first midocean newspaper

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Germany's first Step as a World Naval Power of the Future—The Launching of the "Braunschweig"

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY'S NAVY

WITH the acquirement of large colonial possessions by Germany has come the development of the imperial navy on so large and significant scale that most of the other naval powers of the world are watching its growth with suspicion and some of them with apprehension. As a naval power Germany now ranks with Italy. The order now runs: Great Britain, France, Russia, Italy or Germany, the United States, and so on. In a year or two Germany will rank next to Russia.

In his determination to have a great navy, Emperor William has been unyielding, and in 1900 a naval programme which cannot be interfered with, except to enlarge its scope, was adopted by the Reichstag. This naval programme was most elaborate and thorough. No definite plan like it has been adopted as yet by any other nation.

This naval plan of 1900 was practically a doubling of the plan adopted in 1898. It provides for a certain amount of ship construction, entirely in German yards, chiefly by private plants, from year to year, and the gradual substitution of new vessels for those that have grown out of date. The imperial navy is to be developed along three lines. The first is strictly for home defence. The next is for purposes of attack near home. The third is for service in foreign waters near her colonial possessions. The home fleet eventually is to consist of thirty-four battle-ships of the first class, eight large and twenty-four small cruisers, with a reserve of four battle-ships and three large and four small cruisers. In the home squadron there are to be eight battle-ships and two cruisers always in commission, and the others of the fleet are to be pat in commission in the summer for manœuvres.

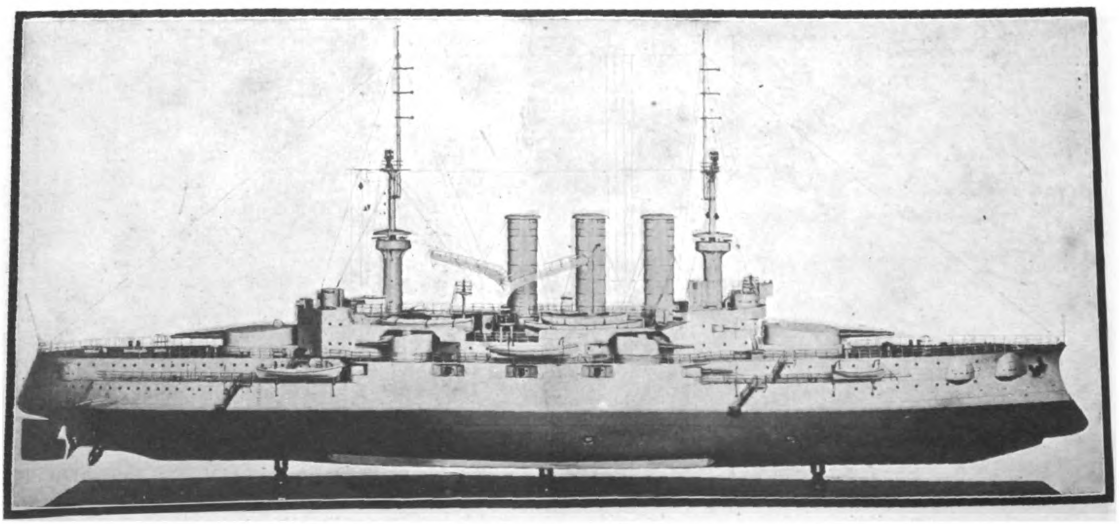
The life of a battle-ship is computed by the German naval authorities to be twenty-five years and that of a cruiser twenty years. By 1920 Germany will have certain war-ships for which substitutes will have been built, but which will not be entirely useless. This means that she will have no less than fifty-five battle-ships, seventeen of which will still be of considerable use, although not up to the requirements that will be in vogue then. She will also have about the same number of fighting-cruisers.

The total cost of building these vessels from 1900 to 1916 will be something like $365,000,000. In addition, about $65,000,000 will be spent on dock-yards, and the current expenditure for maintaining the navy will be increased from $18,000,000 a year in 1900 to $37,000,000 in 1917. In 1900 Germany had 1285 officers and 21,528 men in her navy. By 1917 there will be 3000 officers and 56,000 men in the navy. This rise of Germany as a naval power is all the more significant when one remembers that it was not until 1881 that she had her first naval review, and that it was not until 1895, upon the opening of the Kiel Canal, that the imperial navy was first displayed before the fleets of other naval powers.

The Emperor makes all the ordinances regulating the administration of the navy, and is practically supreme. He has a "Marine Cabinet" to carry on the business details of the establishment and an "Admiral Staff" to advise, like the general staff of the army, what the navy is to do. He has flag officers to command the home naval stations at Wilhelmshaven on the North Sea and at Kiel on the Baltic. Another flag officer commands the home squadron, and another has charge of the cruising squadron, while another inspects the training establishments. In a general way, service in the navy is compulsory and along the same lines as service in the army. There are also land forces belonging to the navy, chiefly artillery. In another decade the navy will be a most imposing establishment.

Germany has twenty-two battle-ships in service where the United States has ten. She is building eight to our ten. She has four armored cruisers where we have two, but she is building only three where we are building nine. In protected cruisers she has nineteen to our fourteen, and is building three to our six. In unprotected cruisers she has twenty to our six. In coast defenders she has eleven to our fifteen—ours are of the monitor type—and is building no more, while we are constructing four. She has something like one hundred and forty torpedo-boats to our thirty-two, but these vessels are already out of date, and neither country is building any more. She has thirty torpedo-destroyers to our twenty. We have eight submarines to none for Germany. Altogether she has about two hundred and seventy-five war-ships to our one hundred and forty, but inasmuch as she has over one hundred more torpedo-boats than we have—vessels that are useless—the present disparagement between the navies of the two countries is not so great as the total figures would indicate.

One of the latest of the German battle-ships has just been launched. It represents the new type. It is not as large as the more recent of American battle-ships, but is compact and of the bulldog order. Its name is the *Braunschweig*. It is 398.62 feet long, 73.80 feet wide, 25.10 feet draught. It displaces 13,200 tons, as against about 16,000 tons of the newer English and American battle-ships. It has a speed of eighteen knots an hour, which is about the average required of the largest vessels of this class. The new battle-ship carries 660 officers and men.



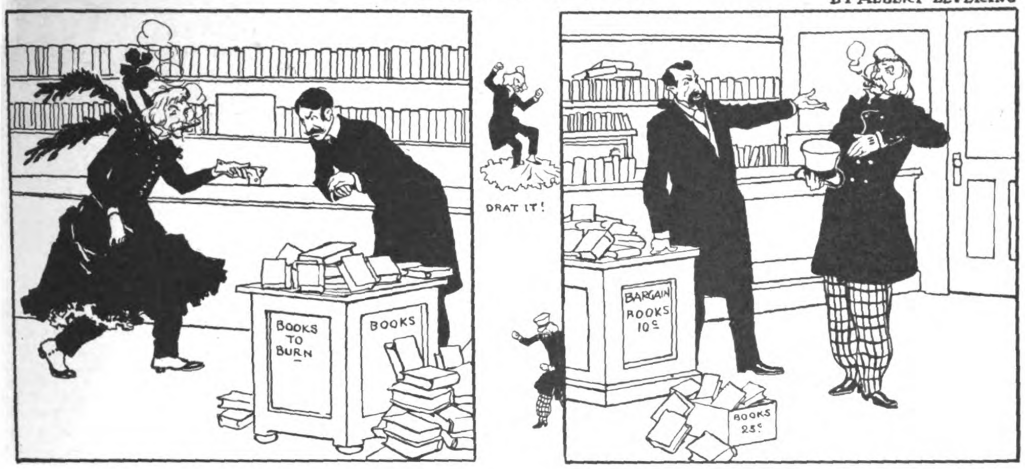
Model of the "Braunschweig," Germany's new Type of Battle-ship

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THE MAN WHO CORRUPTED EDDYVILLE

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE TROUBLES WHICH BESET MARK TWAIN DURING HIS QUEST FOR MRS. EDDYS' BOOK

BY ALBERT LEVERING



"I allow you'll sell me a copy of Mrs. Eddy's book for my boy Tom Sawyer, now,—won't ye?"
Dealer. "Sorry; any other book in the store, Mister Twain."

(As Mr. Bixby.) 'Will you-all sell a copy of Mrs. Eddy's book to a retired Mississippi River pilot, who wants to read it to his great-grandmother?'"
"Sorry; but as I'm a scientist, there's the door, Mister Twain."



(As "Arkansaw.") "I'm only a rough Forty-niner, but I want a copy of Mrs. Eddy's book. Do I get it?"
Dealer. "You don't! Get out! I'm a scientist, Mister Twain."

(As a Yaeger.) "Vot ies dot book vot I vant? Oh, ja! Mutter Eddy's book. Can I?—yes? Hilee! hilo!"
Dealer. "You think you're funny; but as I'm a scientist, good-day, Mister Twain."



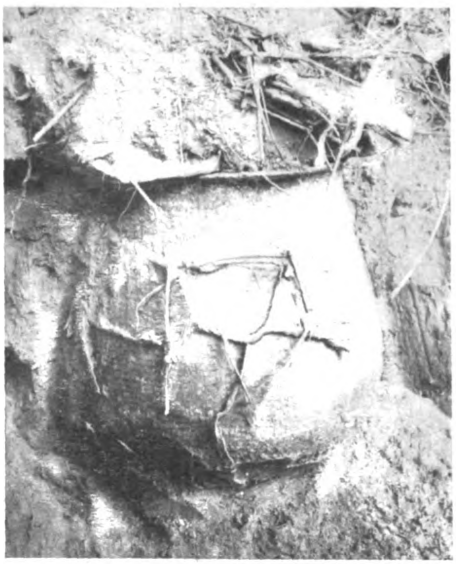
(As Huck Finn.) "I don't want no pie, ma'am; I just want a sample copy of your beautiful book."
Mrs. Eddy. "Go 'way from here, Mark Twain, or I'll give you a taste of this rollin'-pin."

Mark. "Oh no, this isn't Hadleyville. It's simply the United States, care of the Mundane Sphere."

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A NEW PEOPLE DISCOVERED

THE last of a number of expeditions sent out from the American Museum of Natural History to the Western lands of America for the purpose of exploring the homes of the cliff-dwellers has just returned. Up to this time it has been considered that the Old World paleolithic men of the Seine River caves of France, of the Thames River caves of England, and so on held undisputed rights to the greatest antiquity. Sir Boyd Dawkins found that the Eskimo Inuits to-day were using the same reindeer-bone hunting instruments and domestic implements, and hence were descendants of paleolithic men who had migrated in glacial times. Haeckel, in *The Lost Link*, makes paleolithic men contemporary with the reindeer of France in the glacial age, 270,000 years ago. He dates *Pithecanthropus Erectus*, "too high for an ape, too low for a man," the predecessor of paleolithic man, 600,000 years ago. Paleolithic men had for weapons arrow-points, spear-points, and other primitive devices. Much greater, then, is the antiquity of the American cave-dwellers just discovered, who possessed no weapons of that type, who lived before arrow-points were invented, and who fought with a throwing-stick. Priority is claimed for this most recently unearthed American. He was a finer man than the brutal paleolith, even if he must ultimately be classed with him. He possessed an æstheticism wholly unknown to the primitive Europeans. He dressed better than his contemporaries and many of his successors. His burial robe was more superb than that of any prehistoric or historic savage. His art of making mummies shows him abreast with ancient Egypt, even if his process was different. The cave-dweller was no architect, and built no houses for his habitations. Living in glacial times, he naturally sought for his home the most secluded, warmest caves, having a convenient water-supply.



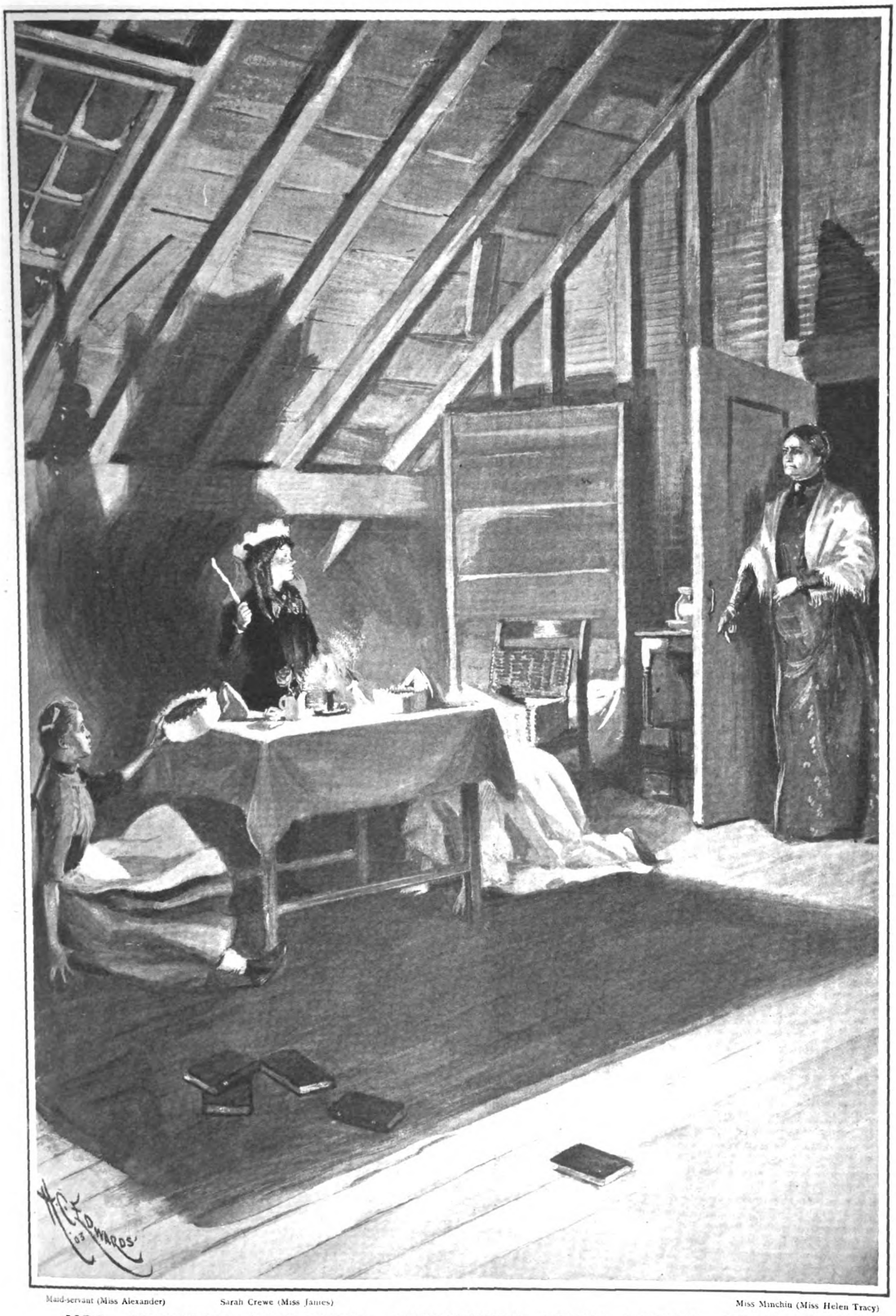
A remarkable Burial-urn of the newly discovered Cave-dwellers

It has required eight years to get enough of the remains of the American cave-dwellers together to demonstrate the actual existence of paleolithic men on this continent. In 1894, Mr. Richard Wetherill, of Mancos, Colorado, conceived the idea that the cliff-dwellers of the southwestern cañons might have buried treasures under their stone castles. So, selecting a prosperous-looking cliff-dwelling in Grand Gulch, Utah, he dug under it. Very soon he found he was excavating in an ancient cave which had been filled up with ashes and débris by the cliff-dwellers as a foundation for their stone house. At the bottom of the cave he uncovered a basket about four feet in diameter. Under the basket was a robe of rabbit skin, and under the robe a mummy, seated. Understanding the dryness of the atmosphere and its preservative qualities, the aborigines had left the body in its natural condition. Investigations were at once instituted by an expedition sent out on behalf of the American Museum. The remains and culture since found in the Grand Gulch and south to Cañon de Chelle, Arizona, are believed to be ample for the purpose of establishing an American cave-dweller as old as those of the Old World, or even older. Some remains of the cave-dwellers have been found under the cliff-dwellings. The skeletons and culture of the two races do not even remotely resemble each other. The shapes of their skulls differ, that of the cliff-dweller being noticeably flat, while that of the cave-dweller is normal, narrow, and elongate. The cliff-dweller had for weapons the bow, arrow, and arrow-points, like those of the early savages. The cave-dweller lived ages before such things were used; his weapon was the throwing-stick. The only thing known to resemble it in any way is the atlatl, which the early Spaniards found in use about Chichuahua, Mexico. In more modern times the weapon that resembles it most closely is the boomerang of the Australian bushmen and the rabbit-stick of the Hopi Indians of California. Enough material is at hand to show that the cave-dwellers date unquestionably from glacial times.



A Cliff Dwelling, underneath which the Cave-dwellers built their Homes
Drawn from a Photograph by C. J. Post

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Maid-servant (Miss Alexander) Sarah Crewe (Miss James) Miss Minchin (Miss Helen Tracy)

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S "THE LITTLE PRINCESS"

The drawing represents the scene from Miss Burnett's play, [illegible], where the Little Princess (Miss James) and her companions, who have had only the scantie[illegible] to partake of a birthday feast in the attic of Miss Minchin's school, and are interru[illegible]ce of the school-teacher, Miss Minchin

Dr[illegible]

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A NEW THEORY REGARDING THE CANALS ON MARS

As our next-door planetary neighbor, Mars has long been regarded with peculiar interest, while its apparent close physical kinship to the Earth has served to whet the curiosity and to stimulate the imagination. At the very favorable opposition of 1877, however, made doubly memorable by Hall's discovery of the tiny Martian satellites, a new source of wonder and speculation appeared. Mars is never very strongly marked, but dim bluish-green areas, popularly supposed to be seas, were quite familiar to astronomers when Schiaparelli at Milan noted the appearance of long, thin, straight or slightly curved lines cutting from the "seas" into and through the faint reddish areas supposed to be continents. At the next opposition, two years later, he detected more of them, and saw them more plainly. By this time popular interest was thoroughly aroused, and when at subsequent oppositions Schiaparelli's *canali* had grown into a complex net-work, hypothesis was rampant. The strange regularity of the lines, following great circles of the planet and often many hundreds of miles long, inevitably suggested design, and design connoted Martian peoples possessed of a frenzy for applied hydraulics that would have done credit to Laputa. But when a little later the Italian observer announced that he had seen many of the canals doubled throughout their entire lengths, the voice of the scoffer began to be raised, and all sorts of suggestions, varying from atmospheric refraction to alcoholic diplopia, were made to account for the phenomenon. A single unsupported observer might be allowed one private collection of canals, but two formed a tax on credulity. However, at the opposition of 1886, a few other astronomers detected the canals, some single, some double, in the places which Schiaparelli had assigned to them. Since then still others have seen them and multiplied them, have noted changes in their appearance with the progress of the Martian seasons, and dark enlarged areas at their numerous crossings, but their nature has grown more, rather than less, mysterious. In fact, there are some very queer things about the canals. They have been observed, after all, by very few astronomers, and at few places. They have sometimes been detected at quite unfavorable times, and with telescopes of absurdly small capabilities, while some of the giant lenses have steadily been turned on them in vain. They do not appear as a completed net-work, but flicker into visibility one or a few at a time, often to vanish in a few seconds. As a whole, however, different observers have consistently located the same set of canals. Now, within a few months, some English astronomers have advanced the thesis that the whole affair is a complex optical illusion, not as before suggested, quite without cause, but with a basis definite enough to cause different eyes to see the same things. They have found that if one sketches a map of Mars, after Schiaparelli, rather lightly, omitting the canals, one will see, if the sketch is viewed in a dim light, spurious canals occupying the places of the canals omitted. In other words, the contour of the dark areas on the planet defines the places where the eye and the imagination will unite to place canals. The trial, as they made it, succeeds with many observers, but it is very easy to make the experiment in a form that will show the principle to almost any one. Draw lightly a three-inch circle, and then shade with a pencil the upper and lower parts of the drawing, leaving an irregular equatorial belt half or three-quarters of an inch wide. Let the shading form irregular points and notches along the edges of the belt, and pin up the sketch in a dim light. Then stand off ten feet or so, and look at it with the closest attention. Presently dark lines will be seen crossing the belt from points to points, not all visible simultaneously, but flickering into sight, now hazy, now seemingly sharp. And the essential parts of the same pattern, located by the contour of the dark areas, will be seen by different observers. Put a dark spot in the belt, and lines will radiate from it to the neighboring points. If you look at a map of Mars you will note that at least the prominent canals spring from just such dark salients. Now the mere fact that the eye will supply such apparently impossible details does not demonstrate that the Martian canals are thus phantasmal, but it does throw the burden of proving their reality upon the few who have been able to detect such appearances upon the face of the planet. Mars is known to present seasonal changes of light and shade, and a little experimenting with our sketch will show that changes of light and shade vary the lines seen, so that even the variability of the "canals" can be simulated. The experiment may not carry conviction of illusion, but it is quite enough to hold any man for the grand jury on the charge of seeing things that do not exist.



An Aspect of Mars, after Lowell

It should be clearly understood that the reality of the Martian canals has often been questioned, but the persistence with which several keen observers have seen substantially the same set of canals has in recent years tended to quiet the sceptics. Negative evidence adduced by those who have not themselves been able to see the canals is open to criticism, particularly since previous hypotheses have not properly accounted for the concurrence of different observers in seeing the same things.

This lack is supplied by the connection now shown between the real dark shadings and the lines by which the eye instinctively connects them. Given the same shadings, and the same canals will follow except in so far as one eye may interpolate lines on smaller provocation than another. When the normal shadings change, as they certainly do with the Martian seasons, the canals will also tend to change, and more or less of them will be seen. An interesting bit of evidence along this line is furnished by the observations of Dawes, a most accurate English astronomer, who studied Mars nearly forty years ago. He failed to find canals, but did discover what now appears to be a transitional stage of the phenomenon in extensions of the salient points of the dark areas.

A careful study of the test diagram here shown will disclose certain stages of illumination in which the dark points will seem to be extended without meeting. The doubling of the canals is not quite so easy to explain, but there is rather good astronomical evidence that doubling most frequently appears when the "canals" are at the very limit of visibility, and that it should be regarded as an illusion rather than as a reality, whatever the canals themselves may be. Something of the sort occasionally appears in the inspection of a sketch like that shown, particularly if the eye is a bit tired, but the observation is not an easy one. It is curious to note that linear markings have sometimes been made out on the planet Venus, but in this case even the observers have turned to sceptics, and ultimately have repudiated them as unreal. Of course there is a chance that the Martian canals are in part real and in part illusory, but the facts here presented strongly tend to discredit anything like such an artificial net-work as has been often claimed. However this may turn out, one should not be too hasty in condemning the astronomers who have studied the "canals."



Origin of Spurious Canals

No one who has not worked in an observatory can fully realize how difficult and elusive are the finer markings of Mars even under rather favorable conditions. And illusory observations are by no means a novelty in astronomy. Vulcan, the supposed intra-Mercurial planet, is a case in point. The great Leverrier believed in it even up to the end of his life, and the observations which apparently confirmed his mathematical theory have remained unexplained, though unconfirmed. There is a chance that some day, in a clear mountain atmosphere, photographs of Mars good enough to settle the question of the canals may be obtained. Until then the matter must remain in some doubt, but it is evident that unsupported ocular observations are open to very grave doubt even when often repeated, for in this instance the eye certainly plays queer tricks on the brain, and cannot be too confidently trusted.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending February 7, 1903

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COMMENT

MINISTER BOWEN has good reason to believe, he says, that the pending controversy between the three allied powers and Venezuela will be settled soon and satisfactorily. This after repeated conferences with Sir Michael Herbert, Signor Mayor des Planches, and the temporary representative of Germany, all of whom have been sending and receiving cipher cablegrams enough to spur Marconi to new efforts. Minister Bowen has, so far, said nothing definite either as to the amounts which Venezuela, through him, will offer to each of the three powers, or as to the guarantees—presumably the customs—which he is empowered to put in their hands. These are matters over which a good deal of close bargaining has doubtless taken place. A cause of future strife may lie in the attitude of France, which claims the right to be paid before the belligerent powers, as she had already come to terms with President Castro, and has decidedly favored him during the struggle with the allies. But it is doubtful if the allies will admit the claim of France. They will naturally claim that the spoils belong to the victors, and they may be able to make good their claim. The tremendous international excitement over the Fort San Carlos bombardment has largely disappeared, and the reaction therefrom may lead Germany to be more reasonable in her demands, though this is far from certain. The statement that England showed her disapprobation by holding aloof from the bombardment of Fort San Carlos is, of course, nonsense. When the blockade, which Premier Balfour himself admitted to be a state of war, was first decided on, England agreed to patrol the sea eastward from Caracas to the mouth of the Orinoco, doubtless because British Guiana lies in that direction, while Germany was to take the region westward from Caracas to the Colombian frontier. Hence England could not by any possibility take part in the move towards Maracaibo. That move was made, say the Germans, because munitions of war were being smuggled into Venezuela from Colombia, through Maracaibo, thus rendering the whole blockade useless unless Maracaibo also could be blocked. This the *Panther* attempted to do, and, as Germany alleges, in so doing was fired on by the fort of San Carlos. If this be so, then Germany acted fully within her rights, according to the principles of international law.

A publication of dates further shows that it was not Germany at all, but England, which first hatched the scheme of coercing President Castro and Venezuela. This plan, which dates from the early summer, was duly submitted to our State Department, which fully acquiesced in the contention of England that force might be used to collect bad debts in South America. Then Germany came in, claiming that she also wished to collect certain debts, and asked that the same principles might be admitted in her case. Finally came the proposal for joint action, which was made before the visit of Kaiser Wilhelm to King Edward at Sandringham. That England should now seek to lay the blame of the whole transaction on Germany, merely because the event has showed that the methods England originally proposed are distasteful to the people of the United States, is, to say the least of it, a not very loyal or creditable proceeding, and it will certainly be remembered should England seek Germany's aid in the Far East. Having entered into this alliance, England should at least be loyal to her ally.

The canal treaty with Colombia was negotiated under many difficulties, and the task was accomplished in a manner of which both the President and Secretary Hay may well be proud. Starting out with the firm determination to secure the Panama route, because both the Walker Commission and Congress had expressed their preference for it, the Executive was met with obstacles at every step. Colombia had also concluded that the United States would not go to Nicaragua, and that therefore we were at her mercy. She raised her demands exorbitantly, and her minister made the mistake of stopping negotiations, because he did not like the manner in which Admiral Casey interpreted the treaty of 1846, when he refused to permit even the government troops, during the recent rebellion, to interfere with the traffic of the Panama Railroad. Fortunately this gentleman was recalled, and Dr. Herran, an intelligent man who has lived long in Washington, was left in charge of the business. Colombia really had not a leg to stand on, and if we had been as ugly as a European potentate might and would have been, she would have been forced to her knees. She induced Congress to abandon Nicaragua by consenting, informally, that the French company might sell out to us, and by giving us to understand that she would make reasonable terms with us. Secretary Hay finally induced her to see that this country would not be imposed upon, while President Roosevelt stood behind him, backed him up in his patient endeavors, and occasionally permitted it to be understood by the Latin-Americans dealing in canal franchises that this was a big country, with which it was not wise to trifle. The two worked together perfectly, the result is satisfactory, the better route has been obtained, and it has not been necessary to punish the little republic for her double-dealing. On the contrary, she seems pleased to have made the trade at last.

Although a treaty providing for the settlement of the Alaska boundary question has been signed by Secretary Hay and the British ambassador, it is by no means certain that the agreement will be ratified by our Federal Senate or prove satisfactory to Canada. Even if the treaty should be sanctioned on both sides of the border, it seems likely to be abortive. The commission for which it provides consists of three jurists on each side, but there is to be no umpire to cast a

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deciding vote. That is to say, the validity of our own contention will have to be conceded by one of the British jurists, or else the soundness of Canada's claim will have to be acknowledged by an American member of the tribunal. The latter alternative has hitherto been deemed so incredible that the American members of the Joint High Commission which met in Washington three years ago advocated a method of adjustment similar to that which is now proposed, which at the time, however, did not meet with approval on the part of Lord Herschell or of the Canadian members of that body. Of course the Alaska boundary question turns on the construction of the treaty of 1825 between Great Britain and Russia, which undertook to delimit Alaska from British Columbia. American students of the matter are, so far as we have observed, unanimous in believing both that the treaty of 1825 can only bear the construction uniformly put upon it by our State Department and that until very recently—that is to say, until gold was discovered in and near Alaska—the Canadian government has acquiesced in that construction. It is, of course, barely possible that one of the representatives of Great Britain on the proposed tribunal may be open to conviction; but we doubt it, in view of the prevailing current of feeling and opinion at Ottawa, and in view of the desire felt in England to conciliate Canada. Apparently, the existing *modus vivendi* is to be maintained pending the investigation to be made before the mixed commission. So far as Canada is concerned, she would probably be glad to see the *modus vivendi* indefinitely prolonged.

The impending trouble between Brazil and Bolivia will probably break out before the Venezuela incident is well settled. The Acre question is, of course, the cause of the dispute. The Brazilian War Office is concentrating troops in the Amazonas district, and two more divisions have just been sent north. Fourteen steamers of the National Navigation Company were chartered for the expedition, and equal zeal is being shown in other directions. When it is remembered that the Acre expedition, composed largely of American, English, and German citizens, is already in the interior, it is easy to see how rapidly we may pass from a concussion of the troops to intervention by the powers; and as Bolivia has no coast to blockade, and as a blockade of the immense coast-line of Brazil is so difficult as to be almost impossible, the situation is grave in the extreme. President Pando of Bolivia is in the Acre territory in person, and has conferred with Brazil's representatives on the spot. It is said that Brazil is trying to procure the Acre district for herself, in exchange for certain other regions which Bolivia has long coveted. This would probably put an end to the Acre concession, to which Brazil has been opposed from the first.

At last the programme of China's one fighting general, the famous Tung Fu-Siang, is revealed, and it shows that as a statesman he is not less able than as a soldier. His plan takes into consideration two most important forces: the deep loyalty of the vast mass of Chinese to the present Manchu dynasty, and the particular hostility which masses of Chinamen feel towards the present Emperor as being the cause of their dire misfortunes and humiliations at the hands of the foreign devils. General Tung Fu-Siang has recognized both these truths, and, acting on his knowledge, has proclaimed as Emperor, not himself, but the son of the redoubtable Prince Tuan, the same boy who, it will be remembered, was at one time declared heir-apparent by the Dowager Empress and the present Emperor. It is evident that Prince Tuan and General Tung Fu-Siang are actively co-operating, and it cannot be denied that they make a most formidable combination. Yüng Lu and other high Chinese officials have cast their lot in with the young pretender. This youth, Pu Chu by name, a prince of the old Manchu line, has now been proclaimed Emperor, with the title of Tung Hsu, at Tung-yuneing, the chief settlement of the Ala-shan Mongols, and the palace at Si-ngan-fu is being prepared to receive him. This is the palace to which the Dowager Empress fled from Peking, and has historic associations which will appeal with great strength to scores of millions of Chinamen. Also, it is strongly situated among mountains, and is so far from the sea that an expedition thither would be a very formidable affair indeed, infinitely more so than the march to Peking. Tung Fu-Siang has a well-drilled and well-armed body of ten thousand troops, mostly hardy Mongols, such as recruited the armies of Genghis Khan and Timur-Leng, and he may shortly be expected to hold the two provinces of Shen-si and Kan-su absolutely in his power. At the same time, we are told that the rebels in Kwang-si are rapidly gaining ground, and it is quite possible that they may come to co-operate with the young pretender, since we well know the courage and sagacity of both Yung Lu and Tung Fu-Siang. The formidable element in this matter is that it is not a Chinese but a Mongol movement—the Chinese being a peaceful agricultural race, without the power of coherence or collective action, while the Mongols are hardy nomads and fighters, who have again and again given rulers to Asia, and for centuries held a large part of Europe under their dominion.

It is a recurring, but nevertheless quite curious, spectacle which Count von Bülow, the Imperial Chancellor, presents in the Reichstag when he defends his chief, the Kaiser, against the criticism of the Liberal opposition. The veteran Radical leader Eugene Richter, for about the twentieth time, stated in that body that "the country and the crown itself were harmed by the too frequent utterances of Emperor William without consulting his ministers." In this case, as in all previous ones, Bülow made an attempt to shield his imperial master by offering his own expansive and immaculate bosom as a target for arrows of criticism. An offer which was declined, with thanks. This is a curious spectacle, we say, because the constitution of the empire distinctly recognizes the right of criticising (within reasonable bounds) the Kaiser as a public personage—*i. e.*, so far as his public acts and utterances are concerned. And yet, whenever any one of the nation's representatives in the Reichstag makes an attempt to fulfil what may be at the time a really important duty to his constituents, namely, to criticise some of the Kaiser's most recent and reckless public statements, he is hauled up short by both the Chancellor and his government myrmidons, as well as by the presiding officer of the Reichstag itself,—belonging, of course, to the reactionary majority there. The latter will interrupt the daring speaker, and calmly inform him that he is encroaching on the *Brauch des Hauses* (custom of the house) in naming or finding fault with the doings of the sovereign. And the speaker as invariably subsides. Thus, under the unconstitutional practice which has grown up under the domination of a time-serving and reactionary majority, the much-needed check on imperial whims and extravagant statements is prevented even in the only place in the empire where such criticism might be made without fear of jail and the state's attorney. And as for outside the Reichstag, it is too well known to require comment that the slightest word in criticism of the Kaiser leads to indictment and to a subsequent sentence by subservient judges, for *lèse-majesté*, of from six months to three years in jail. The bosom of Count Bülow, as a vicarious target for those who do not quite agree with the Kaiser from time to time, is, under the circumstances, wide of the mark.

It is understood that the anti-trust bill framed by Mr. Littlefield, chairman of the subcommittee of the House Committee on the Judiciary meets with the approval of the President and the Attorney-General. As it is similar in many respects to the bill introduced by Mr. Elkins in the Senate after many consultations with his Republican colleagues, we presume that it represents the broad lines on which the Fifty-seventh Congress may be persuaded to attempt to regulate and control the trusts. Mr. Littlefield's project is not so drastic as were the bills introduced by Chairman Jenkins of the House Judiciary Committee, which bills we have formerly discussed at length. For instance, a refusal or an omission to comply with the provisions intended to assure publicity or to prevent rebates and monopolies is no longer punishable by imprisonment, but only by a fine, which in no case is to exceed five thousand dollars. It may be thought that such a fine would exercise no deterrent influence upon a large corporation, but Mr. Littlefield does not confine himself to that instrument of coercion, so far as the arrangements for publicity are concerned. Any corporation failing to comply with the provisions for publicity may be restrained, on the suit of the United States, from engaging in inter-State

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commerce until such return is made. Whether such restraint should be sought is to be determined by the Attorney-General.

We could hardly exaggerate the magnitude of the power thus vested in that official. The Littlefield bill, however, gives the Attorney-General no such power in the event of a corporation's failing to comply with the provisions against rebates and monopolies. All the Attorney-General can do in such cases is to institute proceedings in equity through United States District-Attorneys to prevent and restrain the forbidden acts. The United States Circuit Courts are clothed with authority to avert the violation of the provisions against rebates or monopolies, either by interlocutory orders or by permanent decrees, but the authority does not extend to the complete arrest of a corporation's inter-State commerce. Lest he should be taxed with insincerity in refraining to take such stringent measures against rebates and monopolies as he takes for the assurance of publicity, Mr. Littlefield has introduced two provisions, which, if they are allowed to remain in the bill, will give a great deal of trouble to corporations desirous of evading the law. For example, one section is to the effect that no person shall be excused from testifying and producing books or documents before the United States Courts or the Inter-State Commerce Commission, on the ground that the evidence, documentary or other, required of him may tend to criminate him or subject him to a penalty. On the other hand, no person shall be subjected to a penalty on account of any matter concerning which he may testify or produce evidence before the said courts or inter-State commission. The second proof of sincerity is contained in the eleventh section, which enacts that the right to enforce the provisions against rebates and monopolies shall not be confined to the Attorney-General and District-Attorneys of the United States, but may be exercised by any person or corporation injured in business or property by reason of anything forbidden or declared to be unlawful by the proposed act. Not only may such injured person sue without respect to the amount in controversy, but he shall recover threefold the damages sustained, and the cost of suit, including a reasonable attorney's fee. We need not point out that this provision opens the door wide to the levying of blackmail.

On Wednesday, January 21, Senator Hoar and Senator Spooner condemned the practice which is said to have grown up in the Senate of stating what was alleged to be the opinion of the President of the United States concerning measures pending in one or the other House of Congress. Senator Hoar said that if the President wished to commend any particular measure he could do so by a message, which the Constitution authorized him to send. On the other hand, if he disapproved of a measure passed by both Houses of Congress, he was authorized by the Constitution to signify his disapproval by a veto. Those were the only two ways, Senator Hoar thought, in which the President had any constitutional right to make his views known. He held that to announce the President's opinion in either House while a bill was under discussion was contrary to the privileges of Congress, and he seemed to imagine that he had sustained his position when he pointed out that the British House of Commons and House of Lords resented the announcement that a particular measure was or was not favored by the Crown. As a matter of fact, there is not, and has not been since the reign of Anne, any analogy between a sovereign of Great Britain and the President of the United States as regards the relation of the Executive to legislation. In the first place, the President possesses the veto power, which the British sovereign has lost through failure to use it for almost two centuries. In the second place, a British prime minister not only initiates legislation, but exercises a continual and avowed control of it. Now the President of the United States is practically his own prime minister. He alone is responsible to Congress for the acts of his administration; with the possible exception of the Secretary of the Treasury, the members of his cabinet are mere clerks. In the third place, the President is by no means limited by the Constitution to the expression of his wishes by a written message.

The Constitution merely says that he shall from time to time give to Congress information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. The information and recommendation may be given orally as well as in writing. There is nothing in the Federal organic law to prevent him from stating by word of mouth to both or either of the Houses or to any members of them what measures he thinks should be adopted. We know from *Macleay's Diary* that such was the course at first pursued by President Washington, and there is reason to believe that had he been less diffident, and had he possessed a greater flow of language, he would have persisted in the course. Which would Senator Hoar prefer: that Mr. Roosevelt should imitate Washington, and appear in the Senate Chamber for the purpose of telling the Senators collectively what he wanted them to do; or that Mr. Roosevelt should privately indicate his hopes and opinions to certain leading Senators? In the negotiation of treaties and in the matter of appointments to high Federal offices the Constitution makes it the duty of the President to take the advice of the Senate. Would Mr. Hoar have the President come to the Senate Chamber for that purpose? Is it not better that he should adhere to the long-established custom of consulting in private certain representatives of the predominant party in the Senate? We add that, if a President had made up his mind to veto a bill in case it should be enacted in a particular form, it would be his plain duty to avow his intention, and not by concealing it to suffer Congress to waste its time in fruitless debate. In the matter of the appointment of the anthracite-coal strike commission, we have had occasion to express regret that Mr. Roosevelt did not keep more strictly within his constitutional functions. As regards, on the other hand, his private conferences with Senators and Representatives in reference to pending legislation, we have no doubt that he is pursuing a constitutional course.

Some light has been thrown on the Indianola post-office affair by the debate in the Federal Senate. It can no longer be alleged that in removing the post-office from that town the President was punishing the innocent as well as the guilty. Those who were inclined to disapprove of the step are estopped from using that argument by the declaration made by Mr. McLaurin, one of the Senators from Mississippi, that it was the whole town, and not a brutal, lawless majority, that demanded the resignation of Mrs. Cox, the colored postmistress. He asserted that every white citizen in Indianola, except a man named Weeks, who had gone over to the Republican party in the hope of getting office, had attended the mass meeting called for the purpose of requesting Mrs. Cox to resign. The request was based, not upon the score of any personal objection to Mrs. Cox, or to her husband, considered as negroes, but upon the broad ground that the white people of Indianola did not want any negro, however highly esteemed, to handle their letters. Mr. McLaurin maintained that, in making this request, the white inhabitants of the place simply exercised the right of petition. It should be borne in mind that no threat of violence was made at this meeting, but that Mrs. Cox, upon hearing that a committee had been appointed to circulate a petition, voluntarily resigned. In thus resigning, she was moved, according to her husband, not by fear, but by unwillingness to hold office against the wishes of her neighbors. There is no doubt that this local incident contains the germ of a national issue.

The question is, Shall the military power of the United States be used to force a colored official upon a community against the unanimous protest of its white inhabitants? If this question be answered in the affirmative, we may have to face a renewal of the civil war. We doubt the expediency of raising such an issue. We regret to add that there is a trace of vindictiveness and provocation in the course pursued by the Post Office Department which has compelled the citizens of Indianola to obtain their mail at a post-office thirty miles away instead of at another only four miles distant. Conceding, for the sake of argument, that the inhabitants of Indianola had defied Federal authority—which is not clear, since no threat of violence was made, and Mrs. Cox seems to have resigned her office voluntarily—we doubt the constitutionality of the measure taken by Mr. Roosevelt. He could, unquestionably, have appointed another negro to the post-office at Indianola, and upheld him with the judicial and military powers of the Federal government. But where does

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he get the right to deprive an American community of postal facilities the cost of which it helps to defray? We sincerely hope that the real, though unavowed, motive of the attempt to discipline the citizens of Indianola is not, instead of being a somewhat belated resolve to enforce rigorously the privileges granted to colored persons by the reconstruction amendments of the Constitution, a bid for the colored vote in certain Northern States where it holds the balance of power. Does Mr. Roosevelt imagine himself to be a truer friend of the colored race than Mr. Booker T. Washington, who has repeatedly advised his brethren to forego office-holding or office-seeking in that section of the country which resents even an approach to negro domination?

We have no desire to anticipate the verdict of a jury, but it seems to be admitted by such reputable and fair-minded newspapers as the Charleston *News and Courier* and the Savannah *News* that James H. Tillman, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of South Carolina, was guilty of deliberate murder when he shot N. G. Gonzales, the editor of a Columbia newspaper. It has long been known that no adequate punishment for the murder of a negro by a white man need be looked for in South Carolina. That is a state of things sufficiently shameful, but it now remains to be seen whether even white men have any rights that members of the political clique headed by Senator Tillman are bound to respect. It is, in truth, not only the man-slayer James H. Tillman but the State of South Carolina which will be on trial at the bar of public opinion. We find it hard to believe that a jury can be found to acquit Tillman if the evidence of deliberate murder be as clear and overwhelming as it is said to be by those who are in a position to learn the truth. We know of nothing more calculated than such a defiance of justice to stop all emigration and arrest all inflow of capital into South Carolina, and to subject that State to moral and social ostracism. Has not the State already disgraced herself enough by sending a loud-mouthed and offensive demagogue to the Federal Senate? It is not by countenancing such men as Senator Tillman and his man-slaying brother that the Southern States can hope to regain that preponderant position in the councils of the national Democracy which they once occupied, and which on some grounds many conservative members of the party in the Northern States would like to see them reassume. We wish we could look forward with confidence to the outcome of Tillman's trial, but this we can hardly do, in view of the admission made by the Charleston *News and Courier* that an acquittal may be expected.

The New York *World* asks the press of the United States to contribute towards the prosecution of the murderer of N. G. Gonzales, the editor of the Columbia *State*. There is virtue in the request, for Tillman's cowardly and brutal deed was not only a violation of the law of South Carolina, but an assault upon the freedom of the press. Gonzales was killed for his faithful discharge of a public duty. His murderer took his life because he had fearlessly discussed public questions, exposed public corruption, and denounced public criminals. In this discharge of duty, in this exercise of a right guaranteed to every editor by the laws of the country, Gonzales had probably brought Tillman's political career to an end. For doing this, he was killed. The immediate offence is against the law and peace of the State of South Carolina, and we entertain no doubt that the commonwealth will be true to her best traditions in the ability and thoroughness with which the Attorney-General will prosecute Tillman. But the latter has openly boasted that he will be defended by "the best legal talent that the State of South Carolina has ever produced." In view of the strenuous struggle which he has avowed that he will make in order that he may vindicate the right of politicians to kill their critics of the press, it is well that as complete and ample preparation be made for the prosecution. The press owes it to itself to vindicate its ancient liberties, to express its detestation of the crime, and to defend its privilege and right, which, in this country, is as old as the government. This is not a suggestion to intrude upon the State. The State should welcome the aid of all who have been wronged by this crime, and should give to the press this opportunity to express itself most effectively touching the assault upon its rights. At any rate, a proper respect for themselves and for their office demands that the editors of the country meet the editor of the *World* and let it be understood, in this most practical way, that they are jealous of the right which is guaranteed to them by the Constitution, and that they will not be deterred from the exercise of it for the public good.

We look forward with interest to the publication of the Year-Book of the Carnegie Institution, which will show to what extent and in what way the founder's purpose has been carried out. It will be remembered that Mr. Carnegie gave to this institution $10,000,000 in five-per-cent. bonds of the United States Steel Corporation. That is to say, he provided an annual income of $500,000, to be expended, not on the construction and maintenance of new and unnecessary buildings, or on the salaries of placemen and disbursing agents, but for the direct encouragement of men already engaged in scientific research at existing institutions, or in connection with their professional labors. In other words, this munificent grant was not to be frittered away on bricks and mortar, or on the maintenance of sinecures. This was an admirable feature of the founder's plan, and we sincerely trust that there will be no departure from it. We learn that the grants thus far made by the institution amount in the aggregate to $200,000, and that no larger sum will be allotted by the trustees during the year 1903. We do not yet know what has been done, or is to be done, with the remaining three-fifths of the institution's annual income. We are told that the sum awarded to any individual investigator will not, as a rule, exceed one thousand dollars a year. A grant of $4000, however, has been made to the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Holl, Massachusetts. We are glad to see that the funds of this institution are not to be devoted to the assistance of students who are trying to obtain university degrees, nor to the payment of mere mechanical helpers in the work of scientific instruction. We repeat that all this money is to go to the encouragement, not of tyros, but of experts, that is to say, of men who have proved themselves capable of prosecuting independent and valuable researches. It is also satisfactory to learn that no limitation as to nationality has been prescribed by the directors of the institution. One of the beneficiaries is the Japanese scientist Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, whose investigations of the effects of certain poisons have attracted so much attention all over the world. As yet, the directors of the Carnegie Institution have given no indication of an intention to follow the course pursued by Nobel, the Swedish inventor, and to offer very large prizes for memorable achievements in one or another field of scientific inquiry. The importance of a fund applicable to the encouragement of men who have proved themselves experts in investigating is keenly appreciated by British scientists, and they will be rejoiced to learn that Mr. Carnegie has decided to endow with $5,000,000 a trust for scientific research at Edinburgh, the income to be distributed on lines similar to those adopted by the directors of the Carnegie Institution at Washington. We may add that this, with other donations made since the beginning of the new year, brings up the aggregate of the great ironmaster's benefactions to nearly $79,000,000.

Dr. George Parkin, of Toronto, who represents the Rhodes scholarships trustees, is working systematically to get the best advice he can in the matter of assigning the American scholarships. On January 23 he met in Boston some of the college presidents and school principals of northern New England and got their views; on January 24, in Cambridge, he met another company of educators, from southern New England, and talked with them. It will be remembered that under Mr. Rhodes's will there are to be two scholars from each American State and Territory. Dr. Parkin said the plan was to select one of them in the spring of 1904 to go to Oxford in that year, and another in 1905, but none in 1906. In 1907 the group first chosen would have finished their three years' course, and another squad would be selected to fill their places. The candidates, Dr. Parkin said, must be acceptable to Oxford, and must pay rather more attention to social requirements than students always do in American universities. The inference from that is that if a thrifty American had undertaken to live at Oxford on five hundred dollars a year and save the rest of his fifteen-hundred-dollar

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income, Mr. Rhodes's purpose would be felt to be thwarted, and Oxford would disapprove.

The southern New England educators who met Dr. Parkin agreed with their Northern brethren in recommending that candidates should not be younger than nineteen, nor older than twenty-three; that they should be eligible from the end of the sophomore year up to two years from graduation; that examinations should be conducted from Oxford; that only candidates qualified to read for an Oxford honor degree should be accepted; that candidates should be nominated by the American colleges, and that "in the States in which there are several colleges nominations shall be made in rotation according to seniority by those institutions which, in the judgment of the trustees of the Rhodes bequest, give courses of studies that qualify students to matriculate at the University of Oxford." These recommendations do not settle anything, but they are the result of much deliberation and discussion, and probably indicate how the problem will be worked out. Educators in New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Kansas City, Chicago, Minneapolis, Spokane, Denver, and San Francisco will be asked for their opinions, and then Dr. Parkin will report to the trustees in London before going to New Zealand and Australia to make his arrangements there. A good deal has been said, and much can and will be said, about the defects of Oxford as a place of education for American youth, but there is no sort of doubt that there will be a brisk demand for all the Rhodes scholarships that are available in this country. Three years at Oxford on a generous income is a prospect that appeals strenuously to the imagination of youth. It won't be a question with our young men whether it is the best educational opportunity theoretically possible, but whether it is the most attractive opportunity practically available. It is unquestionably attractive. The Rhodes scheme will surely work, and its workings and their eventual result promise to be of remarkable interest.

Observing that President Hopkins of Williams holds to the old-fashioned college course of four years, the Boston *Transcript* remarks that "perhaps the President of Williams is not worried with the sight of two thousand lazy undergraduates dawdling away four years on work that they could do in two. . . . That's where the shoe pinches in our great urban universities." It is a vulgar error, which the *Transcript* should have escaped, to suppose that the majority of the students in any good college, great or small, do any great amount of dawdling. Some students dawdle, and a good many are not so strenuous in study as they might be; but the proportion of hard students in our colleges is surprisingly large, and it is at least as large in the big colleges as in the small ones. The reason why the "urban universities" are more solicitous for the shortened course is not that they are full of loafers, but that they have so many hard students who are pressed for time, and that they have great professional schools, whose interests, and the interests of students in them, constantly appeal for consideration. It is not for the lazy lads that courses are being crowded into fewer years, but for the hard workers.

The New York *Times*, on the authority of the Philadelphia *Medical Journal*, rebukes the WEEKLY for saying of Mrs. Eddy, the Christian Scientist: "Somehow, she has got hold of some important truths that the regular doctors have missed." The *Journal* says there is nothing new in Christian Science, and the *Times* agrees with it. Maybe they are right; the WEEKLY is not prepared to assert the contrary. But how would it do to suggest that the Christian Scientists seem to have devised a fairly effective apparatus for using this knowledge which perhaps the regular doctors have not missed. Most intelligent physicians recognize the great value of mental influence on many diseases, but they usually lack effective means to bring it to bear. The Christian Scientists seem to have a fairly effective method, though it is probably true that they often apply it in unfit cases. The hope of a good many thoughtful persons who have opposed attempts to squelch Christian Science and similar developments by law, has been that toleration and observation of them would presently yield valuable knowledge which would be useful to mankind. Inasmuch as it is always pleasant to be cock-sure of anything, the *Times* is to be envied for the certainty of its conviction that Christian Science is a thoroughly pestilent contrivance, without any reasonable claim to countenance or toleration. It rails at it at every chance, with a vigor of malediction which must do its own spirit good, however it affects, or fails to affect, the enemy. Perhaps its superior and enviable conclusiveness of opinion on this subject, as contrasted with the halting attitude of other contemporaries, is due to a moderate conception of the possible powers of the human spirit. One who considers that the spirit of man is a mighty potentiality, which ought to work wonders, and could if it knew how, looks curiously at wonders it is asserted to have worked and considers whether some of them may not be genuine. But the observer who is sure that man's spirit is a mere incident of digestion and respiration finds it easier to assure himself that the unaccountable does not happen, and that all wonders are bogus. Man's spirit ought to do some of the stunts and attain some of the physical results that the Christian Scientists claim that they accomplish. What daunts the curious but unconverted observer is his doubt that the Scientists really know the nature, scope, and limitations of the force they seem to deal with, or are competent to judge when it will suit the use they put it to, and when it will not.

It is with mixed feelings that lawyers regard the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States on the subject of divorce. The tribunal affirmed a decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court which set aside a South Dakota divorce, in pursuance of a Massachusetts statute providing that if a person residing in Massachusetts should go to another State for the purpose of securing a divorce the Massachusetts courts should not recognize its validity. There is no dispute about the facts. One Andrews went from Massachusetts to South Dakota and remained there for six months, the length of time required by the South Dakota law to constitute a legal residence. That is to say, the State of South Dakota, in the exercise of its authority, chose to declare that a six months' residence should be conclusive proof of the *animus remanendi*, and that, consequently, such a resident was qualified to avail himself of a State law concerning divorce, without being subjected to the imputation of perpetrating a fraud upon the commonwealth. How can the decision of the United States Supreme Court be reconciled with the provision of the Federal Constitution that full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the public acts, records, and judicial proceedings of every other State? The United States Supreme Court holds, as did the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, that Andrews had no right to avail himself of the South Dakota divorce law because he did not go to that State and reside there with the *animus remanendi*. Is not the very point at issue whether a State has the power to define by statute what length of residence shall constitute unimpeachable proof of an *animus remanendi*? Does not such a statute deserve as much faith and credit on the part of another State as would any other legislative act passed in South Dakota? If, on any ground whatever, one State has a right to criticise, condemn, and disregard an act duly passed by the Legislature of another State, what becomes of the constitutional provision to which we have referred? Of course, lawyers who practise before the United States Supreme Court are reluctant to give public expression to their opinions concerning any decision of that tribunal. Some of them do not hesitate, however, to confess in private that they are puzzled to account for the confirmation of the arrogant position taken with regard to South Dakota by the Massachusetts Supreme Court.

It is seldom that a more important decision has been rendered by a New York tribunal than that which was handed down on January 20 by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of that State concerning the constitutionality of the franchise tax law. It may be remembered that Mr. Roosevelt when Governor insisted not only upon the passage of this law, but also, against the wishes of the framer of the measure, upon delegating the levying of the tax to a State board instead of the local tax commissioners. Now the court holds that the bill, as originally framed, was constitutional, but condemns as unconstitutional the provision inserted by Mr. Roosevelt for the assessment of franchises by a State

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board. Should the decision be confirmed by the Court of Appeals—Governor Odell has requested his Attorney-General to expedite the consideration of the case by that tribunal—the city of New York will have to pay back a great many millions of dollars already collected under the act. The franchise-enjoying corporations will gain nothing in the end, however, unless the law is repealed, because the assessments made by local tax commissioners would in all likelihood greatly exceed those that were made by the State board. We presume that, in any event, Governor Odell will persist in his effort to secure a repeal of the franchise law, and to substitute a provision for a tax upon the gross earnings of corporations enjoying franchise privileges. The fact may be recalled that some of the corporations possessing franchises in New York city protested that, even with the assessments made by the State board, the tax imposed upon them by the Roosevelt act was utterly beyond their power to pay. Governor Odell, for his part, is probably too shrewd to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

The causes of the coal famine by which the larger cities on or near our Atlantic coast have been afflicted are less obscure than they were last week, but it is to be hoped that they will be made the subject of a searching inquiry at the hands of the Pennsylvania Legislature. It is certain that the Reading Company is striving to make the largest delivery of anthracite in its power, and that it has faithfully kept its promise to keep down the retail price of all the output from its own mines to $6 75 per ton. All those consumers, on the other hand, who are obliged to rely on anthracite mined by individual operators have had to pay very much higher prices. It now turns out that the supply of anthracite would be ample if the normal consumers of that combustible were not now subjected to competition on the part of manufacturers who ordinarily use bituminous coal. It is the relative dearth of bituminous coal in the seaboard cities which is now at the root of the trouble. Who is to blame for this dearth? The bituminous operators assert that they could produce from two to four times as much coal as they now do if the Pennsylvania railway lines would haul it. The railway officials, on their part, say that they have neither cars nor locomotives enough to haul any more coal than they now do. They are suffering, they say, from a general freight congestion, and cannot be expected to devote the whole of their rolling-stock to the transportation of bituminous coal. Whether this explanation is well founded is just one of the questions upon which light might be cast by a legislative inquiry. One thing seems certain, namely, that bituminous coal, usually worth in seaboard cities three dollars or four dollars per ton, retail, is *not* now selling at seven dollars to nine dollars a ton because there is a demand for it on the part of householders, who would prefer anthracite. On the contrary, it is manufacturers who, unable to obtain their normal supplies of bituminous coal, are now buying the small sizes of anthracite formerly used in private houses. The responsibility for the present inordinate prices of fuel seems to lie between the bituminous operators and the Pennsylvania railway.

If experience shall confirm the reports made by experts of international reputation concerning the richness of a new gold-bearing district in Alaska, we are more likely to experience a glut than a scarcity of the yellow metal for some time to come. The more confidence is attached to the reports because the public has not been invited to take part in the exploitation of the placer-mines to which we refer, as it is said that they have been purchased by an Anglo-American syndicate, in which the Rothschilds are represented. If it be true that over a very extensive area the gravel yields on an average two dollars in gold to the cubic yard, there is nothing extravagant in the estimate that something like an annual output of fifty million dollars may be expected for ten years to come. As the cost of extracting the gold from the gravel is computed at only sixty cents per cubic yard, the proportion of profit should be large. Nor is this the only quarter from which large additions to the annual flow of gold from the Klondike and the South-African Rand may be looked for. Extensive deposits of gold are known to exist in Mexico, and it is only a question of time when the mining energies of that country, hitherto concentrated upon silver, will be devoted to an exhaustive search for the yellow metal. The more the world's stock of gold is increased, the more desperate, of course, appear the prospects of bimetalism.

One of the popular novels of the hour has to do with wheat-speculation in Chicago. Some of its readers are doubtless observing, with more than usual interest, the reports of the newspapers about the current labors of Mr. J. O. Armour, in the Chicago wheat-pit. Mr. Armour was credited last week with owning twenty million bushels of May wheat, and was agitating the traders considerably by his operations. The Chicago wheat-pit is a great institution, which in the late Frank Norris's hands rendered considerable services to literature. As a means of abating the ennui of life in Chicago it seems to be without a rival. As the late Mr. Prentice of Kentucky said of something else, it opens every morning to welcome aleatory investigators with bloody hands to hospitable graves. Why Mr. Armour should be so busy in the pit does not appear. Maybe he is bored; maybe he is merely attending to his business which is large, and ramifies into grain. Let us hope the hospitalities of the pit are agreeable to him. His father enjoyed them from time to time, yet lived to die, solvent and much respected, in his own bed.

Remarking that English political satirists run more easily into verse than ours do, the *Evening Post* observes that "the number of metrical skits in *Punch* is quite unparalleled in this country." Perhaps that is because the cost of living is higher in this country. The devising of metrical skits of merit is slow work, there is no skit-makers' union, and the rate of remuneration does not commend the industry to our laboring class.

Dr. Andrew S. Draper, formerly Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State, now president of the University of Illinois, told the Twentieth Century Club, in Boston, recently what he thought and felt about coeducation. His discourse was one of a series of University Lectures. He told about the gradual accumulation of women's rights. Our foremothers had none; their descendants have as many as men have, and they include, in his opinion, not necessarily the suffrage, but all the education there is in the market. He found the education of women to be a natural and inevitable result of democracy, and coeducation to be its natural sequence. He had coeducation under constant observation, and liked it thoroughly. It worked well, and there was no reaction against it worth mentioning. The great State universities of the West were committed to it, and have no idea of changing their habits. Stanford University, because of some views expressed by Senator Stanford, had decided to limit the number of its women students to 500. Some universities, situated in or near great cities (like the Northwestern, near Chicago), had found themselves in danger of being overrun by women students, and had had to take thought about keeping the number of men and women students about equal. This had happened because in great cities more girls than boys found time to go to college. But in the main, Dr. Draper found that coeducation had passed far beyond the experimental stage, and is an established success. He found no fault with small colleges that excluded girls, nor with women's colleges that excluded men, but he held that "if the great universities have equipments which the women's colleges cannot rival, and if their teaching staffs are the very climax of the work of the great universities since the beginning of universities, and if women are to be denied the advantages of this, wholly or in part, it is taking away a substantial right which is theirs under all the theories of our government, and which all the interests of our democracy loudly demand that they shall have."

Mr. John S. Sargent, a sketch of whom appears in our series this week, has just come over from England to carry out a commission of painting a portrait of the President, and to superintend the placing of some of his mural decorations in the Boston Public Library. Mr. Sargent lives abroad, and has spent most of his life there. With Edwin A. Abbey he has had the highest recognition that can be given in England and on the continent. We still claim him, however, for America, and it is a matter of hearty congratulation that we have here a large part of his work. At forty-seven his best work is still undone.

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The Panama Canal Treaty

We assume that the canal treaty signed on Thursday, January 22, by Mr. John Hay, Secretary of State, and Dr. Tomas Herran, Colombian Chargé d'Affaires, will be ratified by the Senate of the United States and by the Colombian Congress. The assumption is based upon the grounds, first, that few Senators will desire, by opposing the treaty, to expose themselves to the suspicion that they are acting in the interests of certain transcontinental railways which are accused of wishing to prevent the construction of any trans-isthmian waterway whatever; secondly, that the Colombian Congress will obey the chiefs of the *de facto* government now in power at Bogota, and that these persons, whatever counter-influence may be exerted by the representatives of certain foreign powers, will be unwilling to forego the handling of ten million dollars in gold, the bonus which is to be paid immediately on the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty. Taking for granted, then, as we have said, that the compact will in due course be ratified, it is worth while to examine carefully certain features of the published text of this important document. We observe, first, that while Colombia does not renounce its sovereignty over any part of the isthmus, it grants to the United States the use and control of a zone of territory for a term of one hundred years, the lease being renewable for periods of similar duration at the sole option of the United States. This is, practically, a lease in perpetuity. The zone is to be five kilometres wide on each side of the main canal, the measurement to be made from the centre line. But this does not represent the whole of the territory transferred. Colombia grants zones of similar width surrounding all necessary auxiliary canals, provided the distance of these from the main canal does not exceed fifteen miles. The grant further covers three marine miles from mean low-water mark at each terminus of the canal.

The use and occupation of certain small islands in the Bay of Panama are also conceded. On the other hand, the grant does not include the cities of Panama and Colon, except so far as lands and other property therein are now owned and occupied by the French Canal Company or the Panama Railroad Company. These cities and their accessory lands will continue to be neutral territory, the neutrality of which will continue to be guaranteed by the United States, as provided by our treaty of 1846 with New Granada. We note, next, that Colombia authorizes us to construct at each terminus of the proposed canal a port provided with light-houses and other aids to navigation, which port shall be free to the vessels of all nations. The canal, also, when constructed, shall be neutral in perpetuity, and open to all nations on the terms stipulated in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty entered into by the governments of the United States and Great Britain on November 18, 1901.

Both in Europe and in Latin America particular attention will be given to the fourth article of the treaty, which practically constitutes a self-denying ordinance. In this article our government takes occasion once more and explicitly to define its attitude toward the Latin-American republics, and it expressly disavows any intention of using the rights and privileges granted by the treaty to oust Colombia from her sovereignty over any part of the isthmus. The United States disclaim any wish to increase their territory at the expense of Colombia or of any of the Central or South-American commonwealths, but reaffirm their desire to strengthen the power of their sister republics, and to promote and maintain their prosperity and independence.

But, it may be asked, how can a clash of jurisdiction be averted between the reserved sovereignty of Colombia and the right of the United States to police the canal zone. The precautions taken to that end reflect credit on the sagacity as well as the good intentions of the framers of the treaty. The Colombian tribunals are to have exclusive jurisdiction within the canal zone over all controversies between citizens of Colombia, or between such citizens and the citizens of any foreign nation other than the United States. On the other hand, tribunals established by the United States shall have exclusive jurisdiction within the canal zone over all controversies between citizens of the United States, or between citizens of the United States and citizens of any foreign nation other than the Republic of Colombia; and of all controversies relating to the construction, maintenance, and operation of the canal, railway, and accessory works. In the third place, all controversies between citizens of the United States and citizens of Colombia, or between citizens of nations other than Colombia or the United States, are to be decided by joint judicial tribunals composed of jurists appointed by the governments of the United States and Colombia in a manner hereafter to be agreed upon. These joint judicial tribunals are also to have jurisdiction of all admiralty cases, and of all crimes, felonies, and misdemeanors committed within the canal zone, no matter to what country the accused person may belong. The more closely these arrangements are studied, the more reasonable and equitable they appear. Viewed collectively, they seem to constitute the next best system to the assertion of exclusive jurisdiction in all civil and criminal actions on the part of the United States, which assertion would be plainly incompatible with the sovereignty reserved to Colombia.

We would point out, lastly, that the sixth article and the twentieth article of the treaty are inter-related, and, taken together, embody concessions of great moment to the United States. By the sixth article Colombia binds herself not to cede or lease to any foreign government for naval or coaling stations any of its islands or harbors within or adjacent to the Bay of Panama, nor on the Atlantic coast of Colombia between the Atrato River and the western boundary of the Department of Panama. In the same article our government pledges itself to give Colombia material support in order to prevent the forcible occupation of said islands and ports. The effect of this article obviously is to frustrate any hope of securing a foothold near the canal that may have been entertained by Germany or by any other European power. But, it may be said, this sixth article only binds Colombia as to future acts. Is it not possible that already, by secret treaties, she may have made cessions or entered into agreements incompatible with the interests of the United States? The inquiry is pertinent, inasmuch as it is known that last year the Bogota government entered into secret treaties with Chile, giving that country rights on the Isthmus of Panama, which, as constructors and operators of the canal, we could not for a moment tolerate. It was a knowledge of this fact which caused our State Department to insist upon the insertion in the treaty of the twentieth article. This article, the vital importance of which we have indicated, sets forth that if any existing treaty between Colombia and any third power contains any terms incompatible with those of the present convention, Colombia agrees to cancel or modify such treaty, for which purpose it will give the requisite notification to the said third power within four months from the date of the present convention; and whether or not such existing treaty with a third power contains any clause permitting modification or annulment, Colombia agrees to annul it, or modify it in such a way that it shall in no wise conflict with the stipulations of the Panama Convention. This means that Colombia will disregard the secret compact with Chile, and will rely on the United States to protect her, should an attempt be made by Chile to enforce the concessions embodied in the secret treaty.

From whatever point of view the canal treaty is considered, it must be pronounced a triumph of American diplomacy. For obvious reasons we should have preferred to acquire absolute sovereignty over the canal zone, but since this was unobtainable, Mr. Hay has made the best of the situation.

The German Emperor and the United States

At the hour when we write there is a report, which we hope will prove well founded, that Germany has consented to raise the blockade of Venezuela, the Berlin Foreign Office having accepted Mr. Bowen's proposal to guarantee the payment of the debts due from the Caracas government by placing the Venezuelan custom-houses in the hands of a receiver acceptable to the foreign creditors. That Mr. Bowen was prepared to make such a proposal was well known in Europe as well as in the United States before Fort San Carlos was bombarded by three German war-vessels. The question arises, What did the German government expect to gain by that high-handed proceeding? and the question raises the wider inquiry, What is the real attitude of the German Emperor toward the United States? We call the proceeding high-handed because, even if we admit the truth of the assertion made by the Berlin Foreign Office, but firmly denied at Caracas,—the assertion, namely, that Fort San Carlos fired the blank shot to warn the German gunboat *Panther* not to enter the inland lake of Maracaibo,—it was plainly inexpedient for the gunboat to seize the pretext for retaliation, and, in conjunction with two other war-vessels, to bombard the fort and destroy an adjacent town, if the German Emperor truly desired to promote a speedy and pacific settlement of the controversy pending between himself and President Castro. Such a tactless exhibition of vindictiveness and brutality, even if technically warranted, was calculated to exasperate the Venezuelans, who are a high-spirited people, and to provoke them to withdraw the overtures which Mr. Bowen, their representative, had been empowered to make. If Emperor William, foreseeing that he could not decently resist the pressure of his British and Italian allies, who were disposed to regard Mr. Bowen's proposals as satisfactory, secretly wished to goad the Venezuelans into a withdrawal of those proposals, he could have hit upon no better device than the savage bombardment of the fort and village of San Carlos. Equally likely to infuriate President Castro and cause him to refuse any sort of concession, was the aid said to have been furnished covertly by Germans to General Matos, the head of the insurrection against Castro's authority. It is difficult, indeed, to explain the course pursued by the German Admiral in Venezuelan waters, except upon the hypothesis that what Emperor William desired was, not an early peace, but a prolonged war, which would have given him an excuse for doing the very thing that he disclaimed a wish to do, namely, for landing troops on the Venezuelan mainland, occupying Caracas, and retaining it, or some other

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coign of vantage, for an indefinite period. He may have believed that he could do these things with impunity, so far as the United States were concerned, because, in his agreements with the British and Italian allies, he had procured the insertion of a clause binding them not to withdraw from the joint demonstration without his consent.

We are unable to account for the Fort San Carlos affair except by imputing to the Berlin government an inclination to prevent a quick and peaceful settlement of the Venezuelan controversy. This conclusion leads us to inquire whether this incident and other recent acts of Emperor William's indicate an honest desire to gain the friendship of the United States, or, rather, an astute design to break up the amicable relations which, for some years, have existed between this country and Great Britain. It must be admitted that, even if the Emperor's professions of good-will were sincere, they were unskilfully conceived, for they have made but a faint impression on American public opinion. Ineffectual, for instance, was his publication of the despatch sent by Dr. von Holleben to the Berlin Foreign Office, in which it was pointed out that Lord Pauncefote countenanced the attempt of the Austrian minister to obtain a concerted and earnest protest against our intervention on behalf of Cuba. The divulgation of the despatch was ineffectual, because nobody cared whether Lord Pauncefote personally was or was not opposed to our war with Spain, the only point of consequence being that Mr. A. J. Balfour, then controlling the British government, repudiated the proposed protest. Equally futile was the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to this country. With the exception of a few hundred snobs in New York and Washington, the American people are utterly indifferent to titles, royal or other, unless their possessors are men of exceptional ability, and we presume that no claim to intellectual distinction would be put forward for Prince Henry. It is doubtless hard for Emperor William, who is haunted with visions of the past, to comprehend that we Americans do not care a farthing about crowns, sceptres, quarterings, and other mediæval trappings of royalty; yet such, we can assure him, is the fact. Even more foolish, if the Emperor's purpose was to arouse gratitude and sympathy, was the gift of a statue of Frederick the Great. There is absolutely no reason why the American people should wish to possess a statue of Frederick the Great, except upon the ground that he was a famous warrior, and that ground would justify the Italians in sending us a statue of Julius Cæsar. As Mr. Moncure D. Conway has conclusively shown, the alleged presentation of a sword by Frederick the Great to Washington is a myth without an atom of foundation. As for Frederick's recognizing the independence of the Thirteen Colonies, he steadily refused to do it until their independence had been acknowledged by Great Britain herself, when, of course, his recognition was superfluous. We could understand the gift, however, if the Emperor's secret wish was to impress upon American minds the striking contrast presented in one particular between the conduct of Frederick the Great and that of George III.; for the former refused a passage through his territories to the Hessian and other German mercenaries whom George III. had hired for the purpose of helping to extinguish American liberties.

Now let us see what may have been the Emperor's motive in securing England's cooperation in the demonstration against Venezuela. It is inconceivable that a man of intelligence should have expected to secure the good-will of the American people by an armed coercion of the Caracas government. He must have foreseen that, in spite of his smooth protestations, we should forthwith recognize the fact that his move against Venezuela was pregnant with dangers to the Monroe doctrine. It might, at all events, impel us to assume financial responsibilities for the Latin-American republics which our government has never contemplated. On the other hand, the co-operation of Great Britain would render it impossible for us to assume toward Germany the minatory attitude which we assumed toward France when we informed Napoleon III. that the presence of French troops in Mexico was regarded by us with disapproval. Especially was this true inasmuch as Emperor William had secured from the British Foreign Office a singular agreement that England would never withdraw from the combination with Germany except with the latter's consent. Under the circumstances, he could lose nothing by his Venezuelan policy except the good-will of the American people, which, in all likelihood, he had already come to regard as unattainable. Not only was no direct loss to be feared, but he might even hope for an indirect gain, through the disgust and indignation excited in the United States by the proof of England's willingness to safeguard Germany against any interference on our part with the browbeating of Venezuela. If he could succeed in breaking up the league of hearts which had seemed to be in process of formation between England and the United States, he would achieve a memorable stroke of statecraft from the German point of view; for England, no longer able to count upon food supplies from the United States in war time, would be henceforth unable to pursue an independent policy in Europe and the Far East.

Our conclusion is that Emperor William has ceased to retain, if he ever entertained, any hope of gaining American friendship, and that, in persuading England to take part with him in the coercion of the Caracas government, his motive was to isolate and weaken her, and make her henceforth dependent on himself by arousing against her the resentment of the United States.

Mr. Richard Olney's Candidacy

THERE have been of late many signs of a concerted movement to put forward Mr. Richard Olney, who was Secretary of State in the second Cleveland administration, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1904. The movement is opposed by Mr. George Fred. Williams, who has posed as the representative of Bryanism in the old Bay State. His opposition could not prevent Mr. Olney from securing the Massachusetts delegation if the latter's candidacy were looked upon with favor by Mr. Josiah Quincy and other masters of the Democratic local machine. Notwithstanding Mr. Williams's unfriendly attitude, the nomination of Mr. Olney is advocated by such a large proportion of the Bryan newspapers in the West that Mr. Bryan's countenance of the course pursued by them is generally taken for granted. It is not difficult to see why Mr. Bryan should prefer Mr. Olney to any other candidate thus far suggested. It is true that Mr. Olney is just as firmly opposed to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one as he was in 1896, but Mr. Bryan is well aware that nobody who is known to desire the subversion of the gold standard can obtain the Democratic nomination next year. Being thus constrained to choose among the opponents of free silver, Mr. Bryan naturally selects the man who gave most earnest support to the last Democratic nominee for the office of Chief Magistrate. It is possible that Mr. Cleveland, Senator Gorman, and Judge Parker voted for Mr. Bryan in 1900, if not also in 1896; but not one of them made any resolute and public effort in his behalf.

It will be remembered, on the other hand, that Mr. Olney, on September 7, 1900, published in the New York *World* a letter in which he assigned many reasons for supporting Mr. Bryan, notwithstanding the latter's persistent adherence to the silver heresy, which, in Mr. Olney's opinion, had ceased to be a matter of any practical moment. This letter, which is now being reproduced in many parts of the country, undoubtedly embodied a powerful appeal to that large section of the American people which regarded with profound dissatisfaction, if not dismay, the attitude of the Republican party toward the tariff, the trusts, and the Philippines. The question of the retention of the Philippines, like that of free silver, may be regarded as a dead issue; but events have brought the tariff and the trusts more than ever into the foreground of public interest and public discussion. The position taken by Mr. Olney with regard to these paramount and urgent problems is substantially identical with that occupied by Mr. Bryan himself, and would naturally commend itself, not only to the latter, but also to the masses of the Democratic party. There is, indeed, no reason to suppose that Mr. Olney would go a jot further than would Mr. Cleveland in opposition to a high protective tariff, or in an attempt to control the trusts, so far as such control could be effected by constitutional means. Mr. Bryan, however, seems to be personally unfriendly to Mr. Cleveland, and he has repeatedly intimated in his *Commoner* that he would resist to the utmost the renomination of the ex-President. Perhaps he foresees also that he could not hope for any recognition on the part of Mr. Cleveland, should the latter be re-elected President, whereas it is by no means improbable that Mr. Olney would invite him to become a member of the cabinet. If Mr. Bryan prefers Mr. Olney to Judge Parker also, it is doubtless because he assumes that the latter, if elected, would be influenced by certain New York Democrats whom the editor of the *Commoner* regards with peculiar and not undeserved dislike.

After all, however, Mr. Bryan's wishes are not of very much importance, because it is no longer probable that his followers will constitute a third of the next Democratic National Convention, and because, in no event, would he be able to bolt and accept a Populist nomination, since the Populist party has practically ceased to exist, having shrunk in ten years from upwards of a million to about twenty thousand votes. Mr. Bryan and his friends will have to support the Democratic nominee, whoever he is, unless they repudiate the duty about which they had so much to say in 1896 and 1900,—namely, the duty of submitting to the choice of the party's representatives. We may, then, for the sake of argument, disregard Mr. Bryan's personal preference, as the convention will be likely to do, and confine ourselves, as the convention will confine itself, to the question of availability. From this point of view Mr. Olney is scarcely satisfactory. He would not have the faintest chance of carrying his native State. He might possibly win Rhode Island, but we could have no assurance that he would gain Connecticut, whereas we know that Mr. Cleveland has repeatedly carried the last-named State. He would be much less likely than Mr. Cleveland to capture New Jersey, because local pride would greatly assist his former chief. There is no reason to suppose that he would run better in New York than would Mr. Cleveland, because the latter has

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twice carried that State against the wishes of Tammany Hall, and in 1904 he could count upon the cordial support of that organization. Either of the two candidates named would no doubt sweep all of the Southern States, with the possible exceptions of Maryland and West Virginia. As regards the pivotal States of the Middle and Far West, however, it must be owned that Mr. Cleveland would have the immense advantage of being well known to the voters. Indeed, he is probably better known to the mass of the electorate than is any other citizen of the United States. Mr. Olney is, by comparison, a stranger. In tens of thousands of constituencies it would be needful for stump-speakers to explain who he is. That is a handicap which the Democratic party in a desperate crisis of its fortunes can hardly afford to undergo. The same objection may, of course, be made to the candidacy of Judge Parker, who had scarcely been heard of outside of his own State, until last autumn, when his name was mentioned for the Governorship of New York. We may say for Judge Parker, however, what we cannot say for Mr. Olney, that he is generally believed to be capable of carrying his native State.

The crucial question is, however, what Democrat is able not only to carry New York, but also Connecticut, New Jersey, Indiana, and Illinois, inasmuch as the electoral votes of at least all of those States will probably be indispensable. Now there is only one Democrat alive who has ever carried those five States, and that man is Grover Cleveland. Mr. Bryan did not carry one of them. It is, we admit, conceivable that Mr. Olney, with Mr. Bryan's active assistance, might secure in those five States some votes that would be withheld from his former chief, but, on the other hand, Mr. Cleveland, through the influence of his robust personality and the *éclat* of his previous triumphs, would seem more likely to attract votes from the Republican party. If the next Presidential election were to turn on the vote of New York alone, it might be expedient to select Judge Parker, instead of the ex-President, because the latter, like every other strong man, has made some enemies. But, as we have said, at least four other States must be gained by the Democratic nominee if he is to prove successful, and it is by no means certain that a man comparatively unknown, like Judge Parker, would prove competent for such a task.

It is, perhaps, just as well that Mr. Olney's candidacy should have been seriously mooted at this time, for we cannot begin too early to canvass his qualifications and those of his competitors, in view of the tremendous importance of the next campaign to the Democratic party and to the country.

The Unreality of Realty

If we could put that faith in the accuracy of the reporters which we are never quite able to put, we should be much more interested in some putative utterances of an eminent fellow-citizen than we now are. He was recently speaking to a company of clergymen, and he is said to have said that some of their calling were accusably suffering their minds to be abused by the notion that certain men were becoming too rich, and that all wealth ought to be "dumped into a common pot." But, he is said to have said, he would tell such clergymen that individual ownership was the inspiration of the world's progress, and that the great danger in all debate of the labor question was some such blow at the rights of property as the notion that labor ought to rule. Very likely, however, he did not say this, but only something like it, with such provisions and reservations, that his true position is not fully given by this bold black-and-white sketch of it. He probably thinks, as most other Christians think, that the teachings of One who never, while on earth, individually owned so much as a place where to lay His head, are the principles underlying whatever is good and great in our civilization. Very probably, as to the clergyman whose perversion he is said to have regretted, he would be among the first to excuse them, on the ground that their labors among the poor, with the constant sight of perennial and ineradicable misery, were peculiarly liable to mislead and bewilder them, and that if they sometimes dreamt of having all things in common, as the only state in which some people could have anything, they would be readily amenable to reason, and on reflection would see that it would never do. Whichever side of this extremely dangerous question we take, we all like to speak conditionally.

Property can no more be defended without question of its sanctions than it can be attacked without grave misgiving. In the first place, there appears to be, in certain lights, no such thing as private ownership of real property. This, in a civilized state, belongs to the state, which leases it on certain terms to the citizen. He pays rent in the form of taxes, and if he fails to pay them, the state will dispossess him, just as he in turn may dispossess the tenant to whom he sublets his property, if the tenant does not pay him the hire of it. Even when he pays his rent to the state promptly, the state may decide to dispossess him, if it finds that the property can be more advantageously used otherwise, just as he may dispossess his tenant when he wishes to rebuild or improve the premises. There is no appeal in either case, and this is the prime evidence of the unreality of realty. It seems to be not at all the inviolable thing it has been imagined: it is a convenient economical fiction, and when it becomes inconvenient, the truth about it is made to appear by the sovereign and sole owner of property, the state.

There are other reasons why we should not revere it when it is entrusted to private hands. Not only are the sources of private ownership sometimes atrocious and infamous, foul with fraud, and stained with cruelty and oppression, but sometimes its use and end are equally abominable. Property has a curious faculty of injuring property. A man owning a house may build over his back lot, so as to shut the light and air from his neighbor's house, and injure his neighbor's property to the amount of thousands of dollars, but the neighbor cannot help himself. There is nothing very admirable in this, and it is difficult to see how it tends to progress. Twenty-five or thirty years ago a line of travel was carried through New York city upon terms that were for a while disastrous to the abutting properties, and the owners of them could make themselves good only by costly suits at law, with chances that they could not make themselves good at all. In fact, we are so constantly seeing the disastrous effect of property upon property that many wise men think twice before acquiring the conditional ownership of it that the state allows. At this very moment we are having an extraordinary illustration of the ruthless nature of property in the misbehavior of the sky-scraper at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, which has become known by common consent as the Flat-iron. This malign structure, in a line of conduct strictly consonant with its physical hideousness, is believed by the owner of a clothing establishment on the corner below to have deflected the innocent winds of heaven with such force against the front of his store that his plate-glass windows have been twice blown in and his goods soaked and ruined by the rain. He is said to be about to bring suit against the owners of the Flat-iron, with what hopes of success we will not invade the province of justice so far as to say. But we may confidently predict that he will not succeed in reforming the Flat-iron, either partly or altogether. Its owners, instead of recognizing themselves as the ministers and evangels of progress, will simply hold their own, and invite the clothier to look about for another location if he does not like having his windows blown in by their Flat-iron; and they will have the sympathies of the community with them, for if there is anything more established than another in private property it is its right to spoil other private property. This has survived with it from pagan into Christian times, and it will probably endure as long as private property itself. But we can all agree that though this works certain hardships, it does not form a ground for operating its abolition. The trouble with private ownership is not that it is not sacred, but that it has not been converted, as so many of the heathen gods have been. No doubt this can still be managed, and we think that if there are really any clergymen who are looking askance upon it in the supposed interest of poverty, they will do better to try if they cannot do something to bring it a little more into line with the social advance which it has done so much to promote.

Old Music and New

Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, the musical antiquarian, has lately come here from England to expound to a benighted and unregenerate people the virtues of old music and the archaic instruments for which it was written. Mr. Dolmetsch, if we understand him aright, bewails the development of musical art away from the naïve ideals of that elder day of its being which he loves, toward a greater and more complex intensity—the transmutation of an art that was merely decorative and accessory into an art that has become primarily a medium of emotional expression. He appears to believe that modern music, in attaining its unparalleled capacity for intense emotional utterance, has made a reckless and unjustifiable sacrifice of simplicity, reticence, and repose. Evidently Mr. Dolmetsch totally and most unaccountably misconceives the significance of the musical development which he deplores. The essential mission of music is, in the last analysis, precisely identical with that of any of the other articulate arts: to be, as an incomparable critic has required of poetry, "a criticism of life." Failing that, music is but the emptiest of vanities—at best a beautiful embroidery upon life, never its potent voice and instrument. We wonder if Mr. Dolmetsch knows the exquisite music which Mr. Charles Martin Loeffler has derived from that tremulously ecstatic fantasy of Verlaine's—"Avant que tu ne t'en ailles," performed here recently by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; or the tremendous "Also Sprach Zarathustra" of Richard Strauss, or that bewilderingly brilliant *jeu d'esprit* of the Munich master, "Till Eulenspiegel,"—both of which also we have lately heard. We allege these products of musical modernity as immediate examples because each of them embodies, with peculiarly vivid eloquence, some intense and valid experience of subjective reality—each is "steeped in the colors of human life." And it is precisely that indispensable quality which, for all its reposeful loveliness, the older music lacks.

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Europe and the Monroe Doctrine

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *January 21, 1903.*

GERMAN denunciations of the Monroe doctrine still continue. I do not suppose that is a fact which greatly excites Americans, but it should greatly interest them. Indeed, looking at the Venezuelan affair in retrospect one sees that all its real significance was bound up in its connection with the Monroe doctrine, and that its course was followed with such absorbing attention by Europe simply for the light it might throw on the workings of the "golden rule" of American policy. The egregious Castro and his debts were entirely lost sight of after the first day or two's excitement, and from first to last it was the bearing of the Monroe doctrine on the situation that really held the interest of Europe. True, the Anglo-German alliance sprung a subsidiary issue. That was a development which doubtless startled America, but I may safely say that it startled England more. There has been nothing in English history of the past thirty years, except possibly at the time of Gladstone's failure to relieve Gordon, that would begin to compare with the storm of unanimous condemnation that broke over Lord Lansdowne's head. Even now in the political clubs, on the street, in society, and in the press you will find men angrily canvassing the reasons that led the Foreign Secretary into his unpardonable blunder. It was so gratuitous, so utterly opposed to British interests and policy, so flagrantly contemptuous of the clear wishes of the nation, that Englishmen are still catching at the most extravagant theories to explain its why and wherefore. Some put it down to the King's philo-Germanism; others to sheer stupidity; others again to the easy-goingness, the unwillingness to say No, that are the mark of modern British statesmanship. All three explanations are probably right, but to them should be added a fourth—one that I touched on in a previous letter—the extreme "aloofness" of the governing class in England. It is really quite possible to think that Lord Lansdowne was totally unaware of the intensity of anti-Germanism that obtains throughout the country. Any "man in the street" could have told him, but then a minister of Lord Lansdowne's position never comes across the "man in the street," and if he has not Palmerston's or McKinley's instinct for knowing without being told what the masses of his countrymen are saying and thinking, what will please and what displease them, then he is peculiarly liable to run full-tilt against the unanimous opinion of the country unawares. That was what happened to Lord Lansdowne. He simply did not *know;* and when the knowledge burst on him, when he found every articulate voice in England busily damning him and his precious alliance, it almost paralyzed him with astonishment. "The most surprised man in the British Empire" was the description a friend gave of him at the moment of awakening.

The only comfort England got out of the whole wretched entanglement was in seeing how completely Americans grasped the situation and how far they were from identifying Lord Lansdowne with England. To find themselves under any circumstances in alliance with Germany came upon Englishmen as a profound humiliation; but to find that alliance directed, not, of course, against America, but against a state in which America felt a peculiar political interest, absolutely infuriated them. That is no exaggeration. Nothing in my recollection, not even the blunderings of the War Office in the early stages of the Boer war, so roused and disgusted this country. To be put in the position of seeming to side with Germany in a matter that came, or might come, within the scope of the Monroe doctrine, was resented by all parties and all sections with unmistakable warmth. There is, indeed, nothing that Englishmen are more set on than the maintenance of cordial and sympathetic relations with the United States. This is as true of official as of private England, of Englishmen as a nation, and of Englishmen as individuals. When Mr. Chamberlain declared, as he did in 1900, that his foreign policy was to maintain friendly relations with all foreign powers, "and, if possible, something more than friendly relations with the United States," he was only uttering a wish that lies very near the heart of all Englishmen. In strict accuracy there should be excepted from this statement the editor of the *Saturday Review*. I mention that because certain American journals still quote the *Saturday Review*, as though it were an organ of some importance. No one in England thinks of it in that way; it has dropped clean out of the estimation of the intelligent reading public, and is quoted nowadays, when it is quoted at all, only to show how far a paper may depart from its old and honorable standards. With this exception what I have just stated holds good—England is pro-American to the core. Moreover, on the specific question of the Monroe doctrine her attitude is just what the United States would have it to be. That the doctrine confirms the South-American states in their well-known peculiarities and encourages them indirectly to "dare" Europe is unquestionable. To that extent England finds it an annoyance. But, as against this, it is a factor in preserving the *status quo* over the two Americas; and British policy is based on the principle of preserving the *status quo* wherever possible. Moreover, the Monroe doctrine prevents, or at least makes extremely hazardous, anything in the nature of a European scramble for South America. It renders it, practically speaking, certain that South America will not be treated as Africa and China have been treated. At the same time it is a guarantee that all present holdings on the continent, the British included, will not be interfered with. It thus makes not only for peace, but for security, and so paves the way for that stability which is the foundation of all commerce. England may not, for instance, be wholly satisfied with Venezuela as a neighbor, but she prefers her, commercially and politically, to Germany. The Monroe doctrine forbids the possibility of Germany or any other European power becoming a British neighbor in South America. For these reasons it is largely in line with English interests. Great Britain does not want any more territory in either half of the hemisphere, nor does she want to see any European power carving out a "sphere of influence" for itself between Cape Horn and the Gulf of Panama. Taking Mr. Roosevelt's definition of it just as it stands—"The Monroe doctrine is a declaration that there must be no territorial aggrandizement by any non-American power at the expense of any American power on American soil"—England finds in it absolutely nothing to object to, but, on the contrary, everything to endorse.

On the broad issue, England and America think alike. There is even a school of publicists in this country that would gladly see the British government openly and formally "recognize" the doctrine, and declare their intention, if necessary, to join with America in enforcing it. In all its essentials it has already been "recognized"; the general principle that underlies it is fully and sincerely subscribed to; but beyond that England is hardly prepared to go. Before she could make the Monroe doctrine a cardinal point of British policy it would be necessary to define its scope with some stringency, and that is precisely what Americans are most shrewdly unwilling to do. Moreover, England, after all, is not nearly so interested in South America as is the United States. It would not, for instance, be worth her while to fight in order to prevent a European occupation of part of Patagonia, while Americans presumably would feel impelled to take up arms at once. No calculation can make the English stake in South America, whether sentimental or political, equal to the American, and it would therefore be needlessly quixotic, especially in view of her immense responsibilities elsewhere, for Great Britain to divide with the United States the burden of defending the Monroe doctrine against the world. Englishmen believe, anyway, that the United States is perfectly competent to undertake its defence herself, and that when Congress realizes that the Monroe doctrine, reduced to its essence, means ships and guns and men and plenty of them, there will be no question of its being seriously challenged. Meanwhile, England for her own part accepts the doctrine without reserve, but she is not prepared to help in enforcing it on others. In both cases her policy is determined by the plainest dictates of self-interest. Of course should it appear that America was unable in any given crisis to maintain the doctrine by her own power, the case would be wholly altered, and England might, and probably would, find herself compelled to become its active upholder.

One need hardly point out how vitally different must be the attitude towards this question of such a country as Germany—a country necessarily dissatisfied with the *status quo* in the Americas because she is excluded from it, a country that has not, as England has, an empire that will receive her surplus population, a country that possesses no naval station in South-American waters, and believes that to carve out exclusive reserves for her traders is the only way to ensure commercial prosperity. It is in no sense accusing Germany of "harboring designs" against the Monroe doctrine to insist that, situated as she is, her attitude towards the general question cannot but widely differ from Great Britain's. And that it does differ may be easily seen by comparing the files of the Berlin and London papers for the last two months. The usual complaints run through the German tirades—that the United States will neither take South America for herself nor let any one else take it; that she accepts no responsibility whatever for the outrages, disorders, and financial freakishness of her protégés; that it is not their behavior to Europe, but Europe's behavior to them she claims the right to supervise; and that were any European power to set up a similar irresponsible suzerainty over even the most worthless part of Africa it would be instantaneously challenged. All this we have heard before, but the Venezuelan affair raised one novel and specific point which is not without interest. When does the Monroe doctrine become applicable? For instance, if the allies had occupied La Guayra or Caracas, how long would the United States have left them in unmolested possession? Until their claims were satisfied? That might have taken years, and Germany judges, no doubt correctly, that American opinion would hardly restrain itself so long. What, then, is the time limit? When does a temporary and permissible occupation shade off into a permanent and forbidden one? At what point is Washington prepared to declare that a power legitimately engaged in bringing a South-American state to book, has gone far enough and must call a halt?

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The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

JUNE

THE early planted sweet peas are in flower; so too are the nasturtiums. It was Margery's plan always to sow seeds very early in the year; indeed, she was supposed to have been seen sowing in a snow-storm. Then she used to cover the earth up with matting if it was very cold and uncover it for any glint of sun. Her gardening was of the most unorthodox order: she would pull up seedlings to see how their roots were getting on, disturb sown earth to see what was occurring below; if a plant looked sickly she took it up and shook it and replanted it again with a warning; but everything answered with her, and it was she who taught us to sow sweet peas in March, so that you got the first flowers early in June.

The year after the events of this May, I remember, she made a long row of sweet peas running right up from the house to the end of the garden. The garden was not a large one, any more than was the house, for she and Dick were not rich, and the whole row was not a hundred feet long. But there was a pleasant piece of lawn, with a thicket of lilac and syringa at one end, and at each side of the path she had placed old petroleum-barrels sawn in half for flower-tubs. These she and I had painted green, and in the process had painted ourselves too, and everything tasted and smelt of green paint for a week afterwards. In them she planted nasturtiums and lovelies-bleeding. Both sweet peas and nasturtiums were in flower early one June, just as mine are flowering now. She always loved sweet peas; they gave her "a feeling," she said. Therefore they grow there in a certain place.

Dick and she had been married in the September of the same year when they were engaged; in October the Boer war began, and Dick's regiment was among the first to go out, and she and I went down to Southampton to see the *Maplemore* off. It was a bleak gray day, with an angry fretful wind, which raised little ripples on the water, and as soon as raised cut their heads off. There was a good deal of delay, and she didn't sail for two hours after the advertised time, and we all three said openly to each other that we wished she would be quick. But when the time came, I think that Margery would have given her life for half an hour more had she known.

Then in December came the week which no one can think of now without a shudder, when Stormberg was succeeded by Magersfontein, and Magersfontein by Colenso. But these wintry days passed, and the scars they left in many homes began to heal, and the year and the tide turned.

I saw Margery many times that spring, and I went to stay with her for two days on May the 24th—for the 25th was the anniversary of her engagement to Dick, and she had long ago settled it that we should spend it together. The 24th had been a very hot day, close and sultry, and by a curious coincidence late that night the storm which had for several hours flickered and grumbled in the west came very quickly closer, and burst over us in appalling riot. Sleep was out of the question, and about two in the morning, I got up and sat at the window watching it, thinking very intently how, just a year ago, Dick and I had sat together through it, until the ivory calmness of the moon and the dove-colored dawn had succeeded the tumult. Step by step I went through the talk we had had together, while overhead the violence of the storm abated and passed into the distance again. Now, whether I actually went to sleep or not, I do not know, though, in any case, I was unconscious of having done so, but suddenly I heard Dick's voice—so I thought—close to me. "And whatever happens, Jack," he said.

Then, whether I had been asleep or not, I was awake now and alone. Outside a moon rose high and clear amid the swarming stars, and in the east the sky was dove-colored with the approaching dawn.

The next day we spent very quietly; there was no one there but Margery's mother and myself, and we hardly went beyond the garden. For Margery's time, you will understand, had nearly come, and in a week or two she would be the mother of Dick's child. After tea that afternoon we had a long talk together, for her mother had gone out on some household business, and she spoke to me of that which was coming to her with all the simplicity of her nature, all the triumph and glory of her loving heart.

"I want you to come down again as soon as possible after it," she said, "because it seems so inevitable that you must be here to take part in this great joy of Dick's and mine. You see, Jack, I can't remember a single joy or sorrow of my life into which you and Dick were not bound up, as it were—and this the greatest of all—do come as soon as mother writes to you."

The dusk began to fall in layers over the sky, and the evening breeze got up and tossed the incense of the flower's even-song over the garden. Then, as night closed in, the smell of syringa and lilac fell asleep, and the sweet peas closed, and the benediction of the stars shone from the heights of heaven. Then Margery rose from her chair and held out both hands to me.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "every day I thank God for giving me you as my friend and Dick's. For years I have done that, even when I was a child, and now that I am a woman, and the crown of womanhood is coming to me, I tell you this, and I ask you to continue to be the friend of all of us. I thank you, Jack. I bless you with my whole heart."

She bent down and once again she kissed me.

My God, how content I was at that moment! For at that moment the foe which I had been fighting all the year, whose sword was jealousy of Dick, whose spear was bitterness of heart, whose armor was the human longing and the crying of the flesh for this woman, dropped dead. No longer would I have had anything different, all was utterly good, and she whom I loved stood over me in the gathering silence of the night, and under her feet lay that devilish enemy, whom her goodness and sweetness had slain.

We dined with great gayety and foolishness, and dinner was succeeded by absurd games, in which the two members of the alliance of laughter did wonders for the cause. Then Margery and her mother went up stairs, and I strolled into the garden again, to smoke for half an hour before going to bed, with this reaction of laughter rather strong upon me, and feeling, in spite of what had happened before dinner, vaguely disquieted and depressed, and my mind went back and dwelt with curious insistence on the hallucination of Dick's voice the night before. Then, even while I was pondering over the strangeness of it and telling myself that I must have been asleep, I suddenly heard the clang of the gate leading from the road to the front door on the other side of the house, followed by the crunching of gravel, and, after a moment, the sound of the front-door bell. At that a sudden nameless fear leaped into my heart, and before the bell sounded again I was at the front door. It was a telegraph-boy with a War Office telegram addressed to Margery. I took it from him, closed the door quietly, and stood there with it in my hand, struck motionless and incapable of thought.

Then upstairs I heard a door open, and the next moment my name was called by Margery, her voice half strangled and struggling for utterance.

"Jack, Jack, what is it?" she asked. "What is it—what is it?"

Next moment I saw her leaning over the banister of the landing above, her hair down and with a dressing-gown on. And she saw what I held in my hand.

"Will you bring it up to me, please, Jack?—or open it," she said, faintly, and I heard the banisters creak as she leaned on them and clutched them. Then her mother hurried out of her room and put her arm round her.

I can hear the tearing of that envelope now, the rustle of the unfolding sheet. The few words it contained for a moment meant nothing. Then they became coherent.

"Is it about Dick?" whispered Margery. "Is he wounded? Tell me quick."

I looked up, and do not remember whether I said anything or not. But she knew, and in the dim light of the turned-down lamp in the hall I saw her rise to her full height, with arms outstretched, then sway, and fall back into her mother's arms.

The telegram fluttered to the ground, and I ran up stairs. Together we lifted her up and carried her into her room and laid her on the bed.

"Dick is killed?" whispered her mother to me, and I nodded. Then, at her request, I left them, and ran to wake one of the servants.

"Don't go to bed," she said, as I left the room. "You may be wanted. Sit up till I see you. Have your bicycle ready."

The drawing-room through which I had come a moment before to answer the bell looked out through French windows onto the garden, and here I sat waiting for her mother. As yet the news to me was inconceivable; it seemed merely impossible that it should be so. Something would happen; another telegraph-boy would come, or, which seemed more likely, I would wake to find that I was not here and the time was not now. Perhaps the place would be Bracebridge; perhaps the time would be a year ago. Yet how could that be? For she had spoken to me of Dick and of Dick's child. There was nothing in the world so real as those moments, and in this dumb dazed mood I went once into the hall to see if my bicycle was there; for if these things were a dream, surely I should find some incongruity, and perhaps that which should have been a bicycle might be Dick. But the bicycle stood there, with its lantern already lit as I had left it.

Then came quick steps descending the stairs, and I went out into the hall.

"Please go into the town at once, Jack, and bring Dr. Carleton. Make him come out at once; if he is not in, bring somebody."

"What—what—oh, tell me something," I said.

"Her child will be born sooner than we expected," said she. "Oh, be quick!"

The road was empty of passengers and very dark; once a man, a policeman, I think, shouted something after me; once the shadow of a dog raced me for a while, snarling and snapping. Otherwise all I know of that four miles is a round space of illumination on the road, cast by my lamp, I seemingly motionless, while to right and left trees and houses went noiselessly by, and a wind blew steadily, in spite of the turns of the road, from the direction in which I was speeding. Then the traffic of the town began, and I had the sense to go somewhat more slowly.

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for fear of being taken up, and so delayed. Then, crossing the high street, I came to the square red-brick house.

For an interminable time, so it seemed to me, I waited on the door-step, and then the door was opened by an impassive manservant. Dr. Carleton was at dinner. There was a party, but as soon as he came out the message would be delivered, and I remember saying that I would go into the dining-room myself unless I could see him at once. Then, after another interminable delay, Dr. Carleton, whom I knew slightly, came out.

"Come at once," I said. "Mrs. Arlington."

"Not the confinement?" he said, frowning.

"She has just had news of Dick's death," said I, "and her mother told me that—that the baby might be born sooner than they expected. Oh, man, don't argue!"

"How did you come?" said he.

"Bicycle; it's outside."

He turned to his servant.

"Tell them to put the pony in at once," he said, "and bring it round. And"—he looked at me sharply a moment—"bring some brandy."

I suppose I made some gesture of impatience, for he laid his hand on my arm with a quieting force.

"Now, be sensible," he said. "I am going to get what I may require, and shall go off on your bicycle. You will follow in the cart, and until it is ready you will sit down here and drink a wineglassful of brandy. Neat, mind. I order it."

He nodded at me, pointing to a chair, and I stumbled towards it, conscious for the first time of an overpowering exhaustion. My blood beat through my temples very thin, far away, but with frightful rapidity, and something rang in my ears like the whistle of a distant train. Then I became conscious that the butler had put a glass of brandy into my hand, and I drank it.

"The cart will be here in ten minutes, sir," he said.

"But Dr. Carleton?" I asked.

"Rode off a couple of minutes ago, sir. I should sit still, sir, if I was you!"

It can hardly have been an hour from the time the telegram first came to when the cart, with me inside it, again drew up at Margery's house. Against the porch leaned my bicycle, the lamp still burning, and lights, I saw, were burning in her bedroom. Directly over the door, standing on a chair inside the hall, was Dr. Carleton's hat and a small black bag; on the floor close by was the pink sheet of the telegram which I must have dropped when I ran up stairs. Even then I remember clinging in some desperate dazed fashion to the hope that it was all a dream, and that the telegram would prove to be some trivial absurdity, and I picked it up and read it again.

Then I sat down and waited.

From time to time there was some muffled sound of footsteps and movement about, then silence again, then more steps. Then I heard a door open above, and a droning voice, which I knew to be Margery's, speaking in level, meaningless tones. Then the doctor's voice said, sharply:

"Yes, it is in my bag. Bring it all up stairs if you don't understand."

With the bag in my hand I met the servant hurrying down stairs, sobbing in a helpless manner. She took the bag from me without a word, and went up again. And, step by step, after I had heard the door shut, I moved to the top of the stairs and sat there. Below, the clock in the hall beat out metallic minutes, and once the hour—twelve only—struck. Through the fanlight above the front door I could see the lamps of the doctor's dog-cart. Three or four times they moved away, and after a minute or so returned again to the same spot. At intervals that terrible droning voice came from Margery's room.

How long these things lasted I cannot say, but it must have been less than two hours, for I heard the hall clock strike once only. Then the droning voice ceased altogether, and in its place came short incisive sentences in a man's voice, the purpose of which, of course, I could not hear. Then came the cry of a child, and I knew that in the midst of death we are in life.

Then, as if I had been drawn by cords, I crept nearer and nearer to the door of the room, and the crying of the child still sounded—the cry of Dick's child. And Dick? Oh, Dick, if your brave blithe spirit, in the paradise of God, now free of its habitation of flesh, keeps watch, as it surely must, over those it loves—come here—come here where there is so sore a need of you and your comforting. Speak to her through that frail tabernacle of time and space. Comfort the soul you love if the laws of your world permit it. Come!

Later in that long night Dr. Carleton told me all he could tell. The child had been born, and it lived. There was no reason why it should not live, for it was quite healthy, though it had been born before its time. About Margery, he could not say. She had not rallied satisfactorily. She had been perfectly conscious for a time after the birth of the child, but with her consciousness had returned the knowledge of her husband's death, and she had relapsed again into a semi-comatose state. He preferred to wait, visiting her from time to time, till he could feel more happy about her.

Twice before the dawn broke I tried to go to bed, and as many times I crept down stairs again to where Dr. Carleton sat in the drawing-room, his genial florid face looking more anxious and troubled each time he returned from a visit upstairs. Then, just as morning broke in thin red lines on the horizon, I heard his voice call to me, and I went up stairs. He beckoned me to come in. Margery was lying in bed, propped up on pillows, and her eyes were closed. I sat by the bedside and waited. They had taken the baby away, and only her mother knelt there, with her eyes fixed on Margery's face. Suddenly she raised her head a little, opened her eyes, and saw me.

"Thank you," she said. "Thank you for being here, Jack. Dick is waiting for us. Yes, Dick!"

She raised herself a little more, and seemed to struggle for breath.

"Is it morning?" she said. "Let in the morning!"

And even as I pulled the curtains aside and raised the blinds there dawned on her the everlasting day.

To be Continued.

Correspondence

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE CARIBBEAN SITUATION.

WIESBADEN, *January 15, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your glorious articles on Caribbean seas are well noticed in Germany. "We do not want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do, we have got the men, we have got the ships, we have got the money too" (1878). Your new article most probably is written by Dewey! If a man deserves the hatred of Germans, it is Dewey; we have not forgotten the behavior of small, very small, Dewey off Manila!

The Monroe doctrine is all stuff and nonsense. Just look at *Neue Preussische Y Zeitung*. Do take Mexico, at least the northern part of it! Brush it up, that semi-Indian government! But do not quarrel with dear old Germany! Do not forget your immense surplus of imports to Germany! Just look at *Kolnische* and *Neue Preussische X Zeitung!* What do you earn from those beggar Spaniards, who squatted three hundred years ago, in Venezuela, Colombia, Mexico, and whom you affect to protect? Does Cuba like the Yankees? And Filipinos? How is Mr. Brownell, the murderer? Will he not go back to the Filipinos?

Marines, soldiers, and rough riders were roaring, Revenge for the *Maine!* And afterwards it was found out to be all stuff and nonsense; not the poor beggar Spaniards destroyed the *Maine;* a treacherous, neglectful subaltern on board the Yankee ship did it! Just let the Germans have Curaçao; poor little Dutchmen, with their fleet of 0 0 0, cannot defend it any more. Do not forget that one-third U. S. A. citizens are of German descent! Do not forget that the troublesome, quarrelling elements in the southern parts of U. S. A. were always Spaniards, or at least semi-Indians of Latin blood! If you want to regenerate the Spanish beastly element according to the Yankee type, you must come from the Mexican side! Just look at the railway business still to be done in Mexico. Yours truly,

W. L. BECKER.

WESTERN LAND RESERVATIONS

TACOMA, WASHINGTON, *January 24, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—One of the members of Congress from our State has just introduced a bill into the national House to divide the Calville reservation and open it up to settlement.

The country has recently endured several of these performances, and I have hoped that for the sake of decency and honor of the nation, justice and honesty to the Indian, and our duty to coming generations, these steals (to be plain) should cease.

Time was (two generations ago) that the donation claim system was quite proper and desirable, and it started an immigration of settlers to an unattractive region. Then, a generation ago, came the homestead and pre-emption laws that made it easy to acquire a quarter or half section of land.

The pre-emption has passed, but with us still are the homestead, timber-claim, stone-claim, and timber-culture, as well as mineral-claim laws, and the result is that the West has been pretty thoroughly exploited under nearly all of them.

Under a humane administration the Indians have been located on reservations that are usually the best land that could be found, and by solemn treaty was guaranteed to them for their benefit for all time to come.

The white man has come to their borders—and, by-the-way, they are not all so "white"—and lusted after the land. Disreputable tactics have been resorted to, to arouse the hostility of the Indians, and furnish an excuse to the officials to "open" the reservation.

Let us call a halt. There is no more need of offering land almost free to induce white settlers. Speculators are the beneficiaries.

The land soon jumps to from $2 50 to $50 and $100 an acre, and gangs flit from one to another just to "work" them.

Let the government keep the reservations intact, and keep on civilizing and educating the Indians into good citizens, establish experiment stations thereon, and let them be self-sustaining, and in two generations more the government will have a valuable asset on hand, and the white man can pay the full worth for the land when he gets it, which he should do. I am, sir,

Very truly yours,

W. C. BELL.

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As to Repainted Gérômes, and Others



IS discouraging to note how foreigners persist in underestimating us. One hundred and twenty-six years, more or less, have slipped away since we became THE United States. During all that century and a quarter we have had to contend against a sort of belittling most revolting to our sensitive feelings. We *are*, of course, the greatest people on earth—ours is the greatest country, obviously. We are the richest, smartest, shrewdest, etc., etc., in existence, until it comes to a picture deal, or the swapping of greenbacks for bric-à-brac, "antiques," or objects of "Bigotry and Virtue." Still, here is M. Gérôme, saying that "half" the pictures in this country are either "forgeries or copies." You see?—he cuts down the figures (after the fashion of those jealous foreigners) to a paltry fifty per cent. — which is absurd — when eighty or ninety is nearer the truth. As usual, M. Gérôme fails to give us our due. We are, in this matter, as in all others, the *greatest* set of "marks" that ever delighted the venders of every kind of Art "Fake."

Just why a man who is as sharp as a needle on 'Change, or who requires all sorts of guarantees when he buys a twopenny mine, should pay out a fortune for an ugly picture which almost any painter can tell at a glance is a fraud, remains one of those mysteries of human nature which it is not the function of this paper to clear up. Explanations have been offered, *are* offered perpetually, but they do not explain. The really wonderful part of it all is this: a painter, almost any painter of fair education and good training, can certainly detect a fraud much more surely than the class of persons called "experts," whose knowledge is so objective and superficial that it permits them to be deceived in a painting by what Whistler called, so delightfully, "the stain on the back." That is just the point. Unable, as a matter of fact, to judge the real merits of a work of art, the "experts" are reduced to determining its age and character from the quality of canvas, the worm-holes, whatever is *not* the particular thing under discussion. Mr. White tells us, in his description of the "Cardiff Giant," how the only *sculptor* who saw the figure pronounced it to be exactly what it was, "a badly executed stone statue," after looking at it for only a few moments. He refused to say more or anything else about the fraud, in spite of the scientific "experts" and the divines who saw in Hull's swindle ancient inscriptions and petrified confirmation of Biblical verity.

Unless the painful truth is that our billionaires *desire* to be deceived—which I cannot believe—or become hypnotic victims of the dealers, a simple course is open to them for self-protection. All they have to do is to consult any artist of the first order, from whom they can get about the best advice obtainable, and that, too, without paying a fee—such is the remarkable state of practice amongst the painters and sculptors of merit at the present time.

Of the "copies and forgeries" themselves there is this much one can say without incurring the risk of suits for libel: if they are purchased in France or Italy—in Europe, generally speaking — the purchaser can always *demand* a guarantee that the work of art is what it purports to be. Most likely the vender will refuse to give such a guarantee; in which case the buyer takes the object at his own risk, and proves himself a most ordinary sort of ass—that sort which believes it can judge in matters of art and archæology because it made a lucky hit in Wall Street, and that money *is* brains and education too.



A "Maker of Old Pictures"

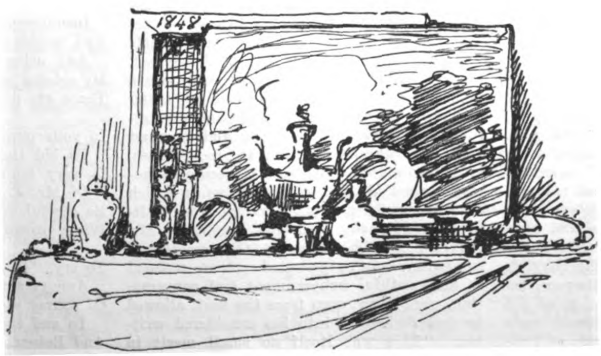
It is pathetic to see a "Magnate" adding to his collection (at enormous cost) a "Madonna and Child, by St. Luke," almost entirely *repainted*, so that nothing genuine is left but the back of the panel, by which, of course, the "experts" have discovered it! I number among my acquaintances a "maker of old frames"—that is the way in which he describes himself, very simply. I have never found a "maker of old pictures" who was willing to avow his gentle calling; but I do *know* one, and his work has deceived, if not the elect, at least the self-elected—the "experts" and their victims, the billionaires.

As to copies of old pictures there can be no possible objection to them, as *copies*. Any one who has seen the extraordinary work of Lehnbach in the Schack Gallery, Munich, may form some idea of how good, how close to the original, a masterly copy can be. A good copy of a good picture is certainly preferable to any bad original. But to pay, even in ignorance (because, in this case, ignorance is avoidable) the value of a good original for an indifferent copy is not only immoral, but very nearly criminal—as accessory after the fact to a vulgar swindle.

One evening, after dinner in a large house, an artist and a French gentleman, something of a connoisseur, were walking together from the smoking-room to join the ladies. When passing through the wide hall (hung with "Van Dykes," "Rubenses," "Rembrandts"—whoever you please) the Frenchman remarked: "How clever of our host to decorate his walls with these pictures, which go so well with the hangings. And I suppose he does not have to pay more than a hundred or two hundred dollars apiece for them?" "Say 'thousands,' and make the figures from three to ten, and you will come nearer," replied the artist. "But, my dear sir, all these are manufactured (fabriqués)," said the Frenchman, in astonishment. "Yes! *I* know that, and so do you; but who is to tell our host?" "Ah!—it is true. He would not wish to believe."

This is a true story, told to illustrate the attitude of those who *know* towards those who buy. The former are willing enough to give Mr. Punch's advice to persons about to commit matrimony ("Don't"), but not to *offer* it. And so it happens that the richer sort of men and women run around buying, at absurd prices, imitation "antiques," bogus "Old Masters," rubbish of all kinds, simply because they haven't the sense to ask and *take* the advice of those who, for the reason that they are the *makers* of things artistic, are better able than others to judge of the real and sentimental value of pictures, statues, etc., etc., etc. We would have less painful revelations in our public museums, from time to time; less horrible stuff to refuse as bequests; and less of that ready-made taste which is furnished so often by picture-dealers along with the canvases "marked 1830 or 1848," as M. Gérôme describes them.

The case of the alleged alteration of one of M. Gérôme's own paintings is a matter of ethics rather than of art. It has been stated that some one has altered that artist's famous "Promenade de Louis XIV.," by painting in a brilliant sunlight where M. Gérôme had placed a setting sun and a rising moon. As to the statement made by a critic in the daily press, who says that M. Gérôme has probably forgotten just how he did paint the picture in question, read the artist's own statement in his article on "True and False Gods in Art" in the February HARPER'S.



"One night some years ago," he writes, "I was invited to dinner at Versailles. The rendezvous was at the Trianon. An admirable twilight, all of green and rose-colored golds, made of the garden of Versailles an enchanted fairyland. The moon was rising over the palace. I started to dream of the great century of Louis XIV. I made of this little souvenir my 'Promenade de Louis XIV.' Had I not arrived late, had I not been invited to dine at Versailles—who knows? — perhaps I should never have painted this tableau."

M. Gérôme has obviously not forgotten.

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Books and Bookmen

THE influence of Mr. Howells upon literary aspiration in this country has always been sane, true, steady in its directing impulse. He set a high standard for the American novel in his early years in *A Modern Instance, The Rise of Silas Lapham, A Hazard of New Fortunes;* he bowed his head to the wave of pseudo-historical romance which sprang out of the belligerent patriotic emotions of a few years ago, and last year, when the wave had spent its force, he took up his pen where he had laid it down, and gave us *The Kentons*, a novel presenting a true and striking likeness of a phase of American life and character, worthy to follow in the noble line of his works of fiction. The insistence of this ideal has had its effect upon our young writers of fiction, with the result that in different parts of the country one can almost hear the noise of pens writing of the stir of a teeming life that clamors for picturesque presentment. For behind expression there is always the quickening impulse: and it is the indubitable existence of this impulse, seeking manifestation in forms of art and literature under present conditions, which is the most significant and the most promising feature of the vitality of our artistic aims and aspirations as a nation. If Frank Norris had lived to bring his growing powers to fruition, and to capture in fiction that note which he sounded in a posthumous article, "A Neglected Epic," he might have occupied a foremost place among the younger rising novelists of this class. It is too soon to say just who is most worthy to succeed him, but we should be inclined to look for his successor in the Middle West. One of the most remarkable and original novels of last year was Elizabeth Higgins's *Out of the West*, perhaps the most remarkable by a new writer. Interest will be centred on her next book, which ought to go far to define the place she is likely to take in American fiction. Mr. William R. Lighton is also a young author whose work will be worth watching. Like *Out of the West*, his novel, *The Ultimate Moment*, which has just started in HARPER'S BAZAR, and will run through the year, is a story of Nebraska. More than any of the younger men and women now writing whom we know, Mr. Lighton in his work and personality shows the capacity to understand and grasp the heroic, the elemental, the picturesque epic of the West—"the last great epic event in the history of civilization"—which is now engaging his attention in his next work of fiction. One turns to him in hope that a novelist of undoubted powers has come to the rescue of what the late Frank Norris called the great figure of our neglected epic, the Hector of our ignored *Iliad;* of all the world-types, the one distinctive to us—peculiar, particular, and unique, in the conquest of the wilderness beyond the Mississippi.

Two years ago Mr. Elmore Elliott Peake added his name to the list of rising young American novelists with his successful first novel, *The Darlingtons*. His second novel, *The Pride of Tellfair*, has just been published, and is also a story of a small town in the Middle West, but with a difference. Ashboro was a thriving industrial railroad town; Tellfair still retains the village characteristics, in spite of telephone and electric lights, which suggest the gradual succumbing to city life. Through the lawyer's rear windows you may catch glimpses, between clusters of elms and maples, of the rolling prairie of northern Illinois, only a short half-mile away. *The Pride of Tellfair* is alive with the tingling qualities of bracing aggressiveness, shrewd sense, native sincerity, and dry, racy humor which attracted readers to *The Darlingtons*, and won for the author a quick and ready recognition. The breath of the prairie blows through his pages, and gives one a feeling of elation and buoyancy in reading them. Mr. Peake has enjoyed writing his story immensely, and the pleasure he has put into it is contagious. Apart from the love interest of the novel, there are many entertaining incidents of rural comedy, such as the scene at the death-bed of old Billy Manderson, who shocked his pious friends by insisting on having "There was an old man who had a wooden leg" sung to him, instead of a hymn.

Hampstead is not only rich in literary associations of the past, but is still the dwelling-place of many of the most eminent literary men in London, so that it is little wonder that Hampstead should be able to produce, annually, a suburban magazine of an unusually readable character. To the *Hampstead Annual*, just published under the editorship of Messrs. Greville Matheson and Sydney C. Mayle, Mr. Sidney Colvin contributes an article in which he recalls the days when he and Robert Louis Stevenson lodged together in Hampstead. Stevenson was in his twenty-fourth year—it was in 1874—in the full glow of his brilliant and unquiet youth. Mr. Colvin relates how his fellow-lodger once absented himself a whole night, and presented himself in the morning, "wearing a tattered-sleeved waistcoat and wan from a night's walking, followed by a couple of hours' slumber in an outhouse. He had spent the night on pad through the southern slums and suburbs of London, trying to arouse the suspicions of one policeman after another, till he should succeed in getting taken up as a rogue and vagabond, and thereby gain proof for his fixed belief that justice, at least in the hands of its subordinate officers, had one scale for the ragged and another for the respectable. But one and all saw through him, and refused to take him seriously as a member of the criminal classes." But, generally, at Hampstead Stevenson's ways were regular, and his apparel relatively neat and normal: he even had a black frock-coat and a tall hat, which he had once worn at a wedding. "I can see him now," says Mr. Colvin, "as he walked with me in that unaccustomed garb down the Quadrant and along Piccadilly to the Royal Academy. True, he had his hat in his hand because it chafed him. Also, being fresh from an enthusiastic study of the prosody of Milton, he kept declaiming, as he walked, with rapturous comments and in a ringing Scotch accent, the lines and cadences which chiefly haunted him."

Stevenson's days then were spent always at some vehement extreme of feeling or another. Much of his talk was in superlatives of corresponding vehemence. During ill-health, had he a day or an hour of respite, he would gleefully proclaim himself "a balmy being and a bird of Paradise." Did anything in life or literature please him, it was for the moment inimitably and incomparably the most splendid and wonderful thing in the whole world, and he must absolutely have you think so, too—unless, indeed, you chose to direct his sense of humor against his own exaggerations, in which case he would generally receive your criticism with ready assenting laughter. Mr. Colvin points out, however, that emotional, emphatic, and exaggerated colors, natural to his youthful temperament and conversation, were never, even from the first, allowed to find their way into his considered writing. "This was itself no small merit in an age when so many prose-writers of genius, and those the most attractive and impressive to youth, as Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin, Dickens, had been given, each after his manner, to shouting; masters of strained rhetorical emphasis, of grotesque or gorgeous exaggeration; dealers in declamatory eloquence, the purple patch and the insistent phrase, the vehement and contentious assertion. Stevenson, had he let himself go, might easily have become a shouter too. . . . He had at command a score of different words for as many shades and niceties of feeling or vision or idea, where many even of good writers would have had only one general and inclusive word for all: and he was never satisfied until he had found the exact phrase to express and match the finest shades of his meaning."

To the same *Annual*, Mr. H. B. Wheatley communicates a paper in which he quotes hitherto unpublished annotations by Coleridge on a copy of *Robinson Crusoe*. Here Coleridge displays the same keen insight into the psychology of Defoe's work that he showed in his analysis of Shakespeare. "One excellence of Defoe," he says at the end of the volume, "is his sacrifice of the lesser interest to the greater, because more universal. Had he (as without any improbability he might have done) given his *Robinson Crusoe* any of the turn for natural history which forms so striking and delightful a feature in the equally uneducated Dampier—had he made him find out qualities and uses in the before (to him) unknown plants of the island—discover a substitute for hops, for instance, or describe birds, etc.—many delightful pages and incidents might have enriched the book: but then Crusoe would cease to be the universal representative, the person for whom every reader could substitute himself." The philosopher in Coleridge speaks in another note he has on the margin of the novel. "When once the mind," he says, "despite of the remonstrating conscience, has abandoned its free power to a haunting impulse or idea, then whatever tends to give depth and vividness to this idea or infinite imagination, increases its despotism, and in the same proportion renders the reason and free will ineffectual. Now, fearful calamities, sufferings, horrors, and hair-breadth escapes will have this effect far more than even sensual pleasure and prosperous incidents. Hence the evil consequences of sin in such cases, instead of retracting and deterring the sinner, goad him on to his destruction. This is the moral of Shakespeare's 'Macbeth.'"

The Little White Bird Hunters

A man complained to a West London magistrate that certain people were in the habit of stopping his baby's perambulator in Kensington Gardens against his wishes, to look at his baby. The magistrate sent an officer to warn the offenders.

YE ladies whom I often see
  Incontinently rushing
And bending over infants wee
  And using phrases gushing,
My solemn warning pray you mark—
There are policemen in the park!

In your pursuits a danger lurks:
  To bid the nursemaid tarry
Is very wrong, despite the works
  Of Mr. J. M. Barrie.
Be careful even how you talk
When prowling in the "Baby's Walk."

To cry, "Oh, bless it! What a dear!"
  Annoys a nurse extremely,
Of course she screams, but help is near
  To end such pranks unseemly:
And Robert, starting from the trees,
Exclaims: "Now, then! Move on there, please!"

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Finance

THE speculative deadlock remains unbroken at this writing. It often happens in the securities markets that the uplifting and the depressing forces balance each other so evenly as to result in a state of almost perfect equilibrium, which, translated into Stock Exchange English, means dull markets. Such prevails at the moment. Transactions have been on a light scale, and fluctuations in prices have been insignificant. The study of conditions from day to day elicits nothing of importance. Yet, as it is only transitory conditions which the average professional "trader" permits himself to study, and as it is only professional traders who are doing any stock speculating just now, the market logically fails to reflect any definite tendency. Sentiment is mixed, as the Stock Exchange phrase has it. There are those who believe that the next decided movement of prices will be upward, while others hold that the price direction will be down. But neither party has convictions strong enough to be recorded by the tape in unmistakable language. If prices do not rise, it is noteworthy that they do not decline; or vice versa, according to the individual point of view. That is the sum and substance of the contentions of the inveterate traders.

There is, after all, some justification for the absence of more forceful arguments. General conditions have undergone no such marked change as to render easy a forecast of the course of the market. Certain features of the situation are highly gratifying. Others, if not actually unfavorable, would seem to contain adverse possibilities. It was claimed vociferously that if it were not for the potential dynamite concealed in the Venezuela imbroglio, the market would have been "better." Nobody seriously regarded the possibility of war between Germany and the United States, but it was feared that the inexplicable behavior of the German war-ships off Venezuela might lead to an exchange of sharp "notes" between the American and the German governments, which would have been effective enough bear ammunition. But the situation cleared, and it was generally felt that the danger of strained relations had passed. Yet there was no improvement in the stock-market, clearly proving that it was not apprehension over possible Venezuelan complications which kept the market dull and depressed.

The public persists in attending to its own business affairs, and shows no disposition to gamble in stocks. This is always construed as a "bear" argument by the professionals, but it is a stubborn fact that if there is no outside buying of securities, neither is there any selling. Similarly, if the strong interests evince no desire to carry on an aggressive bull campaign, neither are they willing to see a bear movement inaugurated under their noses by the impatient traders. The apathy, however, is not confined to the speculators. The investor shows as great an unwillingness to increase his holdings, or, on the other hand, to part with what he has. Money has become distinctly easier. The Lake Shore a few weeks ago borrowed several millions at what practically meant a 5¼-per-cent. rate of interest. This week the Pennsylvania Railroad borrowed $35,000,000 for six months, with the privilege of renewing the loan, and paid 4½ per cent. But, if the rate is lower, it is to be admitted that indications point to fairly stiff money for many months to come. So obvious is this that the same financial authorities who two or three years ago so positively asserted that the United States was permanently on a 3½-per-cent. interest basis now tells us with equal positiveness that the investment basis is really 4½ per cent. Were this true, it would mean cheaper bonds, and, inevitably, lower prices for many railroad stocks now selling on a so-called investment basis, always recognizing, of course, that many stocks sell above investment prices because of certain speculative possibilities. If general business continues as good, as there is every reason to believe it will, it is difficult to see how a really important bear market is justified. On the other hand, now that the international credit situation has improved, the financial community is looking anxiously to see how the net earnings of the railroads will fare in the next few months. There is no question that the gross business will be enormous. Railroad earnings in November last showed increases in gross over November, 1901, but even greater increases in operating expenses, so that the net earnings fell below those of the same month the previous year. The advances in wages had much to do with it, and as some of the advances did not go into effect until December, the railway earnings of last month should afford some clue as to what we may look forward to. Net earnings determine values, as values govern prices.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week will be another issue—40 pages—of interestingness on subjects of Progress and on the vital topics of the hour treated in picture and text by the best artists and writers. Some of the features will be: on Washington, two page drawings of one of the most brilliant social functions of the year, the Army and Navy Reception; on our Colonies, Gen. Bell's Achievements in the Philippines, with brief outlook for the future; on the South, the Mardi Gras at New Orleans, full-page drawing; on Science, Power from Sunlight; on Travel, a Balloon Trip just made across the Irish Sea, with illustrations taken during the trip; on Society, the Draper Ball and the Russian Wedding in Washington; on Architecture, the proposed new passenger station in Chicago; on the Theatre, "Mr. Pickwick"; on Politics, a humorous page on the Venezuelan situation.

Etc., Etc.

40 Pages

16 pages of Comment on all Current Events Worth Considering

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Financial

The

Corn Exchange Bank

New York

WILLIAM A. NASH, President
THOMAS T. BAKER, } Vice-Presidents
WALTER E. FREW, }
F. T. MARTIN, Cashier
WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check .	31,349,710.76
	$36,565,818.54

The Mechanics' National Bank

of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)

33 WALL STREET

OFFICERS

GRANVILLE W. GARTH, - - - - - PRESIDENT.
ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - - VICE-PRESIDENT.
ANDREW A. KNOWLES, - - - - - CASHIER.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

DIRECTORS

ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - David Dows & Co.
LOWELL LINCOLN, - - - - - - Catlin & Co.
HORACE E. GARTH, - - - - - - - - Ex-President.
HENRY HENTZ, - - - - - - - Henry Hentz & Co.
CHARLES M. PRATT, - - - - - - Standard Oil Co.
HENRY TALMADGE, - - Henry Talmadge & Co.
JOHN SINCLAIR, - - - - - - John Sinclair & Co.
WILLIAM B. BOULTON, - - Boulton, Bliss & Dallett.
EDGAR L. MARSTON, - - - - - - - Blair & Co.
GRANVILLE W. GARTH, - - - - - - - President.

Financial

Letters of Credit.

Bills of exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made. International Cheques. Certificates of Deposit.

Brown Brothers & Co.,

BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

Financial

HASKINS & SELLS

CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

NO. 30 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK

CABLE ADDRESS, "HASKNELLS"

24 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL. | WILLIAMSON BLDG., CLEVELAND, O. | 30 COLEMAN ST., LONDON, E.C.

LINCOLN TRUST BLDG., ST. LOUIS, MO.

MORTON TRUST COMPANY

38 NASSAU STREET

Capital - - - - - - $2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits - - $5,815,982

OFFICERS

LEVI P. MORTON, President — **H. M. FRANCIS, Secretary**
THOMAS F. RYAN, Vice-President — **CHARLES A. CONANT, Treasurer**
JAMES K. CORBIÈRE, 2d Vice-Pres. — **H. B. BERRY, Trust Officer**
G. L. WILMERDING, Asst. Secretary

DIRECTORS

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, GEORGE F. BAKER, EDWARD J. BERWIND, FREDERIC CROMWELL, JAMES B. DUKE, HENRY M. FLAGLER, G. G. HAVEN, JOSEPH C. HENDRIX, JAMES N. JARVIE, WALTER S. JOHNSTON, A. D. JUILLIARD, JOSEPH LAROCQUE, D. O. MILLS, LEVI P. MORTON, RICHARD A. McCURDY, W. G. OAKMAN, SAMUEL REA, ELIHU ROOT, THOMAS F. RYAN, JACOB H. SCHIFF, JOHN SLOANE, WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

LEVI P. MORTON, THOMAS F. RYAN, EDWARD J. BERWIND, G. G. HAVEN, JOSEPH C. HENDRIX, JAMES N. JARVIE, GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY, JACOB H. SCHIFF, WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

Official Legal Notice

THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
DEPARTMENT OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS, MAIN OFFICE, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN,
NO. 280 BROADWAY, STEWART BUILDING,

January 17, 1902.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE Greater New York Charter, that the books called "The Annual Record of the Assessed Valuation of Real and Personal Estate of the Boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond, comprising The City of New York," will be open for examination and correction on the second Monday of January, and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1902.

During the time that the books are open to public inspection, application may be made by any person or corporation claiming to be aggrieved by the assessed valuation of real or personal estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan, at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 280 Broadway.

In the Borough of The Bronx, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building, One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh Street and Third Avenue.

In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.

In the Borough of Queens, at the office of the Department, Hackett Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City.

In the Borough of Richmond, at the office of the Department, Masonic Building, Stapleton.

Corporations in all the Boroughs must make applications only at the main office in the Borough of Manhattan.

Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of personal estate must be made by the person assessed at the office of the Department in the Borough where such person resides, and in the case of a non-resident carrying on business in The City of New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough where such place of business is located, between the hours of 10 A. M., and 2 P. M., except on Saturday, when all applications must be made between 10 A. M. and 12 noon.

JAMES L. WELLS, President,
WILLIAM S. COGSWELL,
GEORGE J. GILLESPIE,
SAMUEL STRASBOURGER,
RUFUS L. SCOTT,
Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.

A TALE OF GOLD — Listen!

IN CALIFORNIA

Owners of California gold mines divide $16,000,000.00 annually, but you can not buy an interest in those mines.

The stock is not for sale.

The men—and women—who own it bought it cheap when the mines were new. It is now making them rich.

You have the same opportunity.

The WIZARD MINE is now being opened, just as these mines were.

You can buy the stock cheap now; it will soon be worth too much to sell.

The WIZARD is in El Dorado County, California, right in the midst of these paying mines.

It is on the GREAT MOTHER LODE, which means rich quartz and lots of it.

Its owners have spent $35,000.00 in perfecting title, and now offer you the opportunity to help them develop the property and convert it at once into a dividend paying mine.

It is a plain, simple business proposition

For a few dollars you can become owner in a dividend paying gold mine for life, and help divide the $16,000,000.00 produced annually by California gold mines.

Our booklet, "A Tale of Gold," tells the whole story. Write for it now.

WIZARD GOLD MINING CO.
658 Holland Bldg., St. Louis

HARPER'S RECENT FICTION

The Adventures of M. d'Haricot

By J. STORER CLOUSTON

Illustrated by Levering. $1.50

A book of rollicking fun, with a Frenchman trying to be an Englishman as its inimitable hero. M. d'Haricot has a nimble wit and an unblushing assurance that never desert him in the embarrassing crises of his many adventures.

The Vultures

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

Author of "The Sowers," etc.

Illustrated. $1.50

A fine story of love and diplomatic intrigue. The "Vultures" are diplomatic agents who are sent by their governments to places where trouble brews, the whole atmosphere of the tale being saturated with Polish and Russian intrigue. You turn page after page in tense interest, and you are surprised when the story is finished.

The Reflections of Ambrosine

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "The Visits of Elizabeth."

Colored Frontispiece. $1.50

The story of a woman of fascinating personality. Ambrosine's highly original and entertaining comments enliven every page in the book. Typical is her declaration that "No one can possibly imagine the unpleasantness of a honeymoon until they have tried it."

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK

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MISS AMELIA BINGHAM

Miss Amelia Bingham has already made a success as an actress-manager in "The Climbers," by Clyde Fitch, and in "A Modern Magdalen." She has now secured another Clyde Fitch play, "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," in which she will appear this coming week with her stock company at the Princess Theatre

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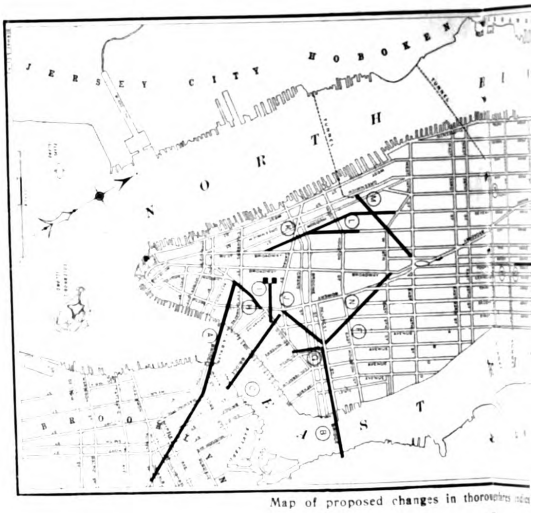
Water-gate at Seventy-second Street and Riverside Drive



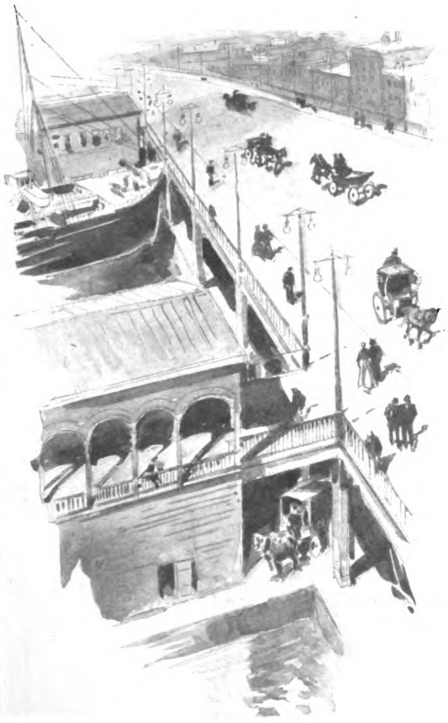
Suggestion for combined City Department Build







Map of proposed changes in thoroughfares





Elevated Boulevard—Riverside Drive to Battery

Electrolier for Isle of Safety
Embellishment of Plaza, Central Park

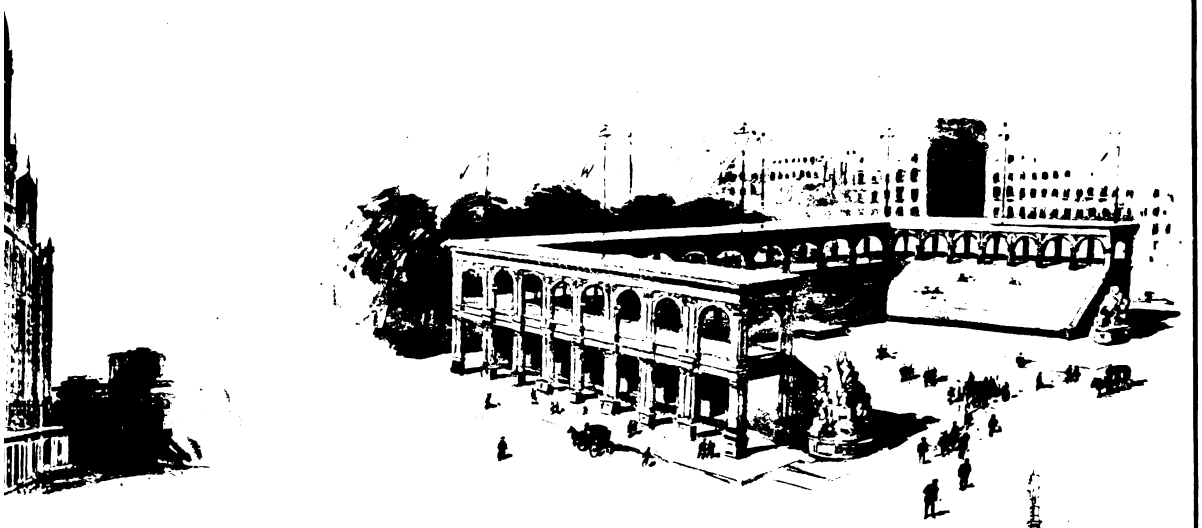
Composite Fixture, combining Street Sig
Fire-alarm, Telephone, and Clock

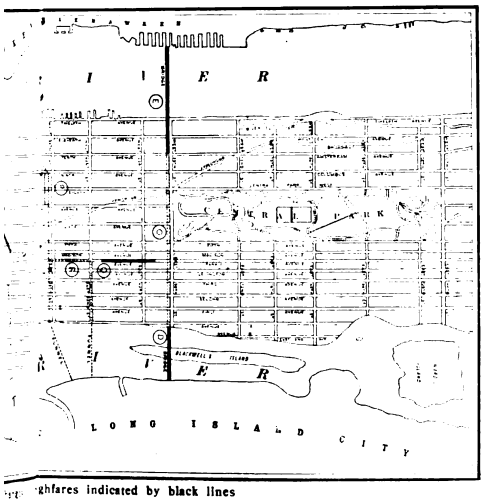
THE MODERN AMERICAN

The sketches presented here of the Municipal Art League, the Chamber of Commerce, and different architects for the improvement
demand for something beautiful as well as utilitarian in our great modern cities. They also illustrate
they suggest how a city, now ponderous in its ugliness, may be filled with beauti

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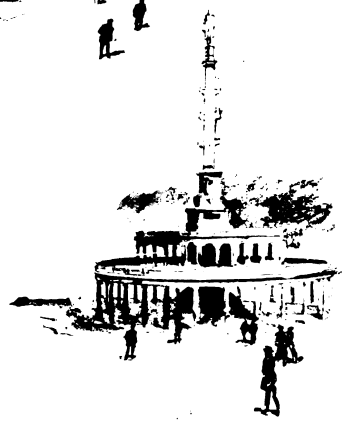
Open-air Auditorium, Union Square





ghfares indicated by black lines









Lamps, Letter-box, Package-box, or registering Patrolmen

Seward Park Pavilion

Reflecting Street Sign

Plan for beautifying Columbus Circle
Water-gate at Battery

AN CITY BEAUTIFUL

ment of New York city are noteworthy for several reasons. They illustrate the growing art sense of this country, and the the fact that a municipality of to-day may be willing to expend $200,000,000 on such work; and eautiful features and at the same time become safer and more convenient

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THE NEW YORK CHARITY BALL

The Charity Ball, which is given each year for the benefit of the Nursery and Child's Hospital, took place this week in the ballroom of the Waldorf. It is one of the few social functions in New York in which tickets of admission are sold, and which, while patronized by the leaders of society, may be attended also by the public. It is the most important public society event in America

Drawn by H. L. V. Parkhurst

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New York a City Beautiful

See Double-page drawing in this issue

PROPHECY is not a discredited profession with the Municipal Art Society, whose members see the future New York as it ought to be, and as they depend upon the intelligence and public spirit of its residents to make it within the next generation. For a century, Manhattan has had a deformed growth. The twenty-five miles of subway to be opened next fall are only the beginning of work already assured or contemplated for the near future.

Apart from the subway and transportation facilities already planned, three new bridges and one tunnel to connect Manhattan with Brooklyn are under way, and others are in prospect, including a carriage and trolley bridge over the Hudson at Fifty-ninth Street. A railroad bridge across Wards and Randalls islands will link the Pennsylvania and Long Island railway systems with the New York, New Haven, and Hartford lines, and complete a through all-rail route from Boston to Washington and the Southwest.

(Continued on page 241.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

NO FEATURE

in cow's milk for infant feeding is so important as its purity and the methods of preserving it. BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK is scientifically produced and prepared. It gives to coffee a delicious flavor. Sold the world over.—[*Adv.*]

TELEPHONE Service is the twentieth-century means of communication. Rates for Residence Service in Manhattan from $48 a year. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey Street, 111 West 38th Street, 215 West 125th Street.—[*Adv.*]

EACH returning season—every season of the year—brings demand for ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters—the best blood and nerve renewer.—[*Adv.*]

BUY it, for it is a wine of exquisite bouquet—COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE. It is far superior to any other.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

FOR coughs and colds PISO'S CURE is still the best and most pleasant remedy. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

"Beauty is but skin-deep" was probably meant to disparage beauty. Instead, it tells how easy that beauty is to attain.

"There is no beauty like the beauty of health" was also meant to disparage. Instead, it encourages beauty.

Pears' Soap is the means of health to the skin, and so to both these sorts of beauty.

Sold all over the world.

GIANT STRIDES

THE SALES OF

MOËT & CHANDON CHAMPAGNE



IN THE YEAR 1902 WERE

3,733,744

BOTTLES, A FIGURE NEVER REACHED BY ANY OTHER CHAMPAGNE HOUSE.

"THE INCREASE IN THE UNITED STATES FOR 1902 OVER 1901 WAS

367,116

BOTTLES, A RECORD NEVER BEFORE ATTAINED IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHAMPAGNE TRADE IN THIS COUNTRY, MARKING AN ADVANCE EQUAL TO

564 PER CENT

GREATER THAN THE COMBINED INCREASE OF ALL THE OTHER CHAMPAGNE HOUSES."

Extract, Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, January 10, 1903.

THESE NOTEWORTHY STATISTICS SHOW A FITTING TRIBUTE ENDORSING THE

QUALITY OF MOËT & CHANDON "WHITE SEAL"

THE CHAMPAGNE OF THE DAY

Geo. A. Kessler & Co., NEW YORK

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F. P. C. Wax



A specially imported wax, chemically treated, so that when it is once rubbed over the iron the latter is cleaned as if by magic. It prevents all odor, giving the work that beautiful, silky polish sought for by the laundress.

Not Only the Best, but The Most Economical

Why? Because each fine cut stick of F. P. C. Wax is in an automatic wooden holder, which keeps it from dripping. It never loses shape, and is good until the last particle of wax is used. The handle saves your fingers from burns.

If your grocer tries to substitute the old wax that spoils your ironing and your temper, send 10 cents for two sticks to the

FLAME PROOF CO., New York City

One taste convinces

KORN-KRISP

Best of all modern foods

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

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THE LATEST SUCCESS OF THE

ORIZA-PERFUMERY (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

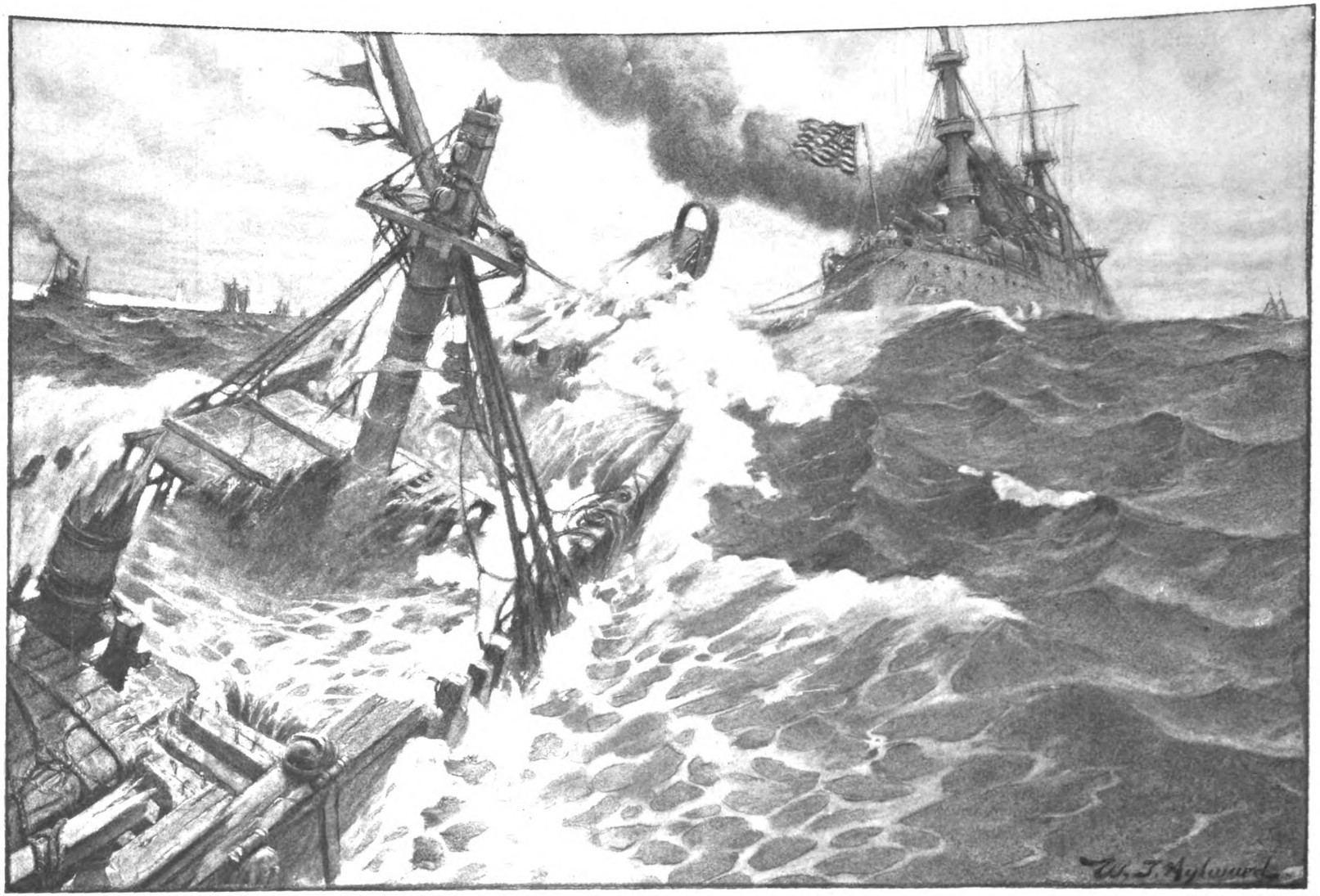
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Drawn by W. J. Aylward

A DRAMATIC COAST SCENE

All along the Atlantic coast from Florida to Maine the life-savers have been kept busy this winter looking after the dangerous derelicts which are discovered from time to time, and which are a constant menace to coastwise shipping. These derelicts are at once reported by the United States Signal Service, and war-ships are sent to blow them up or to tow them to port

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(Continued from page 239.)

The new city maps provide for the extension of Sixth and Seventh avenues south through the net-work of streets in old Greenwich village to a wider and longer Varick Street that will intersect Broadway at Franklin. Then Christopher Street is to be widened and lengthened to lead from the terminus of the North River tunnel straight to Union Square, and Park Row is to be doubled in width from Centre Street to Chatham Square, and a great new avenue is planned to go from the Delancey Street end of the new East River bridge to Cooper Square, where the Bowery divides into Third and Fourth avenues. It is also proposed to construct, in addition, along the east and west sides, an elevated driveway and promenade overlooking the water, and connecting with new eight-hundred-foot piers and fireproof warehouses whose roofs shall be available for recreation. It also seems certain that when the new Blackwells Island and North River bridges make Fifty-ninth Street the great east-and-west artery of Manhattan, the width of Fifty-ninth Street will have to be doubled. The plans for Fifty-ninth Street also provide for an underground trolley road connecting the bridges.

Plenty of other enterprises are on hand for making New York a world metropolis in a better sense than the surveyor's chain and the census indicate. One of these projects, already under way, contemplates making City Hall Park for all time the centre of municipal life by the erection of a splendid group of city buildings at its northern side, the construction of an adequate and dignified terminal for the Brooklyn Bridge, the beautifying of the park itself, and the removal of all its buildings except the present City Hall and the Courthouse. At Battery Park, the Aquarium will be transformed into a thing of beauty from plans already undertaken by the Zoological Society, and a design has been made for carrying the Elevated road on a viaduct, properly ornamented, making it a fitting background for the proposed arch and lagoon that will suitably mark the historic beginning of New York and the entrance to the world's greatest thoroughfare. It is also planned to erect a memorial arch, stairway, and landing-stage at the Seventy-second Street end of Riverside Drive, which would provide a fitting place for naval demonstrations and the reception of important guests.

A permanent world's fair in which would be preserved a concrete history of the industrial achievements of the nations is already planned, and would appropriately adorn the world's greatest city. These and a hundred other noble enterprises are no longer visions. They will be the portion of the New-Yorker only a few years from now.

Our New Russian Ambassador

THE change in our diplomatic representation at St. Petersburg, as pictured in the WEEKLY of last week, whereby Mr. Robert McCormick is accredited as ambassador of the United States to his Majesty the Emperor, vice Mr. Charlemagne Tower, who has been transferred to Berlin, entails upon the new incumbent at the Russian court a number of picturesque ceremonials necessary for his complete installation in his official position, which, under our former system of representation, were not required, for nowhere does the ambassadorial rank carry with it greater dignity and consideration, and at no court is the distinction between it and that of minister plenipotentiary more marked.

The etiquette prescribed at the court of the Tsar for the reception of diplomatic representatives of each grade is minutely specified in every detail and most carefully observed.

Formerly our ministers to Russia, on their

(Continued on page 243.)

Delicious Drinks and Dainty Dishes

ARE MADE FROM

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



ABSOLUTELY PURE

Unequaled for Smoothness, Delicacy, and Flavor

Examine the package you receive and make sure that it bears our trade-mark.

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Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

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ABOUT 75% OF THE MEN



in mercantile and professional life owe something of their success to personal appearance. The leisure class owes still more to the same cause. The few genuine geniuses succeed in spite of it. Personal appearance is largely a matter of dress. Dress is largely a matter of the Cravat. This was understood by some as far back as the days of Beau Brummel, but it is only the later section of the present generation of men who have fully grasped it. The well-groomed man of today, even when he must economize on other articles of apparel, buys ten Cravats where his daddy bought one.

There is a 36-page text-book called "THE CRAVAT." It tells of the What, Where, When, and How of a Man's Cravat—Its Names and Shapes, Its Tying, Its Care, Its Selection, Its Various Forms for Special Occasions and Functions, Its Color Scheme, Its Adjuncts, Pins, Fasteners, Etc., Its Don'ts, in fact,

All About A Man's Cravat.

It is profusely and sumptuously illustrated by one of the foremost artists of America. The first edition cost the publishers over $15,000, but you can have a copy for the asking, by sending this Adv't with your address and 6 cents in stamps to the Publisher, James R. Keiser, 122-124 Fifth Avenue, New York. If you prefer a bound copy, de Luxe edition, send 15 cents in stamps.



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FOR HOUSEHOLD USE

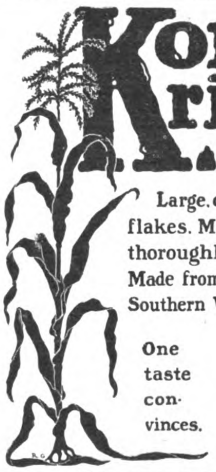
Sifts the flour and mixes 10 lbs. of best bread in 3 minutes. Sold subject to trial and approval. *Send for Booklet.* Agents wanted.

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Large, clean, crisp flakes. Malted and thoroughly cooked. Made from the finest Southern White Corn.

One taste convinces.



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Free Booklet. No importunity.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,
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One taste convinces

KORN-KRISP

Best of all modern foods

EARLY MORNING

TRAINS TO CATCH. STORES TO OPEN.



HURRY UP BREAKFAST WITH

COOK'S FLAKED RICE.

ABSOLUTELY NO COOKING.

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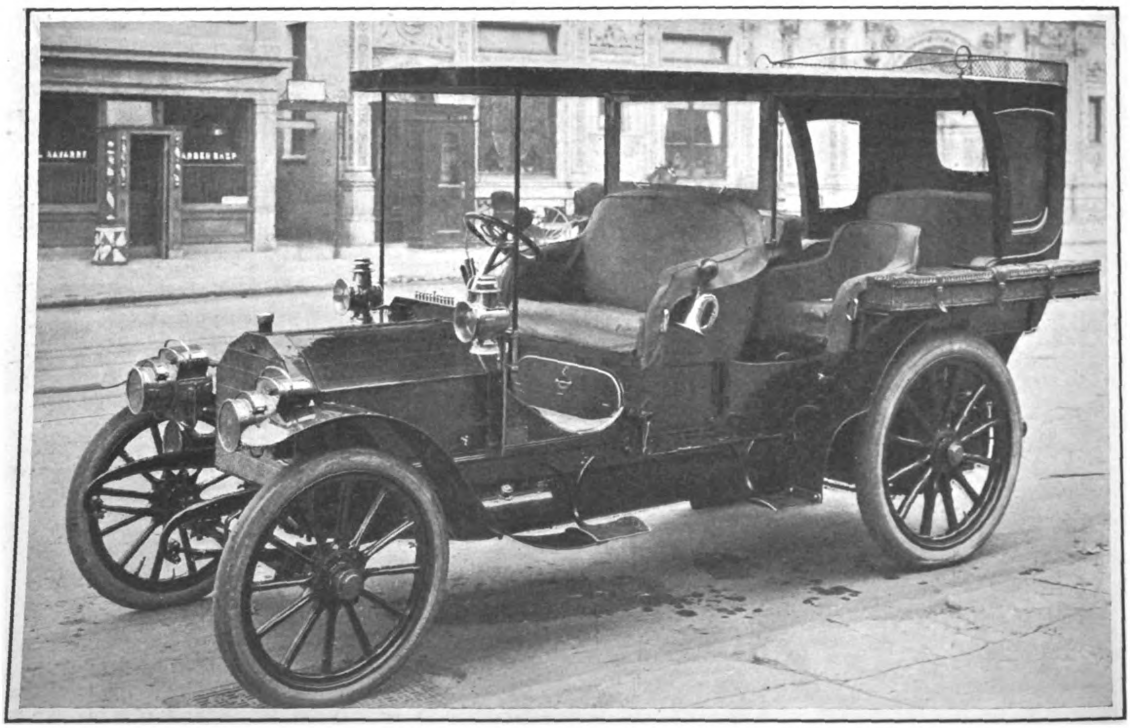
THE last word as regards comfort in motor-cars has apparently been said in the case of the machine whose photograph is reproduced on this page. The owner of the car, Mr. H. P. Whitney, is as keen a devotee to sport as his father. He has been rated for some time with the best polo-players of the country, and has lately been won over by the fascinations of the motor. He already owns two or three machines, one of them a light racer of forty horse-power. His latest purchase was built for him on special lines, and is the only car of the kind which has yet appeared in this country. The engine is from the Mercedes factory, developing over forty-five horse-power, yet when in action the noise of the exhaust is practically imperceptible. The body has almost the appearance of a Pullman car; the seats are in three rows; access to those in the middle is had by a passage-way between them, not shown in the illustration. On account of the extraordinary size of the car, it was found necessary to have the driving-wheels considerably larger in diameter than the front wheels, in order to produce greater power and easier riding for the passengers. The glass, which is placed in front of the middle section, together with the handsomlike arrangement of the rear seat, makes an enclosure which fully protects the occupants in the most disagreeable weather. The top covering is large and solid enough to carry a sufficient amount of luggage for the whole party. This motor-car is an indication of the transportation methods of the future, much as has been already outlined by Mr. H. G. Wells, who expects to see the present railroads replaced by broad ways over which will flash huge machines carrying loads of people and goods of all kinds.

It has been reported that a car has been built in Germany which has gone so far as to dispense with the usual fixed seats, and has substituted therefor revolving chairs, as in an American parlor-car. The motor-house has yet to appear, but it is quite practicable: there is nothing to prevent the designing and constructing of a vehicle which will not only carry its occupants swiftly over the roads, but will house them comfortably at night, and have ample equipment for heating, lighting, and cooking. Many attractive "cruises" could be arranged, especially in France, where the wide smooth roads extend in all directions. In such a district as Normandy, where the roads are good, the country picturesque, but the inns vile, a land-yacht would be most desirable for headquarters.

Now that Fournier and Winton have made final arrangements to meet on the track, an interesting series of races should result. July 25 is the date set for the first race, which will be held on the Empire track at Yonkers; the second race will be in Glenville, Ohio; the prize is to be a silver cup valued at one thousand dollars; besides this, there is to be no remuneration of any sort either for expenses or as winning money. This race has also aroused interest among motor enthusiasts, and many other meetings are likely to be arranged. Oldfield, H. S. Harkness, Ford, and Mooers are likely to challenge the winner of the Fournier-Winton event. A new method of handicapping is proposed for use on the track: it will be based on the proportionate cylinder area, gearing, piston stroke, and weight, and is expected to prove a close and fair basis for all machines.

The report of the Supervisors' Highway Convention in the matter of road improvement was very favorably received by Governor Odell. He told the committee that he considered good roads as a necessary part of the canal improvement of the State, and that, while the canal has for its object the building up of the commerce of New York, good roads are of quite as vital importance in the local distribution of freight and goods. Governor Odell has submitted to the Legislature several propositions to reduce the deficiency. These propositions will, if granted, be sufficient to meet requirements for improving the roads now under consideration. A recommendation has been made to the Legislature that should there be any constitutional amendment looking to a longer period for payment of bonds that they should also include those issued for the building of good roads. The Good Roads Committee is hopeful that these favorable measures will be approved by the House.

The tremendous sales made at the Automobile Show seem to indicate a more widely spread interest in the machines than has yet been shown. It has gradually been recognized that many of the motors have passed well beyond the experimental stage, that there is less danger of the uncomfortable experience of the engine unaccountably stopping, and having to be adjusted while surrounded by an amused "get-a-horse" crowd. The strenuous competition of the numerous makers of cars has resulted in a multiplicity of moderate-priced cars, many of which are distinguished by their simple method of control and quietness in running. The very high-powered motors, however, seem to find ready purchasers. A noticeable machine is the "Empire State Express," brought over by Fournier for Mr. W. R. Hearst. It is a sixty horse-power Mors of the usual tonneau style, and can be stripped for racing. It is reported that the Cannstadt factory is building a racing-machine of 100 horse-power for Mr. S. Osgood Pell. It is to weigh less than a ton, and by its throttle-control can be run at any speed from five miles an hour up to the full racing limit.



Mr. Harry Payne Whitney's new Touring-Car

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(Continued from page 241.)

arrival at the capital, having been received by the Minister of Foreign Affairs and communicated to him their credentials, were received by the Emperor, as are all others of this rank, on his presentation by an official, in audience at which certain functionaries of the court were present. He went to the palace for this purpose in his own carriage, and unattended except by the personnel of his legation.

The ceremonial in the case of an ambassador, on the contrary, is as follows:

Having notified the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Grand Master of Ceremonies of the Court of his arrival and paid the customary visits of ceremony to them both, he receives notice of the time when he will be received in audience by the Emperor.

At the appointed time he is waited on by a master of ceremonies, bearing his wand and attended by two aides, all in full uniform. By them he is escorted to the imperial state coach, which has been sent to bring him to the palace.

The cortège is headed by a coach drawn by four horses with postilions, coachman, and footmen. Next comes that of the ambassador, drawn by six pure white horses, also with the same liveried servants, but with four footmen on the board behind, and followed by a troop of liveried outriders on horseback. Then follow the coaches containing the secretaries and attachés of the embassy, each drawn by four horses.

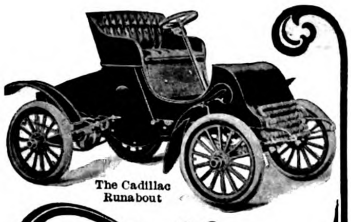
The scarlet hammer-cloths of the coaches and the liveries of the servants, all trimmed with rows upon rows of gold braid, ornamented with the imperial eagle in black, the splendid white horses and the rich coaches, make the cavalcade a brilliant pageant.

The etiquette precludes any one but the ambassador riding on the back seat in his coach. The master of ceremonies must take his place facing him, as must any secretary the ambassador may desire to have ride with him.

On arriving at the Winter Palace the carriages enter the court-yard and draw up at the state entrance, through which none but the imperial family, ambassadors, and those accompanying them may have access, and descending from his coach and preceded by two fourriers, or avant-couriers, the ambassador enters the palace, and with his suite passes through the marble colonnade of the entrance hall to the magnificent grand staircase, at the top of which he is met by the Grand Marshal of the Court, who, in full uniform blazing with orders and bearing his staff of office, conducts him through the vast and splendid halls of the state apartments, between lines of soldiers at present arms, to the antechamber of the malachite room in which the audience takes place. In this antechamber are assembled the Grand Chargés of the Court, high functionaries in heavily embroidered uniforms, their breasts covered with the decorations earned by long service, who receive the ambassador with grave ceremony.

Presently the arrival of the Emperor in the malachite room is announced, and the ambassador is escorted to its door by the Grand Marshal and the Grand Master of Ceremonies. The Grand Chamberlain of the Palace stands at the door, which he causes to be opened by two enormous black Nubians in Oriental dress for the ambassador's entrance. The door is immediately closed behind him, all others remaining outside, for none may be present at the first audience of an ambassador with the sovereign.

After all this parade and stately ceremony, the ambassador finds himself in the presence of a kind-eyed gentleman in the plain undress uniform of a colonel, for, with power to raise any subject to the highest military or civil rank, Nicholas II. has never assumed any higher for himself. With pleasant, unassuming manners, the Emperor enters into easy conversation, in which he


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The
Cadillac
The Automobile that Solves the Problem

Until the Cadillac was made, all automobile construction was more or less experimental. This machine is made on a new system developed from the experiences of all previous makers: the faults and weaknesses of the old methods have been avoided and a new ideal of motor travel developed that gives a perfect vehicle for comfort, speed, absolute safety, greatest durability, simplicity of operation, wide radius of travel, and reliability under all conditions of roads. You should not buy before examining this wonderful new machine. Price f. o. b. at factory, $750.

The new tonneau attachment, at an extra cost of $100, gives practically two motor vehicles in one, with a seating capacity of two or four, as required—a very graceful effect in either use. Write for illustrated booklet M.

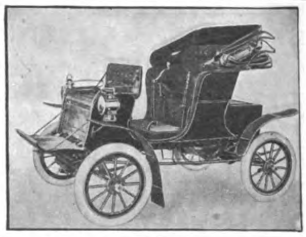
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With detachable tonneau

BROWN'S
Bronchial Troches
Promptly Relieve Coughs, Hoarseness, Throat and Lung Troubles.
Nothing excels this simple remedy.

CHOICE ANTIQUES.—Rare Old Furniture, Clocks, Mirrors, China, Brasses, Coverlets, &c. Photos furnished. I. ELTING, Saugerties, N. Y.

"IT STARTS FROM THE SEAT"
The
"STEVENS-DURYEA"
GASOLINE AUTOMOBILE
IS A LEADER OF ITS CLASS



SPEEDY, RELIABLE, ECONOMICAL
HAS A 7-HORSE TWO-CYLINDER MOTOR
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Quick
Effective
Safe

on a dark night is an H. & R. Bicycle Revolver.
Double action.
Sold direct where dealers will not supply.
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Makers of H. & R. Single Guns.
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Rye
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and *other stomach troubles* quickly relieved and in most cases surely cured by the use of

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This scientific germicide is *absolutely harmless;* it subdues the inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, and by removing the cause, effects a cure.
Used and recommended by leading physicians. Take no substitute and see that each bottle bears my signature. Trial size, $1.00, at druggists or by mail, from

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The best muslin made for men's night-robes is

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HAS BEEN THE PREFERRED AFTER-DINNER CORDIAL OF POLITE SOCIETY

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exhibits perfect familiarity with all the current topics of the day, not alone in Europe, but in America as well. After some brief interchange of compliments, his Majesty makes the move to conduct his guest to the adjoining room, where he presents him to the Empress. She invites him to a seat near her, and all enjoy a few minutes' chat, at the conclusion of which the ambassador is at liberty to present his suite.

The return of the ambassador to his lodging-place is conducted with similar formality.

When the Emperor is in residence at either of his summer palaces at Tsarskoë-Selo or Peterhof, as was the case when Ambassador McCormick presented his credentials to the Tsar on January 12 last, a special train takes the ambassador to whichever place may have been designated, and the state coaches are taken at the railroad station, where the imperial waiting-room, furnished with every luxury, is thrown open. Under these circumstances, a collation is furnished at the palace.

Having been presented to their Majesties, he next requests audience with the Empress Mother and with the numerous grand dukes and duchesses, who each receive him in turn, and requests on behalf of his wife her presentation to both the Empresses. Between these ceremonies he calls upon his colleagues of the diplomatic corps.

As soon as his residence can be put in order for his occupancy, he commences, with the assistance of the Department of Ceremonies, the preparations for his ambassadorial reception. For this purpose carefully revised lists of all the members of the court must be printed. All who have the right of entrance at the imperial court must be included in these lists, according to their rank, and invitations addressed to them, giving them their full and exact titles.

On the evening appointed for this official reception the great house of our ambassador, fronting the Neva, which has been taken charge of for the occasion by the court officials, will be a blaze of light and magnificence. Liveried footmen will line the marble grand staircase on each side, and as each high functionary enters in full uniform and orders, his name will be passed along from mouth to mouth of the attendants until he reaches the door of the apartment in which the ambassador and ambassadress are receiving. Here the arriving guests are presented in turn by a master of ceremonies.

Attendance at this reception is counted as a visit which courtesy requires to be returned in person, and the list numbers some thousand or more names.

Abram Stevens Hewitt

PROBABLY the best epigram descriptive of the greatness of Abram S. Hewitt was uttered by Lord Charles Beresford, Vice-Admiral of the British navy, on the day of his recent arrival in this country, when it was supposed that Mr. Hewitt could live only a few hours. He said that Mr. Hewitt had a "national mind."

Emphatically Mr. Hewitt was a man of the nation. That overworked phrase, a typical American, fitted his personality and his public career perfectly. He was of the stuff of which Americans are especially proud.

He was born in a log cabin in 1822; he worked his way through college; he became a professor of mathematics in Columbia College; he was admitted to the bar; he distinguished himself as one of the foremost manufacturers of the country; he became Mayor of the country's largest city; he served more than ten years in Congress, and probably did more to save the country from revolution in 1876 over the disputed Presidential election than any other man; he

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managed the Democratic national campaign in that year; he took part in all good movements to improve conditions of life in New York; he was the head of the well-known Cooper Union; he worked for public rather than for party advancement, and his ambition was to be known as a statesman.

Mr. Hewitt was a statesman in the sense that all of his public acts were aimed solely to benefit the state. He was never a strict party man. He was too great to become a party leader. A lifelong Democrat, he supported McKinley twice, and recently declared that he was no longer a Democrat, but neither was he a Republican. Singularly effective and pleasing as a public speaker, a luminous writer, he came to have the position of a sage in the community. He was fearless in his utterances, and never courted popularity. He had a poetic sentiment in his make-up, and he was fitted for the work of a scholar. Indeed, he never did give up his classical and mathematical studies. His mental processes were quick, and he reached his conclusions often by intuition rather than by reasoning.

Mr. Hewitt was fortunate in the friendships of his youth. Peter Cooper took him up, sent him to Europe with his son Edward, afterwards Mayor of New York, as a tutor, and then established him in business with his son in the steel trade in Trenton, New Jersey. Mr. Hewitt married Mr. Cooper's daughter, and their business alliance became all the closer. In a few years the firm assumed a commanding position. Mr. Hewitt mastered the intricacies of the steel trade. From 1873 to 1879 the firm lost $100,000 a year. It kept accumulating stock. When the tide of dull times turned it made $1,000,000 by being able to take quick advantage of the market. He never had any labor troubles with his employees.

Mr. Hewitt affiliated, politically, many years with Tammany Hall. He spent $4000 in trying to clear Richard Croker of the charge of murder. Mr. Croker supported him in his first race for Congress in 1874. Later, when Mayor, he made Croker Fire Commissioner. He broke with Tammany Hall while Mayor, and after that opposed it vigorously. For twelve years he remained in Congress. He was one of the twenty-seven Democrats who refused to vote against the repeal of the Specie Resumption Act. His most notable work there was his advocacy of the Electoral Commission in 1876. He persuaded Mr. Tilden, his close friend, to accept it. Mr. Tilden lost the Presidency, but the country was spared from a possible revolution.

Mr. Hewitt's canvass for Mayor in 1886 attracted widespread interest. He had for opponents Henry George, Labor man, and Theodore Roosevelt, Republican. The vote was: Hewitt, 90,552; George, 68,110; Roosevelt, 60,435. Two years later Tammany defeated him for Mayor. His incumbency of the office of Mayor was marked by a high sense of duty. He would not take orders, and defeat at the next election was his punishment.

Mr. Hewitt, in 1901, was the recipient of a medal from the Chamber of Commerce of New York, bearing this inscription:

"By his genius benefactor of the city and conservator of the commonwealth."

He declared that it would be his "most precious possession."

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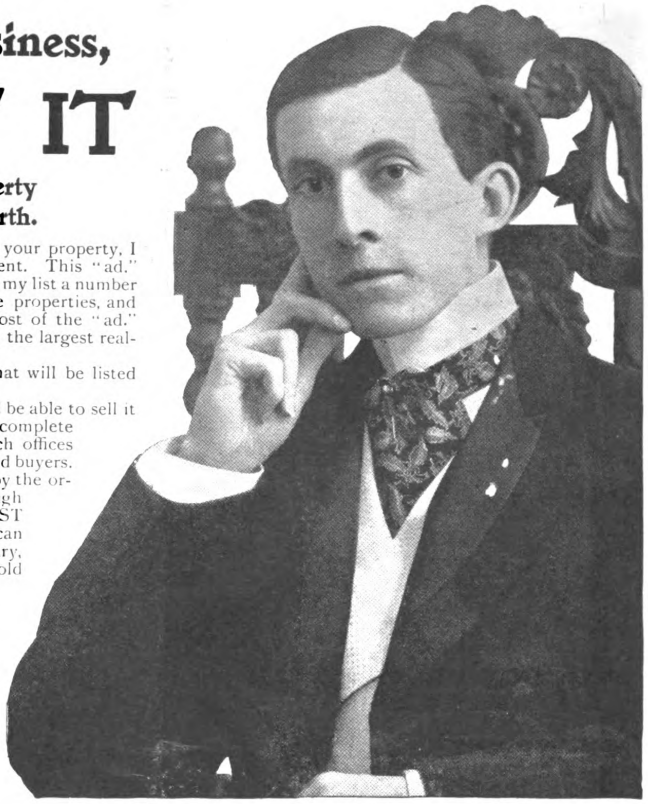
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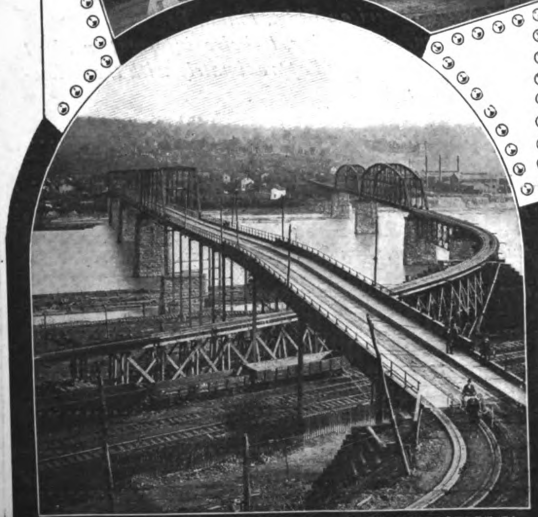
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STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

HARPER'S WEEKLY

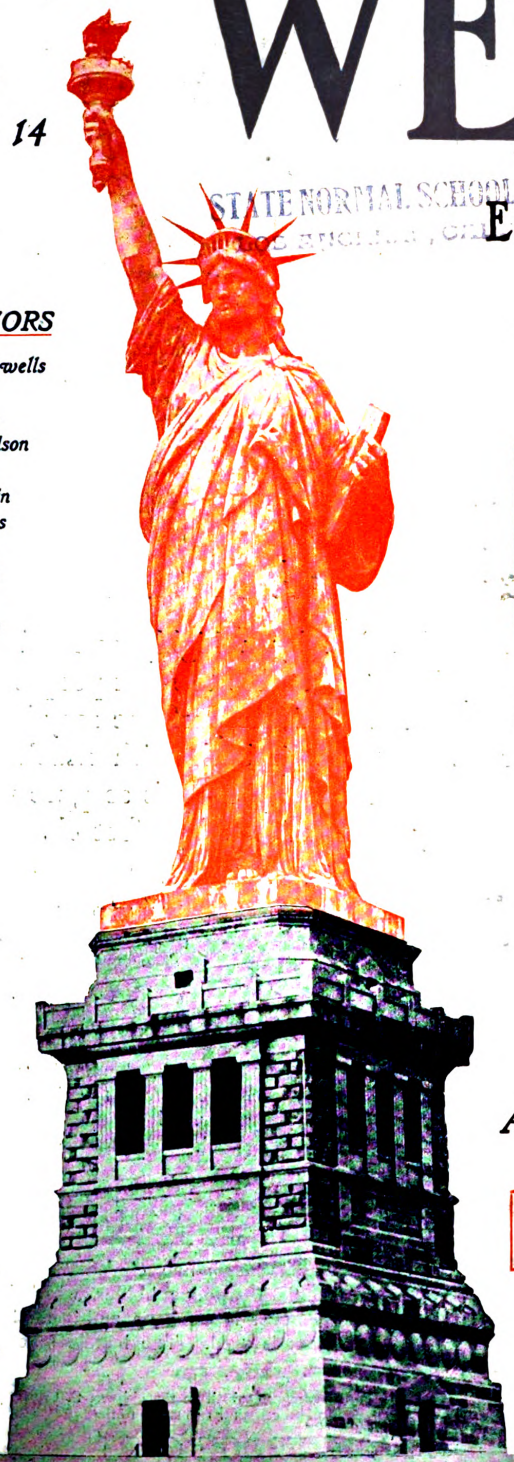
SATURDAY
FEBRUARY 14
1903

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

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The Army and Navy Reception at the White House. The Trial Trip of the New "Maine"

By Balloon Over the Irish Sea

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Wicked Willie and the Wall

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW
THIS WEEK

PETER COOPER HEWITT

Sixteen Pages of Comment on Politics, Literature, and Life

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

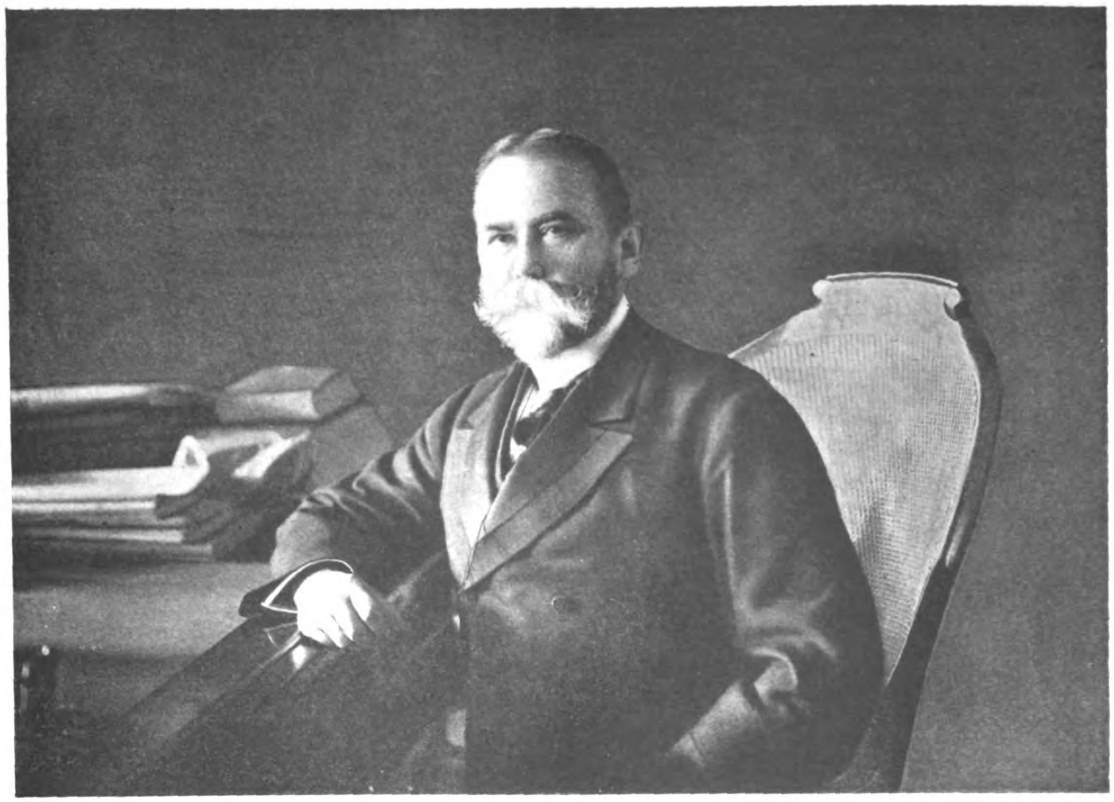
XXVII.—PETER COOPER HEWITT, *AET. 42*

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JOHN HAY AND THE NEW TREATY

THE signing by Secretary-of-State Hay and Sir Michael Herbert of the treaty submitting to arbitration the long-drawn-out Alaska boundary dispute, following with such startling, almost sensational, quickness the treaty signed by Mr. Hay with the Colombian government granting the right of way for the construction of the Panama Canal, calls renewed attention to the remarkable achievements of the present Secretary of State. It is neither exaggeration nor eulogy to say that since the foundation of the government there has been no occupant of the State Department who has faced so many great problems or who has been so uniformly successful in dealing with them.

During the five years that Mr. Hay has been Secretary of State there has been scarcely a day that the State Department has not had to grapple with a question of first magnitude, questions vital to the interests of the United States, and affecting in only a lesser degree all the rest of the world. Had they occurred a few years previously they would have aroused the country from one end to the other; now they are regarded as almost a matter of course, and although they attract attention, they are discussed quietly. Nothing, perhaps, better illustrates the commanding position of the United States in *Weltpolitik*, and that recognition by the American people, than the unconcern, indifference almost, with which they know of the influence exercised by this government in the political concerns of the world. A summary of the subjects that have demanded the attention of the State Department since Mr. John Hay entered it shows how wide are the interests of the United States and how great the demands made upon the American minister for foreign affairs.

Mr. Hay assumed charge of the department after the close of the Spanish war, and when the terms of peace were to be arranged. Then followed all the numerous and intricate questions arising out of the new order of things, and the effacement of Spain as a power in the Western Hemisphere. While some of the loose threads were being securely bound together there came the outbreak in China, and the lamentable spectacle was presented of all the world losing its head, with the sole exception of the American government. Space will not admit of going into details, but those who are familiar with the diplomacy at the time when the legations were threatened by the Boxers, and the even more critical time after the allies had entered Peking, know that Mr. Hay, among all the First Ministers of the world, stood alone in demanding justice for the Chinese, and that punishment be tempered by mercy. He refused to yield to the savage demands made by Germany for unlimited punishment, and succeeded in bringing such pressure to bear upon the allies that a milder course was adopted. When the plenipotentiaries of the powers met in conference to agree on the terms of the indemnity, the American representatives, acting under Mr. Hay's instructions, accepted an indemnity sufficient only to cover the actual loss of American citizens, and protested strenuously against imposing such a fine on China as would have virtually reduced her to beggary. The abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty; the dissolution of the Samoa condominium; the negotiations to conclude a treaty with Colombia for the construction of the Panama Canal, negotiations so exasperating that they might well have made a less pertinacious man abandon them as hopeless; the efforts to bring about a settlement of the Alaska boundary dispute, that for more than thirty years has been a cause of friction between the United States and Great Britain, and more than once threatened consequences of the gravest nature; the successful negotiation of the reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland, which one of Mr. Hay's predecessors attempted, but found impossible; the conclusion of several other reciprocity treaties; and now, at the time of writing, the delicate situation developed by the attempt on the part of Germany and Great Britain to collect an indemnity from Venezuela—are the things that have chiefly occupied Mr. Hay's attention since he became a member of the cabinet.

The secret of Mr. Hay's success as a diplomatist, the reason why he has been able to achieve more during his administration of the State Department than any of his predecessors, may be summed up in one word—character. Most men who have played a great part in the world's affairs have been bilateral: the majority of them have not considered it unethical, or opposed to their code of honor, to be absolutely truthful, honest, and just in their private relations, and more or less unmindful of these obligations in the interests of their country. John Hay, Secretary of State, and John Hay, private citizen, are one and the same man. Mr. Hay as the foreign minister of the United States would no more think of obtaining an undue or unfair advantage than he would do an unworthy thing in his private capacity. He could not if he would. His trend of thought, his past life, his nature, no less than his principles, would revolt against such a suggestion. In negotiating with foreign powers he has, of course, and properly, endeavored to obtain for the United States those things that he regarded as essential for its welfare or safety or in pursuance of its well-established policy, but he has never sought to drive a hard bargain or to avail himself of the necessities of his opponent, or to be influenced by petty considerations.

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THE ARMY AND NAVY RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The President's annual reception to his officers is this year unusually interesting because of the newly renovated White House, and because all the officers appeared for the first time in their new uniforms. The scene represented by Mr. de Thulstrup in the East Room was most brilliant and effective

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OUR COLONY PROBLEM

FOR three years preceding the assignment of General J. Franklin Bell, United States Army, to command the Third Separate Brigade in the Philippines, the insurgents had been masters of the situation. The territory included in this brigade was a large one—embracing part of Rizal (Manila) Province, all of Cavite, Laguna, and Batangas provinces, part of Tayabas Province, the islands of Mindoro, Romblon, Marinduque, and other smaller islands. A great deal of this territory is covered by high mountains and mountain ranges, dense undergrowth, swamps, etc., which render field operations exceedingly difficult, and give the insurgents the greatest possible advantage. They were armed mostly with Mauser and Remington rifles, each command being re-enforced by a company of bolomen.

They had eluded pursuit by disbanding when too hard pressed, to assemble again at some other point; they always planned to attack a much smaller force than their own, and they would not stand in a fair fight. They terrorized all native towns, requiring contributions of money and supplies. Agents were appointed in each town to receive these. A breach of trust on the part of one of these natives caused his instant death. This was the situation in the Third Brigade when General Bell assumed command, December 1, 1901. An order was issued closing the ports in Batangas and Laguna provinces, and directing all natives to assemble in the regular settled towns by January 1, 1902; every settled town was garrisoned by soldiers. A radius of one to three miles outside of the town proper was given in which to settle, but for convenience and better sanitary measures the camps were generally located on the grounds best adapted for the purpose within the area.



General J. Franklin Bell

Many were the picturesque sights during the month of December as the peaceful families from the hills moved into the towns. Lines of bull-carts, native ponies and cattle, each carrying their share, some carrying natives with their bright, many-colored garments, and some household effects, wended their way from hill to hamlet. The moving of a native house and native family, such as are found in the hills, is no great engineering feat. The pieces of bamboo forming the sides of the house, and the braces for the top, are untied, and placed on a bull-cart. This can be done in two or three hours by the men, while the women and children pack the family effects, which, as a rule, can be done in much less time, as they can be carried on the backs of one or two native ponies. The chickens are carried in bamboo crates, while the hogs are tied by the feet and placed on bull-carts to repose until the destination is reached.

Reconcentration camps were established in Batangas and Laguna provinces only. The former has a population of about 313,000, and the latter about 177,000. In Batangas Province twenty reconcentration camps were formed, and twenty-five in Laguna Province. The former has an area of about 1153 square miles, twenty-two pueblos, and five hundred and twenty barrios, and the latter six hundred and eighty-four square miles, twenty-eight pueblos, and four hundred and ninety-five barrios.

Those camps sprang up with surprising rapidity. An officer stationed in the town was designated to supervise each camp, and it was his duty to see that the camps were erected in an orderly and systematic manner. A medical officer was assigned to look after the sick and sanitary measures, and the commanding officer himself saw to it that all the reconcentrados had proper food and supplies. A hospital specially for natives, under army supervision, was established for each camp. Many of these towns surpassed in neatness and appearance the permanent towns to which they were annexed. Such of the men as could work were given employment on the roads, or in the supply department as stevedores and cargadores.

Ever since the surrender of the last insurgents rice and supplies have been imported by the shipload by the military authorities, and sent by wagon and pack-trains to the towns and barrios for use of the natives, so that they may have sufficient food until their first crops are harvested. At the present time nearly all the presidentes have reported that no more rice will be needed, which means that the natives have recovered a basis of self-support. This great work has been accomplished by General Bell, and almost entirely by him. He planned and controlled each separate expedition.

He has been in these islands about four years and a half—longer than any other officer or soldier. Although he has for several months had an order from the War Department assigning him to the command of the General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, with instructions to proceed there at his convenience, he remains here in order that he may personally see that everything possible is done for the future welfare of his past enemies. Through an agent of the Agricultural Department he is showing them the use of American farm implements, and experimental farms are being established under his supervision.



A Filipino Market



A Popular Religious Festival

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THE DAY BEFORE LENT IN NEW ORLEANS

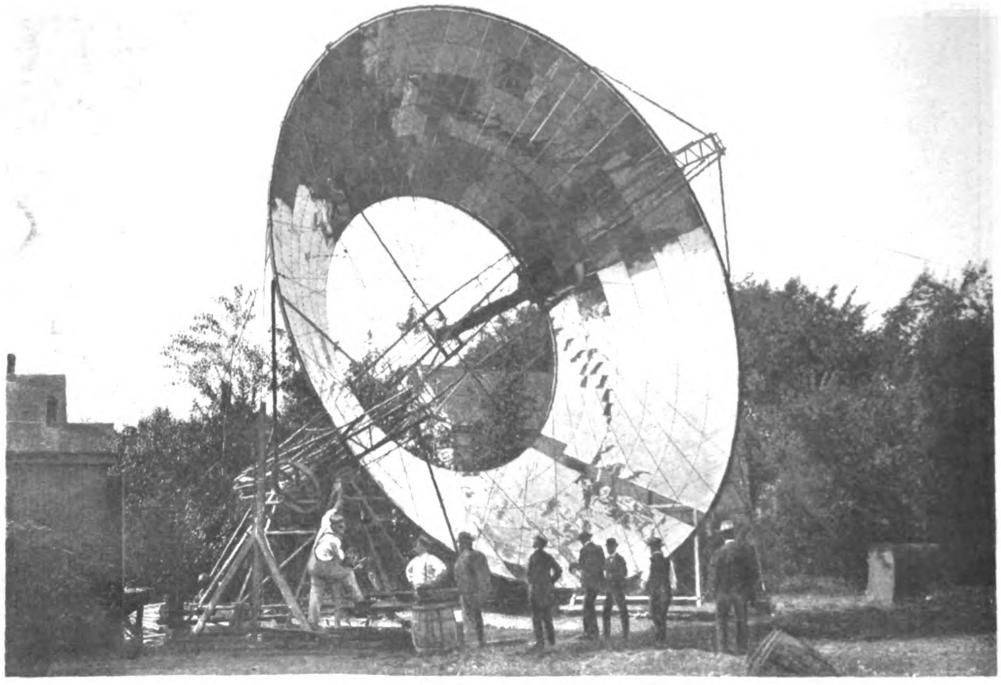
The Mardi Gras Festival, held every year in New Orleans, is of exceptional interest not only from its picturesque side, but because in any part of our hurried, busy life such a festival—a return to the customs of old mediaeval days—is possible. In the above drawing Mr. McCarter has fully caught the curious, old-world spirit which characterizes these modern festivals in the South and West

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POWER FROM SUNLIGHT

IT has been a favorite pastime for the dreary gentlemen who juggle with statistics solemnly to calculate the date on which we shall all freeze to death from exhaustion of the coal-supply. The events of the present winter have thrown a new and lurid light on their vaticinations, for many a home has been fireless and many a factory has closed its doors through a mere temporary diminution of the coal output of a single State. It is a bad business at the best, and quite enough to set people on a serious quest for means of relief. The sun since the dawn of history has been worshipped and apostrophized as the source of life and light, but there are few even now who realize how near and potent its aid really is. The energy with which it daily floods the earth is so great as almost to defy the grasp of the intellect. For a conservative and moderate estimate it is equivalent to about 10,000 horse-power per acre of the terrestrial surface exposed to it. If this store of energy could be gathered over even a few square miles it would suffice to drive every wheel that turns from Eastport to San Diego. But the problem of gathering it has been a formidable one. All sorts of devices have been suggested, from burning-glasses heating boilers to strange electrical devices planned by wild-eyed wizards with companies to promote. Out of this chaos of hypothesis, however, has gradually been evolved something very like a substantial reality, so that at the present time it is within bounds to say that a reasonable proportion of the solar energy can be turned to the uses of man by means either already existing or fairly near at hand. The first man to take serious account of the matter from a modern engineering standpoint was John Ericsson, a genius who deserved better of the world than the world knew. Thirty years ago he devised and constructed several solar engines arranged to receive the sun's heat from huge reflectors and to utilize it for power either in a steam-engine or in that wonderfully ingenious hot-air machine of which he was the inventor. This was the first great step, and it is now in a fair way to be followed up. The fundamental thing in any plan for employing solar energy is so to concentrate it that it can be gathered up and put to work. This is best accomplished by huge reflectors in the form of concave mirrors, poised so as to follow the sun in its diurnal path, and to concentrate its rays on some device at the focus capable of transforming the energy into available power. The cut herewith shown gives an excellent idea of such an apparatus. It is from a photograph of a ten horse-power solar motor as set up for testing near Boston prior to its shipment to Arizona for pumping purposes. The great concave mirror is thirty-six feet in diameter, and contains 1000 square feet of mirror surface in its reflecting zone. It is balanced on a north-and-south axis tilted upwards to match the latitude of the place and the sun's declination. The sectors at the extremities of this axis allow the inclination to be changed every day or two to follow the changing declination of the sun. The whole mirror is turned about the axis by heavy clock-work, so as to follow the sun from hour to hour. This motion is not continuous, but takes place minute by minute, the gearing being locked in the intervals to resist better the effect of wind. In the centre of the mirror stands the boiler, a coil of blackened copper tubing, for a steam-engine is the active power. With good sunlight, the steam is brought to 200 pounds per square inch pressure in about an hour from starting, is superheated, and delivered to the engine, which yields one horse-power for each 100 square feet of mirror surface. The mirror itself is built up of flat thin glass plates silvered on the back, and held in position on the light steel frame-work by bolts and soft washers.

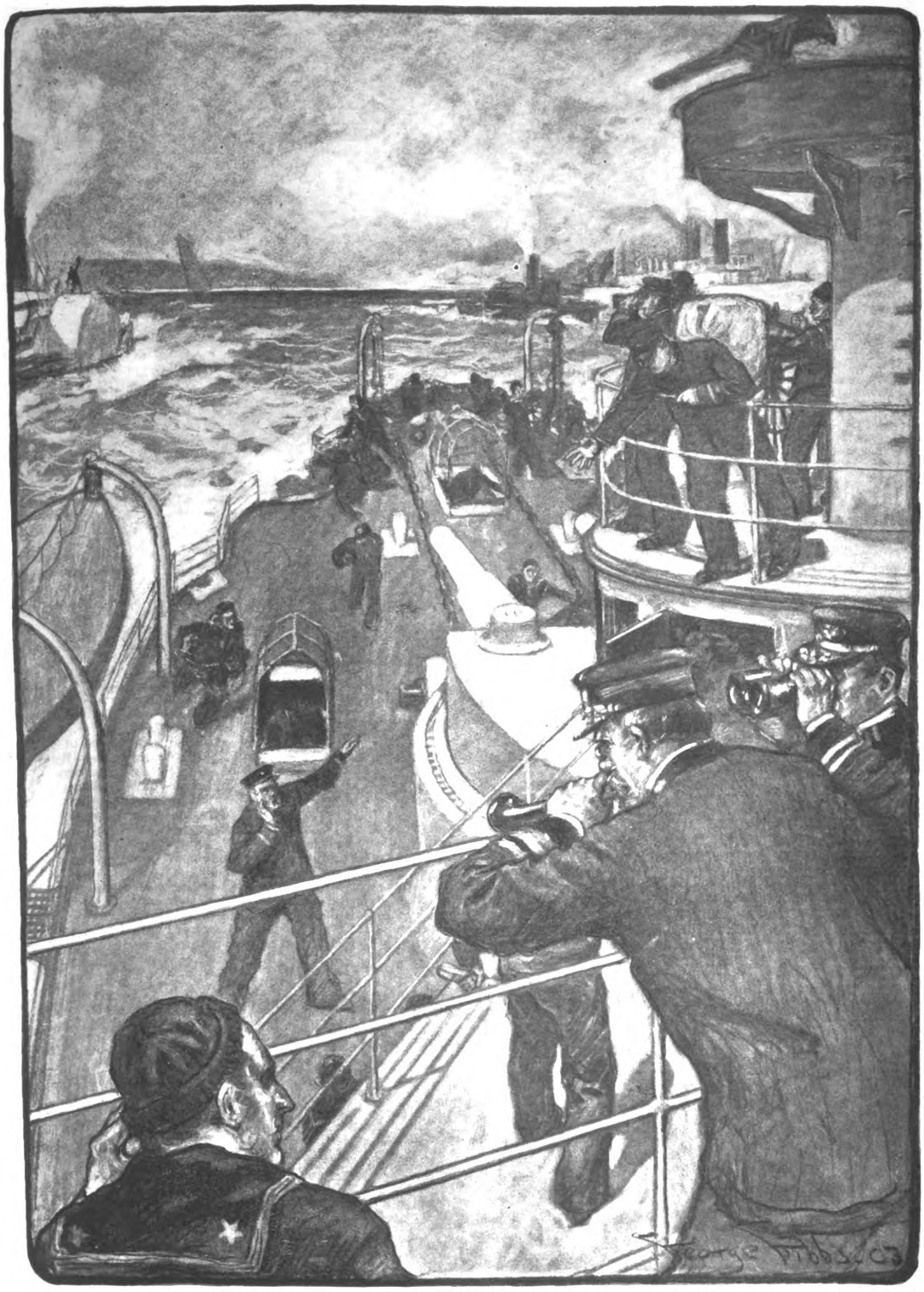
The whole affair can be put together with a screw-driver and a monkey-wrench. Where sunlight is fully available as it is in the Southwest, in Algiers, and in Egypt, and in many another region, such a machine can to-day furnish power for eight hours per day at a cost that will discount windmills, and will compare favorably in many localities with the cost of power obtained from fuel. Obviously, the weak point of this or any solar-heat engine is that it can be worked only a part of the day, and here is where electrical resources may be drawn upon to complete our scheme of dynamic salvation. Passing by the various devices of electrical jugglery which have from time to time been proposed, there are several well understood and reasonable methods of saving the day electrically. Perhaps the most obvious one is to utilize the solar engines to drive dynamos, the current from which could be taken up in storage batteries to be used when wanted. This process would involve the waste of perhaps a quarter of the power, but would allow the remainder to be used at any time, and, what is of greater importance, would permit many engines to furnish combined power. As single-mirror systems tend to become unwieldy in the larger sizes, joint storage has much to recommend it. Still another device which has been proposed is to replace the boiler by a huge thermo-battery generating current directly. If two bars of different metals, such as iron and German silver, are joined at one end of each, and this junction is kept hot while the other ends remain cool, an electric current will be generated in the system. A large number of such pairs can be joined in series, and used even for electric lighting and power. Thermo-batteries as developed thus far are considerably less efficient than a combination of engine and dynamo, but they are simple and very steady in their action.



New Solar Motor erected near Boston

A similar concentrator for light and heat is necessary in all plans, electric and otherwise, for getting power from the sun

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"SECURING FOR SEA"—FIRST TRIP OF THE NEW "MAINE"

The new battle-ship which bears the name of the historic "Maine," sunk in Havana harbor, has just made her preliminary trip to sea. Mr. George Gibbs, in this drawing, has caught the moment when, with anchor aboard, the great ship started for the first time away from her moorings

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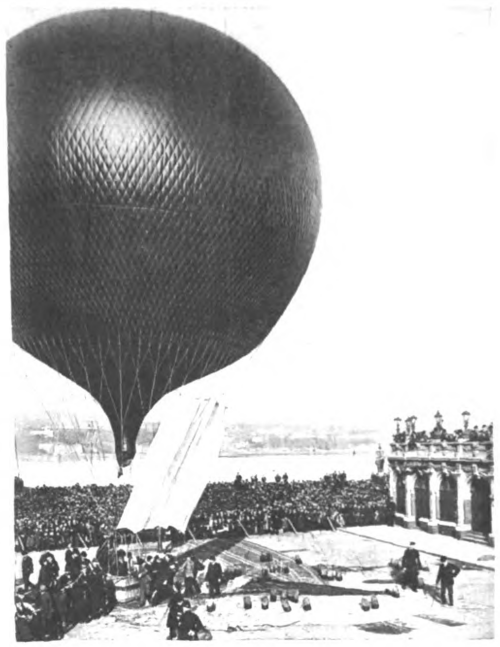
BY BALLOON OVER THE IRISH SEA

THE Irish Sea being mainly bounded by neighboring coast lines, offers obvious and special facilities for aeronautical experiments. It chanced that certain important trials suggested themselves to the writer, which earned the approval of the British admiralty, and for these experiments this stretch of sea appeared particularly well suited.

It had long been pointed out that objects lying beneath water, the surface of which is in any measure disturbed, are better seen at a height above the water than they are at or near the water's edge; and it appeared a question of vital interest whether in modern navigation and modern warfare a balloon floating at a moderate height might not afford the most valuable point of observation for determining the position of sunken wrecks or reefs, or for detecting the yet more dreaded submarine. A balloon employed for such purpose should have ready means of communicating with vessels in its vicinity, and should be provided with an efficient signalling apparatus.

At the outset an incidental problem was presented: How might it be possible to effect an escape by sky from a seaport town under circumstances of blockade and siege when every advantage might be taken of existing capabilities? In time of actual warfare and siege it might be supposed that for safety the ascent should take place from the centre of a town, shielded from view by lofty buildings, and near the largest gas-mains by which the process of filling could be carried out with the greatest expedition when the right opportunity arrived. These conditions were fulfilled by starting from the public square in Douglas, Isle of Man.

As the balloon rose into the air, upper currents bore it away to the left of our anticipated direction. The Isle of Man lay mapped out below, sharply etched in by its rocky coast-line, streaked here and there with its romantic glens and water-courses, and dotted over by bald or cloud-capped mountain peaks. Our long trail rope, already free, struck on the summit of Snæfell — the loftiest peak in the island—and from this point our course again changed, veering somewhat to the eastward, and thus carrying us due above Ramsay, and so out to sea, having on our left the extreme point of Ayr, which we passed at a height of 4000 feet.



The Start

We were now well out over the sea. The man-of-war *Ronard*, which was accompanying us, looked like a mere speck far below. It seemed incredible that we could come into communication, but bringing my "collapsing drum" into action, I signalled "whistle," and in a short interval a double blast on the ship's hooter reached us faintly. The shoals in the sea gave us the opportunity of testing vision from aloft. And one all-important conclusion which we had been commissioned to seek was answered at once and definitely, viz., the penetration of vision beneath the surface of water was increased beyond all comparison from our present standpoint, and the value of such an observing station as ours was put beyond question.

At a mile and a half high an airy storm-tossed ocean of fleecy billows lay around, with deep, dark hollows and crests flung high as heaven, while through wide openings loomed all that could be seen of earth. The broad sea, bluer now, and seen as never before, figured and fretted curiously by conflict of wind and water, gave to us no indication of visible undulation, though streaks of cream showed here and there where waves were really breaking, while from the depth rose a strange soft musical murmur which filled the air. But all that was tangible seemed irrevocably remote.

The island disappeared finally from sight when about ten miles in our wake, and then, looking ahead, we scanned with eager curiosity a dark belt of lowering cloud which hung heavily across the sky-line and barred our view. Somewhere beyond and behind that cloudbank must lie our goal, and this, if the balloon held its present course, should be Scotland, and probably some point in the Solway Firth, distant yet some thirty miles, across the hidden sea.

We subsequently learned that our friends on the *Ronard* still kept us in view, but only fitfully, as we glided from cloud to cloud. They also still continued to see the working of our signals, and, following in our course, succeeded in making such good speed that two hours later, when they anchored in Kirkcudbright Bay, they saw the last of the balloon safely inland and disappearing over the far Scotch mountains.

We landed in the Glen of Glenessdin, fourteen miles from Dumfries, and upwards of eighty miles from our starting-point, concluding a rare and historical sky voyage.

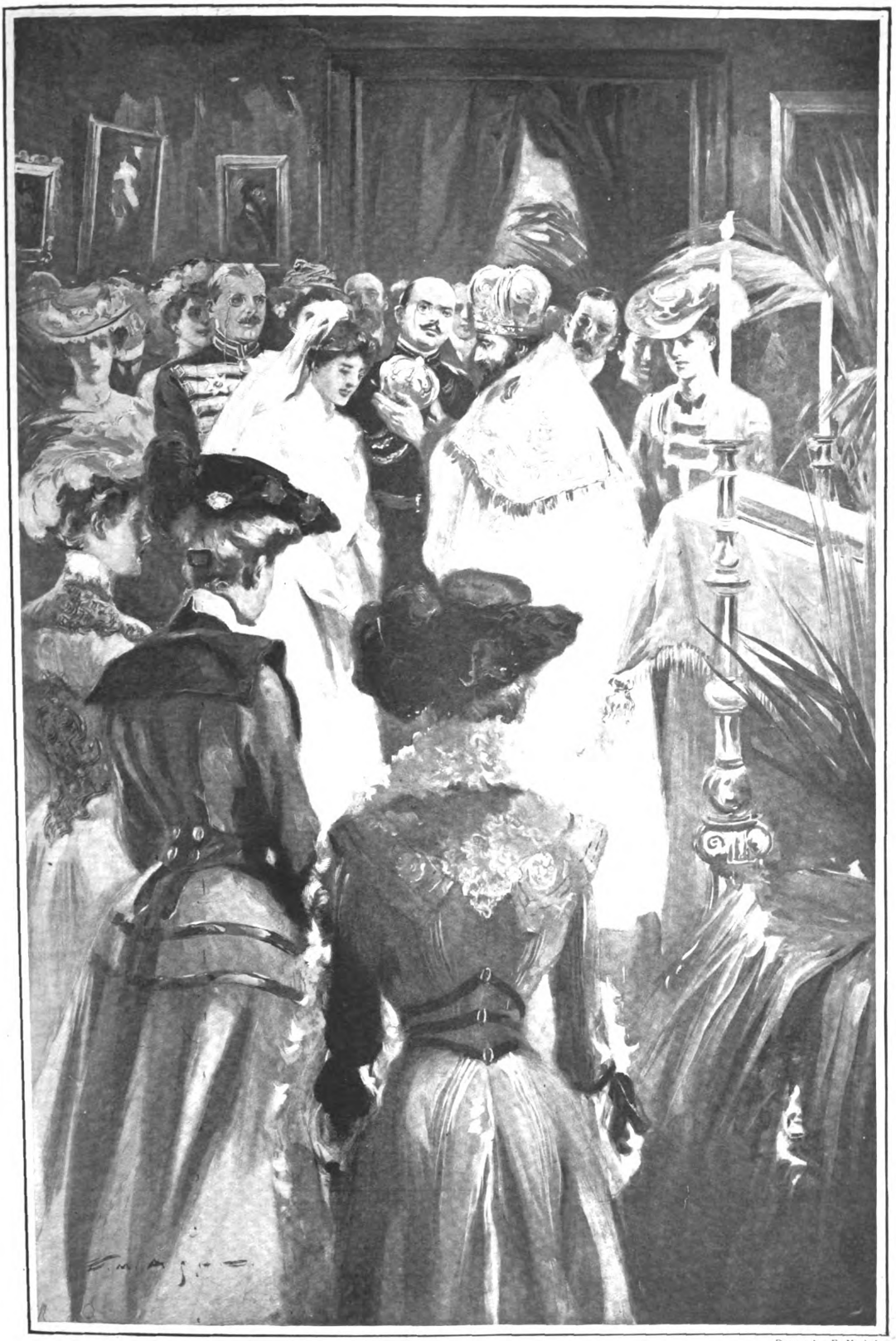


Above the Clouds, one Mile high



Over Douglas Bay, Isle of Man

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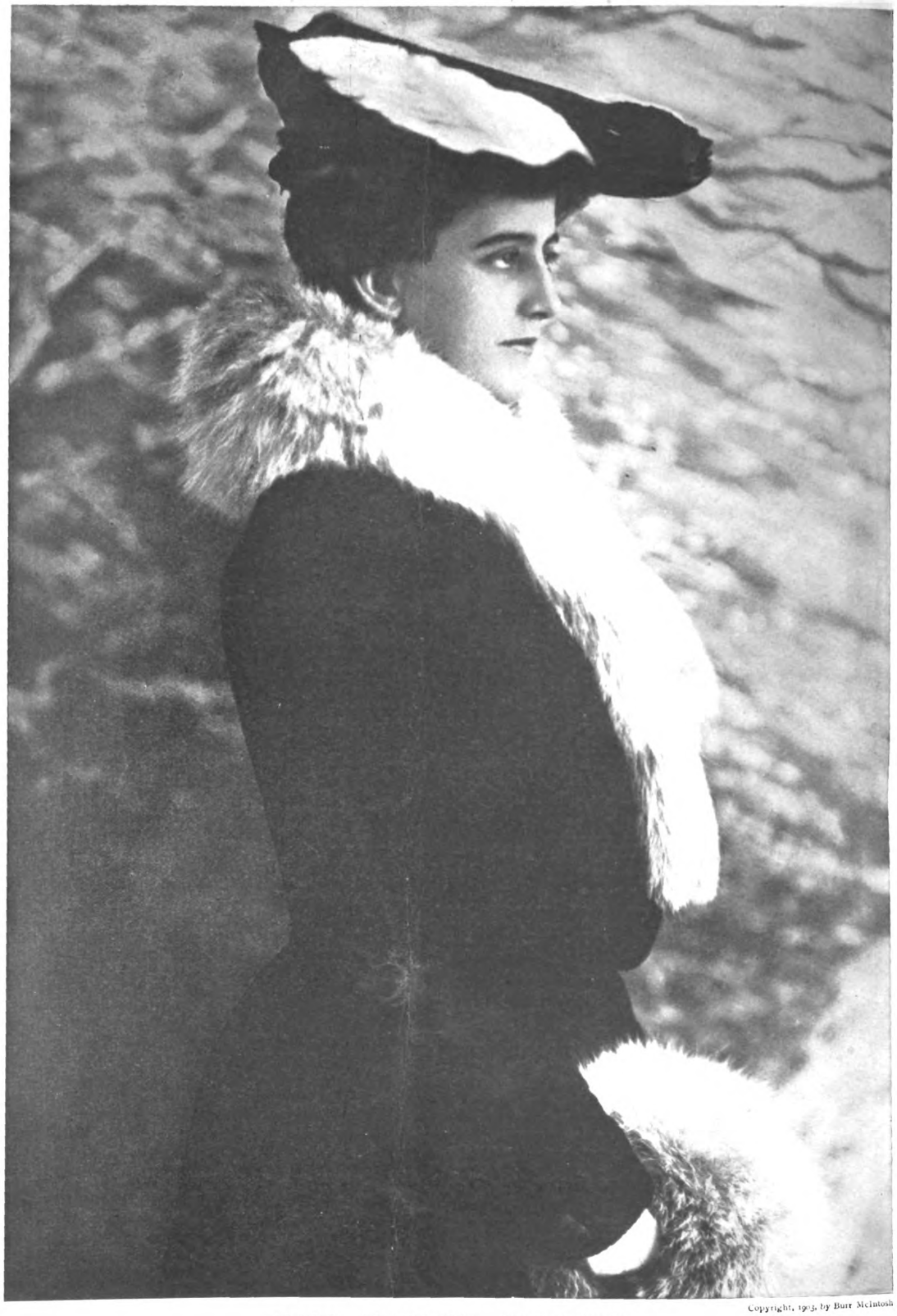


Drawn by E. M. Ashe

AN UNUSUAL SOCIAL EVENT IN WASHINGTON

The recent marriage of Miss Hoy to Mr. Pierre S. Rogestvensky, second Secretary of the Russian Embassy, was the first wedding ceremony performed according to the rites of the Greek Church ever witnessed in Washington. One of the most picturesque incidents of the ceremony as shown in the drawing, was the crowning of the bride with a crown of jewels

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MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT

Mrs. Nat C. Goodwin, or, as she is more generally known to theatre-goers, Miss Maxine Elliott, has scored a success this year in "The Altar of Friendship." This picture shows her in a costume she will wear for the new but as yet unnamed play which has been written for her by Clyde Fitch, and in which she is arranging to appear this coming season

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending February 14, 1903

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COMMENT

CONGRESS showed a laudable recognition of the dangers to which, as recent events have admonished us, we may be exposed by a steadfast assertion of the Monroe doctrine, when it exhibited a willingness to appropriate the money needed to put our harbor fortifications in a state of efficiency. We have no doubt, either, that the programme of gradual naval expansion will receive an equally prompt and cordial approval. But who that refuses to shut his eyes to the clouds on the horizon would venture to assert that we may not need a number of additional war-vessels in the interval between the close of the Fifty-seventh Congress and the assembling of its successor? Why should not the present Congress, before adjourning *sine die,* do what its predecessor did in 1898—*i. e.,* place at the disposal of the President a large sum of money to be used, if in his judgment necessary, for the purchase of battle-ships and armored cruisers which are now the property of foreign powers, but which are known to be for sale. Chile has in commission a battle-ship and an armored cruiser which she would willingly dispose of, and she has two battle-ships which are in course of construction in British yards. Much the same thing may be said of Argentina. Both of these countries have mutually bound themselves to sell the ships which they ordered in Great Britain. There is a rumor that Germany is already negotiating for these vessels. We are quite as likely to need them as she is. Chile has offered to sell her ships to us, but if we neglect the offer we cannot blame her for selling them to Germany. Why should not the President be empowered to buy them, if the turn of events in the next few weeks or months should make their purchase advisable? The mere fact that Congress had placed a great sum of money—say from thirty to fifty million dollars—at the disposal of the President for the purpose named, would be apt to exercise a pacifying influence on events in the Caribbean, and would convince the people of Great Britain that, if they really want to avoid trouble, they might do well to put pressure on their government without delay. What we want is a dozen or fifteen ironclads, or the power of getting them—at the present moment. Not five years hence, or even next year, but *now.* Again we say that we have no right to rest content until our navy is equal at least in size and efficiency to that of the German Empire.

It has been raining ambassadors on our hospitable shores, and it rather looks as if every new ambassador brought a new complication to the affair of Venezuela. Baron Speck von Sternburg has been presenting bouquets with both hands to the nation, its head, its gifted citizens, its sweet women, and Heaven only knows what besides. We are filing all these testimonials for the day of despondency, when we may be inclined to think too humbly of ourselves. But, spite of all these sweet things, the good baron brings pretty hard terms for Venezuela, or rather for her advocate, Minister Bowen. In bygone days, little folk used to get gray powders skilfully hid in jam. May not the jam be represented by those flowery things Baron Speck has been handing us so effusively? As for the gray powders, their composition seems clear enough. Venezuela is being asked to pay two sets of creditors, and to pay both first, if not sooner. Neither set seems the least inclined to take a back seat, and so there we are. M. Jusserand, who has, with a Frenchman's art, managed to insinuate how much he loves us, without laying it on with a trowel, *à la* Sternburg, stands for the other party which makes claims against President Castro's government. He reminds us that France also had a little bill to collect; that she took along no battle-ships—nothing but sweet words; and that these were effective, so that Venezuela promised to pay France what was due, and hypothecated the customs to the extent of thirteen per cent. of the total receipts. This was before the Goth and the Hun came on the scene. To the said Goth and Hun, Minister Bowen made his proposal that thirty per cent. of the customs should be hypothecated, and that all creditors should be paid at the same time. The Goth and Hun will have nothing to do with any such arrangement. They say it has always been their practice to take everything in sight for themselves, and they can see no good reason for diverging from this practice in the present case. And so the matter stands. Meanwhile, the blockade of the Venezuelan coast seems effective only against the government, while the revolutionists apparently continue to receive arms and ammunition very much as before. And Caracas seems on the point of starvation. Several days ago, the bakers announced that their supplies were quite exhausted, and the condition at the present moment must be one of great and growing misery. Seemingly nothing but a decisive success of the Matos party can possibly solve the enigma, by at once opening sources of supply for the capital, and bringing into power an administration which can be trusted to carry out its undertakings.

The claim of the allies that they should be regarded as preferred creditors of Venezuela is new in international law. We have sufficiently discussed the merits of this particular case elsewhere, and especially in the last issue of the WEEKLY. We recur to the matter merely to note the character of the claim from a legal point of view. Germany, England, and Italy asserted their right to a preference over all other claimants because they were diligent in the employment of force. France had a prior lien on the customs of the debtor country, having been promised thirteen per cent. of those revenues, until its claim was paid. The allies were not content to take an equal chance with France, but insisted on the postponement of all claims to their own. The case was analogous to a proceeding in involuntary bankruptcy: One diligent creditor had filed a lien; three others had sued out writs and the sheriff had taken possession; still others had taken no step. The creditors who put the sheriff in motion and who had

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taken possession forced the debtor into bankruptcy. When this had been accomplished, the debtor's assets had to be distributed equitably. This is the rule in international law, just as it is in bankruptcy or insolvency. The creditor who employs force is entitled to his debt, if he can get it. He must be content for the moment with what the creditor possesses. He can have all, unless the creditor confesses ruin and asks for a distribution of his assets among all his creditors. In that case, the distribution must be fairly made, and only those can be preferred whose superior equity is definitely recognized by law. International law recognizes no superior equity. Germany, England, and Italy merely brought matters to a head, and if their claim of preference should be allowed, it would be tantamount to a deliberate declaration, by international law, in favor of war and against peaceful methods for collecting international debts.

At the hour when we write there seems to be no reason to believe that the ratification of the Panama Canal treaty will be materially delayed by Senator Morgan's objection that the credentials of Colombia's representative, Dr. Herran, are of doubtful authenticity, inasmuch as his principal, Dr. Marroquin, is himself a usurper, and has no lawful title to exercise executive authority at Bogota. It is perfectly true that there has been no general election in Colombia since 1898, and that the President chosen that year, Señor Sanclemente, was deposed and imprisoned by a *coup d'état* headed by Vice-President Marroquin, and has since died in prison. We have no desire to dispute Senator Morgan's assertion that the administration now installed at Bogota is a *de facto* rather than a *de jure* government. Not on that account can the Senate refuse to acknowledge the competence of the government headed by Dr. Marroquin to conclude treaties binding on Colombia. That competence has been acknowledged by our Executive in the exercise of the discretion committed to it by the Constitution. Moreover, this discretion has been exercised wisely and consistently. No self-respecting Latin-American commonwealth would brook the arrogation by our State Department of a right to determine which of two rival claimants of power in that commonwealth had the better title. Moreover, if we had begun by refusing to recognize any government in a Latin-American republic until we were convinced that it possessed a *de jure* title, we should have had to forego diplomatic relations with every one of the South and Central American states.

From the outset our State Department has proceeded on the only reasonable and practicable principle, namely, that the *de facto* government must be recognized. We scarcely need point out that by the recognition of a *de facto* government we are estopped from denying its right to make treaties. It is, in truth, a well-settled rule of international law that contracts entered into by a recognized *de facto* government are binding upon its successor. No matter what may happen at Bogota hereafter, no well-informed Colombian is likely to dispute the validity of the canal treaty, and if he did, his protest would not have an atom of foundation in international law. While we take for granted, however, that no attention will be paid by the Senate to the objection based on the *de facto* character of the Marroquin government, we would not be supposed to deny that some of the amendments proposed by Senator Morgan might have improved the treaty, could they have been incorporated in it before the signing of the document. Of course the treaty is not perfect, but it is doubtful whether a better one could have been obtained under the circumstances. If amendments are insisted on now, they will have to be referred to Bogota, and nobody could say when the resultant negotiations would terminate. It would certainly be impossible for any treaty to be ratified at this session of Congress, and even if the desired changes should be eventually accepted by the Colombian Executive, it would be needful for Mr. Roosevelt to convoke the Senate in special session to secure a ratification of the amended treaty.

There seems to be a good deal of misconception about the agreement between the United States and Great Britain with reference to the Alaska boundary. We have not consented to refer the boundary to arbitration. This is what the Canadian members of the Joint High Commission which met in Washington in 1899 desired us to do. We refused, and still persist in our refusal. The word "arbitral" was applied to the intended tribunal in the rough draft of the agreement, but was erased before the document was signed. All that Secretary Hay has done is to agree to submit our legal title, under the Anglo-Russian treaty of 1825, to the boundary claimed by us, to a commission of six members, three of whom shall be American and three British jurists. This commission has no power to bind either of the parties. Its exclusive function is to inquire and report. There is but very little doubt, however, that if a majority of the commission should report in favor of our title, the report would be accepted by Great Britain, and embodied in a treaty, no matter how distasteful the result might be to Canada. If all three of the British commissioners were to be Canadians, there is reason to fear that no report would obtain the assent of a majority, and that consequently this attempt to fix the Alaska boundary would prove abortive. It is understood, however, that while Canada will be represented on the commission, at least one of its members will be an English jurist, to whom the counsel for the United States might appeal with a certain amount of confidence. Our own belief is that if any majority report is made, it will be in favor of the United States. Should the commissioners be evenly divided, the inquiry will have come to nothing, and we shall continue to retain the territory which we claim under the treaty of 1825.

That great little man, or perhaps we should say that little great man, Hon. Israel J. Tarte, has registered a vow to return to the political arena, to the confusion and undoing of his enemies. We told the story of Mr. Tarte very fully at the time, and need not now do more than remind our readers of its main incidents. While Sir Wilfrid Laurier was abroad, trying to arrange direct treaties with France and Italy, and also effectively blocking the imperial militarism of Mr. Secretary Chamberlain, the Hon. Israel J. Tarte bethought himself of how pleasant it would be to wake some morning and find himself famous. So he devised a cunning plan and conceived a new policy. He stood for "Canada for the Canadians," and wanted to build tariff walls and encourage home industries. And he made many and vigorous orations, in a certain sense committing his party to his new protectionist policy. When Sir Wilfrid came marching home from the Colonial Conferences, he heard about these goings-on, and was naturally put out. He summoned Hon. Israel Tarte, and there took place between them a sort of interview which is connected in the minds of young Americans with a visit to the wood-shed in the company of papa and a barrel-stave. After the interview, by one of those curious coincidences which sometimes take place, there happened to be a vacancy in the Laurier cabinet, and in the very department formerly presided over by Mr. Tarte. Then came prophecies of what Mr. Tarte was going to do, chiefly from those stanch Conservative organs that go for Sir Wilfrid and his Liberals at every opportunity. Mr. Tarte was going to found a new party, or come over to the Conservatives, or upset the Liberals, or at least let off some kind of political fireworks that would be worth going miles to see. And Mr. Tarte himself talked reflectively of the time when he himself would form cabinets, and how he should form them. And then came a lull, a hush and a silence, which have been going on ever since. Nothing at all happened, and Mr. Tarte lay low. Now he says the time has come when we shall see what we shall see. The Canadian House of Commons meets in a few weeks, and Mr. Tarte will be there. While awaiting developments, we cannot make up our minds whether Mr. Tarte is a little great man or only a great little man. Just at present, it looks like the latter.

It is a matter of vital interest to the American people that the House of Representatives shall so deal with the confessed perjurer Philip Doblin as to enforce respect for oaths on witnesses who may be hereafter summoned to testify before its committees. An example must be made of this man, otherwise investigations ordered by the House will be henceforth regarded with derision. There is a rumor, for which we hope there is no foundation, that the Committee on Naval Affairs, while absolving ex-Representative Quigg, originally accused by Doblin of an attempt to bribe, and Representative Lessler, subsequently charged by the same Doblin with subornation of perjury, will refrain in its report from proposing that Doblin shall be prosecuted for oath-breaking. For such a sur-

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prising course the committee could have no motive except a discreditable wish to stifle inquiry, and divert attention from the relations of one or more of its members to the Holland Submarine Boat Company. The public odium to which a proceeding of this kind will expose the Naval Committee will be shared by the whole House, if it sanctions the attempt to smother the Doblin affair, and thus encourages perjurers to defy its authority. It ought to be distinctly understood that, if the House fails to require the prosecution of Doblin, every future application of its investigation machinery will be recognized as a farce.

It is no longer Quigg and Lessler, but the Naval Committee and the House of Representatives itself, that are on trial at the bar of public opinion. No question of foreign or economic policy affects more directly or more deeply the interests of the whole community than the question whether perjury may be committed with impunity before the committees to which the delegates of the people in the House of Representatives have intrusted their inquisitorial powers. What a mockery would be the insertion of penalties for perjury in the proceedings authorized by inter-State commerce bills and anti-trust bills, if that offence is suffered to go unpunished in the committee rooms of the House! We lately pointed out that, since the Crédit Mobilier scandal, the lower branch of the Federal Legislature had escaped disgrace through any public proof of corruption. How long would its reputation survive a deliberate refusal to bring this man Doblin to account for his cynical contempt of oaths? He told a member of the committee that he did not know that swearing to a lie was punishable. It is high time that he and others should be enlightened on the point. It will be interesting to note whether opposition to a rigorous prosecution of Doblin comes mainly from Republican or Democratic members of the House.

In his determination to secure the admission of Arizona and New Mexico, as well as Oklahoma, to Statehood, the senior Senator from Pennsylvania is evincing an ingenuity, as well as a persistency, worthy of a better cause. In the guise of an amendment he succeeded in tacking his Statehood bill on the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, and in getting it sent to a committee which he controlled. Not satisfied with this device for compelling the consideration of his measure by the Senate, he subsequently prevailed upon the Senate Committee on Agriculture to attach the Statehood bill as a rider to the Agricultural Appropriation bill. Of course, when the Agricultural Appropriation bill or Sundry Civil bill, thus amended, comes before the Senate, one of Mr. Quay's opponents may request the President of the Senate to rule whether the amendment is relevant. It is by no means certain that Senator Frye, the presiding officer, will rule against Quay in the matter. It is true that no State has ever yet been admitted to the Union by virtue of a mere rider to an appropriation bill. Other measures, however, of very great importance have been enacted in this way, such as the Spooner bill conferring a species of civil government on the Philippines, and the Platt bill requiring certain concessions from Cuba as a condition precedent to our recognition of her independence. Both of these measures were tacked on to an army appropriation bill. Oklahoma herself, for which Statehood is now demanded, was originally thrown open to settlement by means of an amendment attached to the Indian Appropriation bill. Even if Mr. Quay's amendments are pronounced relevant by Mr. Frye, they may be talked to death by his opponents. But suppose he should manage to tack a similar amendment to each of the appropriation bills, will his opponents, in their desire to avert the admission of Arizona and New Mexico into the Union, allow all the appropriation bills to fail, and thus compel the President to convoke the Fifty-eighth Congress early in March? If it were certain that Mr. Roosevelt would veto the measure, it might be expedient to let Senator Quay pass his Statehood bill forthwith, and thus clear the field for indispensable legislation. We imagine that Mr. Roosevelt would sooner accept that responsibility than see himself constrained to convoke the Fifty-eighth Congress in extra session.

The Democratic members of the House of Representatives have an opportunity greatly to advance the interests of their party. A comparison of the Fowler and Padgett currency bills does not indicate that either party has reached sound conclusions as to the kind of currency the country is entitled. Each scheme is faulty, and contains provisions which will defeat the declared object of its promoters. It is a great gain, however, that we have the two parties competing in the effort to provide the country with an elastic, and sound, bank-note currency. This alone is an enormous advance over the conditions which prevailed in the Presidential campaigns of 1896 and 1900. Then we had a crude debate over the 16-to-1 idea, a debate unworthy of the country and the age. Strange to say, the President seems now to be dragging his party back towards bimetallism, while the party which made the silver dollar its fetich is insisting on a bank-note currency which shall be able to respond to the demands of business. When Bryan was at the front, bank-notes rivalled gold in the ill-esteem of the Democrats. Financial questions are working out in the right direction, and it may be that the excesses of the Republican leaders in economic questions will result in forcing the Democrats to take a conservative attitude there also. This much is certain, the only road to a Democratic victory is that age-old highway of civil and individual liberty, which leads away from socialism and from all forms of paternalism. If the Democratic party will get back into that highway, the nation will have cause for great rejoicing.

We are glad to see that the proposal to increase the pay of the Federal judiciary is almost certain to be adopted at the present session of Congress, though the precise amount of the increase may have to be determined in conference between the Senate and the House of Representatives. The very lowest figures that would present any show of equity are $13,000 for the chief justice, and $12,500 for each of the associate justices. That these figures are too low is evident when they are compared with the salary ($17,500) received by each of the many judges of the New York Supreme Court in the judicial districts comprised within New York city. We observe that the expediency of giving the judges of State courts a remuneration more commensurable with their services is recognized in Pennsylvania, and we hope that a measure to that effect will quickly be enacted at Harrisburg.

Since we last adverted to the subject a bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives which proposes to give the President $100,000 instead of $50,000 a year. Such a law, of course, would not be applicable to Mr. Roosevelt during his present term of office, but it would benefit the President elected in 1904. We need not recapitulate the grounds on which we have pronounced the present salary of our Chief Magistrate unreasonably small, when it is compared with the dignity and importance of the office, with the unparalleled resources of the United States, and with the sums paid in much poorer countries for minor services. The Governor-General of Canada, who is a mere figurehead, gets $50,000 a year, while President Loubet, whose function, compared with Mr. Roosevelt's, is that of a dummy—the ministers under the French system doing all the work and wielding nearly all the power—receives $250,000 a year, besides the use of the palaces of the Elysée and Fontainebleau, which are kept up at the expense of the state. The laborer is worthy of his hire, and if the salaries of Mr. Roosevelt and M. Loubet were to be proportioned to the work and responsibility imposed, the former's pay should be at least ten times as great as that of the latter. The proposal made in the House of Representatives to double the President's salary may be criticised, if criticised at all, on the score of excessive moderation.

The disgraceful riot, on January 31, which resulted from the strike of street-car employees at Waterbury, Connecticut, failed to stir the Mayor of Waterbury to ask for outside help, but had its effect upon the sheriff of the county. At the solicitation of merchants and other leading citizens the sheriff called upon the Governor for troops, and sixteen companies of the State troops being promptly sent, restored order for the time being, though there were further outbreaks on Monday. It is not the strikers, we are told, who have made the trouble, but the "sympathizers." The sympathizers were certainly out in force on Saturday night. The newspapers have told of a mob of six thousand of them who wrecked cars and stoned and insulted non-union employees to their hearts' con-

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tent, with very little interference from anybody. Saturday-night sympathy of that sort can doubtless be excited in a town where the police are inefficient, over any strike that is popular, and very damaging it must be in the long-run to the interests of the strikers. There is apt to be an unusual degree of sincere popular sympathy for street-car employees, who work in the sight of the public, with whose efficiency the public comfort is directly concerned, whose hours of labor are long, and whose pay, as a rule, seems pretty small, but when it takes such a form as it has taken at Waterbury, it engrosses public attention to the neglect of the strike issues. Whatever the merits of the case of the Waterbury strikers may be, the issue there at this writing is whether the peace is to be kept or not. To win a strike by lawful means may be a public benefit; to win a strike by violence is always a public injury. No State can afford to let rioters prevail, and Governor Chamberlain of Connecticut seems to know it.

At a recent conference between Mayor Low, Comptroller Grout, and the representatives of the Rapid Transit Commission, the last named was informed that the city of New York before the end of the current year would be in a position to authorize the expenditure of thirty million to forty million dollars on the construction of new tunnels. Chief-Engineer Parsons was thereupon directed to draw plans for tapping with tunnels every large outlying residential section of the city not already touched by routes begun or contracted for. One of these tunnels is to run from the Post-office in Manhattan borough to a point near Borough Hall in Brooklyn; another under Lexington Avenue from Forty-second Street to the Bronx, and probably as far north as Mount Vernon; and a third through Jerome Avenue to the neighborhood of Woodlawn Cemetery. There is not a word to be said against any of these tunnels, but why, among all these outlying residential sections of New York city, is Staten Island alone to be neglected? There is no section of the city wherein homes are obtainable at so low a price by working-men and men of moderate means. It is, moreover, the only outlying section of the city which cannot be reached by surface railways. As a matter of simple justice to the citizens of Richmond borough, who in foggy weather are now cut off altogether from their places of business in Manhattan, and as a matter of duty to the working-men of Manhattan borough, who would like to own homes of their own, if they could afford to buy them, a tunnel under the Narrows from Bay Ridge to Staten Island is comparatively more important and more urgently called for than a tunnel to Woodlawn Cemetery or the Bronx. Those who wish to visit either of the sections last named can choose between steam-cars and trolley-cars. Those who wish to go to their homes on Staten Island have no alternative but to take a ferry-boat. A tunnel under the Narrows would be neither a difficult nor a costly undertaking, and could be quickly constructed. There is no reason that will bear the light of day why a tunnel to Brooklyn should not be supplemented with a tunnel from Bay Ridge to Staten Island. The two subways ought to be prosecuted simultaneously. Why should workmen in Manhattan borough have to pay from three to five times as much for homes in the borough of the Bronx as they would have to pay for homes in the borough of Richmond? That is a question for Mayor Low and the Rapid Transit Commission to answer.

There is nothing surprising in the announcement that a bituminous trust has been formed which will control a very large fraction of the output of soft coal. No one doubts that the principle of combination, which has been applied in so many fields of manufacture, is applicable also to the products of mines of every kind. What has been disputed, and in truth denied, is the applicability of the principle to the products of agriculture. Experience has shown, however, that one agricultural product, to wit, sugar, is susceptible of control by a combination of capitalists, and it is equally certain that for some years the sale of almost all the coffee, and of almost all the tea, consumed in the United States has been regulated, if not monopolized, by a few persons. It is also well known that the combination headed by Mr. John B. Duke has at its disposal the greater part of the tobacco crop in the United States and Cuba, as well as in some other countries. In view of these indisputable facts, who shall say that it will prove impossible to control the raising and marketing of cereals and of animal products? Why is a wheat trust, or a corn trust, or a cotton trust, more impracticable than a tobacco trust? The number of wheat-growers, or corn-growers, or cotton-growers may be greater than the number of tobacco-growers. But the fact erects no insuperable obstacle. It simply means that a larger amount of capital and a more complicated organization on the part of capitalists and their agents would be needed for the acquirement of control. There is no reason to suppose that the monopolization of agricultural products will stop short at sugar and tobacco. Wheat, and corn, and cotton, and every other necessary of life are sure to fall under the operation of the same principle if it be true that the aggregation of capital is, by reason of the economies effected, an irresistible economic law, which, indeed, can be checked artificially by restrictive legislation, but only when such legislation is imperatively demanded by public opinion. Should the American people find that the prices of grain, meat, and cotton were, on an average, lower throughout a given year than they had been when those commodities were driven up and down by individual competitors—there is no doubt that the normal price of petroleum is much lower than it was before it was controlled by the Standard Oil Company—they are unlikely to be much influenced by the clamor of demagogues, who impute to all trusts indiscriminately a programme of plunder and oppression, the effects of which are nowhere visible.

It is with sincere satisfaction that we chronicle the determination of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to suspend its twenty-hour special express train to Chicago, in order to relieve the freight congestion which has impeded the transportation of soft coal to the seaboard. We have formerly pointed out that the anthracite famine which for a time prevailed was attributed by experts, not so much to a scarcity of that combustible, as to a shortage of bituminous coal, which compelled manufacturers who have hitherto used the latter fuel to seek hard coal as a substitute. The dearth of soft coal at the seaboard was ascribed, as we pointed out, not to any deficiency of output from the bituminous mines, but to the lack of transportation facilities on the Pennsylvania Railway and its branches. To the credit of Mr. A. J. Cassatt, the president of that great corporation, he recognized that the reputation of his company for efficiency was in danger, and he decided to apply a heroic remedy by abandoning for a season the special Chicago flier, which has required an outlay of half a million dollars, and by which a public service has been well performed. To assure the safety of this train, however, innumerable freight-cars had to be side-tracked and held back for hours throughout long sections of the road. There is no doubt that the freight congestion on the Pennsylvania lines will be relieved to a considerable extent by the suppression of this single train, but other express trains will be renounced if such a step seems needful to facilitate transportation. From the moment that bituminous coal reaches the Atlantic coast in its normal volume, the last disturbing element in the fuel-market will disappear.

A good many meetings are being held, and a good many speeches made, on the subject of modern trades-unionism. With the exception of President Eliot, all the speakers agree in commending the unions. This is to say that the speakers, wellnigh universally, especially politicians, are afraid of the unions and afraid to tell the truth to the men who compose them. This is the more to be regretted, because if the unions are not to hear the truth now, they are not likely to hear it at all. The flatterers of the unions are their worst enemies. Those who could tell the truth might serve the unions by securing reorganization on lines which would make for permanency, whereas, if present conditions are persevered in unions are doomed. This century and this country will not long tolerate tyranny of any kind. Organizations that foster it must go. The union which says that a private citizen shall not work on his own house; that a workman who is not a member of the union shall not work at all; that the union is above the State and its law, and that the union workman who does his duty as a citizen in the militia shall be deprived of his livelihood; that employees shall administer the discipline of an establishment; that the efficient workman shall earn no more than the inefficient—all organizations which take this ground will soon fall to pieces, and the right of collective bar-

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gaining will, for a time at least, be lost. It is incumbent on those who talk to working-men to make it clear to them that industry and society will not put them in command. The sooner they learn this truth the longer they will live. They should study the methods by which the United States Steel Corporation became a non-union concern, and learn by example.

There is trouble in the American Red Cross. The first overt evidence of it was the transmission to the Speaker of the House of a memorial, signed by General John M. Wilson, first vice-president of the organization, and twenty-two members of the executive committee for last year, protesting against the control of the Red Cross by its president, Miss Clara Barton, and against the methods which she is charged with using to gain the power she has acquired. The signers of the memorial included former-Secretary-of-State John W. Foster, former-Secretary-of-the-Navy Herbert, former-Surgeon-General Van Reypen, and Mrs. Cowles, the President's sister. The memorial contained an address to the President, charging that last October Miss Barton got proxies from the members of the Red Cross to make "some slight changes" in the by-laws, and made changes which place the control of the policy and finances of the organization in the hands of a single person. It protested against this action as unwise, even when the person in control—the president—is Miss Barton. The by-laws contain a provision making the President and his cabinet a board of consultation and advice, but on receiving the address of the protesting committee-members, the President wrote, through his secretary, to Miss Barton, declining to serve. The treasurer of the society, Mr. Flather, about the same time found that the pressure of his private business compelled him to resign. Miss Barton has replied at some length to the President, saying that all Presidents since President Arthur's time had served on the Red Cross Board, but yielding respectfully to his wishes. But Miss Barton in this letter says nothing about the changes in the by-laws. Miss Barton is seventy-three years old. Her distinguished services in connection with the Red Cross work entitle her to the most considerate treatment. It is much to be regretted that she and her late associates have fallen out, and the public will hope that they may reach a satisfactory adjustment of their differences. Apparently she has shown somewhat too comprehensive a belief in the advantage of centralized authority, and apparently also she means to stand by her guns. Her friends say that her position has been misrepresented, and say also that a committee of five, of which Mr. Richard Olney is a member, is preparing a plan for the future of the Red Cross which will be satisfactory to Miss Barton.

If we can believe the newspapers, Governor Orman of Colorado has made the first appointment of an American to be the holder of a Rhodes scholarship. His appointee is Mr. E. H. Lehman, a Colorado man who graduated last year at Yale with unusual distinction. Mr. Lehman applied to Governor Orman for the appointment, and his Yale credentials won him the prize over two hundred other applicants. The selection seems to be excellent, but it does not appear where the Governor of Colorado got authority to make it. Dr. Parkin, the representative of the Rhodes trustees, is travelling through the country taking counsel with the authorities of the various colleges about the best method of selecting Rhodes scholars, and, so far, everything indicates that the scholars are to be nominated by committees from the colleges. It has not been suggested that Governors, or other political officers, should be concerned in this labor. Has not Governor Orman misapprehended his obligations? And is he not, besides, a year ahead of time?

An interesting issue of the strike of eighty employees of the Utica Fire Alarm Telegraph Company last September is the announcement made on January 29 that some of the late strikers had got control of the company and proposed to manage it to suit themselves. The strikers were discharged at the time of the strike, and their places were filled. Now they propose to turn out the new men; all of which seems to accord with law, order, and business principles. Another interesting case is reported from Rochester, where the platers in a manufacturing concern struck. They were invited to start in business for themselves, and were promised the plating work of the firm that had employed them. They did so. Business turned out to be good. They made money, and at last accounts the men who wanted an eight-hour day while working for some one else, were working thirteen hours a day for their own account.

The Tarsney law which empowered the Treasury Department to invite architects to submit competitive designs for public buildings has worked so well that its working is to be extended. Heretofore, only the larger and more important buildings have been affected by it, but it is reported from Washington that the intention now is to get plans for the smaller buildings also from architects in private practice. The system is excellent. It gives the country better architecture, and relieves the office of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury of much work which ought never to have come to it.

It is gratifying to know that the protest lodged by some officers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union against the presence of Watts' picture, "Love and Life," in the White House, has not the sympathy of so influential a member of the organization as Lady Henry Somerset. She is the president of the union's international organization, and, though without authority in the American W. C. T. U., her opinions carry weight with its members. She is used to the habits of the great world, and knows something about art. As president of the World's W. C. T. U., she says: "I feel it should be made clear that the objections raised by a few women are not held by the majority of the great temperance society, which realizes that that wonderful allegorical picture has in it nothing but tender, beautiful teaching, with the purity of treatment and intention which marks all that great master's works."

A new device for the avoidance of accidents on railroads is reported by our consul at Berlin. It is a German invention, and is being tested on one of the government railroads near Frankfort. A light third rail is laid midway between the other rails, and is connected by a shoe with an electrical apparatus carried by engines. By this means danger signals can be given by electric bell and red light in the cab of the engine, and electrical brakes can be set by the same signal that gives the alarm. The apparatus also keeps the engineer in telephonic communication with stations and with trains ahead of him, and when he is pulled up he can learn what is the matter and what is expected of him.

The inventive turn and flexibility of the typical American are well illustrated in Peter Cooper Hewitt, whose portrait appears in our series this week. Just as his famous grandfather was associated with the beginnings of steam locomotion in this country, and his not less distinguished father was one of the creators of our iron and steel industry, this young man has concentrated his faculties on the development of the latest ideas in electricity. The Hewitt mercury-vapor lamp, shown first publicly at Columbia University about two years ago, is the cheapest light we have, and has already gone into commercial use here and abroad. The Hewitt static converter, a transformer of alternating into direct current, or *vice versa*, for a wide variety of uses, is the smallest, lightest, and most efficient apparatus of the kind. The technical papers have just described one in operation at Madison Square Tower, where some four pounds of material transform current that required previously seven or eight hundred pounds, as in the Manhattan Elevated and kindred plants. More than this, the same appliance lends itself admirably to the perfection of wireless telegraph methods, and opens the way to other electrical improvements of most radical character. That a young educated millionaire should be a *dilettante* scientist would not be surprising, but to see this keen, alert man at close grips with the most progressive of the arts, and supplying it with the latest ideas and materials, shows him a worthy inheritor of great traditions and lofty ideals. He is now forty-two.

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New Phase of the Venezuela Affair

To appreciate the latest aspect of the Venezuela imbroglio, caused by the demand of the allies that their claims shall receive a preference over those of other creditors, it is needful to recall the progress toward a settlement which had been previously effected. In response to a suggestion made by our State Department, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy agreed to refer their claims to arbitration, but coupled their agreement with a request that Mr. Roosevelt should act as arbitrator. This request the President declined, and proposed as a substitute the international tribunal established at The Hague. After some deliberation, the allied powers consented to accept the substitute, provided the Caracas government would give satisfactory guarantees that the sums awarded by the Hague tribunal would be paid. The demand for guarantees was met by Mr. Bowen, the Venezuelan plentipotentiary, with an offer to set aside thirty per cent. of the customs duties collected at La Guayra and Puerto Cabello for the payment of the claims of the allied powers.

As the offer was accompanied by a promise that the collection of duties should be made by officials acceptable to the allies, who should also have the right to be represented by auditors at the ports named, it was favorably received by the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, who, however, insisted that their claims must take precedence of those of other creditor powers that had taken no part in the blockade. That is to say, the thirty per cent. was to constitute a first charge on the customs revenue derivable from La Guayra and Puerto Cabello. Against such a preference France protested, on the ground that, by virtue of a treaty concluded in 1867, whereby her own claims against Venezuela had been pacifically adjusted, she was entitled to collect thirteen per cent. of the revenues accruing from certain custom-houses. It is true that eighteen years afterwards France renounced this right by a convention, on condition that the interest of the debt liquidated by the previous treaty should be punctually paid. As for some time no payments have been made, she contends that her treaty right has revived, and she proposes to enforce it. Upon being made acquainted with the position taken by France, the allied powers declined to accept Mr. Bowen's proposal, on the plea that, if the thirteen per cent. required by France was to be deducted from the thirty per cent. offered, they would themselves receive but seventeen per cent. collectively.

We should not like to assert that the plea was put forward in bad faith, but Mr. Bowen has pointed out that it has not an atom of foundation, since the whole of the thirty per cent. was to go to the three blockading powers, until their claims were satisfied. That is to say, provided Venezuela should be willing to acknowledge the revival of the French treaty right, as she probably would be, that power would be authorized to collect thirteen additional per cent., making forty-three per cent. in all that would be deducted from the net revenue of the two custom-houses named. It should here be mentioned that our own government, also, has claims against Venezuela, which have been acknowledged by treaty, but for the payment of which no definite provision has yet been made. Our government, however, has refrained from embarrassing President Castro at this time by exacting an immediate settlement of its own claims.

In view of the statement made by Mr. Bowen that the thirteen per cent. of customs revenue due to France is not to be deducted from the thirty per cent. conceded to the allies, there seems to be no ground for the persistent refusal to accept the Venezuelan proposal. Whatever course may be pursued, however, by the allied powers, with reference to this particular matter, they have, by their demand for a preference, raised a question of obvious interest to all civilized nations. Is our government, or any other government that professes to desire the maintenance of international peace, prepared to accept the principle that creditor powers that enforce their claims by war are to have a preference over other creditor powers that have proceeded to an adjustment by pacific negotiations? Would not the adoption of such a principle put a premium on war, and subject peace to discount? Would not the promulgation of such a doctrine prove that the governments making it were guilty of gross insincerity when they took part in the peace conference at The Hague and established an international tribunal as a substitute for the arbitrament of the sword?

Let us look for a moment at the practical consequences of such a doctrine. Let us suppose that France were now exercising the right given to her by the treaty of 1867 to collect, through her own agents, thirteen per cent. of the customs duties at La Guayra and Puerto Cabello. Let us suppose that a similar power of self-payment had been conceded to the United States, and were now exercised, so far as our claims, already recognized by Venezuela, were concerned. Would not the percentage which France and the United States had been authorized thus to collect constitute a first charge on the customs revenues? Could it be displaced from that favorable position because other creditor powers saw fit to exact the payment of their claims by force? Is it not clear that such a pretension would inevitably lead to grave international complications? And, suppose the payment of the alleged claims of the powers that resorted to force should exhaust the whole of the customs revenue collected in Venezuelan seaports. Would France and the United States deserve to be deprived of any payment at all, on the ground that they had chosen to adjust their claims in a pacific and friendly, instead of a high-handed and brutal, way? The more closely we examine the new principle propounded by the British and German Foreign Offices, the more iniquitous it appears.

Who is responsible for the enunciation of the monstrous doctrine that claims enforced by war must take precedence of claims previously adjusted by pacific negotiations? According to the belief current in Washington, the discredit attaching to the formulation of that principle must fall upon Lord Lansdowne, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, and not upon Chancellor von Bülow, although, under the iron-clad agreement between England and Germany, the last-named official found himself constrained to acquiesce in the extraordinary position assumed by his ally. If this belief be well founded, those Americans who have imagined that England in this Venezuelan business was playing the part of a friend to the United States have been dwelling in a fool's paradise. The sooner the whole truth about the matter is made known to the American people the better. We are entitled to learn, if it be a fact that Lord Lansdowne not only prevented the prompt acceptance of Mr. Bowen's proposal, but announced a doctrine the effect of which will be to discourage all future attempts to settle disputes with Latin-American republics by pacific means. If Lord Lansdowne has really been guilty of these acts, we do not see upon what ground it is possible to exculpate him, except by taxing him with gross stupidity. We shall see how long those Englishmen who profess to be our well-wishers will permit a man, either incompetent or wrong-headed, to remain at the head of the Foreign Office.

We may here mention another report, made on good authority, the report, namely, that the plan to coerce Venezuela by war was devised, not by the German, but by the British government. We have looked for a contradiction of this report on the part of British ministers, but what we have obtained is a qualified admission of its truth. Thus Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the British Postmaster-General, speaking at Birmingham on January 31, said that, after the British government had decided to seek satisfaction for Venezuelan outrages, and to demand guarantees against their repetition, it had been approached by Germany and requested to co-operate with that country. Courtesy, the speaker said, made it impossible for the British government to decline. Are we expected to believe that, if the British government was the first to decide to coerce Venezuela by war, no official intimation of its intention was given to Germany? What an extraordinary coincidence that Germany should have adopted independently a coercive programme, and should have suddenly proposed co-operation to Great Britain, in complete ignorance of the fact that the British Foreign Office had already formed an identical resolve!

As to the courtesy of which Mr. Austen Chamberlain speaks, was it not as much due to the United States as to Germany? Does Mr. Chamberlain mean to insinuate that our State Department was informed of England's intention to make war on Venezuela, and approved of the plan beforehand? The insinuation has been made by the American correspondent of a London newspaper, but the American people will be very slow to believe it.

The Democratic Party and Its New Attitude

We are not surprised at the extraordinary effect produced throughout the country by Mr. Thomas F. Ryan's article in the February number of the *North American Review* on "The Political Opportunity of the South." The author, who is a Southerner by birth, recognizes what we have often pointed out, to wit, the commanding position which events have enabled the Southern States to take in the next national convention of the Democratic party. At the last general election, the Republicans carried every Northern State but one, Rhode Island. Not only did the Democracy lose its old strongholds in the East and Middle West—that is to say, New York, Connecticut, New Jersey, and Indiana, but Mr. W. J. Bryan and the wing of the party which he has hitherto controlled lost every trans-Mississippi State in which they were formerly predominant. As the only section of the country which has remained faithful to the Democracy, the South is invested with a moral ascendency in Democratic councils which it can assert if it will, and which, once asserted, cannot be reasonably contested. It can, if it chooses to use the power conferred on it by events, frame a programme for 1904 which, without forfeiting the allegiance of any of Mr. Bryan's followers, will recall to the Democratic standard all of those who forsook it in 1896 and 1900. It will possess not only the moral, but also the material, power to frame and enforce such a programme, for, with the co-operation of the Democratic delegates

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from the Eastern and Middle States, a co-operation which is assured, it would need but seventy-three additional votes to constitute two-thirds of the next Democratic national convention, which two-thirds would enable it to designate the candidate, as well as shape the platform.

Such being the South's opportunity, how ought it to be used? Mr. Ryan indicates four cardinal policies, every one of which will commend itself to Democrats, and upon more than one of which the spokesmen of the Southern Democracy in Congress have already acted. First among the policies proposed is a moderate tariff for revenue, which shall not prejudice domestic industries. Here we may point out that the free-trader no longer exists in the South. He is an extinct species. What the South wants is tariff revision, carried out by friends of the people as a whole; a revision that shall assure protection to infant industries, but shall withhold it from the giant industries that can not only stand alone, but invade foreign countries. The great body of American consumers thoroughly understand that the one sincere, trenchant and infallible way of dealing with dangerous trusts, and of averting monopolies in the necessaries of life, is to place such necessaries on the free list. This Congress has already done in the case of anthracite coal; it may have to do the same thing to-morrow with bituminous coal, and the day may not be distant when it will have to pursue a similar course with regard to meat. But, while the necessaries of life must be safeguarded against monopoly, it is not, and it should not be, the purpose of Southern Democrats to strike down any of the American industries which for their growth and well-being require the fostering hand of protection. That is precisely the discrimination which, as we understand Mr. Ryan, he has in view.

As to Mr. Ryan's second plank, moderation in expenditures, that has always been the policy of the Democratic party, and, moreover, it has been carried out whenever that party has been in power. We need not marshal facts and figures familiar to all well-informed citizens, which demonstrate that extravagance in Federal expenditure is characteristic of Republican administration. We pass to the third plank suggested by Mr. Ryan, to wit, a sound currency. That the Southern Democrats have repudiated the preposterous demand for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 was definitely established the other day in the House of Representatives, when they co-operated with a Republican minority in rejecting a proposal that the government should undertake to maintain a certain parity between the value of silver and that of gold in the Philippines. No, said the Southern Democrats. In the Philippines, as in the United States, silver must find its level in the open market. So distinct and decisive is the present attitude of Southern Democrats with regard to the silver heresy. It is further to be noted that the bill introduced by Representative Padgett of Tennessee, permitting national banks to issue credit currency notes, is deemed by many currency reformers a sounder measure than the Fowler bill. The Padgett bill permits national banks, having a bond-secured circulation equal to 50 per cent. of their capital, to issue 50 per cent. additional of credit currency notes. The first 20 per cent. of these issues are taxed 1 per cent.; the next 15 per cent., 3 per cent.; and the last 15 per cent., 5 per cent. per annum. The guaranty fund in the Padgett bill is 5 per cent. of the note issues, and the tax on circulation is to be added to it as an additional safeguard for the notes of insolvent banks. When the proceeds of this tax on circulation equal $5,000,000, the tax on the first two issues is to be cut into halves, reducing it to ½ and 1½ per cent. per annum, respectively. It is by no means impossible that this bill may be passed in the House by a combination of Democratic and Republican votes.

The fourth plank which Mr. Ryan would insert in the next Democratic platform is a demand for the restriction of the Federal government to its constitutional functions; it should embody, he thinks, an announcement of persistent opposition to the further extension of the power of the Federal government over the acts and industries of the people of the States. We could scarcely expect such a plank to meet with approbation on the part of ex-Governor Hill, who caused a State convention of New York to advocate the seizure of the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania by the Federal government, under color of an alleged right of eminent domain. We know of no other Democrat, however, who would not approve of Mr. Ryan's plank. He says truly that to guard the rights of the States and of the people under the Constitution has been the historic mission of the Democratic party, and is more than ever its duty to-day. He points out that, when Mr. Roosevelt assumed to interfere between employers and employed in the matter of the anthracite-coal strike, he was guilty of an evasion of the Constitution which was a step toward an invasion of it. Mr. Roosevelt did not profess to think that his course in that affair was warranted by the Constitution. He acknowledged that he could find no warrant for it in that instrument. That being admitted, must he not further confess that he was guilty of violating the Tenth Amendment to our Federal organic law, which expressly provides that the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people. With that amendment before our eyes, can we deny that Mr. Roosevelt not merely evaded, but distinctly violated, the Constitution when he interfered between employers and employed?

It is true, as Mr. Ryan says, that all of the policies commended by him to Southern Democrats, and through them to the next Democratic national convention, are based at bottom on the familiar and vital Democratic principle that there shall be the least possible interference by the State with private rights, and that the citizen shall be free under equal laws to seek and welcome opportunity whenever and wherever it may be found. The policies which he has outlined are each and every one of them in harmony with the interests of the South; in harmony with the fundamental teachings of the fathers of Democracy; in harmony with the true interests of the nation, and with the maintenance of its progress in the paths marked out by the founders of the republic.

Mr. Roosevelt and McKinley

It is well known that Mr. Roosevelt was the principal orator at a banquet given on January 27, at Canton, Ohio, to commemorate the birthday of the late President McKinley. We do not purpose here to comment on the address that he delivered, beyond noting that it has been widely read and generally admired. Our intent is rather at this time to invite attention to the fact, unparalleled in the history of Vice-Presidents who have become Presidents by accident, the fact, namely, that not only was Mr. Roosevelt the principal speaker on the occasion, but that his appearance in that rôle struck everybody present and the community at large not as incongruous, but as eminently proper. This, manifestly, would not be the case had Mr. Roosevelt quarrelled, as most Vice-Presidents under similar circumstances have quarrelled, with either the measures or the friends of his predecessor. If Mr. Roosevelt is recognized as the fitting person to deliver an oration commemorative of President McKinley, it is because he has considered it his duty to respect the personal attachments, fulfil the honorable promises, and carry out the political plans of the statesman whom he has succeeded.

This would be a unique performance on the part of a Vice-President promoted by a catastrophe to the office of Chief Magistrate, if we could except the case of Millard Fillmore, which is not a thorough-going exception. It is well known that John Tyler reversed the policy of President Harrison and of the Whig party with reference to the United States banks; that the only member of his predecessor's cabinet whom he retained for any considerable time was Daniel Webster; and that when Webster, in his turn, resigned, the post of Secretary of State was given to the great nullifier, John C. Calhoun, the most outspoken and deadly enemy of the party by which Tyler had been made Vice-President. The result, of course, was the relegation of Tyler to the obscurity from which he never should have been suffered to emerge, both of the great national conventions treating him in 1844 with the contempt that he deserved. When Fillmore became President in July, 1849, through the death of Zachary Taylor, no such flagrant divorce took place between the new President and the leaders of the Whig party. So far as the personal distinction of its members was concerned, the new cabinet, adorned by the names of Daniel Webster and John J. Crittenden, was ostensibly stronger than that which it replaced, but it soon became evident that Fillmore, the representative of a Free State, would lean much more decidedly toward the pro-slavery element of the Whig party than did Taylor, though the latter was a slave-holder. The result was that Fillmore, through the opposition of Northern States, was beaten in the Whig National Convention of 1852, though four years later he got his reward, such as it was, being nominated for the Presidency in 1856 by the pro-Southern majority in the national convention of the Know-Nothing party, a nomination subsequently ratified by a convention representing the remnant of the Whigs.

As for Andrew Johnson, it is needless to recall that, although he retained Seward in the Department of State, he quarrelled with Lincoln's Secretary of War, Stanton, and provoked the rancorous hostility of the Republican leaders in Congress, who, but for the unexpected loss of a vote in the Senate, would have impeached him successfully.

The fate of Johnson and of Tyler was a portentous lesson to Vice-Presidents. It was but imperfectly turned to account by Arthur, however, who had scarcely succeeded Garfield when he reversed the policy of the State Department with regard to the war between Peru and Chile, and virtually drove out of the cabinet James G. Blaine, who had a far stronger hold on the respect and sympathy of the Republican party than his nominal superior possessed. The result was that, although Arthur managed, by the use of patronage, to control the negro and carpet-bagger delegates from the former Confederate States, he was ignominiously beaten by Blaine in the Republican National Convention of 1884. Arthur's experience showed how full of pitfalls and illusions is the Presidency when occupied by one unauthorized by the popular vote to assume an independent rôle. In the bitter conflict that then existed between Stalwarts and

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Half-breeds in the State of New York, it is possible that Arthur might have failed in the wariest efforts to conciliate the friends of his predecessor. By attempting to defy them he made the miscarriage of his hopes inevitable.

We have no doubt that Mr. Roosevelt was entirely sincere when, immediately upon his accession to the Presidency, he requested all the members of the McKinley cabinet to retain their posts throughout his term of office. We are equally convinced that he sincerely approved of the measures which had been earnestly advocated by the deceased President, among which reciprocity, not only with Cuba, but with other foreign countries, was conspicuous. It is, at the same time, obvious that a far-sighted comprehension of expediency would have impelled the new President in precisely the same direction, for which he had a genuine inclination. It would have been fatal to Mr. Roosevelt to alienate the friends or repudiate the measures of his predecessor. It is true that he had been Governor of New York, and in that capacity might be supposed to have acquired a good deal of personal and political influence. As a matter of fact, however, the leaders of his party in his own State distrusted and disliked him; they were determined not to give him a nomination for the Governorship, and they had notoriously labored to thrust upon him the Vice-Presidency, in the hope that he would thus be shelved. With the exception of the Governorship, which he gained by less than 18,000 votes, against some 250,000 given in the same State to McKinley a twelvemonth before, he had never been elected to any political office. Two appointive offices, indeed, he had held, but they were minor ones, those, namely, of Police Commissioner in the city of New York, and of Assistant-Secretary of the Navy. In a word, he was unknown and untested by the great majority of the Republican leaders, while upon the few with whom he had been brought into close relations he can hardly be said to have made a favorable impression.

Under the circumstances, it would have been an act of political suicide for Mr. Roosevelt to follow in Tyler's, in Johnson's, or even in Fillmore's or Arthur's footsteps. The one safe course for him to take was that, fortunately, which his convictions and his sympathies disposed him to pursue. He heartily supported McKinley's measures and cordially welcomed McKinley's friends, nor could anybody for a moment question the sincerity of his conduct, for he is plainly incapable of duplicity and simulation. The innate straightforwardness and bluntness of the man disarm suspicion. The result is that he is universally acclaimed as the true heir of McKinley's purposes and McKinley's friendships. He can look around him and say with truth that, among those who were nearest and dearest to his predecessor, he now has many a partisan, and not a single enemy. It is from this point of view that we are justified in regarding Mr. Roosevelt's experience in the Presidency as unique.

The King's Blunder

As we had anticipated, the alliance between England and Germany is the result of King Edward's political activity. The revelation of the King's actual participation in the government has naturally aroused the astonishment of the world, and has greatly offended many Englishmen. Indeed, it may be taken as one of the signs of a general reactionary movement throughout the world, of a revival for a time of executive power as a dominant influence, a fact that was settled against crowned heads for good and all in the closing years of the eighteenth century. The most important consequence of this movement in England is the alliance which Edward has made with William of Germany, his nephew. It is a disagreeable alliance in more senses than one. It is disagreeable to the American people, who do not want to see Great Britain take a hand in the Emperor's effort either to weaken the Monroe doctrine, or to bring himself under it as an exception to our general rule. It has called forth a good deal of criticism in England of the King and his action, and of Mr. Balfour's weakness in permitting him to do what the premier alone has the power to do. So far as the doctrine itself is concerned, the affair is likely to turn out to its advantage. Since the allies have agreed to Mr. Bowen's terms, it seems to be established that we are now pledged to prevent the use of force against a Latin-American state after it has proposed or accepted arbitration. To this both England and Germany have assented.

So far as the relations between this country and England are concerned, they have not been helped by the King's action. It is, however, with the King himself and with Mr. Balfour, the premier, that the question of most immediate interest arises. The King has travelled outside of his sphere, and the prime minister has delegated to the crown his own functions. He has forgotten, for the moment, that he is the real executive of the empire, and that, to quote Mr. Bagehot, constitutional royalty is "a disguise. It enables our real rulers to change without heedless people knowing it." It is also interesting to note another change of the times, and this is shown in the indifference of the House of Commons to the self-abnegation of Mr. Balfour, to his trifling with his own high office by permitting the King to be the real executive for the moment. Mr. Disraeli did not escape so easily in 1868 when he was suspected of giving to the Queen the choice of a course about to be taken, instead of having definitely recommended it. He was accused of hiding behind royalty in determining upon his policy for the completion of parliamentary reform, after his notable defeat by Mr. Gladstone on the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church. Mr. Balfour, however, is not to escape criticism, and, what is of more importance to him and his party, he has aroused a sentiment which will probably affect the elections. Doubtless, the issue drawn between the parties on the King's intrusion into government would be of marvellous help to the Liberals, and, if fought valiantly, might bring them back into power. Mr. Balfour—we accept the English theory of the minister's responsibility, and therefore speak of the King's act as the premier's—has offended against the fundamental constitutional theory which is thus laid down by Mr. Leonard Courtney: "Beyond the personal preferences involved in the appointments to certain offices, the influence of the sovereign may be felt in the conduct of questions of larger policy. The experience of long years and the intimacy that has been possible with personages of the highest authority abroad may bring elements of weight into consultation, especially in respect to foreign policy, with the result that the suggestion of the sovereign may influence the judgment of the minister, and the advice of the latter may receive a different shape and direction from that which it would otherwise have assumed. The influence of the crown must not, however, be permitted to obscure in any degree the responsibility of the minister who ultimately tenders the advice upon which action is taken." Mr. Balfour has permitted the King to act on his own initiative, whereas the King has no right to act except on the advice of Mr. Balfour. It is Mr. Balfour, not Edward VII., who is responsible for governing the British Empire.

"To state the matter shortly," says Mr. Bagehot, in his vigorous and breezy comments on the monarchy, "the sovereign has, under a constitutional monarchy such as ours, three rights—the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, the right to warn, and a king of great sense and sagacity will want no others." Now that Edward VII. has gone beyond the limits thus laid down by one of the most accomplished, and certainly the most entertaining, of all writers on the English constitution, he will be very likely to learn that he has striven after too much for his own happiness. He has forced upon his country an alliance which is distasteful to it, which is even criticised by the conservative friends of the real government. He has taken advantage of the indifference of the premier to arrange a family affair, which, in a moment, threatens seriously to set back all the efforts of English statesmen to win the friendship of this country.

We do not for a moment imagine that the immediate effect of the alliance upon this country will be long enduring. We are too practical to be permanently influenced by a blunder, and too intelligent not to comprehend the difference between an advisory monarch and a responsible and powerful prime minister. The time may come when we shall need a European friend, and then we shall inevitably turn to England. By that time the King will have learned his lesson better, will have learned to follow the illustrious example of his mother, will have learned why Mr. Bagehot could say: "If we look at history, we shall find that it is only during the period of the present reign [Victoria's] that in England the duties of a constitutional sovereign have ever been well performed. . . . We must not reckon," he continued, "in constitutional monarchy any more than in despotic monarchy on the permanence in the descendants of the peculiar genius which founded the race. As far as experience goes, there is no reason to expect an hereditary series of useful limited monarchs."

There is a wealth of meaning in these last words for Edward VII. He can be useful by following the example of his mother, by lending to his ministers his experience, and the advice of his sagacity. He is a very intelligent and tactful man, and is not likely to make the same mistake twice; indeed, if he repeats this German blunder, the Commons will see to it that he has to deal with a premier of sterner stuff than Mr. Balfour. The occupant of the throne once signed all military commissions. The task was drudgery, but it was said to have been invented to keep royalty out of mischief. A cynical statesman is reported to have defended it on the ground "that you *may* have a fool for a sovereign, and then it would be desirable he should have plenty of occupation in which he can do no harm." Edward VII. is far from being a fool, but ministers may come to the conclusion that the old occupation be revived for him, if he goes on making alliances that threaten their majority at home and their friendships abroad.

There are some manners and customs that belong to human nature, and will always be found everywhere. It is said of this or that custom that it is Greek, Roman, or barbarous; for my part, I say that it is human, and that men contrive and invent it wherever the need for it arises.—*Joubert.*

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Work

At Buffalo, the other day, President Eliot of Harvard reiterated an opinion that he had expressed before about work. "I believe," he said, "that long hours and hard work are best for every man. Work is the foundation of civilization, and work makes nations, as it does individuals. No man can work too hard or hours too long if his health will permit." Sentiments like these, expressed by Dr. Eliot before, had given offence to labor unions, and had brought down a good deal of violent criticism. He stuck to his expressed opinions, notwithstanding. What he said, as quoted above, with the reservation that he included, is sound doctrine, and ought not to conflict with the opinions of other sound thinkers, and probably would not so much irritate the trades-unions, which are all the time working for shorter hours of labor, if it were more fully expounded. He did himself expound his position more fully in a talk to Boston newsboys on February 1. His companion-speakers on that occasion were Mr. William J. Bryan and Mr. Samuel Gompers. He told the boys that the main satisfaction of life, after the affections of home, is in accomplishment, doing something, achieving something, and that there was more satisfaction in doing a thing than even in having done it. The work to be avoided was that which required the worker to do the same thing over and over again; the work to be desired was such as involved judgment, chance, and variety. He thought coalmining the more satisfactory as an occupation because the miner could not tell whether his blast would bring down half a ton or four or five tons of coal. He said the limit of health and strength was the limit of work, and if we exceed that we impaired our power to labor in future, and so deprived ourselves of joy and satisfaction.

Now all this is sound doctrine. The only way to have fun that is worth having, and have it pretty continuously, in this life, is to work for it. It is, of course, important to work at the right sort of a job, and to work on satisfactory terms. Men are right in fighting against overwork. They are right in fighting against long hours of dull, monotonous, stupefying labor at small wages, and against too long stretches of work that is exhausting. But to fight against work as an evil in itself is not sensible. To bind capable men with rules that hinder them from working hard while they are at it, and limit them to hours of labor too short for their energies, is revolting. Rules that make able workmen lazy are a ruinous mistake. The theory that the less work a man can give for the money the better for the man is also a mistake. The theory that the more money a man can get for his work the better for him is quite different. That theory, according to our human standards, is pretty sound. To work on that theory inclines a man to bestir himself, but work on the other theory (of the least work possible for the money) leads to the vice called "sodgering," to laziness, and a dwindling capacity for exertion.

Dr. Eliot's ideas of work are all right. They ought to be, for they are the result of half a century of pretty strenuous experiment. To one of his sons, whose health in early life was not good, he wrote that he must take courage, for there was much in life for him, even though he should not be able to work more than five hours a day instead of twelve or fifteen hours. You can take a detached sentence from one of Dr. Eliot's speeches and apply it to something that it is not applicable to, and make it seem illiberal; but no speaker's words can stand that sort of use. He is right about work; it is the most indispensable, the most helpful, medicinal, and remunerative thing in this world. It may be overdone, it may be underpaid, it may be misdirected; but in itself it is the best thing going, for it makes all the other good things taste good, and without it they either taste bad or lose their taste altogether.

The Law and the Penalty

To such of the students of evil as wish to understand its nature rather than to practise it, there has been nothing more dismaying than the apparent uncertainty and even inability of the law in the case of many offenders against it. Not only the law which is supposed to be administered in what are drolly called the courts of justice is of this faltering and erring effect, but the law by which a man of bad conscience judges and punishes himself, when there is no statute made and provided for his misdemeanor, is equally inoperative. It has been noted by those who have much to do with criminals that remorse is apparently more the effect of temperament than of responsibility, and that those feel it most who need feel it least. The guilty man is said to be more concerned in getting off than in lamenting his misdeed; and this fact, if it is a fact, has been turned to account by the agnostic science of a period which seems now closed, in disestablishing the notion of a moral government of the universe. That science discarded the old idea of Come-uppings in the affairs of men, and left the strongest to survive, without regret, by whatever means he would. It concerned itself with the physical and intellectual evolution of the race, and allowed the individual to wander in darkness as to what would happen to him if he did wrong, even what would happen to him from himself, or from the god within him. But there are signs that this sort of science has had its day, and there is an obvious return to some of the former ideals, especially among the psychological inquirers. These find it their business not only to ascertain new facts, but to revise the conclusions of science in regard to the old ones. The Soul is once more having a chance, and Conscience is coming back to its own, at least in the interest of the spectator. Whether it will come back a chastened and instructed conscience, or the sick and crazy thing it too often was, a Bourbon that has learned nothing and forgotten nothing, remains to be seen. What is certain is that it is meeting the recognition as a moral force which has been largely denied it for a generation past, and that it is being studied with an intelligence freed from theological preoccupations to fresh activity.

We think the pertinence of these apparently casual observations will be felt by the reader who turns from them to a book of extraordinary fascination, if not extraordinary importance, by the late Dr. Benjamin Howard, once of the United States army, the inventor of the system for resuscitating those rescued from drowning in use the world over, and a man of rare and wide experiences. Among his experiences none was stranger than his six months' sojourn on the island of Sakhalin, off the coast of Japan, where Russia colonizes the criminals that most other countries put to death, the homicides, namely, of every kind and degree. During his stay he was the eagerly desired guest of the governor, who naturally, in a community of three or four thousand murderers and murderesses, knew how to enjoy the society of a man who had not shed blood, and welcomed him to all the secrets of his prison-house. These he has frankly and fully imparted in his book, "Prisoners of Russia," together with the observations of a man of science not trammelled by the tenets of agnosticism, if we may so suggest the nature of a bigotry once real enough. He was a man of religious convictions of a sane and scrupulous sort, and in his account of the shipwreck which ended his departure from Sakhalin there is record of a religious incident hardly less than startling in character. But the great value of the book is its testimony to the wisdom of the Russian government in its treatment of the blood-stained colonists of the island, who even when they kill one another cannot be capitally punished, unless knouting is worse than death. From Dr. Howard's description of the single case of knouting which he witnessed it might well seem so, but for the most part the murders among the assassins have to be visited with penalties tempered by a careful study of each case. A woman, for instance, who had killed her husband, had simply to be let alone, and was not even forbidden to marry again. The authorities, except for the military guard, were in fact at the mercy of the colonists, whom they treated with an enforced, when not with a voluntary, leniency in all their relations with them, such as would naturally be inspired by the reflection that on all those occasions when they could not be safeguarded by soldiers their lives were in the hands of their cooks, house-servants, gardeners, wood-cutters, and laborers of all sorts.

Yet the lot of the murderers of Sakhalin, as Mr. Howard saw it, was not a happy one, nor free from those penalties which the sense of guilt was once supposed to inflict. To his eye they were much like other men and women; they did not look the part, but presented the same aspect, varied by temperament and training, as people present everywhere. They did not seem better or worse than the human average, and they apparently did not always suffer in their minds because of what they had done. In their lonely hell they were as comfortable in body and spirit, while about their work, as the members of any other community; and yet they were not free from the consequences which, in an imaginable moral government of the universe, must follow sin. It was at night that their torment began, after the first sleep of physical exhaustion was broken, and they woke to the memory of their crimes. In the awful chapter on "The Remorse of Murderers," the author of this powerful book offers a picture of anguish and despair which takes the color from anything that the poets have imagined of human misery. In the ward where he passed the nights which he devoted to the study of them, he found the murderers all "light sleepers," and he witnessed the terrors with which they started from their dreams toward morning to take up the burden of consciousness which nothing but the exhausting toil of the day could lighten for them. He does not give the clinical notes he made of these facts, because they fill a volume, but only his conclusions from them, and he says nothing to raise the horror of the reader to whom he offers them. In his almost coldly dispassionate record, reduced as it is to a few general facts, science comes again to the support of religion, and teaches that within the soul of guilt, if not without it, there is the potentiality of suffering such as no pen or pencil has ever portrayed. It rehabilitates the old notion of remorse, and re-establishes the law in that dread sovereignty which cannot withdraw its own decrees.

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Politics in England

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *January 21, 1903.*

PARLIAMENT reassembles on February 17, to find the political situation still in its transitional stage. The Boer war is over in every sense. There is no South-African issue any longer, either for electioneering or for Parliamentary purposes. True, a commission is sitting to inquire into the conduct of the war up to the occupation of Pretoria; but it meets behind closed doors, its evidence is taken in camera, and nobody gives it a serious thought. The man in the street and the man in politics are equally pleased to have the whole business put out of sight and forgotten. All parties are satisfied with the work of reconstruction; no one wishes to recall Lord Milner, who, I may add, will stay in South Africa until Lord Cromer's place is ready for him; everybody applauds the admirable use to which Mr. Chamberlain is turning his South-African tour. There is, in fact, even less difference of opinion among Englishmen on the main lines of South-African policy than among Americans in regard to the Philippines. Politics have again become domestic, and, so far as one can see, will remain so for the next few years.

People turn to them with fresh eagerness, now that the confusing influence of the Boer war is withdrawn. At the next election the government will be judged, not on its South-African record, but on its domestic policy—on its achievements in Ireland, on the corn tax, the Education bill, and so on; and the Liberals, for their part, are refurbishing their old armor and wondering whether "one man, one vote," and the disestablishment of the Welsh Church, and an attack on the House of Lords will prove a winning platform. It is a good time, then, to consider the strength and prospects of the parties and the issues for which they stand.

The question that is really the pivot of English politics is the one that Englishmen least like to discuss—the question of Ireland. Home rule, like free silver, is as dead as Queen Anne—except at election time. Then the Conservatives insist that it is still a leading plank in the Liberal platform, and the Liberals have neither the courage to throw it overboard nor enthusiasm enough to make it a battle-cry. American Democrats will understand and sympathize with their dilemma. They cannot bring themselves formally to repudiate a measure they have once inscribed on their banner, yet they know, and confess in private, if not in public, that so long as it remains there defeat at the polls and failure in Parliament are inevitable. The country as a whole is absolutely against home rule, and never expects to see a third Home Rule bill introduced. Yet official Liberalism, in the persons of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, Earl Spencer, and Mr. John Morley, insists that the party is still tied to the issue that Mr. Gladstone raised. This is what Lord Rosebery disputes. He takes the ground (1) that Mr. Gladstone's bills of 1886 and 1893 are by universal assent dead and buried; (2) that the Irish leaders have definitely repudiated their old alliance with the Liberals; (3) that Ireland has been given a fuller share of local self-government than even England enjoys, and that time is needed to see how the experiment works; (4) that the Nationalists are now demanding not what Mr. Gladstone was willing to give them, but an *independent* Parliament in Dublin; and (5) that Mr. Redmond has just declared that the most important Irish problem of the day is not home rule, but the land question. For these reasons Lord Rosebery wipes home rule off his slate. He would be willing to inquire into and reform the system of Dublin Castle rule, and he seems to look forward to a time when the whole question may be taken in hand "with the concurrence and patriotism of both parties"—which is about as Utopian as Mr. Roosevelt's idea of "taking the tariff out of politics"—or else to a time when the growing congestion of Parliament makes devolution necessary and a larger measure of autonomy is devised, not only for Ireland, but for Scotland and Wales. At any rate, he is against home rule; nor will he consent to sit in any Liberal cabinet that is only able to keep itself in office by a deal with the Irish Nationalists.

Who stand behind him in this resolve? Mr. Asquith does, for one. So do Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Haldane, and Sir Edward Grey—and these are the men to whom belongs the future of Liberalism. Their programme of sane imperialism and social reform is the only one that can make the Liberals an effective party once more. Their strength in Parliament is not nearly so great as the Campbell-Bannerman following; but in the country, among the rank and file of Liberals, I should judge it to be equal, if not greater. Rosebery agents are scouring the country quietly but efficiently, and the "Liberal League," which is their organization, is turning out excellent pamphlets by the thousand. Recruits come in daily, and there can be little question that Lord Rosebery's effort to educate his party, or at least to lift it out of the rut of Gladstonianism, will in the long-run prove successful. On most questions he and his followers work side by side with the Campbell-Bannermanites. Both sections, for instance, opposed the Education bill and the tax on corn. Where they differ is in their attitude towards home rule and towards the Empire. Most Liberals answer well enough to the description of "sane imperialists," but there exists among them a rabid minority of Little-Englanders, to whom Campbell-Bannerman has often capitulated, but with whom Lord Rosebery will hold no dealings whatever. The taint of pro-Boerism, of indifference to the Empire, and of unwillingness to accept and face its responsibilities, is what, above all else, he is trying to remove from the Liberal party.

Then there is the personal factor to be considered. Lord Rosebery is by all odds the most inspiriting and attractive figure in English politics. Campbell-Bannerman is a respectable, well-intentioned man, with about as much driving power and magnetism in him as in a mountain of putty. The country feels a sort of affection for him as for a man palpably trying to do his best in a very difficult situation, but it never thinks of him as a leader, and should a turn of the wheel put him in the Premiership, a good-humored, rather hopeless smile would run from Land's End to John o' Groat's. Nor are his immediate lieutenants the sort of men who win a following. Mr. Lloyd George may become a power in the future, but he is not one yet. Harcourt is a first-class fighting man, but his influence has long passed its zenith; Morley is too cold and austere, and Bryce too professional, for English taste. On the other hand, in Asquith, Grey, Fowler, and Haldane, who are Roseberyites to a man, the country has every confidence; and while Lord Rosebery himself is pretty widely suspected of a lack of firmness, all are captivated by him, admire his brilliant many-sidedness, and prize him as one of the most dazzling noblemen in English history. The personal factor, therefore, makes much more strongly for Lord Rosebery than against him, and if he could only take off his coat a little more vigorously and convince people that he is back again in politics for good, that he wants the leadership, and means, if possible, to get it, he might, at the next election, if not lead the Liberal party to victory, at least put it on a new footing. But with Lord Rosebery there is always the chance that he may grow bored or disgusted and throw up the sponge at the last moment; and this uncertainty makes it almost impossible to predict the future of English Liberalism with any confidence. Supposing, for instance, the Liberals were returned after the next election in such force that the addition of the Irish vote would give them a working majority. Campbell-Bannerman would at once make a deal with the Nationalists, secure their support by yielding to their demands for Irish legislation, just as Gladstone did, and so form a cabinet. Would Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and so on refuse to accept office in that cabinet? They say they would refuse—or, at least, they say so in private; and at present it is undoubtedly their determination. But office is sweet, and the futility of their position, should they stay outside, would be rather marked—and, on the whole, one may doubt.

The question, of course, is not one of immediate moment. The Unionists still command in the House of Commons a majority of 130 over the combined forces of the Liberals and the Irish Nationalists; and the House of Lords, as usual when the Conservatives are in office, is little more than a chamber for registering and ratifying, not for revising, the decisions of the government.

But this majority is far from representing the actual strength of Mr. Balfour's ministry in the country. It was from the first a factitious majority, won by appealing to the patriotism of the electorate on the ground that the Boer war was over and that the government which had conducted it deserved a new lease of power as its reward. That was in November, 1900, eighteen months before peace was really signed. Since then much has happened to weaken the government's position. The "swing of the pendulum," the reaction after the strain of the war, both tell against it. The Unionists have already had seven years of office; they will have had ten or twelve by the time the next general election arrives. After such a turn in power, the desire to "give the other fellows an inning" is always strongly felt. Moreover, the government has done little to make itself popular. Its two great measures so far are the Education bill and the corn tax, and both are condemned and resented by the bulk of public opinion. It has lamentably failed in Ireland, and it has repeatedly—the Buller episode, for instance, and the alliance with Germany—run full-tilt against the unanimous convictions of the country. There are not a few experienced prophets who already talk of the Education bill as Mr. Balfour's Moscow. The people, as I have said, dislike it, believe it, on the whole, to be a measure of retrogression and not of progress, and have a vague idea that it does more for the Church of England than for educational efficiency. There is likely to be more than a little trouble in its working. Not that the Dissenters will carry out their too-valorous threat of refusing to pay rates. That was mere electioneering, and not worth a moment's serious thought. But the Act makes vast changes in the mechanism of education; it throws fresh and most important, as well as most difficult, work upon the local bodies, and at the start, at any rate, a good deal of confusion and friction is inevitable. Out of all this the Opposition will be able to make a good platform case.

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The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

JULY

I HAVE told you about the May of three years ago, and the June of two years ago, because those two months are so dedicated in my mind to what happened then, that while the months are running, I cannot free myself from them, and live in the present year. Have you not certain such dates in your year, days on which you live not on the day that is passing, but on a certain day in some year long passed? There is a foolish proverb that says that those people are happy who have no history. In other words, it is better to be a cow than a man. I cannot see it. But if it will not bore you, and if, in fact, my May and June seem human to you, I will tell you quite shortly a little more of them. If, on the other hand, this does bore you, leave out a little that follows.

Believe me, death is not so terrible; what is terrible is the thought that it is so. But learn how false that thought is, and death will not terrify you; for what lies behind? God, and He who died for us. And, if I am wrong, if it is not so, nothing whatever seems to matter, and we can look on death as a flea-bite. But, believing as I do, that beyond death is God, when lives have ended, as those of Margery and Dick, so utterly without reproach, when two souls have been so splendidly human as they were, it seems that God must have been knowing what he was about when he allowed that bullet, blindly illogical as it may seem to us, to end her life as surely as it ended his. I can understand the existence of a life-long regret and bitterness, *if a thing had not been well done*, if a man died from obvious carelessness of any kind, or from weak persistence in a bad habit—then one might say "if it had been otherwise!" But he had done his duty, and his duty implied death. And his death—I only grasp dimly after what I believe to be true—implied hers. Does this seem to you a stoical inhuman view? Ah, believe me, it is not so. It would have been very easy for one who loved them both to take another point of view, and find life dull, objectless, without interest or merriment. But — but would that have been better? Would it have been better to have turned aside from all other things, saying, "I cannot," rather than to have steadfastly said, "I can," until—well, until one could? Some day I know, on that day when Slam's kitten stands between earth and heaven in the midst of the four pines, and Slam says, "Oh, isn't it nice?" there will meet me one who died on the African uplands, and one on whose grave the sweet peas are yearly odorous, and we shall know each other, and God will look on the greeting we give each other, well pleased. How that will be I cannot guess; I am only sure that it will be so. Atheists and dyspeptics (the two are much the same) may laugh; and if they enjoy their laugh, so much the better for them.

So I am living now at the outskirts of the town where Margery and Dick lived together for one month of their lives, and on this morning of the 1st of July, I know that May and June have ended, and go back to the ordinary little daily affairs I had been telling you about up till the end of April. Many great little things have happened, and the extraordinary conduct of the jackmanni, which the next-door cat once disinterred, seems to me to claim the first attention. It had been planted against a warm, southwesterly wall; it had been pampered like an only child; for yards round the soil had been enriched; its dead leaves were diligently picked off. I really did all I could to make it happy, but instead of being happy it sulked. It did not die—that would have been a regrettable incident, but, anyhow, a proper decisive line of conduct—but it sulked. It grew a little for a week, and put out several leaves; then it couldn't be bothered, and the leaves withered again. Then it sent out a long tendril across the gravel-path, instead of climbing up the stick that led to the house wall. I coaxed that tendril gently back, gave it an alternative route to the house wall, but nothing would please it. Finally, I tied it to the alternative route. So it died. I was willing to give the thing every facility for behaving itself, so I transplanted it to a different place, where it got less sun and more wind. Also, I tried watering it less. For a week it appreciated this enormously, and set about growing in earnest. Then one morning I suppose it got bored again, and began to wither slowly from the top downwards.

Now I could not spend my life in moving one absurd jackmanni from place to place, though I have no doubt that if I had done so, taken it to stay in the house, given it champagne one day, coffee the next, and perhaps some fruit or pudding on the third, it would have flourished. But I was tired of being kind, and towards the end of May I took it up for the third and last time, planted it on a north wall, where it never saw the sun and was starved by a thick growth of ivy. It was further shaded by an apple-tree, growing about a yard from it. Then for a month I carefully refrained from looking in its direction; it had no water, no attention, and was put in the most undesirable situation. To-day, I see it has leapt across to the apple-tree, up which it is diligently climbing, and a cluster of purple buds are showing among its green leaves. Certainly severity is needed when you deal with jackmanni.

To-day, on this 1st of July, a hot day, full of the odors of complete summer, I sat for an hour in the big wooden shelter that stands on my strip of lawn, and squared accounts. It happens to be my birthday, and I am thirty years old, no less, and as I added up profit and loss I was honestly puzzled how to make my affairs balance. For if one sits down by oneself, with no conceivable object in the world but to see how one stands, it is probable that one is moderately honest with oneself, for to be otherwise would be like cheating at patience, a form of villainy which has never in the least tempted me. With regard to the big item on one page, "*What good have you done?*" and on the other, "*What harm have you done?*" I am bound to say I did not much concern myself, for to add up, even for one's own information, on what rare occasions one has behaved decently, is a priggishness of which, so I humbly trust, I am incapable, while to add up all the harm one has done would require a great deal of time and would be productive of no good result whatever when it was added. For, short of being wicked, the next worst way of wasting time is to devote one's wits to thinking how wicked one has been. To repent in a horror of wickedness and a burning fire of contrition, is one thing; to sit down in cold blood and count missed opportunities is another. The one is on certain occasions, as when one passionately desires to break an evil habit, inevitable and salutary, but to sit at ease in hell is worse than sitting at ease in Zion.

No, it was not with the big items that I concerned myself. I wanted to see what cash I had in hand, rather than examine the main account, the bank-book of credit or deficit. Where was the small cash of thirty years to be found—and God in His mercy give me a big loan? Indeed, I do not wish to be profane, nor in intention am I. No doubt it would have been better to have felt an agony of contrition for all the bad things I had done and for all the good things I had left undone. Daily I have thoughts which for no sum mentionable would I reveal to any one whose respect I in the smallest degree desire to retain; daily and hourly I make some sort of brute of myself, not necessarily in deed, but anyhow in thought. Daily I say to myself, "If only there were not some sort of decency to be observed, social or moral, what an excellent time I could have. If only the Ten Commandments—hang them—did not awake some glimmer of reflection in this muddy pool of my soul. I should—" Any one may fill in the next according to their own shortcomings. In the same way, on the credit side, I believe I should be a better man if I lived on the bare necessities of life and gave the rest to deserving charities. I had no earthly business, for instance, to buy the charming table at which I am writing when that which I spent on it would have fed a starving family for months. Even the jackmanni, which has cost me a week's work, what with transplanting and catsprinting, would irrespective of this have given several meals to a penniless man, for it was big when I bought it. All this, in my meditation, I took for granted. I did not concern myself with radical changes in my nature; I did not repent of the table and the jackmanni, nor of the dinners I ordered, nor of the wine I have drunk, nor of the hours I have spent in mere amusement. In the main—it was not in the least an edifying performance. I accepted the general lines of myself as being what they were. What, in fact, I wanted to examine was not my nature, but my policy and to this effect.

Two great things have happened to me,—the one a great joy, the other a great sorrow. The great joy was when Margery thanked me with her dying breath, though Dick's name came after. The great sorrow was when she died. Had she lived, though I do not for a moment believe I should ever have been her husband, nor do I believe I should ever have asked her to be my wife, I should have had some sort of mission, some constant pursuit, namely, to see that she was as happy as it was in my power to make her. Had I been a telegraph-boy I should have done well if I had delivered my telegrams without loitering; had Margery lived I should have done well to have given my life for that. But she did not live, and I am too old to be a telegraph-boy. But I have had a great joy, and it is great because she did not know how hardly it was earned. And that, if for pity's sake we except a sort of suburban reputation as a writer, is my record. That is the sum earned and the credit already given in thirty years. It does not look at all promising when the addition comes.

Hesitatingly as I sat in the shelter, I put down another item to the sum earned, which is this: I still have a childlike pleasure in little things; I can play soldiers with absorbing zest; I can imagine that I am a white man in tropical forests who has to get through with tricks that presuppose an almost pitiable stupidity on the part of my enemies. I can devote twice as much energy to the flowering of a nasturtium as Mr. Pierpont Morgan thinks it necessary to give to the formation of a company with a capital of $30,000,000. That, with all deference to financiers, is an advantage. My nasturtium, in fact, implies as much energy as his colossal schemes, and it does not hurt anybody, except perhaps the nasturtium. Meantime, it unloads me of my force, and, considering what harm force can do, it is a great saving of suffering to expend it

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harmlessly. If I was richer I would have a string quartet attached to this villa, and I would spend my force in devising programmes and reconciling the second fiddle and the viola. But I am not, and the string quartet have yet to be engaged. I know who I shall have, and I shall be much disappointed if they have made other engagements. For happiness consists not in getting a thing, but in hoping that one may get it. With satisfaction walks surfeit. But to keep your ambition steadily a little ahead of your possibilities is to be constantly eager. There is nothing in this world which, if I get, would make me happy. There are a million things in the world which the desire to get and the hope of getting make me happy. And it is this which a man sets out to seek when he falls in love, which is the best form of happiness desired in the world at large, and, thank God, the commonest. If man and woman knew *all* of the man and woman they sought would they be content? On the contrary, the world would be full of spinsters and bachelors. It is because man is not certain, because there are "silver lights and dark undreamed of" that man seeks woman, and woman man as the ultimate possible happiness. And for the same reason one plays silly games of croquet and bridge.

To want, to want! Do you know Blake's picture of the two little men setting up a ladder on a bare headland towards a crescent moon. "I want! I want!" is what the artist wrote beneath. The two little men wanted—they put a puny ladder up towards the moon. That is the genius of the man, for through all the bad drawing and faulty perspective the "I want! I want!" is clamorous. Others have attained. God help them.

Oh, I stretched out unsatisfied arms beyond the limits of the world. Whatever I get becomes in the getting of it dross. It is not dross really; it is the fault of my having got it, which makes it dross to me. It is mine; therefore it is no use. Let the Great Bear tumble down from heaven, and let me have these seven stars lying in my hand, what use is it when they are there? Cast them out, give them to a beggar, and make plans for Sirius. Of all the heartaches that of Alexander, when he sighed for new worlds to conquer, is the most human. Yet the typhoid conquered him by Tigris. And his ambition was that of all of us in our degree. The man who has bought an empire or won it, wishes for more empires, and the spinster who has seen her canary hatch out one egg and eat the other, says, "Oh, that there had been two young ones!" Vanity of vanities; all is vanity! And because this preacher is not wise, but knows what is the matter with himself and many others, he gives these lamentable reflections on his thirtieth birthday.

Pray, then, that you may continue to want, not that you may continue to get, for the getting in a manner comes of its own accord, and it is the ability to want that we must keep alive. We may feel quite certain that the world is big enough: there are plenty of things to want if only we have the power of wanting. For wanting means first this, the *capacity of growth;* to want no longer means that one is old, old not only in years (indeed, such an old age may come to an unbearded lad, in which case we laugh and say, "Look at that cynic of twenty"), but old in fibre, unelastic, set, rigid. Nor does it, I think, much matter what one wants—again I beg the patient reader to remember that I am not talking of the great spiritual need—as long as it is not harmful. But, for mercy sake, try to be keen about something.

At this point my reflection, to tell the truth, touched me somewhat on the raw, for what have I wanted every day for the last two years? That which I cannot get—Margery. And yet how shall I say that I cannot get her, when, if I knew all, I might know that these silent daily longings of mine have brought me perhaps a little nearer to that dear spirit, that without them I should have been a little more ill-tempered, a little nastier than I am. Anyhow, I want to want: for I do not yet acquiesce, I cannot yet believe that the world holds nothing for me but that. Here am I walking along this road of life. All down it I meet every day new faces, new people, new factors. One sees but a few yards ahead: then there is a corner, and round that corner will come others, wishing like myself for that which their soul needs. Oh, hurrying footsteps, coming ever nearer, is there not one among you all that will stop when you reach me and go no further in your quest? Is there not one which shall, while still a great way off, strike on my ear as distinct and utterly different from all others? One which I shall recognize, though I have never yet seen her to whom that step belongs. Among those miles of eager human eyes, shall not some day mine eyes seek other eyes, and find there that which has been predestined for me by God? O, Margery, my dear friend, should I find her, how you will welcome her, for her sake and for mine when we meet in the everlasting habitations!

Another train of birthday reflections led to this conclusion: "Give up the pursuit of anything which seems to you of doubtful gain!" For there are so many indisputably good and real pursuits in the world that it cannot possibly be worth while pursuing what may not be wholly good and may possibly be not wholly real. Here I have a certain small right to speak, for in the last year I have given up something which seemed to me of possibly doubtful gain, and I have found that it was a wise step. That which I have given up is singularly known as "The world." I once thought that it was a good thing to see hundreds of people, to multiply acquaintances, to be able to say "Charming party—was there, and ——, and ——," meaning people who really concerned me as little as I really concerned them, telling myself (even then I think I had some secret notion of conscience-solving), that to live in the babble and roar of the world was stimulating. So no doubt it is, but a stimulant is not necessarily healthy. Thus it seemed to me (one can only speak for oneself) to come under the head of "doubtful gain." But it is a quite certain gain to study the habits of the ill-content jackmanni—I am sorry for introducing that again, but I cannot get over it—it is a quite certain gain to read a good book, to try to learn the fugues and preludes—provided, of course, the incidental pain to others is not more than they should reasonably be asked to bear—to be in the open air, and, above all, to do your work, whatever it is. If you have none, get some. It hardly matters at all what it is, so long as it is harmless. But merely to go from dinner to dance is a doubtful gain: you would do better—at least I should—to talk to a friend for half an hour, and then if you wish for the crowd merely, as I often do, walk for ten minutes up and down Piccadilly. Now if that does not give you the food you want, you may be sure you will not find it anywhere else.

Another most fascinating hobby, though I expect it is extremely easy to give too much time to it, is the pursuit of health. Certainly it is more easy of accomplishment to most people than the pursuit of happiness, and the one to a very large extent implies the other. For the pursuers of happiness, for the most part, are Hedonists; they think, and herein err very greatly, that to multiply pleasures tends to make one happy. In point of fact, it does nothing of the kind, for pleasures are to some extent obtainable by most people, whereas happiness is almost completely a matter of temperament. And the happy temperament cannot possibly have anything to do with pleasures; no amount of pleasures will foster it at all, whereas if you have got the happy temperament, almost everything by that mysterious alchemy is turned into pleasures, even as a rose-tree turns that which its root-fibres suck from the earth into blossom. And certainly health is a great help to happiness, for to be well, really well, makes the mere living, as Browning says, a joy, and at times it seems enough to be alive. For which would you rather be, a bilious man with all the pleasures of the world at his disposal, or, well, with "the book of verses underneath the bough," and a thrush maybe singing of what should be above you?

Keenness of perception, in fact, I soberly believe to be the greatest cause of happiness (and so necessarily of pleasure, since happiness turns the most trivial incidents and sensations of the moment into pleasure) that is within our reach. And so inextricably is the mind and soul bound up with the body, that, apart from great spiritual enthusiasm or ecstasy, this keenness of perception can scarcely be reached except through a certain cleanly healthiness. In fact, it presupposes a temperament of almost divine serenity to enjoy a day on which one has influenza, whereas there is a sort of health which is probably within the reach of most people, in which from the heightened keenness of perception it brings with it, the smallest things are causes of joy or laughter.

This may sound a mere vain piece of optimism, but the truth of the matter is that that three-quarters of the world are not nearly so well as they can and should be. Almost everybody, in fact, is greedy and lazy, and laziness and greed are more certain progenitors of discontent than any other ancestors I can think of. To eat rather more than one wants, to drink rather more than one should, is to feel disinclined for one's work or one's pleasure. And to be disinclined for a thing means, with most of us, to miss the pleasure of the doing. But to be inclined for work or pleasure implies to find a nugget of happiness therein, for it is this alchemy of inclination which turns trivial incidents to gold, this keenness which turns the dross of mere achievement into happiness.

It is thus that the happy temperament may most readily be cultivated by those who have not naturally got it. Some have it, a royal birthright, worth more to its possessor than the piled crowns of the great powers, but by others it has to be cultivated. And to cultivate keenness of perception by means of health is the simplest and most practicable method. And the region in which ill health mainly resides is, to put it frankly, the liver, because, as a rule, we eat and drink too much, avoid air as if it was strychnine, and do not take enough exercise. Thus my prescription is worth trying—eat and drink less, open your windows more, and, if your work permits of it, be out-of-doors more. It may, of course, be easily possible that to do your work properly you have to sit in stuffy rooms, neglect your health somewhat. If so, let your health take care of itself by all means, and get through with your work. But short of that, let your health receive the attention it deserves. It is a very sound investment, and will yield you excellent returns.

To be Continued.

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The Genius of Henry James

THE world is not so tardy as it used to be in paying tribute to literary genius. The thoroughness and general method of criticism nowadays enable people to recognize and assess at something like their true value the original thought and art of a writer while he is yet existent, and even to watch with understanding the progress of his work before it reaches its climax and finality. But there are still, and probably always will be, writers who have to wait many years for their due meed of recognition. These are the men of complex and highly individual nature, of uncommon psychological subtlety, of original creative faculty, of innovative manner and method. Of such is Henry James. He has now been before the public for over thirty-five years, and though his potent talent has long been recognized both in England and here, it is only of late that his powers have been adequately estimated and proclaimed. The first month of 1903 must have been one of great gratification to Mr. James, for in it he attained to something like an apotheosis. The *North American Review* departed from its traditions to open its pages to the first instalment of his new novel; Mr. W. D. Howells, the foremost of American men of letters, wrote in the same publication a fine appreciation of his qualities; the *Edinburgh Review* devoted a long article to a complete survey and analysis of his work; and the London *Saturday Review* paid him the compliment of discussing his literary delinquencies.

The *Edinburgh Review* article is a good example of English criticism at its best. It is thorough-going, honest, dispassionate, but sanely enthusiastic, luminous, penetrating, full of thought and distinction without heaviness. One's only regret in reading it is that, in accordance with the practice of the *Review*, it is not signed. One is curious to know who could have done such a fine piece of work.

Considering first the mere bulk of Mr. James's writings, the reviewer says:

> The amplitude of his work, the sheer space of shelf which his novels cover comes as a first surprise to the collector. One has somehow regarded him as the reverse of a prolific writer, and the pleasures conferred by his successive volumes have always seemed too far apart; yet there have been published for the English reader close upon a hundred novels and tales, and others still are beached unprofitably in the stagnant harborage of magazines. Such an output is clearly not that of a man who regards literature as an amusement, and it is very interesting to observe that Mr. James's fecundity has increased with every decade of his working life. . . . He has throughout adopted the part of the social recorder, and only for the briefest season has his attention been diverted from his own time. So close indeed has his attention been that the period of which he writes is most often that in which he is writing, an intimacy in association which gives his work a freshness of color like that of a canvas painted in the open air.
>
> Freshness of color would perhaps be by some critics considered the quality most conspicuously absent from his work, but by freshness we do not mean that false air of reality which is the result of superficial imitation, and may be produced so cheaply. The freshness of Mr. James is an effect of atmosphere, not of outline.

The reviewer divides Mr. James's literary career into three periods, the first nine years (in which America supplies the themes), the next fifteen years (in which the interest is mainly European), and the interval up to the present time (in which England is almost exclusively the scene of action).

Of the first period it is written: "In his earlier stories, which are mostly short, there are but few hints of the line along which his sympathies were to travel. . . . Except the *Pilgrim*, there is nothing in this nine years that would be seriously missed from the author's work; nothing, despite retouching, which produces its essential features."

The second period is characterized in the following manner: In this period "lies the greater part of the labor by which Mr. Henry James is popularly known, if, indeed, one may without suspicion of irony use such a description. It contains nine of his novels and some twenty-seven tales, and only in some of the slighter of these could the casual consumer of fiction pretend to discover any esoteric intention or other obstacle to the enjoyment of an easily exhausted mind. They have just that unreality which the public desires, the note of romance; sentiment and character are fitted with that consistency which gives the novel such an advantage over life; opinions are held with a clarity, and expressed with an accuracy which are of so great assistance in the development of character: and the dialogue has just that appositeness and cohesion which our ears are so accustomed not to hear. In short, they have all the qualities that should commend them to a public which is very ignorant and very incurious of life, and one would have expected for them a far greater success even than they commanded. The chief preventive to such a popularity is a delicate and exquisite style which, because it tried to achieve an actuality to which they were unaccustomed, the critics called artificial. Style in every country of the world warns off the 'stupid,' but it seems to possess a particular irritation for English and American readers. It is, to their appreciation, a sort of glittering and wholly unnecessary envelopment. Indeed, they consider style so distinct from creation, that one might imagine they supposed it to be applied when the work was finished, like varnish to a picture or 'frosting' to a Christmas card."

The third period was inaugurated in 1890 with the publication of *The Tragic Muse*. "The inauguration," says the reviewer, "will not be apparent to many, for the book is not a whit 'freer' than any of its predecessors; but it is strikingly nearer the ideal of 'an immense and exquisite correspondence with life.' There is a beautiful looseness, an inexpectancy in the handling. The story wavers, advances, retreats, and ceases in the very fashion of life itself. Its cohesion suffers naturally in consequence. It reads, indeed, in places like a very splendid first attempt. The author seems to be trying to write it in spite of his art, to be aiming at a simplicity, a closeness to life, which is being continually clouded by the charm of form and phrase which he is as yet unable wholly to transfuse with his new intention."

Concerning this same period the reviewer further remarks:

> He has in these stories of his later years at last come into possession. He had for long been driving in the wide rut of fiction where so many wheels go. He had done work of a quality which, however superior to that of his competitors, was still of their kind. It portrayed, to use a term which but imperfectly defines it, the outer drama of life, the expression in circumstance of character, the working out of temperament. But what he now depicted was the inner drama, the impression of circumstance on character, the working in of fate. He had at last "come into possession," and of a field completely his own. The intimacy of his new presentment, the delicate tracing of motive and impulse, and susceptibility to the involutions of the mind, make his old work seem almost superficial.

One of the most distinctive of Mr. James's later efforts is *The Awkward Age*. "The book," says our reviewer, "is confessedly a portrait gallery," and Mr. James brings to the filling of each frame the ultimate development of the art of vision.

How completely such vision is an art, an art acquired from the observations of laborious years, one realizes by studying its evolution. In his earlier work he draws directly from the life. He is particular as to clothes, gait, the carriage of a head; he gives the profile, the relief; the exterior as exterior. Gradually as he progresses the outside ceases in itself to interest him; it would be almost impossible to "dress" his figures, there is scarcely a hint of period; he renders the outside only so far as it is significant; the exterior as interior. Finally he almost abandons direct portraiture; rendering by a few lines enough, but only just enough, to keep the figure in its place, and providing everything needful for its realization from reflection only, that is from its effect upon the other characters in his canvas.

Surveying again, in his final pages, the whole of Mr. James's work, our writer says:

> It is so various, yet it is so uniform; it covers so wide a space of life, and yet so narrow a space of manners; it is so communicative, and yet it is so reticent; it deals with such tremendous issues, and yet seems always to make them small. Often only the intensity of one's admiration makes deprecation impossible: one's wonder at his method prevents a challenge of his mind. He has done so much, so amazingly much, and yet he makes one feel so acutely his omissions. He knows so intimately the human heart, he has unravelled such a complexity of human motive, yet he has only once painted in woman an overmastering passion, and his analyses of motive have taught us chiefly how much we do not know. He has shirked no segment of the social circle, he has painted the magnificence and the pathetic meagreness of existence, yet he has scarcely drawn across one of his pages the sense of its struggle, that endless groan of labor which is the ground bass of life.

How great Mr. James's achievement is, concludes the reviewer, one is profoundly conscious after traversing, for the purposes of a full study, the entire spread of his work without any sense of satiety or of iteration. "There is no more genuine proof of power, of originality, of imagination, than this unfading freshness, delicacy, and variety in remembered work, and against all that has been written of those qualities in these pages, one can but set a disinclination, perhaps a disability to handle the naked issues of emotion, and too frequent a tendency to immerse his drama in a saturated atmosphere of convention. That, however, is a defect of his qualities, a determination to contrive 'an immense correspondence with life,' and he has so completely succeeded as to have added a new conception of reality to the art of fiction. If he has dropped a line but rarely into the deep waters of life, his soundings have so added to our knowledge of its shallows that no student of existence can afford to ignore his charts. He has lived, as it were, in the chains with the 'lead' in his hands, intent on definite knowledge of the channels and shoals of the human heart, where so many another pilot has been content to steer by the mere appearance of the surface water. And to the pleasure he has given us by his sketches of the beauty and variety of that enchanting coast must be added gratitude for such a diversity of enlightenment on its perilous approaches as he alone, of those who have studied it, seems able to supply."

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Books and Bookmen

MR. J. M. BARRIE is decidedly a writer of surprises. If *Tommy and Grizel* was more in the nature of a painful surprise, the author has certainly recouped himself in *The Little White Bird*. Again he has taken us to the Land of Make-Believe, and verified the saying of a famous French critic that genius is the power to be a boy again at will. Like *The Little Minister*, his latest tale begins to end well; and again he lets himself fall in love with and fondle and smile at his puppets. If we mistake not, the title originally announced was *Adventures in Kensington Gardens*, now the subtitle. Mr. Barrie has lived in Kensington for a number of years since taking up his residence in London, and the Gardens have been his favorite rendezvous for a silent pipe and a romp with Porthos while ruminating over the Little White Bird's strange adventures. Mr. Barrie never goes far afield for his subjects. Kensington Gardens with its little nursery governesses and perambulators; the Reform Club in Pall Mall, with its retired officers and inconsiderate waiters; Gloucester Road, where he lived until recently, with its little yards called gardens, so small that if you have the tree, your neighbor has the shade; the dear old Lowther Arcade in the Strand where they went for David's rocking-horse, now vanished; and Porthos, the magnificent St. Bernard which was the pet of the Barrie household for many years—nothing could be more familiar to the novelist, yet as it comes to us through the alembic of his imagination, nothing could be less commonplace. We speak of Porthos in the past, for when we saw him last spring he was reduced to a shadow of his former canine glory, and was not expected to last much longer. "Porthos" he was in actual life, and as Porthos Mr. Barrie has immortalized him in this fresh surprise of his genius.

Some attempts have been made to trace the germ of Mr. Barrie's play, "The Admirable Crichton," which is one of the season's stage successes in London. They have been unsuccessful for a simple reason, says Dr. Robertson Nicoll, an intimate friend of the author: Mr. Barrie's idea is his own. "But if I did not know this I could make perhaps a more plausible contribution to the problem than has yet appeared. In *Blackwood's Magazine* for August, 1883, Mrs. Oliphant had one of her fluent and pleasant papers on James Ferguson, the astronomer. Ferguson was a Banffshire boy, and pursued knowledge under great difficulties. However, one of the local lairds gave him a hand, and introduced him to his butler, Alexander Cantley. This butler was in every respect an extraordinary man. Ferguson says: 'Mr. Cantley, the butler, soon became my friend, and continued so to his death. He was the most extraordinary man that I ever was acquainted with, or, perhaps, shall ever see, for he was a complete master of arithmetic, a good mathematician, a master of music of every known instrument except the harp, understood Latin, French, and Greek, let blood extremely well, and could even prescribe as a physician upon any urgent occasion. He was what is generally termed self-taught, but I think he might with much greater propriety have been termed God Almighty's scholar.' Mrs. Oliphant goes on to say: 'Why should not a butler be an Admirable Crichton as well as a weaver or a shoemaker?'" Now the point of Mr. Barrie's play lies in his deft contrivance of a social situation whereby a great earl and his family are forced by the law of fitness to change places with their superbly deferential butler, who has all the commanding qualifications they lack, and who in consequence, by the natural process of sterilization and ascendency, gains an increasing mastery. The coincidence is certainly a most remarkable one.

There are many readers for whom the study of Dante never loses its zest. Ever since the writer in boyhood made the acquaintance of Rossetti's *Dante and His Circle* casually in a circulating library, he has been unable to resist the temptation of begging, borrowing, or buying every new book of Dante that he has encountered. One of the latest is Karl Federn's *Dante and His Time*, which aims to reproduce Dante's intellectual, social, and ecclesiastical environment in an historical sense so that the figure of the great poet may stand out illumined and interpreted not only by the forces of his age and country, but by the force of his own individual genius and personality reacting on his environment. While there is no attempt at original research, and nothing of note is added to our knowledge of the subject, the rearrangement of familiar facts and the stimulus of a fresh mind make it an inspiring and helpful work to the general reader who has made no deep study or original investigation of Dante and the times in which he lived. The standard work for English readers is, of course, John Addington Symonds's *Introduction to the Study of Dante*, which has gone through several editions since the book originally appeared as lectures in 1870. Symonds wrote the preface to the third edition in March, 1893, and within less than a month he died in Rome. It was the last of his writings, and thus, in a way, his literary career closed as it had opened two and twenty years previous with his work on Dante.

In the course of a lecture on "Dialect and Dialogue," delivered before the Society of Women Journalists in London recently, Mr. W. Pett Ridge remarked that there are certain circles in which the novelist is hardly accepted at his own valuation. A literary friend of his went to the country in order to take a house on a farm. He saw the farmer, and conducted the preliminary negotiations with perfect satisfaction to both sides. Presently he asked, "Would you like some references?" "No, no," said the farmer, genially. "You are a gentleman; I can see straightforwardness written across your face. Don't bother about the references. I expect you want to get back to your business in the City." The friend mentioned that he had no business in the City. "Oh, then," said the farmer, "I suppose you have business outside the City." "No," he replied, "I am an author." "What!" cried the farmer, "not an author that writes books?" Yes, he admitted that he had written books. A look of doubt crept over the honest farmer's face. "Well, well," he said, "to turn back to the business we were talking about. I think, after all, mister, I'll have to trouble you for a couple of them references."

Mr. Pett Ridge also told an amusing story about a servant Mrs. Jerome K. Jerome had engaged, and who was only with her a few days when she gave notice. Mrs. Jerome remonstrated, but the servant was set on going. "I want to know the real reason why you are going," said the mistress at last, her patience exhausted. "Well, ma'am, if you must know," replied the indignant damsel, with tilted nose, "I thought I had come into the house of a gentleman, and I find that master writes plays." Speaking of the infinite pains the writer ought to take in representing accurately the dialogue that goes on around us, he cited an example. He heard lately one servant explaining to another how she happened to get engaged. "Two proposals," she said, "arrived by the same post. I liked the one man as well as the other, and I didn't know which to choose." "How did you settle it?" asked her friend. "I accepted the man who had the sense to enclose a penny stamp for a reply." Good dialogue in novels, Mr. Pett Ridge claims, ought to be better than ordinary conversation. "I have never heard people talk as they do in Mr. Anthony Hope's novels, but I wish I had." Referring to the assistance which one often gets from the experience or observation of others, he said that he had received, the other day, a letter from an Islington man, who offered to collaborate with him in fiction. "My correspondent suggested that I would do better in literature if I had a little help. Two heads, he said, were better than one. He had spent twenty-five years in prison, and had accumulated knowledge which had possibly been denied to me. He thought that between us we might turn out a book really worth reading. When I wrote to decline his offer, he replied indignantly that I was completely mistaken about him. It was not true that his whole term of imprisonment had been served for one offence!"

Mr. Pett Ridge now shares honors with Mr. W. W. Jacobs as the foremost English humorist of the day. His novels have deserved a better fate and a wider popularity than have been meted out to them in this country. Indeed, the scant recognition of his work with the public is one of those baffling things that are a stumbling-block to the critics. We recall with pleasure the delights of *A Clever Wife*, *By Order of the Magistrate*, *Secretary to Bayne, M. P.*, *The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst*, and other entertaining stories by this comedian of low life in London.

When Nature showered her cornucopia of gifts upon Mr. Eden Phillpotts there was but one lacking to endow him with the attributes of a great novelist of the first rank. In *Lying Prophets*, *Children of the Mist*, *Sons of the Morning*, and now *The River*, the lyric voice of the poet, the epic strain of the master of prose, have held us as in a thrall, but that highest gift of the mind, the dramatic imagination, is denied him. There are few writers to-day who can rival these works in the language of beauty and the quality of singing prose. Perhaps in *Sons of the Morning* the author erred on the side of rhetorical emphasis and redundancy of phrase. But *The River* is reticent to severity; its beauty of color is chaste to continence. If there is splendor of imagery it is the splendor of setting suns and golden autumns; if there is riot of feeling it is the riot of spring and the turbulent waters. The apotheosis of nature in the River Dart is as complete as Hardy's Egdon Heath or Blackmore's Doone Valley. And, as in *The Return of the Native* and *Lorna Doone*, nature is co-ordinated to the spirit of man, and suggests the tragic possibilities of human fellowship and estrangement. The lonely, simple-natured, great fellow Nicholas Edgecombe, in his bewildered sense of outraged love and vague ordeal of sacrifice, gains tragic emphasis from his scene of action on nature's vast theatre set upon Dartmoor with its inscrutable and elemental silence. *The River* is a prose epic, rather than a novel—an epic of Dartmoor. The insistent magic and compelling majesty of its beauty invest it with a haunting recollection, which is one of the touchstones, if not the truest touchstone, of art.

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Finance

After another week of dulness and of desultory price fluctuations, some slight improvement was noted in the securities markets. It cannot be said that there was anything resembling an outburst of speculative activity. The character of the trading did not change. It remained professional. But it was as though the conviction had become more widespread that the next decisive movement of stocks, barring unforeseen disaster, would be upward. There were no developments important enough to start the tide of values unmistakably in either direction. Such news as came to Wall Street calculated to affect one or another stock was followed by brief and not very important fluctuations, mere ripples which had little effect upon the market at large. The strong financial interests gave no evidence of a desire to abandon the passive attitude they have maintained toward the stock-market these many weeks, and the indifference of the outside public was as profound as ever. There remained the professional operators, who turned and veered from day to day, as is there wont, and in the end left the level of prices unaltered.

The change, if in point of fact there is any, lies in the growing belief that an extensive decline is more unlikely than a substantial rise. This is due to the fact that several doubtful features of the general situation are clearing up. Not the least important is the improvement in the international credit situation. It will be remembered that during the greater part of last year the enormous obligations of this country to Europe formed the one obstacle in the way of conservative observers of financial affairs to a comfortable frame of mind. This was produced primarily by the enormous borrowings abroad by financial syndicates, and intensified by the failure of the corn crop of 1901, which told so heavily on our export trade last year. Disturbing possibilities were discussed at great length, and many speeches of warning were delivered by some of our semi-public financiers, as it were. That we did not export gold was due to the extraordinary sagacity displayed by our bankers. Since the critical and speech-making period of last autumn, our indebtedness to Europe has been greatly reduced, until it is estimated to be to-day not more than a third of what it was three months ago, and as exports of agricultural products are made it will shrink further. That our position will not only improve, but be reversed before many months are over, seems altogether likely. At this writing sterling exchange has risen to within a fraction of the gold-exporting level, the congestion of railway traffic having curtailed foreign shipments of grain, and there is a possibility, though apparently not a probability, that some gold may go out.

The Street has waited for the December statements of railway earnings with much anxiety, since it was believed they would show uniform decreases in the net, resulting from increased costs of operations, but the statistics of the week have not been all of the same tenor. It must be admitted that such displays as, for example, that submitted by the Pennsylvania Railroad, are significant. Magnificent gross earnings, running largely in excess of the same month the previous year, but even greater operating expenses, and consequent decreases in the net earnings. Nobody fears any immediate reduction in the dividend rates of the railroad stocks, but there is none the less some anxiety to see if the actual or projected advances in rates will offset the higher running expenses which the roads have had to meet. But, it is obvious that they are doing an enormous business, which tells the story of the country's great volume of business.

Correspondence

"TO THE JEWS A STUMBLING-BLOCK."

January 30, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

An encore for the sort of straight talk of last week's editorial, "To the Jews a Stumbling-block," etc. The kinks in the mind of the religious thinker, and of the man behind the subterfuge, are still with us; and perhaps ever must be, while the ethic of to-day feels that it must go back for authority to the words of Christ. The injunctions to wash each other's feet, to give one's possessions to the poor, are "explained" on the ground that "conditions" have changed. Another way of treating many utterances of Christ which do not fit very well into modern life is to declare that he was "laying down principles," or, again, he was speaking metaphorically or poetically or hyperbolically. (This last means almost the same as exaggerating.) Fitted out with these simple appliances, one can make the toughest sayings of Christ fit to-day's ethics or practices or speculations, much as the agent with one curiously moulded tool will drive nails, split wood, lift stove-covers, hot plates, mortgages — anything.

Will the gentle reader please tell us in what sense, whether poetic, metaphorical, distant, or Pickwickian, the injunction is to be obeyed to sell all we have and give to the poor, unless it be—the sense that we are not to do it? That is just it. The boy who does not come when his mother calls him is not disobedient, he merely takes his mother's command as metaphor, as a beautiful tone-poem; he thinks times have changed, or his mother is only laying down great principles. Well, if some commands of the Lord cannot be carried out, if the carrying of them into practice would put civilization back thousands of years, may we say that in some regards we have grown beyond the first Christian century, and must obey the firm deliverances of experience? An article like the one under consideration comes like a clear north wind over a fog-ridden sea; there have been several such on this subject recently in the Weekly. Perhaps the independent periodical has a great place waiting for it in the free discussions of such vital points, wherein it may cleave the way for the more conservative Pulpit.

READING FOR CHILDREN.

Erie, Pa., *January 29, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—An editorial comment in the last issue of the Weekly brings up an interesting question which will admit of some discussion. I refer to the matter of reading for children and the suggestions of Mrs. McClintock.

It seems to me that an important consideration is overlooked, namely, that the child of five or six is at what might be called the myth-making period of life, when the childish imagination craves tales of big, big giants and bold, bad villains. Moreover, the chopping off of a head or the shedding of rivers of blood would mean nothing to the child, for such a thing had never been paralleled in his experience. Again, at that age the moral faculties are still slumbering, and they could receive no possible harm from such tales as "Bluebeard," "The Three Bears," etc. In fact, I am not sure but the parable of the Prodigal Son might not have more harmful effects, because the story is so realistic. Might not the child of any age reason that to spend one's patrimony is praiseworthy, since the son who does this is met with open arms, and feasted on fatted calves, while the virtuous son who stays at home presumably feeds upon the lean kind?

Again, I maintain that the boy of ten would entirely overlook the "gentle courtesy" of Robin Hood, and rather seek to imitate the deeds of said worthy outlaw, whose well-known practice was

> To beat and to bind,
> To rob and to reave.

Is not here a "moral squint"? Let us hope that Mrs. McClintock may not try her theories on any healthy, happy child, and deprive it of that boon—the fairy tale! Did she, I wonder, read the apocryphal tale that went the rounds of the newspapers some years ago, about the little German girl in New York who was never allowed to read a fairy tale; so she made up several, to the financial embarrassment of her father?

Might we not have something further in your columns on this subject?

Yours very truly,

Lucia E. Barney.

"BRUTALIZED EXPERIMENTERS."

New Brunswick, *January 28, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—If it be true, in any degree, that such cruelties are practised by vivisectionists as has lately been stated, were it not better to risk an occasional failure by humane methods than to permit so brutalized a race of experimenters and students to develop? And are not the successes of Dr. Lorenz proof that desired ends can be reached, in various cases, without the use of the knife, once deemed indispensable?

I am, sir,

E. S. Phelps.

THE next issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY will contain, among other features, the last portrait of Washington, drawn from life. It was made by Dr. E. C. Dick, his physician, in 1799. It is published now for the first time.

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Financial

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F. T. MARTIN, Cashier
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CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check .	31,349,710.76
	$36,565,818.54

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(*CONDENSED*)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

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RICHARD A. McCURDY PRESIDENT

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For the year ending December 31, 1902

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INCOME.

Received for Premiums - -	$56,874,002 16
From all other Sources - -	16,430,900 59
	$73,305,022 74

DISBURSEMENTS.

To Policy-holders for Claims by Death - - - -	$17,589,455 51
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc. - -	11,580,201 00
For all other Accounts - -	15,040,650 47
	$44,160,307 58

ASSETS

United States Bonds and other securities - - -	$220,140,306 02
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage - - - -	81,566,584 00
Loans on Bonds and other Securities - - - -	10,278,000 00
Loans on Company's own Policies	14,620,374 70
Real Estate: Company's Office Buildings in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Sydney and Mexico, and other Real Estate - -	23,838,333 45
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies - - - - -	15,677,925 78
Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc. - - -	7,315,666 66
	$382,432,681 90

LIABILITIES

Policy Reserves, etc. - -	$314,293,458 19
Contingent Guarantee Fund -	65,119,223 11
Available for Authorized Dividends - - - - -	3,020,000 00
	$382,432,681 30
Insurance and Annuities in force - - - - -	$1,342,912,062 81

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.

CHARLES A. PRELLER Auditor

ROBERT A. GRANNISS VICE-PRESIDENT

WALTER R. GILLETTE	General Manager
ISAAC F. LLOYD	2d Vice-President
JOHN A. FONDA	3d Vice-President
FREDERIC CROMWELL	Treasurer
EMORY McCLINTOCK	Actuary

Official Legal Notice

THE CITY OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS, MAIN OFFICE BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN
NO. 280 BROADWAY, STEWART BUILDING

January 12, 1903.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE Greater New York Charter, that the books called "The Annual Record of the Assessed Valuation of Real and Personal Estate of the Boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond, comprising The City of New York," will be open for examination and correction on the second Monday of January, and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1903.

During the time that the books are open to public inspection, application may be made by any person or corporation claiming to be aggrieved by the assessed valuation of real or personal estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan, at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 280 Broadway.

In the Borough of The Bronx, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building, One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh Street and Third Avenue.

In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.

In the Borough of Queens, at the office of the Department, Hackett Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City.

In the Borough of Richmond, at the office of the Department, Masonic Building, Stapleton.

Corporations in all the Boroughs must make applications only at the main office in the Borough of Manhattan.

Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of personal estate must be made by the person assessed at the office of the Department in the Borough where such person resides, and in the case of a non-resident carrying on business in The City of New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough where such place of business is located, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., except on Saturdays, when all applications must be made between 10 A. M. and 12 noon.

JAMES L. WELLS, President,
WILLIAM S. COGSWELL,
GEORGE J. GILLESPIE,
SAMUEL STRASBOURGER,
RUFUS L. SCOTT,
Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.

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Mr. Winkle (Louis Payne) Sam Weller (Digby Bell)



Arabella (Louise Gunning) Mr. Pickwick (De Wolf Hopper) Polly (Marguerite Clark)

DE WOLF HOPPER'S PRESENTATION OF "MR. PICKWICK"

In this scene from "Mr. Pickwick," which is now playing at the Herald Square Theatre, Pickwick intervenes, "in a Pickwickian sense," to help the love affairs of Arabella Wardle and Polly. The three are sitting on a log in the forest, when Pickwick's endeavors to persuade the girls to become reconciled with Winkle and Sam Weller cause the log to roll over, with the unexpected result to Pickwick and Polly shown in the drawing

Drawn by H. C. Edwards

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Drawn by H. M. Pettit

THE NEW PASSENGER STATION IN CHICAGO

The proposed Lake Shore Station in Chicago offers many new facilities for handling the great passenger traffic of the city. It will be a thirteen-story building, of which the first two floors will be devoted to waiting-rooms and so on for passengers. There will be direct communication with the elevated roads and with the surface cars The building will be situated in the heart of the city, and more than two hundred trains a day will enter and leave the station

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Recent Gifts for Education

GENEROUS gifts to the cause of education have characterized the twentieth century. In the United States the number and variety of these outpourings of private wealth for one of the noblest public purposes have been phenomenal. The economic student of our history will find this quite as characteristic of this period of American civilization as is the organization of industrial corporations. There is more, perhaps, than coincidence in the relation between these two developments of the time.

In national significance the incorporation by Congress of the General Education Board, to enable it to receive and administer the great sums of money which have been put at its disposal by Mr. John D. Rockefeller and others, is easily first among these developments. The use to which the funds of the General Education Board are being put negatives eleemosynary suggestion. The school boards in various localities in the

(Continued on page 281.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER
in the frigid zone of Alaska or in the torrid zone of the Philippines can enjoy the delicious flavor of BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK in his coffee, tea, or chocolate. Established in 1857, it has stood first for forty-five years.—[*Adv.*]

OF course you can live without telephone service, but you don't live as much as you might, because telephone service saves time, and time is the stuff of life. Rates for Residence Service in Manhattan from $48 a year. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey Street, 111 West 38th Street.—[*Adv.*]

HEALTH means strength—ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters means health. At druggists and grocers.—[*Adv.*]

FOR coughs and colds PISO'S CURE is still the best and most pleasant remedy. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THIS TRADE-MARK IS BLOWN INTO EVERY BOTTLE OF

Chartreuse

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS THE CHOICEST AFTER-DINNER LIQUEUR. NO SIDEBOARD IS COMPLETE WITHOUT IT

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés. Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

GIANT STRIDES

THE SALES OF

MOËT & CHANDON CHAMPAGNE

IN THE YEAR 1902 WERE

3,733,744

BOTTLES, A FIGURE NEVER REACHED BY ANY OTHER CHAMPAGNE HOUSE.

THE INCREASE IN THE UNITED STATES FOR 1902 OVER 1901 WAS

367,116

BOTTLES, A RECORD NEVER BEFORE ATTAINED IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHAMPAGNE TRADE IN THIS COUNTRY, MARKING AN ADVANCE EQUAL TO

564 PER CENT

GREATER THAN THE COMBINED INCREASE OF ALL THE OTHER CHAMPAGNE HOUSES."

Extract, Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, January 15, 1903.

THESE NOTEWORTHY STATISTICS SHOW A FITTING TRIBUTE ENDORSING THE

QUALITY OF MOËT & CHANDON "WHITE SEAL"

THE CHAMPAGNE OF THE DAY

Geo. A. Kessler & Co., NEW YORK

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TOUR TO CALIFORNIA

Under the Personally-Conducted System of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The second Pennsylvania Railroad Personally-conducted Tour to California for the present season will leave New York and Philadelphia on the Golden Gate Special, February 19, going via Cincinnati, New Orleans, San Antonio, and El Paso to Los Angeles and San Diego. Three days will be spent in New Orleans, during the Mardi-Gras festivities. Should a sufficient number of passengers desire to travel under the care of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon, a delightful month's itinerary in California has been outlined; and a returning itinerary to leave San Francisco March 28, visiting Salt Lake City, Glenwood and Colorado Springs, and Denver, arriving in New York April 6. Rate, $275 from all points on the Pennsylvania Railroad east of Pittsburg, covering all expenses of railroad transportation, side trips in California, and berth and meals going on the special train. No hotel expenses in California are included. Tickets are good for return within nine months, but returning cover transportation only. For detailed itinerary apply to Ticket Agents, or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.



The PRAIRIE STATES KEEP AT THE HEAD. More made—more sold—more prizes won than ALL OTHERS combined. 342 FIRST PRIZES WON

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Leaves Chicago 8.00 p. m. daily; reaches San Francisco in less than three days. Two other fast trains at 10.00 a. m. and 11.30 p. m. The best of everything. *Compartment, Observation, Drawing-Room, Dining, Buffet-Library Cars (with Barber and Bath). Electric lighted.*

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UNION PACIFIC and
SOUTHERN PACIFIC RYS.

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Best of all modern foods

BOKER'S BITTERS

Anti-dyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer, and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

VIOLETTES DU CZAR

THE EVER FASHIONABLE PERFUME OF

ORIZA-L. LEGRAND (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

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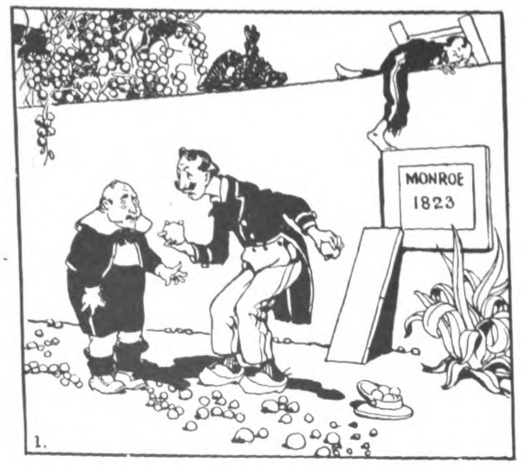
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WICKED WILLIE and THE WALL

A timely warning to Kaiser William and Others

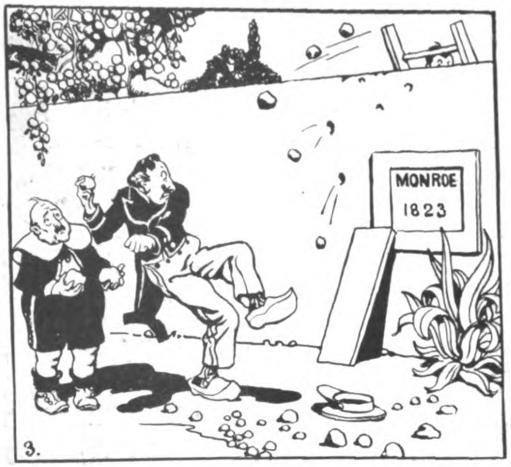
BY ALBERT LEVERING



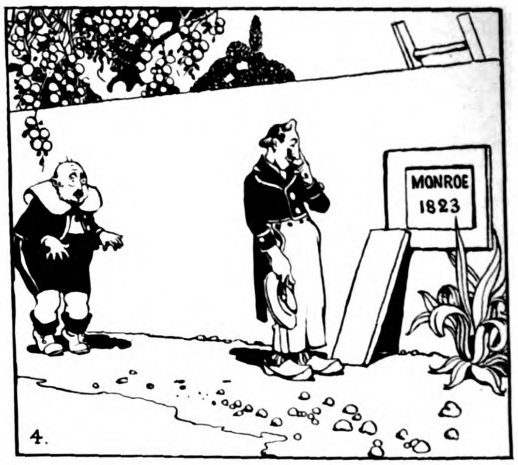
Willie. "*Aw, vot are you afrait off? Don't he owe us marbles? Look how liddle he iss! You hand me de bricksteins*"
Eddy. "*I got relatives lives there.*"



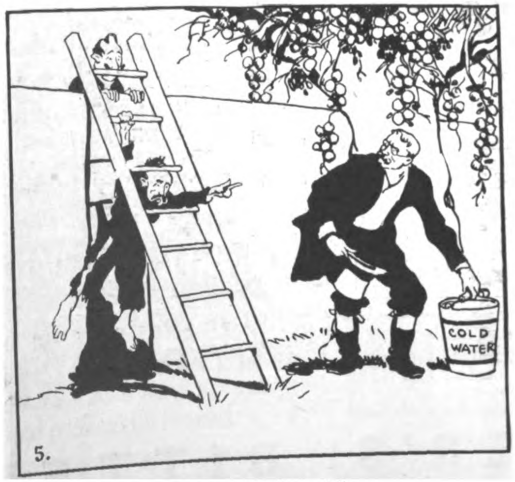
Teddy. "*It's all right yet, Casty. Let him throw rocks · but you tell me the instant he tries to climb that wall*"
Castro. "*Oh I'll do that, sir*"



Willie. "*You got to trow a goot scare into dem; like dis, Eddy. Of you hit him, dot's a accident.*"
Eddy. "*I got relatives lives there.*"



Willie. "*Monroe? Mir's ganz wurst. I tink I try and go ofer dot wall, yet.*"
Eddy. "*Now, I got relatives lives there.*"



Castro. "*He's a-comin' over now, Mr. Roosevelt f*"
Teddy. "*He is, is he? Well, we'll see how far he gets.*



* * * * * * * *
Eddy. "*Why, that's my dear relatives, now f*"

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(Continued from page 279.)

South, where the general standard of education is most in need of elevation, receive help in proportion as they and representative citizens help themselves. Such men as William H. Baldwin, Jr., who has become acquainted with the needs of the South by personal observation, manage the Board. More than a million dollars has already been put at the disposal of the Board. A million dollars was more than the aggregate of all the gifts to education in the United States in many entire decades. Many millions have been given in this way by Americans in the past two years, and are on record. Of many other generosities of this sort there has been and can be no public record. Many such gifts are made on the express condition of secrecy. "Some givers," writes President Hadley of Yale, "desire to remain wholly unknown, and even go so far as to wish that the amount of their gifts should be concealed. Others, especially when their gifts are of the nature of bequests, leave matters in such a shape that it is impossible to give a plain statistical account of the date at which they accrue. We prefer that the simple statement 'incomplete' should be appended to any statistics."

Cecil John Rhodes left by his will endowments for two hundred Rhodes scholarships in the twenty-one colleges of Oxford University, to be given to young men in the United States and in the British colonies. The value of each scholarship is $1500 a year for three years. The capital of which the United States will receive the benefit under Mr. Rhodes's will evidently mounts high into the millions of dollars. The first young American scholars will enter Oxford in the autumn of 1904. Two of the Rhodes scholarships have been appropriated to each State and Territory of the United States.

The Carnegie Institution at Washington has been endowed with millions by the same lavish ironmaster at whose nod sixty-five Carnegie libraries are being built in the city of New York alone, at a cost of $5,000,000. The educational air reeks of millions. All over Great Britain and the United States Carnegie millions are going into stone and brick structures which will house books and readers and some students. The Department of Palæontology of the Peabody Museum, and the Department of Experimental Psychology in Yale University, have just been named as the recipients of the first financial aid from the Carnegie Institution at Washington.

It was said not long since that Columbia University urgently needs $10,000,000 to round out its usefulness, for the present. Within the lifetime of men now living that much money would have bought all the universities and colleges in the country. President Woodrow Wilson observed casually in Chicago towards the end of the year that Princeton wants $12,500,000 to make it a great scientific institution, "and probably will get it." Nobody who studies the drift of the day and knows President Butler and President Wilson need have much doubt about Columbia and Princeton getting what they need in the way of money. Millions of money, at that. Even little Amherst—little in size, but great in many things which go to constitute a college, has received gifts of $272,000 in the past two years. When Henry Ward Beecher went to Amherst, seventy-two years ago, $272,000 was a bigger lump than ten millions is now. In the last eight years the University of Pennsylvania has received contributions, exclusive of tuition fees and income from investments, in the aggregate sum of $4,750,161 82. In addition to this amount, there has to be added not less than $1,000,000, to which extent the treasurer

(Continued on page 283.)



No train in America is more brilliantly lighted than the

Golden State Limited.

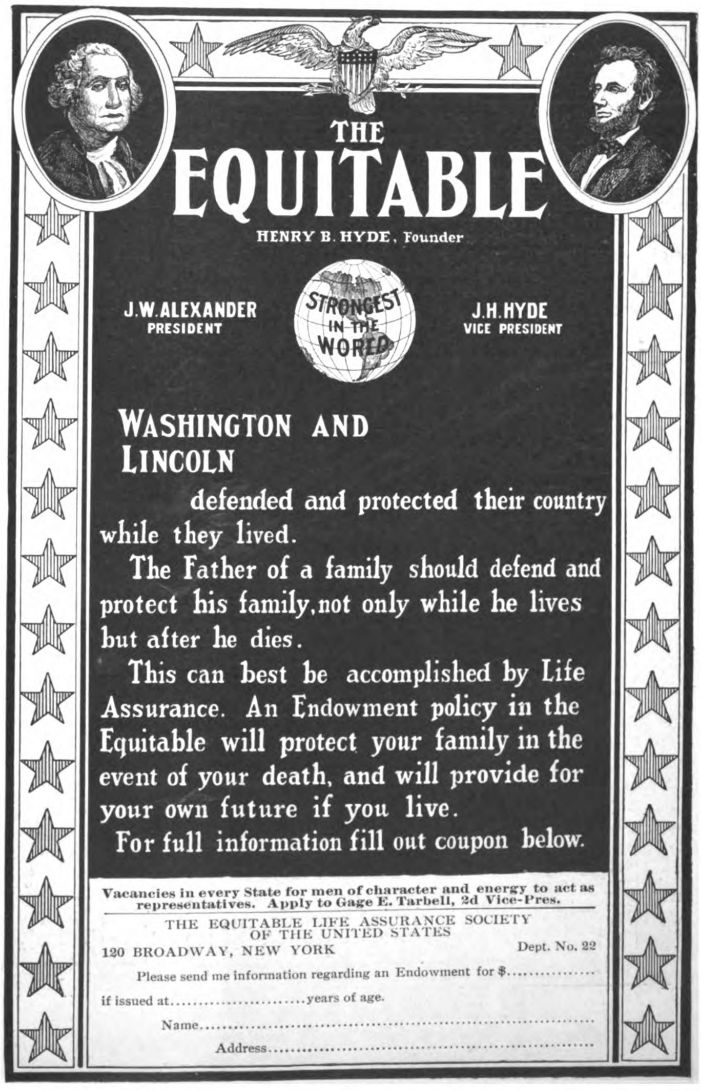
Electric lights are everywhere—in the roofs, on the sides of the cars, in the berths. This last feature is worthy of special note, for it not only enables one to undress in comfort, but also, in case one wishes, to read in bed. The berth lights are conveniently placed and can be turned on and off at pleasure.

The Golden State Limited leaves Chicago daily via the El Paso-Rock Island route. Less than three days to Los Angeles. Thro' cars to Santa Barbara and San Francisco. Compartment and standard sleepers; dining, library, and observation cars. Lowest altitudes of any line across the continent. Tickets and full information at any railroad ticket office, or by addressing

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Rock Island System

SUNSET ROUTE SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

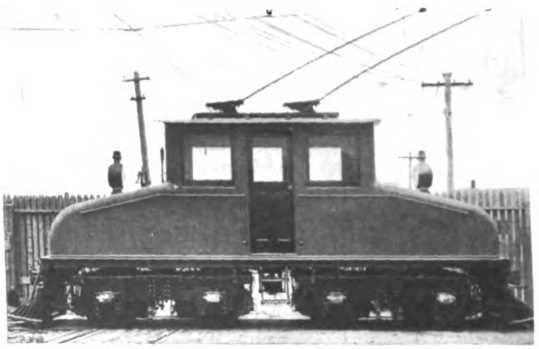


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NEW ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES

ALTHOUGH the United States leads the world in most phases of railroad transportation, it has learned many things, especially in the matter of electric traction, from the Old World. The underground trolley was first put in successful operation in Buda-Pesth. Trackless trolleys have been in operation for some time experimentally in Germany and France, wagons with freight trailers being guided along certain roads from overhead wires. Automobiles, of course, have received their highest development in France. And now comes the newest development. It is none other than an attempt to abolish the locomotive from steam railroads by establishing automobile trains.

The experiment is to be made in France in June next. An automobile train is to be run from Paris to Dijon, and, if it is successful, will probably be continued to Lyons and Nice. The train is to run the distance from Paris to Dijon, about 191 miles, in three hours and ten minutes, or at the rate of 61½ miles an hour. Special carriages will be built for the train, the present carriages not being convertible to this use. The carriages will be of the size of those in use on the Paris-Lyons Railroad, and each will accommodate forty persons with their luggage. There will also be a lavatory and a refreshment bar in each carriage.



New Type of American Electric Locomotive

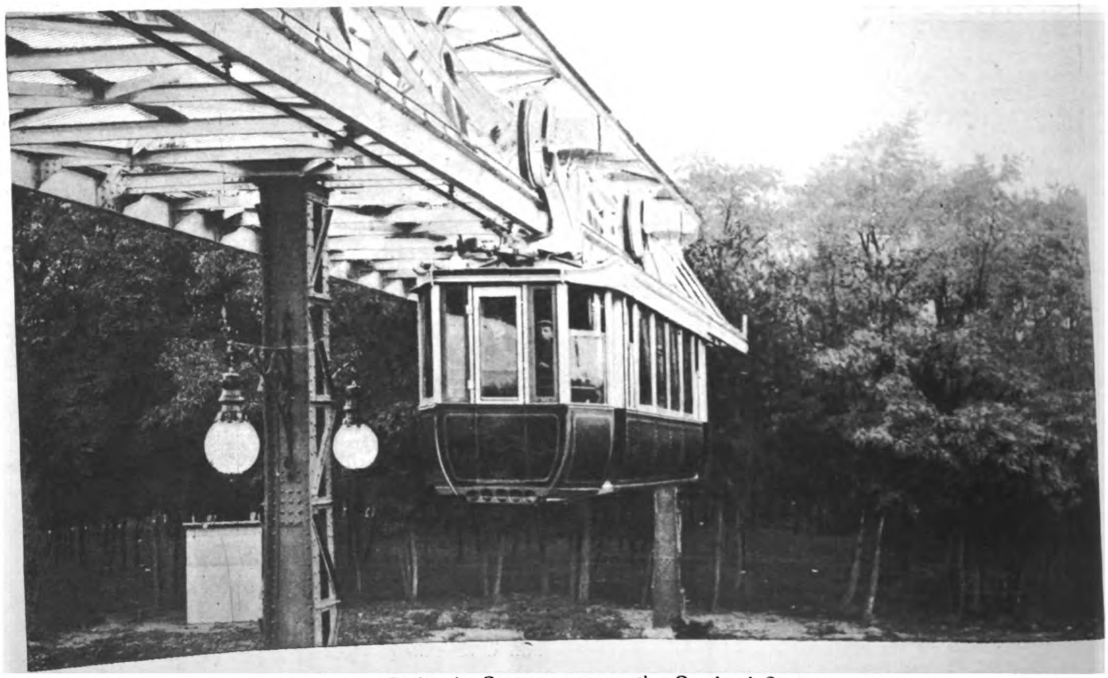
The abolition of the locomotive, whether steam or electric, is regarded as a momentous step in railroad transportation. The roadbed will be relieved of much weight, and it is expected that the trains may be made heavier on that account, allowing more accommodation for travellers. The first automobile trains are to be what are known as *trains de luxe*. The high speed that will be attained will be equal to the fastest train in the world, now running from Paris to Calais, and it is expected that passengers ultimately will be able to leave Lyons in the morning, spend the day in Paris, and return at night. The motor apparatus for one of these trains will require only one attendant.

It is commonly supposed that this country leads the world in railroad transportation, and it does in matters related to the comfort of the passengers. In the matter of safety European railroads are superior. In the matter of safety signals, only 25,000 miles of the 200,000 in use here are equipped with such appliances, while practically all of the railroads in Great Britain, and most of those on the Continent, have such appliances in operation. In England, the safety appliances are regulated by the board of trade under the presidency of Colonel York, who has made a life-long study of such matters. On the Continent, where the state owns most of the roads, the military requirements and precision employed in operating them are displayed to their best advantage in the use of various kinds of safety appliances.

The fastest long-distance train in the world runs from Paris to Calais, at the rate of 61½ miles an hour. On short distances trains have been run in this country at more than 100 miles an hour, but our fastest long-distance trains go at the rate of about 50 miles an hour. Germany has one feature in railroading that this country lacks. It is an ambulance train for use in time of accidents. The cars are stationed at certain points along the line, and when an accident occurs the physicians are summoned, and the train is rushed to the scene. There is an operating-room in each car, and a certain number of beds are ready for the wounded victims. The results are said to be most satisfactory in saving life.

The United States has long used the third rail in electric traction for elevated railroads, and, in Connecticut and Massachusetts, it has been put in service for surface systems with success. The New York Central and the Pennsylvania will use this system in their new terminal systems in New York city. The North Eastern Railway of England is said to have no less than thirty-five miles of electric traction on double tracks in operation, four miles of single track, and two miles of four tracks. Fast electric travel on rails has reached its highest speed in Germany, but largely on experimental lines.

With the successful operation of automobile trains, the steam locomotive would seem to be doomed, a momentous thing in travel.



Electric Engine in Germany run on the Overhead System

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(Continued from page 281.)

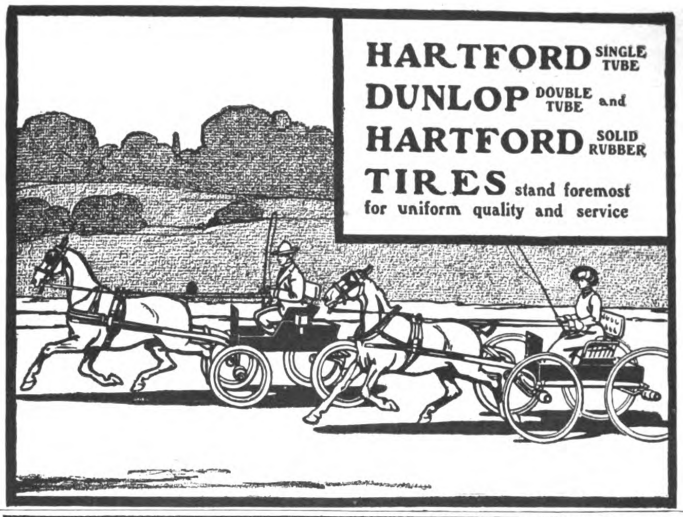
has in his safe-keeping subscriptions soon to be paid, or payable in annual instalments in the coming few years, and binding upon heirs, executors, and assigns.

President W. R. Harper, of the University of Chicago, said recently that Mr. John D. Rockefeller had just given another million dollars to that university, part of which would be used to establish a school of technology. Mr. Rockefeller's gifts to this institution now amount to $12,402,000.

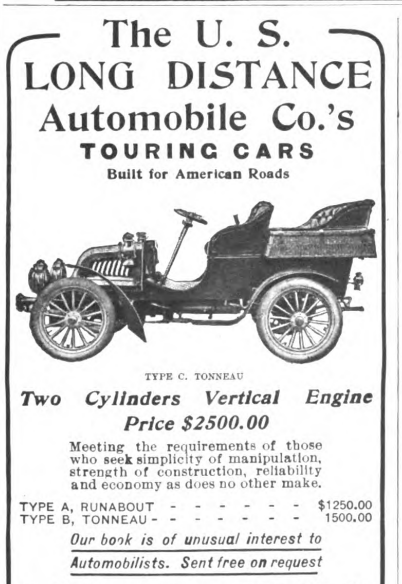
The University of California has received about $900,000 in money gifts in the past two years. Mrs. Phœbe Hearst is erecting a mining building, which will cost a half-million dollars. The university has two hundred and fifty-two mining students, which exceeds the number of students in mining in any other university in the world. The Hearst Mining Building will have smelting-rooms for copper and lead, a mill for gold and silver, dry-crushing tower, forge-rooms, drafting-rooms, museum, studies for the instructors, and locker-rooms and shower-baths for students. Mrs. Hearst now gives to the university some $40,000 a year for the support of the Department of Anthropology. She maintains anthropological expeditions from the university, in Peru, in Egypt, and in various parts of Western America. An anthropological museum of most unusual interest and completeness is being gathered through her generosity.

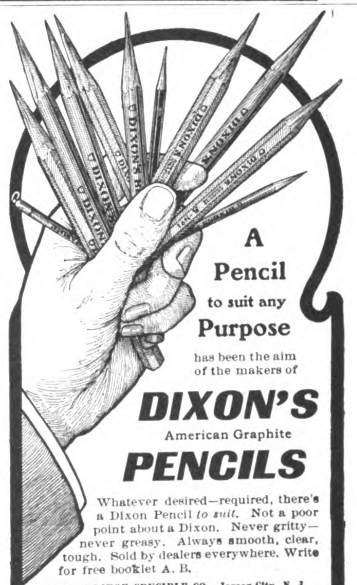
Great institutions, like Yale and Harvard, whose alumni have been accumulating honors and riches all over the country for a hundred years and more, are in constant receipt of gifts of money, for specified purposes. It is not practicable to estimate the grand total of such sums for a given period, nor do these universities consider it desirable to do so. A single paragraph from the report of the treasurer of Yale University for the year ending July 31, 1901, shows, for example, that the permanent funds of the university had been increased in that year by $595,027 73, divided among the general university, library, Sheffield, academical, theological, medical, law, and art school funds, while an additional amount of $345,470 16 had been given in the same period for the bicentennial, law-school building and medical-school building funds. In the preceding year the estate of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt added $100,000 to the general fund, which received also $110,998 58 from other gifts. In that year also the Forest School was established by a gift of $150,000 from the Pinchot family. Gifts to income which do not appear in the movements of the permanent funds are constantly received at both Yale and Harvard. The Yale officials have just received a very large collection of Egyptian antiquities, representing Connecticut's share for the year 1902 in the Egypt Exploration Fund.

It is not only great schools and big sums which illustrate the tendency of the day in these matters. The news columns of the newspapers bear almost daily witness to what is becoming a national habit. The fund of $50,000 to endow a chair of Economics and Political Science at Washington and Lee University has recently been completed by the generosity of New York men of affairs. Mrs. S. P. Lees, of New York, left the same institution, a few weeks ago, a bequest of $30,000. Henry O. Havemeyer gave $20,000 towards a new heating-plant for Bryn Mawr College, and nobody would ever have known anything about it had not the coal famine come. The estate of A. C. Hutchinson, it is just announced, proves so much more satisfactory than had been anticipated that the Medical Department of Tulane University in New Orleans will profit from it to the extent of nearly a million dollars.









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WE KNOW we can please you and save you money, for HAYNER WHISKEY goes direct from our distillery to you, with all its original richness and flavor, carrying a UNITED STATES REGISTERED DISTILLER'S GUARANTEE of PURITY and AGE and saving you the big profits of the dealers. That's why it's best for medicinal purposes. That's why it's preferred for other uses. That's why we are regularly supplying over a quarter of a million satisfied customers. That's why YOU should try it.

Direct from our distillery to YOU

Saves Dealers' Profits! Prevents Adulteration!

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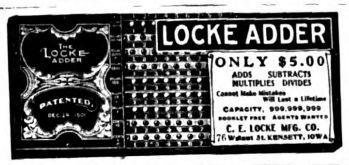
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The Waxing Power of the Journalist

SOME one has defined journalism as "the art of disguising your ignorance in order to add to other people's." If so, the United States is growing more and more ignorant. Wendell Phillips said, in 1861, that "types are the fathers of democrats." If so, democracy in the United States is striking deeper and deeper root. The same gifted orator and reformer, defying a Boston audience hostile to him, once said, pointing to the representatives of the press before him: "Howl on. I speak to 30,000,000 here." How vastly greater now both population and circulation of the daily newspaper!

There has just come from the Census Bureau a bulletin showing the striking increase in circulation of the periodicals of this country during the decade 1890–1900—an increase certainly not slackened during the nearly two years which have passed since the census was taken.

In 1900 there were published 18,226 newspapers and periodicals of all kinds, an increase of 22.3 per cent. Of these, 2226 were dailies, 12,979 weeklies, and 1817 monthlies. Comparison with the census report of 1890 shows that there has been a marked falling off in the number of journals devoted to special aspects of knowledge—the percentage of decline varying from 42 per cent. in society and art journals to 7.1 per cent. in religious periodicals.

But while there has been this marked falling off in the number—if not in the total circulation—of journals devoted to special provinces of news and opinion, there has been, as might be expected, an equally striking gain in the number of and circulation of daily newspapers and monthly periodicals.

Thus, in 1890 there were 1610 dailies with a total circulation per issue of 8,387,188 copies. In 1900 there were 2226 dailies with a total circulation per issue of 15,102,156 copies. In 1890 there were 1734 monthly periodicals, with a circulation per issue of 19,624,038; in 1900 the number had risen to 1817 and the circulation to 39,519,897 copies per month. Multiply this by twelve and you have the circulation by the year; multiply this by five, the estimated number of persons who read a periodical, and you begin to have some conception of the place in the intellectual furnishing of the people which the monthly magazines of this country play. The late Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, who in his day had few peers among American clergymen as a thinker and orator, said, in 1890, describing the Sources and Guarantees of National Progress, "Either one of several of our current magazines is a better exponent of the modern civilization than the Parthenon was of the Hellenic, or the Forum Romanum of that which ruled from the Tiber."

The common-school system graduates each year an ever-increasing number of intelligent, acquisitive readers. Applied science has made the process of printing and illustrating large editions possible. Better appreciation of the profit to business of advertising has stimulated income, which makes possible large outlay for attractive contributors, authors, and illustrators. Last, but not least, with the coming of rural delivery and better postal facilities, the area of swift distribution of the product of editor, contributor, and printer has been vastly increased.

The newspaper of to-day, to quote Professor H. S. Nash in his *Ethics and Revelation*, is "the symbol of the widened social responsibility of the race." "Wonderful to him that has eyes to see it rightly is the newspaper," is the word of Homer Wilbur, in Lowell's "The Pious Editor's Creed," which bit of satire has for its

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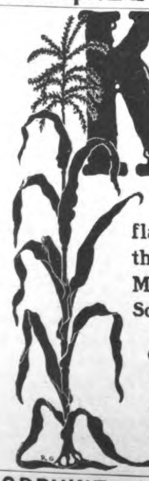
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prose appendix one of the finest appreciations of the place of journalism in life which have ever been written.

Years after writing this in the immortal Biglow Papers, when he was representing the United States at the Court of St. James's, Mr. Lowell addressed a company of journalists in London, and to them he said that he felt as if he were talking to the ear of Dionysius, at the other end of which the world was listening. He asked his attentive hearers—journalists—whether they were aware "to how great an extent" they "had supplanted the pulpit, to how great an extent you have supplanted even the deliberative assembly. You have assumed responsibilities, I should say, heavier than man ever assumed before. You wield an influence entirely without precedent hitherto in human history."

About the same time, 1883 (Mr. Lowell spoke in 1884), President Eliot of Harvard University was writing on "The Education of Clergymen," and in his article he pointed out the changed conditions under which the clergyman of that time did his work compared with the conditions of the colonial days. He said that formerly "the weekly sermons and prayer-meetings were almost the sole intellectual exercises in the last century, except for the very few who could afford the luxury of books. In our time, four days' labor of one man will pay for more reading-matter than an ordinary farmer's family will care to read in a year, namely, a local paper, a religious paper, a magazine, and some cheap editions of current books. The minister in the quietest village, as well as in the manufacturing town and great seaport, is in competition with this new teacher, the press, which, by the regular and frequent mails, delivers its lessons in every household."

In these two quotations from Mr. Lowell and President Eliot we see what the relative influence of press and pulpit seemed to be in the eighties. The most ardent advocate of the pulpit will scarcely claim that its power has increased as much relatively, during the two decades since these expert students of society passed judgment, as has the power of the press.

Nor is the journalist seen to be any less potent when we turn to the art of government and to the realm of statecraft. "If I could not be a king I would be a journalist," said King Humbert of Italy. The two most distinctive gatherings which Prince Henry of Prussia attended in this country were those of the captains of industry and of the journalists, and his deference to the power of the journalist was so obvious that it occasioned remark in Germany. "It is not too much to say," said Justice Simeon Baldwin, of the Connecticut Supreme Court, at a recent meeting of the National Bar Association, "that modern government could not exist without its support from journalism, and this less from the direct influence it exerts than from the publicity and close scrutiny of official action which it secures. Until a hundred years ago legislatures the world over sat with closed doors.

With such waxing power in shaping the thought and action of men it becomes imperative that the journalist should stand for the highest social ideals and for the greatest degree of independence of thought and action possible. And it is the testimony of those whose opportunity for observation has extended over the requisite number of years that never was the press of the country so untrammelled by partisan, sectarian, and racial prejudices as to-day. If both journalist and clergyman, speaking *ex cathedra* in sermon and editorial, speak with less authority than formerly, it is because the basis of authority is shifting from opinion to fact, and both readers and hearers are saying, with increasing emphasis: "Give us the data of life. We will form our own conclusions."

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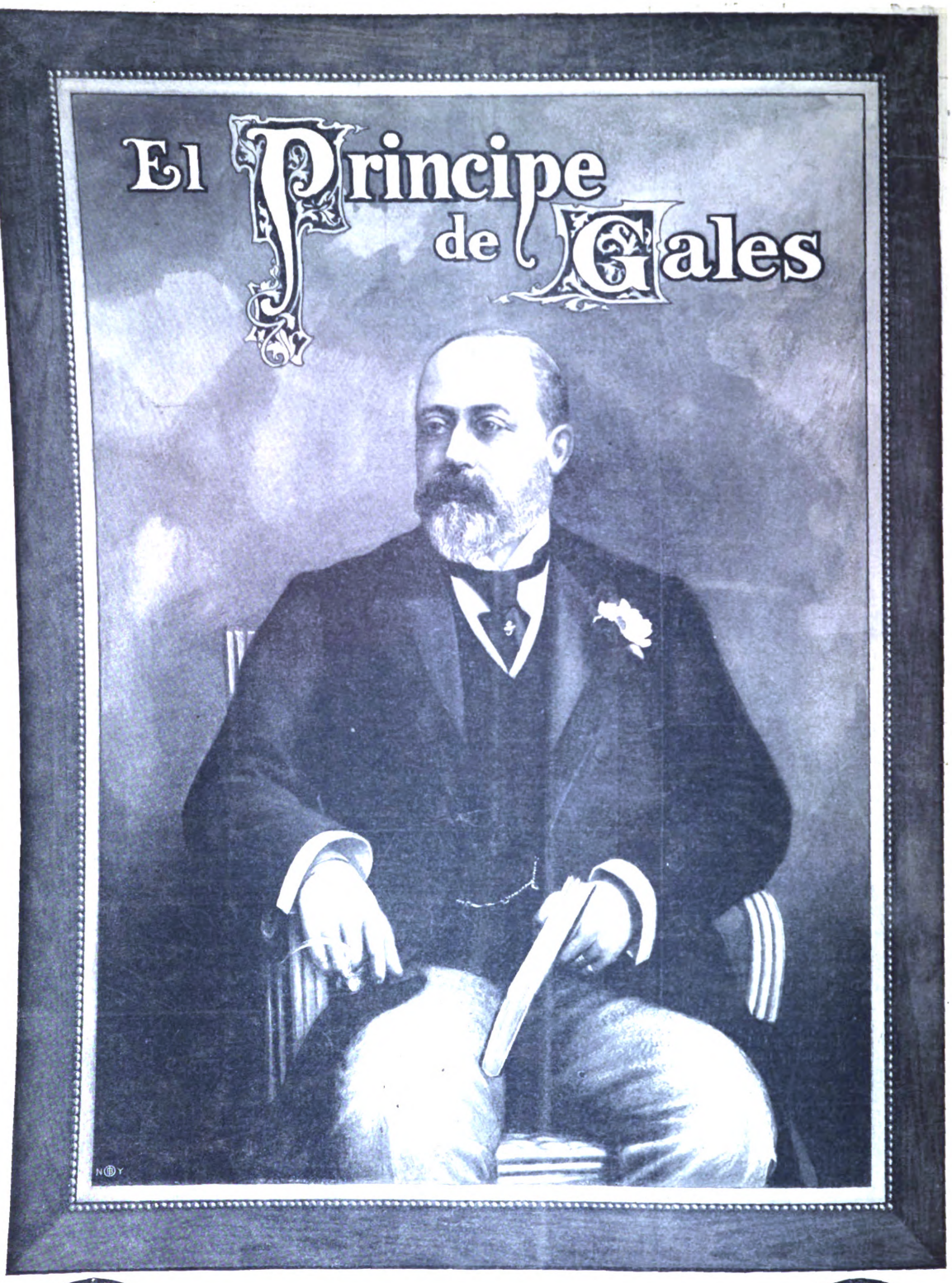
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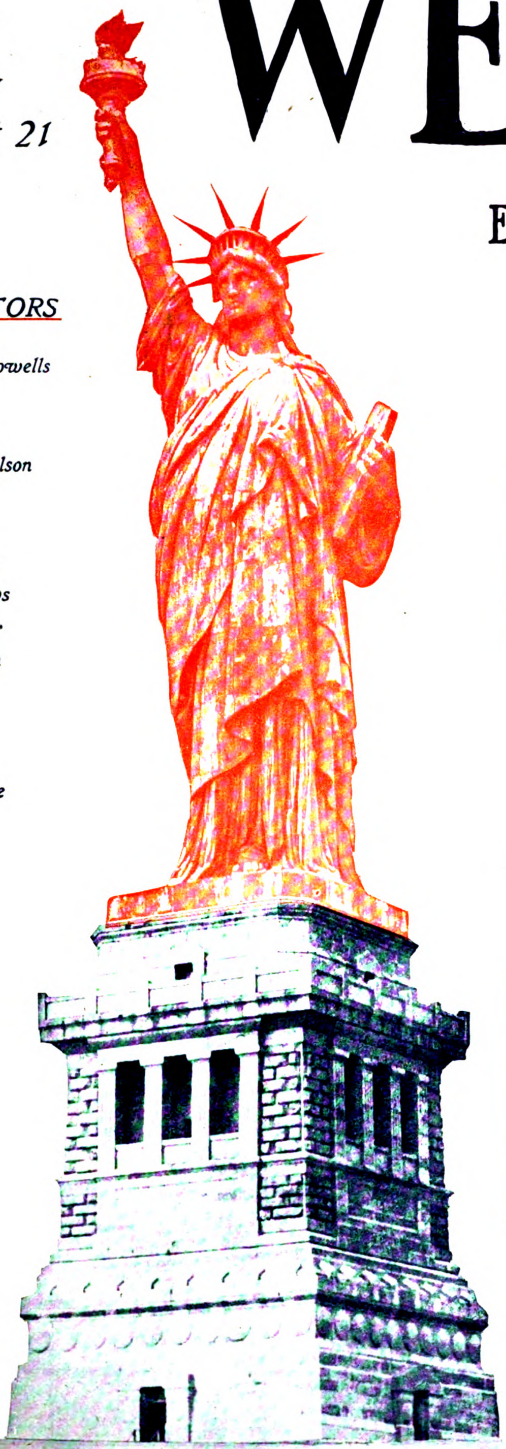
HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY
FEBRUARY 21
1903

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DOLLARS
A YEAR

The President and General Wood at the White House

The Inauguration of President Humphreys of Stevens Institute

American Wireless Telegraphy

New 'Round-the-World Time-Table

GEORGE WASHINGTON
From a hitherto unpublished Painting made from Life in 1799

Sixteen Pages of Comment on Politics, Literature, and Life

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HARPERS BOOK NEWS

THE PRIDE OF TELLFAIR

Elmore Elliott Peake, by his new novel, "The Pride of Tellfair," published yesterday, bids fair to outdo the success which was attained by his first book, "The Darlingtons." The business, the pleasures, and the ambitions of a thriving lawyer form a background for a love story told in a way wholly novel. The life of a middle Western town is pictured with photographic fidelity, and the characters introduced are real, convincing, alive—the people one meets to-day in prosperous towns. The book entertains in every line.

THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP

A new edition of "The Mystery of Sleep" also made its appearance yesterday, so thoroughly revised and rewritten as to be practically a new book. Mr. John Bigelow, the author, has put into his work a lifetime of thought and experience; it is his theory that during sleep there is a return of the soul to its source, and that this, and not the mere physical regeneration of man, is the true, final function of sleep. Mr. Bigelow puts his views ably and earnestly, and with a logic that is convincing in its appeal.

THE NEW BOY AT DALE

Another new book published yesterday is "The New Boy at Dale," by Charles Edward Rich. This is a story for boys, dealing with the many adventures that befall the "new boy" at Dale school. The story is full of incident, and the spirit of adventure breathes through it all with strong appeal to the young reader. It is a healthy, clean story of the kind that boys love and with the right sort of ending.

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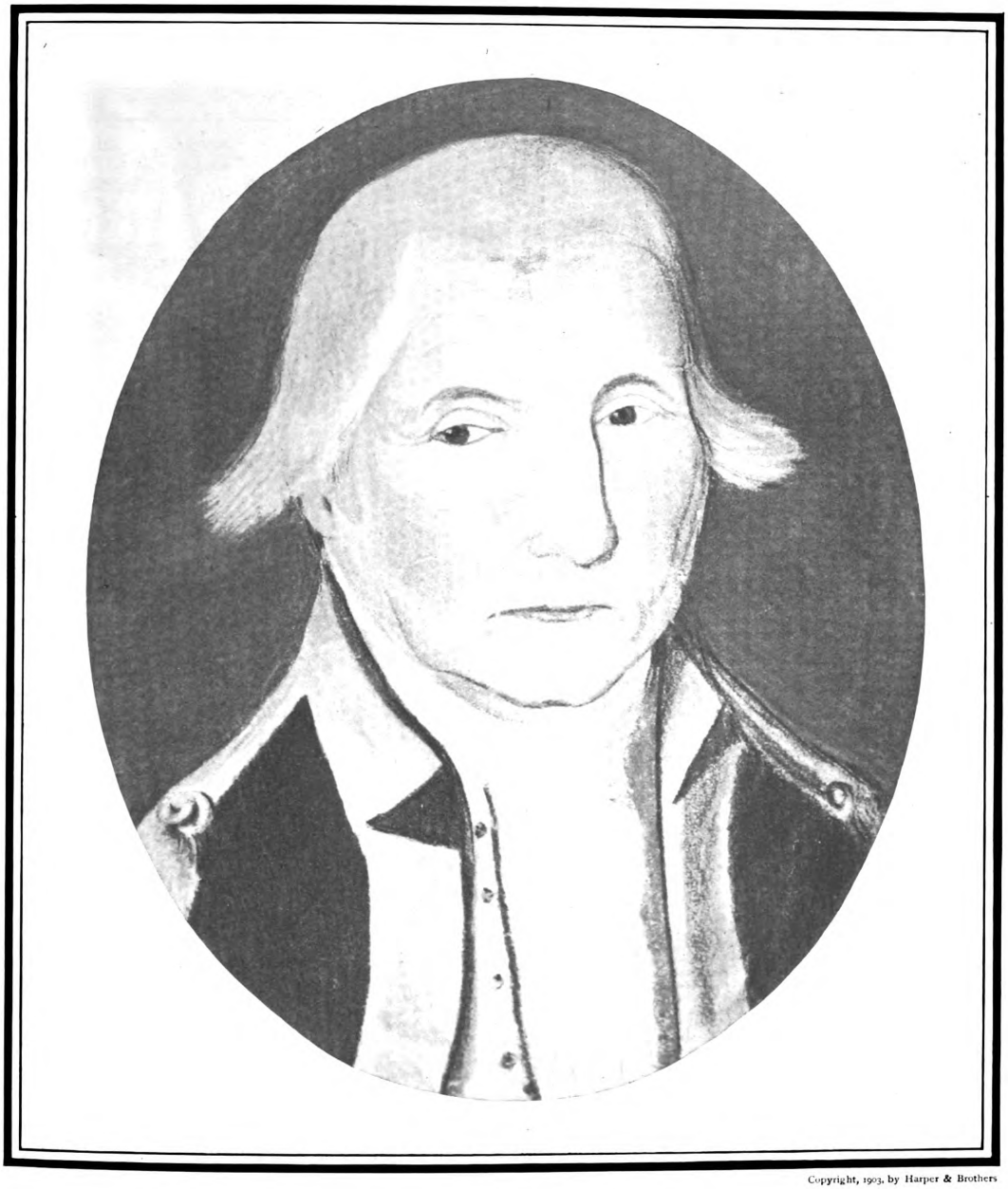
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GEORGE WASHINGTON

From a hitherto unpublished painting made by his physician, Dr. C. E. Dick, in 1799

See page 322

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'ROUND-THE-WORLD TIME-TABLE

DIRECTOR NAGELMACKERS, a well-known railway official of Belgium, recently announced that within a year it would be possible to go around the world in forty days. This may be accomplished when the improvements in the Siberian railroad, which are being rushed by Russia, are completed, and a fast steamship service from Port Arthur or Vladivostok to Japan is in operation. The quickest available time at present is fifty-two days.

Herr Nagelmackers gave this schedule as one that might be made: Paris to Vladivostok, thirteen days; to Nagasaki, two days; to Yokohama, two days; to Vancouver, twelve days, to New York, four days; to Cherbourg, six days; to Paris, one-half day; total, thirty-nine and a half days. All this is predicated upon the theory that the traveller would have waiting for him at Vladivostok, Nagasaki, and New York the fastest steamships available.

The usual time from Moscow to the Pacific coast now is eighteen days, but it may be done more quickly. For example: Prince Komatsu, of Japan, by special arrangement with the Russian government, made the journey eastward on the railroad last year in thirteen and one-half days. This was equivalent to fifteen and one-half days from Paris. To reduce the time to thirteen days from Paris to the Pacific would seem to be entirely within bounds when the Siberian railroad improvements are finished. Four days is too small an allowance, with present accommodations, in which to reach Yokohama, the journey now occupying fully eight days. Twelve days to Vancouver is not unreasonable, and, indeed, it is probable that, with exceptional weather, it could be made in ten days. There is no immediate probability that the journey to New York from Vancouver could be made, except by special arrangement, in less than five days. The traveller would go by the Canadian Pacific to Moose Jaw, thence to St. Paul and Chicago, where a "flyer" could be taken for New York. From New York to Paris, six days and one-half is ample. To get from Port Arthur or Vladivostok to Yokohama in four days will be the greatest difficulty. With that arranged satisfactorily, and with steamships waiting, it would be possible for the traveller to keep within the forty days' schedule.

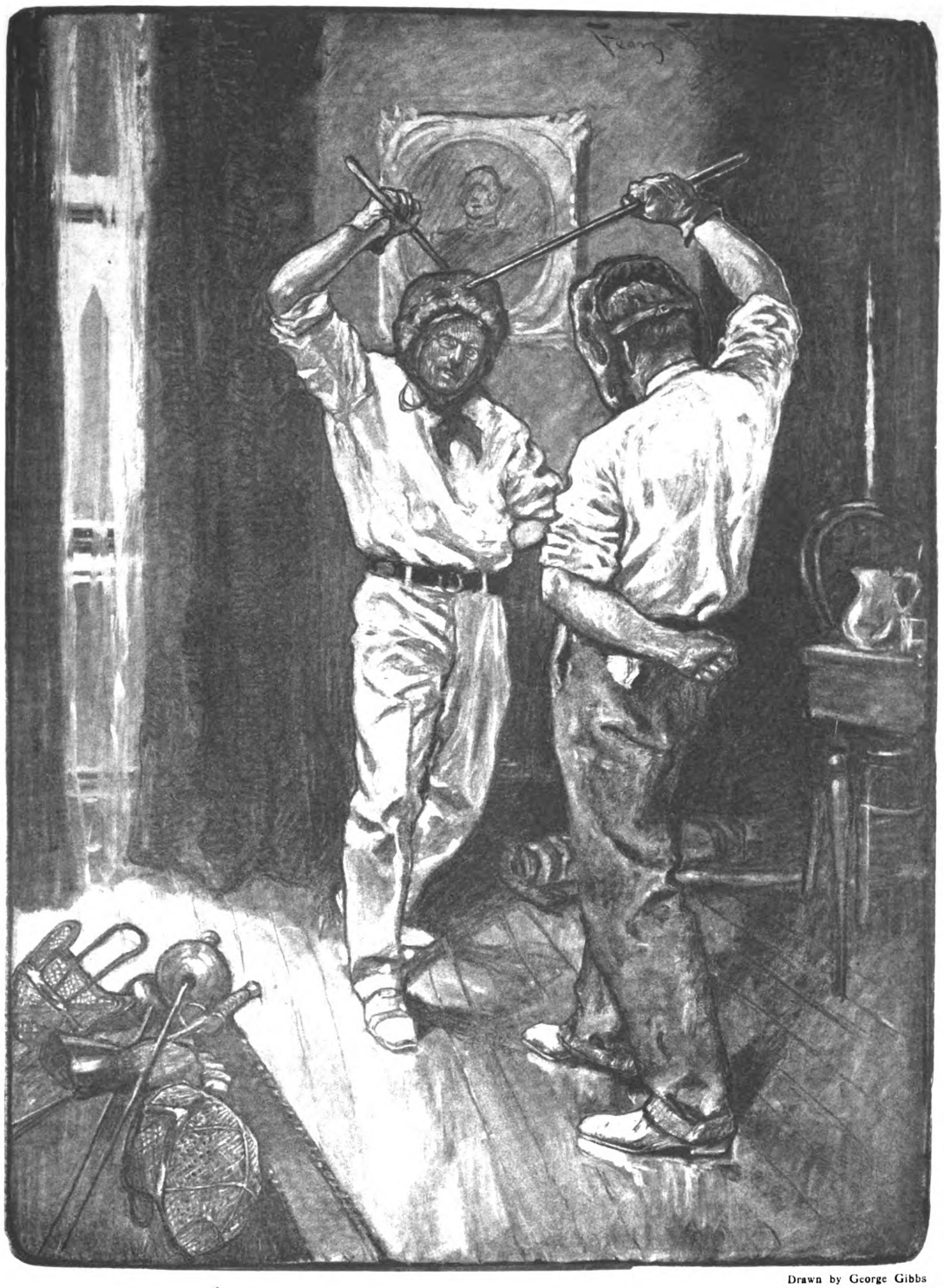
As the journey is made at present, one may start from Paris at 8.25 P.M., going by way of Berlin and Warsaw, and reach Moscow at 2.30 P.M. on the second day. Leaving Moscow at 9.35 P.M. the same night, if the departure from Paris is timed to catch the semi-weekly Siberian express, one reaches Irkoutsk eight days later. In Irkoutsk there is a wait of twenty-four hours, and then an eight days' trip to Port Arthur. Then one crosses the narrow channel to Che-fu, or one may take a steamer direct from Port Arthur. It is a five days' trip from there to Nagasaki, and four days more by steamer to Yokohama. Twelve days later one arrives in Vancouver, six days afterwards in New York, and in another six and a half, or say six, one reaches Paris—a total of fifty two or fifty two and one-half days. This is the shortest time in which it is possible to make the journey now, and that is conditional upon catching steamers at Port Arthur and Nagasaki without the slightest delay. It is altogether probable that, even with the closest figuring, there would be delays of from ten to twelve days in waiting for steamships, and therefore no one could really expect, except under extraordinary conditions, to make the journey in much less than sixty-five days.



Bird's-eye View of Shortest and most Direct Route around the World

It will probably be three years before the Siberian railroad is in a satisfactory condition. By that time the train equipment will be adequate to the demands made upon it, and the roadbed and bridges and tunnels will be all that could be expected. The railroad has already withstood the strain of transporting large military forces, and, as that is its chief object, it may be said, even now, to be a complete success. Then, if any traveller wishes to spend the money for special steamships and special trains, it will be entirely possible for him to go around the world in forty days or even a few hours less.

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Drawn by George Gibbs

THE STRENUOUS LIFE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

At a White House reception the other day the President appeared with his arm bandaged, and it then developed that he and General Leonard Wood, during rainy days, were getting their exercise by having bouts at single-stick in the upper rooms of the Executive Mansion. In these days of vigorous Americanism it pleases the people to think that the head of the nation plays as hard as he works

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STIFFENING THE LIBERALS



SCENE.—*A vault in the House of Commons, lighted by electric bulbs. The* Earl of Rosebery, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, *and* Sir William Harcourt *are seated round a small table.*

Rosebery (sighing deeply). Woe is me . . . woe is me . . !

Harcourt (irritably). Oh, Rosey, shut up!

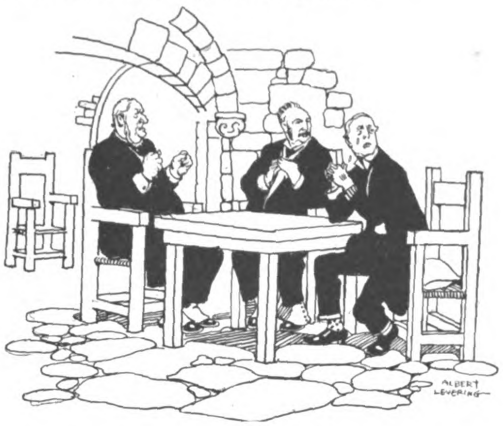
Campbell-Bannerman. If we could only think of something. . . .

Rosebery (dolefully). The world is out of joint! . . .

Harcourt. Rosey, you are a bird of ill omen. Brace up!

Rosebery (still more sadly). That's just it. If I only could.

Campbell-Bannerman (with an air of original discovery). If we could think of something, and stick to it. . . .



Harcourt. "Rosey, you are a bird of ill omen."

Harcourt. Why, you old owl, of course we can't. That's the devil. . . .

[*As* Sir William *pronounces the last word the shade of the late* Earl of Beaconsfield *begins to rise up slowly through the floor, in the traditional scarlet costume of Mephistopheles.*

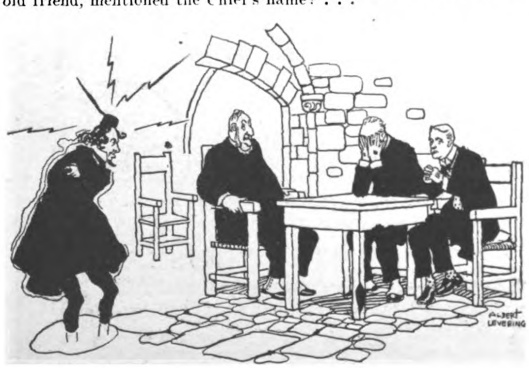
Beaconsfield (with great suavity). Pardon my appearing thus abruptly, though not unsummoned. Sir William, I think it was, my dear old parliamentary confrère Sir William, who mentioned our Chief . . . and as the Chief was busy, he was good enough to send me. . . . Pray, command me. . . .

Campbell-Bannerman (aside, to Rosebery). Ah, uncommonly like . . . ah . . . the late Lord Beaconsfield. . . .

Rosebery (wringing his hands). Angels and ministers of grace defend us! . . .

Harcourt. Thought I couldn't be mistaken. . . . Why, of course it's Dizzy. Uncommonly glad to see you, Dizzy. Quite like old times, eh? . . . [*Shakes hands warmly with the apparition.*

Beaconsfield (offers his hand to Campbell-Bannerman, *who takes it in a doubtful way, then to* Rosebery, *who hesitates, shakes his head, and finally gives his hand with impulsive warmth).* So pleased to shake hands with so distinguished a company. . . . And perhaps—I only say perhaps—before we part I may be of use to you. May I be so indiscreet as to ask why my old friend, my dear old friend, mentioned the Chief's name? . . .



The shade of Beaconsfield rises slowly through the floor

Harcourt (looks at the others, then at Beaconsfield*).* In confidence, of course? . . . In strictest confidence? . . .

Beaconsfield (stiffly). Was I in the habit of betraying confidences? [*Then, abruptly.*] Oh, bother dignity! . . . Let's be practical. . . . The fact is, I'm sick and tired of the Balfour gang, and want to try and give you boys a helping hand. . . .

Rosebery (doubtfully). If we could only be sure. . . .

Campbell-Bannerman (interrupting). The trouble is we don't seem to be able to agree on anything. . . .

Beaconsfield (with a manner of hard, practical sense). The real trouble is this: Rosebery has brains without nerve. Harcourt has nerve without brains. Sir Henry has neither. *(General consternation).* . . .

Harcourt. Look here. If you'll promise not to tell that to Chamberlain. . . .

Beaconsfield. Did I not promise confidence? Did I not say I was sick of them? Unscrupulous, yet not strong. Smart, yet without foresight. Pig-headed, yet not resolute. . . . My heavens! . . .

Harcourt (meaningly). Ahem!

Beaconsfield. What? Oh, certainly . . . the expression was inapt. . . . But you know what I mean. If you want a real policy. . . .

All together. Oh, above all things! . . .

Beaconsfield (with hard intellectual force). Then note everything the others do, and do the exact opposite. Lansdowne has mixed



Beaconsfield. "Principles? Did I say principles?"

you up with Germany against Russia. . . . Very good. . . . Take the side of Russia against Germany. . . .

Harcourt (astonished). Why, Dizzy, and the Berlin Treaty? . . . Your principles? . . .

Beaconsfield (in the same hard style). Principles? Did I say principles? . . . You are thinking of Gladstone. . . . Politics is not an affair of principles; it is an affair of fact. Was I not always with the facts? Go in with Russia. The day of Russia is coming. Drop Germany like a hot potato. And drop this Clericalism of Balfour's. . . . Get the brain of the snub-nosed Saxon stirred up. . . . Compel your people to learn . . . . give South Africa to the Hollanders—they will have it in any case . . . . and if you give it now, they will be eternally grateful . . . . find some way of pacifying Ireland . . . borrow their brains, instead of driving them abroad. Do this, and you carry all before you. . . .

Rosebery (sighing deeply). It sounds wise, if we could only. . . .

Beaconsfield (sharply). I was never accounted a fool. . . . I can give you a policy, but can you follow it? You play your cards so badly. . . *(Suddenly illumined.)* Why, that is it! You lack the training. Let us get our hands in at the great American game. . . .

Rosebery. The what? . . .

Campbell-Bannerman. Forming trusts? . . .

Harcourt. Why, no! Poker!

Beaconsfield. Dear old Harcourt. He always understands! Yes, poker, of course. . . .

Rosebery. I'm afraid I don't know what poker is. . . .

Campbell-Bannerman. I always forget the hands. . . .

Beaconsfield. Precisely. I see you need the training. Well, it grows late, and I have—ah—an appointment. Meet me again to-morrow, and we shall begin.

[*Disappears slowly through the floor.*

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Drawn by Henry McCarter

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Inauguration of President Humphreys of Stevens Institute

WITH the inauguration of Alexander C. Humphreys, Stevens Institute of Technology enters upon a new era. The inaugural ceremonies were held in the Carnegie Laboratory of Engineering, at the Institute, and were followed by a dinner at Sherry's tendered to the President by the Alumni Association, at which representatives of leading universities and colleges and other prominent men were present. Among the inauguration speakers were President Charles F. Thwing, who spoke on behalf of the universities, and President Henry S. Pritchett, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who spoke of the aims and achievements of schools of engineering. Mr. Andrew Carnegie paid a special tribute to the late President Morton, and contrasted the career of a financier with the "infinitely higher" one of an educator. The oath of office was administered by Chancellor Magie, following which the new president made an address outlining his future policy.

The increasing number of students at Stevens has necessitated some changes. While the original endowment, supplemented by the subsequent gifts of Dr. Morton and of the Stevens family, was ample for the number of students formerly accommodated, it is inadequate for the work that the Institute is now called upon to do. Mr. Carnegie's gift and endowment of a Laboratory of Engineering assisted much, but more and larger lecture rooms and laboratories are required. The Morton Chemical Laboratory will shortly be erected with funds subscribed by President Morton and the Alumni. Dormitories are to be built; funds for one have been subscribed, provided enough for the erection of two others shall be obtained. The removal of the Carnegie Laboratory apparatus from the main building set free the ground floor which is now being fitted up as a machine shop. The present machine shop will be converted into a much-needed auditorium.

At the dinner Professor Marburg announced that the University of Pennsylvania would shortly confer upon President Humphreys the degree of Doctor of Science. Among the speakers of the evening were the Hon. Franklin Murphy, Governor of New Jersey, Colonel E. A. Stevens, son of the founder, and the Right Rev. Frederick Burgess, Bishop of Long Island, and many prominent engineers and college representatives.

President Humphreys is a graduate of Stevens. While Superintendent of the Greenville Gaslight Company, of Bayonne, New Jersey, he was allowed to attend certain lectures and recitations at the Institute. His natural abilities and power for work were such that he graduated in four years, with great credit in the Class of 1881, which so impressed the faculty that they passed a special resolution expressing their esteem. He continued in the gas business after graduating, and was Superintendent of the United Gas Improvement Company, of Philadelphia, for ten years, in which position he did more than any other man to advance the practical and commercial state of the art. He finally established the firm of Humphreys & Glasgow, Gas Engineers, for the construction of water-gas apparatus in England, and for consultation business in America. In addition to this he has been successfully connected with many other enterprises. In accepting the presidency in response to the unanimous request of the Faculty, Board of Trustees and Alumni, Mr. Humphreys sacrificed much for the love of his Alma Mater and his interest in the development of young men.

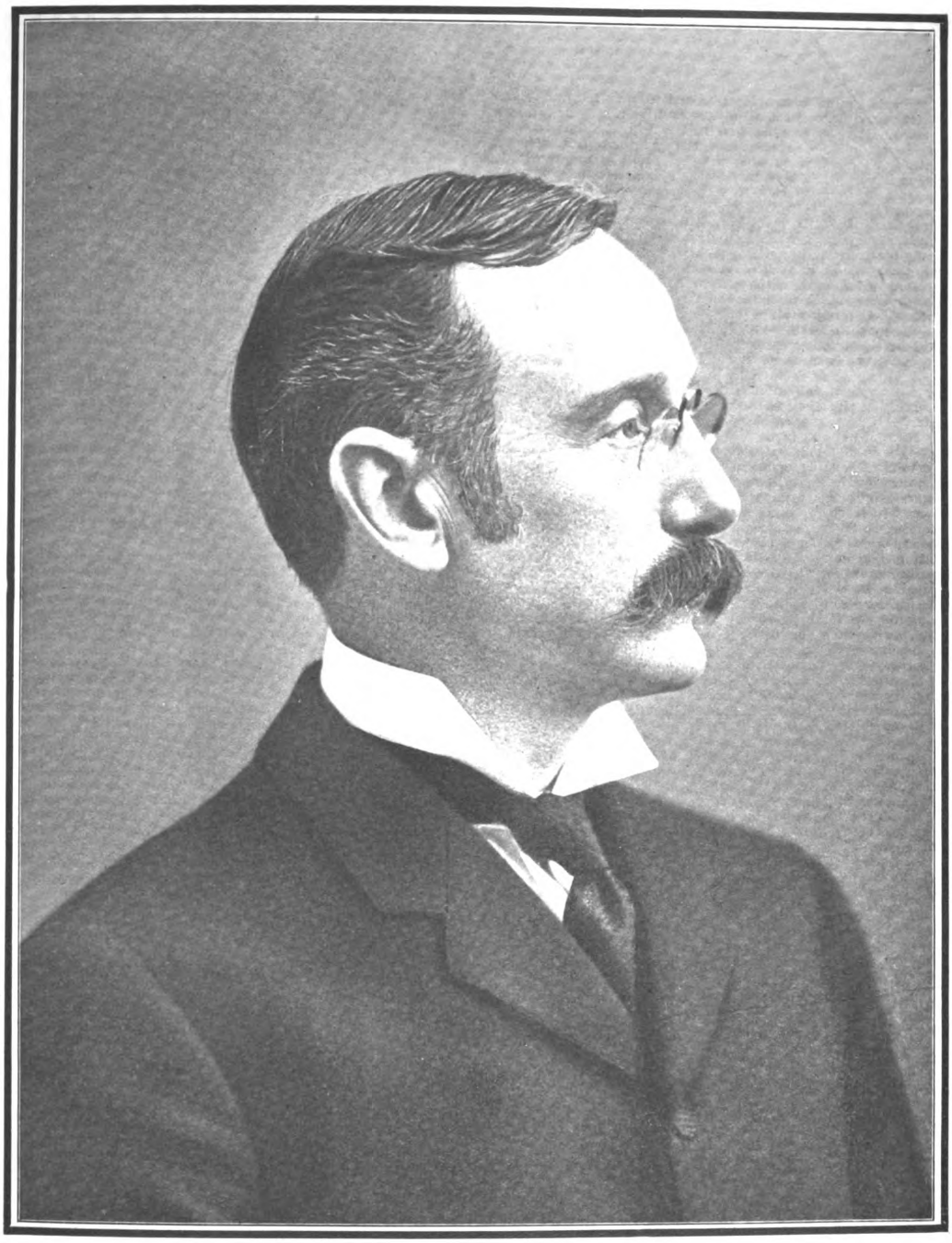
Much has been done to improve the buildings and grounds at Stevens, one feature being the installation in the drawing-rooms of an electric-light system of special construction. A new and improved roster has been adopted, by which more time is allowed for athletics, and some improvements have been made in broadening the course.

The advent of a new President, with marked scientific and business ability and energy, who will carry out the ideas of his predecessor, and devote himself to the advancement of the Institute, is a source of much satisfaction to all who are interested in the best progress of technical education in this country.



Charles F. Thwing Chancellor MacCracken Henry S. Pritchett President Humphreys S. Bayard Tod Andrew Carnegie

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ALEXANDER C. HUMPHREYS

Who has just been elected President of Stevens Institute

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American Wireless Telegraphy

IN the public mind, Signor Marconi and wireless telegraphy are pretty nearly one; he is all of it. And for this there is some reason. Marconi was the first in the field, the first to send a wireless message several miles, the first to reach a hundred miles, and the first to cross the sea. He has had the lead, and he has it now. And this, in the face of a perfect host of competitors, is a big achievement for a young man still under thirty. He deserves all the fame he has won.

Nevertheless, wireless telegraphy would probably be about where it is now, save perchance for crossing the Atlantic, if Marconi had never been, and it is not impossible he may yet be beaten at his own game. If he is, it will come about in this way:

The device which made wireless signalling possible was the very well-known coherer. This was not in the remotest sense Marconi's invention. He merely took it, all ready made, and modified it in a way to make it much more sensitive. On this, and some other details, he secured rather broad patents. The alternative to other aspiring inventors was to go round the coherer, so to speak, or give up.

They went round, and in so doing discovered other devices so much more sensitive than the coherer that the latter was left in the shade. It has now been abandoned, for all long distance work, and by Marconi himself.

What is true of the coherer is more or less true of all the various details of sending and receiving. For example, in the beginning the electric waves were produced with a Rubenkorff coil. This is essentially a laboratory instrument, and produces waves of enormous "frequency," that is, a million or two oscillations per second. Such high frequencies are not needed, and are ineffective. The induction coil has now been generally replaced by an ordinary alternating dynamo, coupled with a step-up transformer to raise the generating current to the required tension. These are every-day machines that can be bought anywhere. Signor Marconi has followed this procedure in his transatlantic work.

Again, the old Morse "inker," coupled with the coherer, and employed to register the wireless messages, was a very clumsy affair, and has now been replaced by an ordinary Bell telephone. So with many other technical points, such as using large "capacities"—electrical reservoirs, so to speak, to store large quantities of electricity where they could be suddenly loosed; the employment of the closed "tuned" circuit, instead of the open circuit, as in the old way, and so on.

Now the especial point of the matter is that practically all these improvements are of American invention, and are covered by American patents. And two big companies are in the field which will test Signor Marconi's right to employ the new methods. Forced to do new things, American inventors have found better ways; while Marconi, with splendid courage, has been tackling the long-distance problem, and brilliantly bridging the Atlantic, they have gone ahead more quietly and worked out systems which seem more practicable from a commercial point of view. The first of the American systems to achieve a practical success was that originated by Dr. Lee de Forest. He had taken his degree at Yale on a study of the Hertz waves, as the electric waves are generally called, and so came to wireless with a solid equipment. He employs the ordinary alternating dynamo and transformer, and seems to have been the first to do so. For the rest, his system is based on a receiver, or responder, as he calls it, working on exactly the opposition principle to the old coherer. It is a decoherer, and altogether an amazing affair. A very weak current is made to flow round a circuit and through the responder. When the Hertzian waves arrive they break this current. In a telephone introduced in the circuit, you hear a buzz, or rather a hum. The break is due to the formation of little air bubbles between the loose contacts of the responder. These air bubbles are instantly absorbed,—so rapidly in fact, that a succession of waves can be made to break the current a thousand or more times a minute. With the de Forest system it is possible to send as fast as in ordinary telegraphy—that is, fifty or sixty words a minute. The messages are taken by an operator listening in a telephone, just as if it were ordinary Morse telegraphy.

It is all so simple that it reads like a fairy tale. But it took a deal of patience and hard work to achieve; and there were weary days when no one could be found to invest a dollar; hospital days, too, when the money did come, and an over-keen young man worked himself to a breakdown.

In recent competitive trials, the de Forest system appears to have won the government's favor, for both the War and Navy departments are equipping stations with its apparatus. It has been successfully employed between Washington and Annapolis—an overland test. Now it is making for the Pacific, and it may not be many months before we shall be in touch, by wireless, with our new possessions in the Philippines.

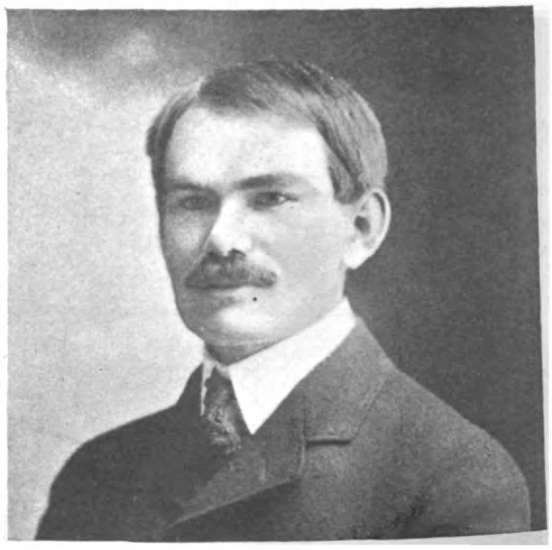
The second system of wholly American origin is that of Professor R. A. Fessenden, Professor of Electric Engineering in the Western University of Pennsylvania at Allegheny. These patents have only recently been taken out, although the first application dates from nearly four years ago. They cover a comprehensive plan, strikingly new in many details, and altogether the most up to date in the field.

Professor Fessenden's receiver is neither a coherer nor a decoherer. The electric waves are merely made to heat a marvellously thin wire, through which a very weak electric current constantly flows. The effect of this heating is to vary the current and operate a telephone. It is a good deal on the principle of Professor Langley's bolometer, the tiny machine which will register the heat of a candle a mile and a half away. The heating surface, however, is reduced to a bit of wire 1-5000 of an inch thick. It is invisibly small, and is enclosed in a vacuum and a metal shell.

Professor Fessenden calculates that this receiver is about 40,000 times as sensitive as the best types of the coherer. He has operated over fifty miles with a spark 1-32 of an inch across, where it required a flash 5½ inches long to actuate a coherer over the same distance. Probably with a device like this, Signor Marconi would have had no need for the tremendous outpour of energy which he used in signalling across the Atlantic.

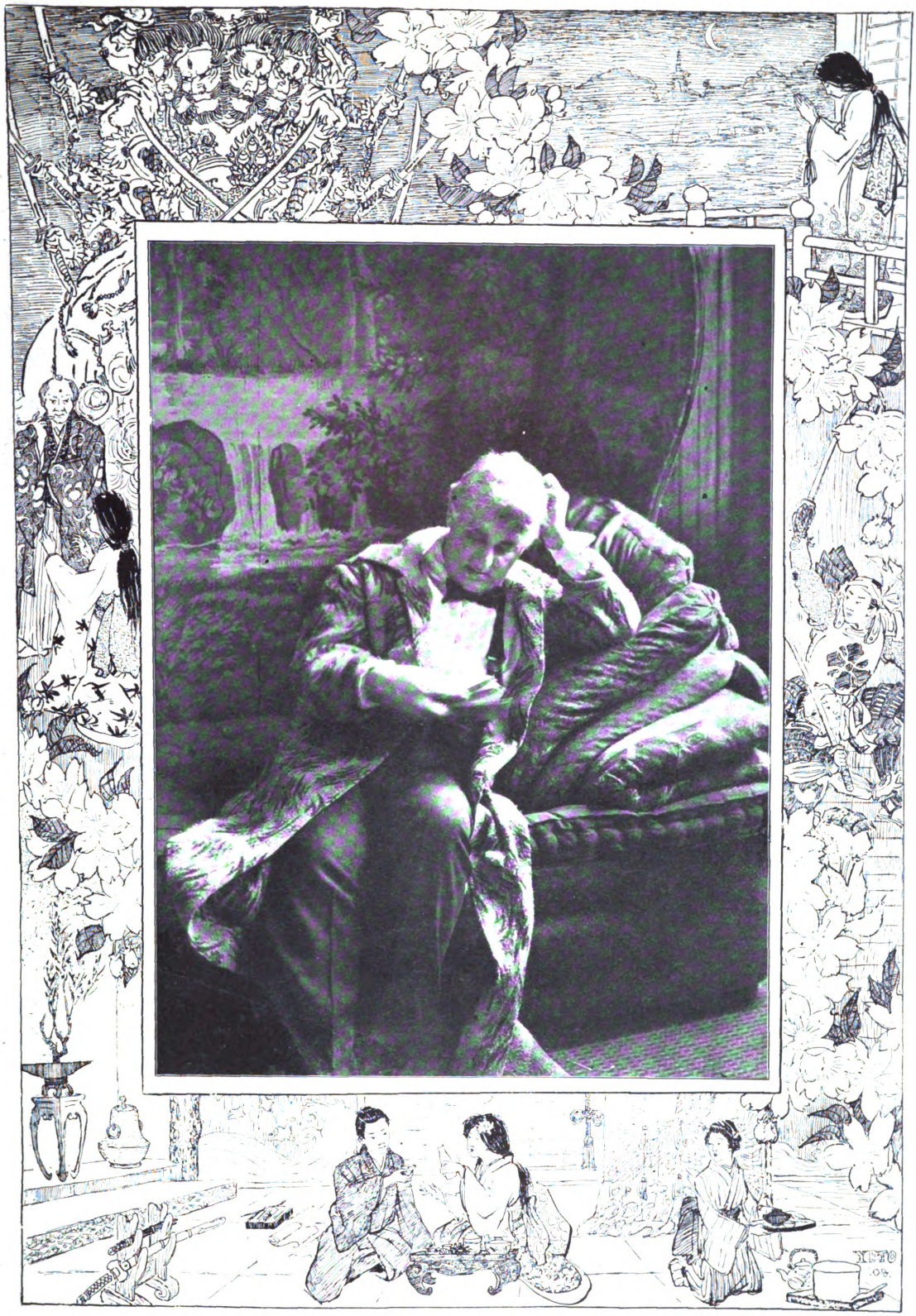


Professor R. A. Fessenden



Dr. Lee de Forest

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Sketches from the play by Genjiro Yeto

DAVID BELASCO

Whose presentation of the Japanese play "The Darling of the Gods," this winter, has put him in the front rank of stage-managers in this country

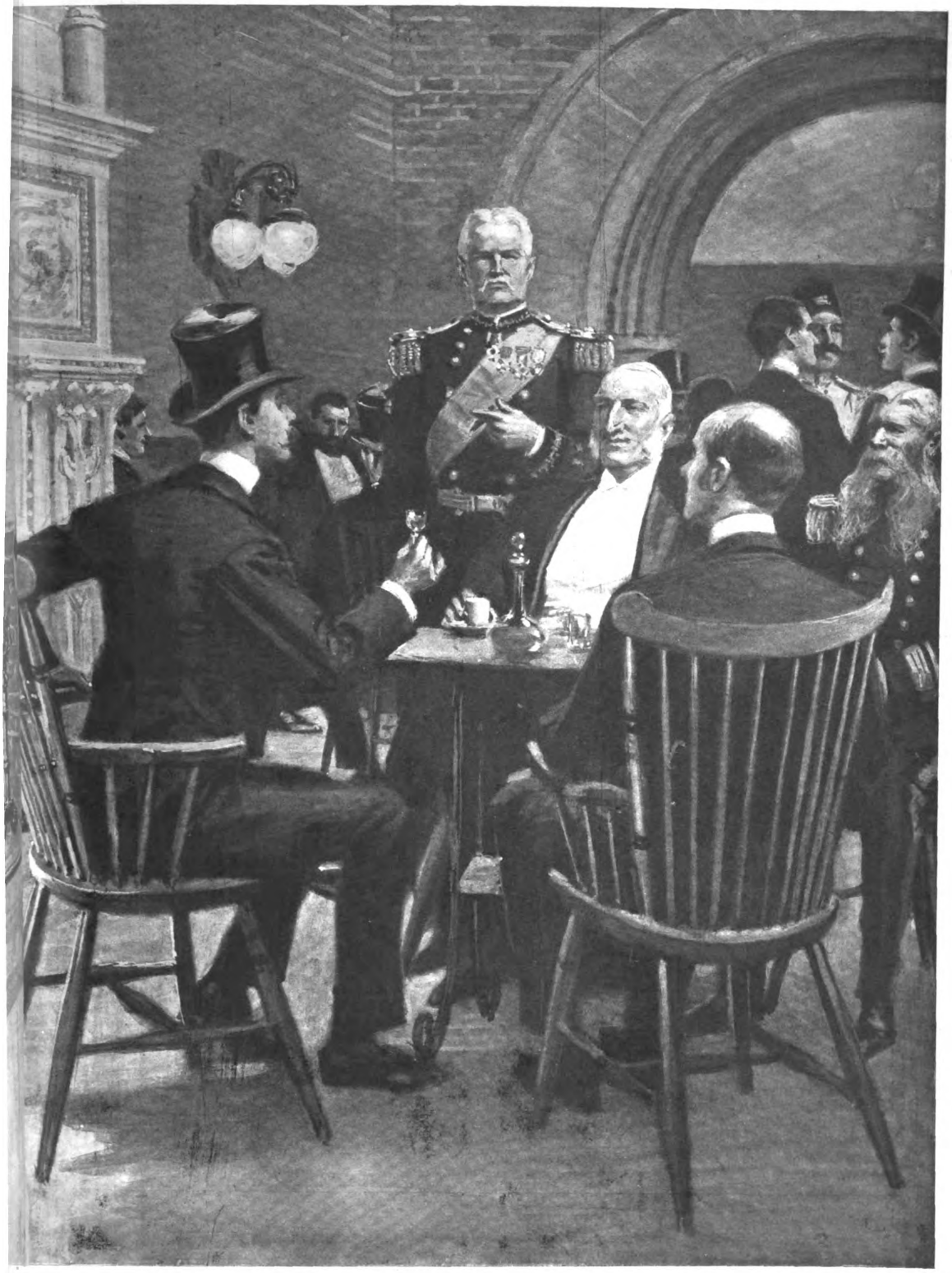
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A NIGHT AT THE METROPOLITAN CLUB AFTER

The Metropolitan Club in Washington, whose membership comprises army and navy officers, diplomats, and statesmen, is always an interesting place. Here uniforms of foreign nations sit about gossiping with our own army and navy friends in the

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TER A FUNCTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE

interesting spot in the capital, but never more so than after some official reception at the White House. Men in the ornate als in their full-dress uniforms, giving the rooms the color of a European court

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MRS. EDSON F. GALLAUDET

On February 14, Miss Marian Cockrell, the daughter of Senator Cockrell, was married in Washington to Mr. Edson F. Gallaudet. Both the young people are residents of Washington, and the wedding was one of the social events of the season

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending February 21, 1903

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COMMENT

AT the hour when we write, it is still undetermined just how much of the controversy between the three allied powers and Venezuela will be referred to the Hague tribunal. It is settled, apparently, that each of the three protocols to be signed by Mr. Bowen, on the one hand, and by the representatives of Great Britain, Germany, and Italy separately, on the other, shall provide only for the payment of $27,500 in cash to each of the allies, and for a reference of the question of preferential treatment to the Hague Court of Arbitration. But how are the validity and amount of the claims put forward by each of the blockading powers to be determined? By negotiation with Mr. Bowen, or by a subsequent reference of these matters also to the Hague tribunal, or by a reference to arbitrators, to be agreed upon by the parties? As the claims include demands not only for pecuniary indemnities for grievances or wrongs, but also for the payment of ordinary debts, some of which are disputed at Caracas, it is improbable that any agreement can be reached between Mr. Bowen and the representatives of the three blockading powers. A reference either to arbitrators selected for this specific purpose, or to the permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague, will, of course, involve a long delay in the adjudication on the claims.

There is no doubt that the submission of the initial question of preferential or separate treatment for the three blockading powers to the Hague tribunal is a triumph for Mr. Bowen and a rebuff for Sir Michael Herbert, the British plenipotentiary. It will be remembered that the latter originally demanded that thirty per cent. of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello should be set aside for the three blockading powers jointly, and that this percentage should constitute a first charge on the revenue, other powers, like France, the claims of which had been recognized by treaty instead of being enforced by war, to take what they could get, after the allies had been provided for. Mr. Bowen declined to assent to this arrangement, on the ground, first, that it would put a premium on war as compared with pacific measures, and, secondly, that it would provide a pretext for the maintenance of an alliance between the blockading powers for a considerable period, which would cover, he thought, at least six years. He was entirely justified in adding that such a prolongation of the alliance would be viewed with surprise and regret on this side of the Atlantic. Unquestionably he employed undiplomatic language when he described the proposed arrangement as a "trick" devised in order to secure a continuance of the alliance, and he very properly withdrew the word. The position which he took, however, and which, fortunately, was made public, had a wholesome effect upon the British Foreign Office, which, whatever may have been its original intention, hastened to disavow any wish to prolong the alliance, and agreed that Venezuela's concession should be embodied in three separate protocols, instead of in a joint instrument. That is undoubtedly a great gain; for public opinion, both in Great Britain and in the United States, will compel the British Foreign Office to renounce the alliance with Germany and Italy as soon as the separate protocols are signed. Sir Michael Herbert, on his part, was not justified in insulting Mr. Bowen, the plenipotentiary of Venezuela, by going over his head and proposing that President Roosevelt should decide the question of preferential treatment. The President quickly made it known that he could be no party to the slight put upon a Latin-American republic, and that as Mr. Bowen had not concurred with the representatives of the blockading powers in requesting him to serve as arbitrator, he must decline to act. Under the circumstances there was nothing left for the British ambassador to do but to assent to Mr. Bowen's previous proposal that the question of preferential treatment should be referred to the Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

There is very little doubt in the minds of international lawyers as to the decision of that tribunal. That court was organized to promote peace and to minimize the incentives to war. It would prove false to the purpose for which it was created and would practically commit suicide were it to assert the principle that claims pressed by warlike measures shall take precedence of claims previously embodied in treaties, or voluntarily recognized by the debtor country in pursuance of pacific negotiations. On the contrary, the Hague tribunal will probably hold that claims which have been previously acknowledged by treaty, or in agreements reached by diplomacy, must take precedence of claims for the subsequent enforcement of which resort was made to war. Undoubtedly, by such a decision, the British and German Foreign Offices would be made a laughing-stock; but that, in the opinion of the British as well as the American public, is just what they deserve. We add that, since the divulgation of the Herbert-Bowen incident, the British ministerial press has ceased to lay at Germany's door the whole responsibility for protracting the negotiations, and for the bitterness of the feeling aroused in the United States by the blockade. We shall ultimately learn whether Great Britain or Germany is primarily accountable for the attempt to bully Venezuela, and to extort by war a preference over claims which had already been conceded by treaty or in response to pacific representations.

We have discussed elsewhere the measures to which the anti-trust legislation of the Fifty-seventh Congress seems likely to be confined. We have formerly pointed out that the capitalists connected with the United States Steel Corporation have favored the Nelson publicity amendment to the Department of Commerce bill, which has been adopted by the conferees. We suppose that no greater blunder was ever committed than that imputed to Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who, in the interest of the Standard Oil Company, is reported to have tried at the last moment to defeat the Nelson amend-

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ment. On the evening of Friday, February 6, no fewer than six United States Senators are said to have received identical telegrams, signed "John D. Rockefeller," to the effect that the Nelson amendment should be defeated, and that "our" lawyer would be in Washington on the following morning. Whether these telegrams were really sent or not, the lawyer of the Standard Oil Company duly arrived, and saw two of the most influential Republican members of the Senate, but was sent back by them to New York on the first train out of Washington, in the hope of preventing his mission from being known. It further appeared that one of the House conferees had received from an important member of the House of Representatives an emasculated provision for publicity to be substituted for the Nelson amendment. It was also discovered that the emasculated provision had been framed by the attorneys for the Standard Oil Company, and placed by them in the hands of a representative supposed to have sufficient authority with the House conferees to induce them to insist upon it. The result of the discoveries was that the conferees on Saturday agreed unanimously to the Nelson amendment.

The exposure of the course pursued by the Standard Oil Company will naturally make it exceedingly dangerous for any member of the House of Representatives to oppose the adoption of the report of the committee of conference. Curiously enough, the friends of the Standard Oil Company in the House of Representatives have not only refrained from opposing the Littlefield anti-trust bill, but have favored the passage of that measure. Their motive would be obvious if it be true that Mr. Littlefield's divergence from the carefully framed language used by Attorney-General Knox in his draft of a provision intended to assure publicity would have the effect of making the bill, if passed, unconstitutional. It is reported on good authority that Attorney-General Knox, after reading the text of the Littlefield measure, has expressed grave doubt regarding his ability to sustain it before the United States courts.

It may be taken for granted that the President will not convoke the Senate in special session after the 4th of March, provided anti-trust legislation, regarded by him as sufficient to begin with, is enacted, and provided the Panama Canal treaty and the Cuban reciprocity treaty are ratified. There is no reason to suppose that the Senate would be called together in order to secure its ratification of the Alaska treaty, or of the Newfoundland reciprocity treaty. Both of the last-named conventions seem doomed. The objection made by the New England Senators to the Bond-Hay treaty seems to be regarded by their colleagues as decisive, the objection, namely, that the interests of New England fishermen would be sacrificed by a ratification of that agreement. As for the Alaska boundary treaty, the opposition to it is no longer confined to Northwestern Senators, but has extended to Senators from the Middle West. The opponents of the treaty point out that in the proposal made by the Joint High Commission in 1899 to refer the definition of the Alaska boundary to six jurists, three of whom were to be appointed by the President of the United States, and three by the Judicial Committee of the British Privy Council, there was a provision that Skagway, Dyea, and other settlements on tide-water, made under the authority of the United States, should be excluded from the operation of the decision, even if one should be rendered through the concurrence of an American jurist with the three British members of the tribunal. The American members of the Joint High Commission also refused in 1899 to consent to a delimitation of the boundary by six jurists, three from each nation, unless it should be expressly stipulated that where the word "coast" occurred in the treaty concluded between Russia and Great Britain in 1825, it should be understood that the coast of the continent was intended. Neither of these precautions has been taken in the treaty negotiated by Secretary Hay, and the result is that many Republican Senators from the West declined to sanction it.

It is still believed that the Cuban reciprocity treaty will be ratified, either before March 4, or subsequently in a special session of the Senate. Senator Burrows of Michigan and other friends of the beet-sugar interest who opposed the treaty a year ago are now inclined, it is said, to vote for it, provided it be amended by a provision that for five years the reduction of the Dingley duty on sugar, which is to be conceded to Cuba, shall not be granted to any other foreign country. The Louisiana Senators, however, will do their best to defeat the reciprocity agreement, and it is expected that they will have some supporters, but not enough to carry out their purpose. The ratification of the Panama Canal treaty has been delayed by Senator Morgan of Alabama, who insists that the interests of the United States require the document to be amended in several particulars. We have previously pointed out that, in international law, there is no ground for his objection that President Marroquin is a usurper, and that the present Bogota administration is only a *de facto* government. There is no doubt that a *de facto* government, once recognized by the United States, is qualified to negotiate with us a treaty which would be binding upon Colombia.

There is no reason to suppose that there is an atom of foundation for another assertion made by Mr. Morgan, that the representatives of our Navy Department on the isthmus bribed the Colombian insurgents to lay down their arms by a promise that they should receive $3,000,000 in gold. It is quite possible that the Bogota government made such a promise, and that this promise caused it to demand that the bonus to be paid in cash by the United States should be raised from $7,000,000 to $10,000,000. But what had or has our Navy Department or our State Department to do with agreements entered into between the Bogota government and the Colombian rebels? There is no doubt that Mr. Hay obtained from President Marroquin a hundred-year lease of a canal strip, with an option of renewal, just as cheaply as he could. Had he not consented to pay the $10,000,000 bonus which was ultimately demanded, the negotiations would have proved abortive.

A measure of great importance to business men and lawyers—and, indeed, to the whole community—is the bill which was signed by the President on February 5, and by which the bankruptcy law of 1898 was materially amended. We observe, in the first place, that by the new law preferred creditors of a person who soon afterwards becomes a bankrupt are not debarred from having other claims passed upon by a failure to surrender the amount received. In pursuance of a decision of the United States Supreme Court, a preferred creditor may now retain the amount paid, provided, of course, the payment was not fraudulent, while at the same time, as regards debts unpaid, he will share the rights of other creditors. Another important amendment provides that the appointment of a receiver for an insolvent corporation shall be deemed an act of bankruptcy, entitling the creditors to choose their own trustee. Among the objections to a discharge which are included in the new law is the giving of a false mercantile statement, or the proof that a voluntary bankrupt has sought to go through bankruptcy more than once in six years. The bill just enacted also adds to the list of debts from which a bankrupt cannot be relieved by a discharge in bankruptcy. Among these additions are debts to wife and children, and alimony; also any sum due under a judicial decision to a seduced woman or for the support of an illegitimate child. We note, finally, that the list of corporations permitted to go into voluntary bankruptcy will hereafter include mining corporations, and that the fees of referees and trustees are to be increased on an average by about fifty per cent. of the fees hitherto allowed by law.

The announcement made on February 5 by J. Edward Addicks to the twenty-one Union Republicans in the Delaware Legislature that he will not be a candidate at this time for either the short term or the long term in the United States Senate has placed the ten regular Republicans in a dilemma. The latter do not want to go into caucus with the Union Republicans because they would be outnumbered more than two to one, and two Addicks men would be made the candidates of the party. But on what plea can they refuse to co-operate with their fellow-Republicans, now that Addicks has withdrawn? Their first excuse was that the withdrawal was a trap, the plan of the Union Republicans being alleged to be that, after the two Addicks men had been

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elected to the United States Senate, one of them would resign, so that Addicks himself might be appointed by the Governor to fill the vacancy. This pretext served only for a day or two, because Governor Hunn, who is universally respected, announced that under no circumstances would he appoint either Addicks or his chief antagonist in the ranks of the Regulars to fill a vacancy. After this announcement the Regulars fell back on the assertion that what they are opposed to is not merely Addicks himself, but Addicksism. This is a departure from the ground taken by the Regulars two years ago, when they professed that it was only Addicks to whom they objected. Should they now revert to their former plan, they may offer to vote for one Senator (not Addicks) to be named by the Union Republicans, on condition that the latter, in return, will select for the other Senatorship one of ten candidates to be designated by the Regular faction. For a time they seemed disposed to insist that, unless two Regulars should be sent to the Senate through the co-operation of the Union Republicans or of the Democrats, the State of Delaware should continue to be unrepresented in the Federal Senate.

Why, it may be asked, should not the ten Regular Republicans co-operate to send two Democrats of high character and approved ability to the Senate, or, at least, concede *one* of the Senators to the Democratic party? Do the Regular Republicans assume that they monopolize the political talents and the public virtue of Delaware? Time will show whether, in spite of their professions, they have had some other end in view besides the welfare of their State. We repeat that Addicks's withdrawal, coupled, as it is, with Governor Hunn's refusal to appoint him to a vacancy under any circumstances, has placed the so-called Regular Republicans in an awkward predicament. One thing is certain, viz., that if Delaware is not represented in the Fifty-eighth Congress by two Republican or two Democratic Senators, or by one Senator of each party, it will be the fault of the Regulars.

A far more extreme view of the impending danger in China than any yet expressed has just been uttered by Dr. Robert Coltman, Jr., who has long been connected with the Peking court as physician to Li Hung-Chang and several members of the royal family. Dr. Coltman reminds us that at the beginning of June, 1900, he cabled that a foreign war in China was inevitable, and we all know how swiftly his predictions were fulfilled. He tells us now, with the added weight of that ominous and successful prophecy to support him, that a foreign war in China is once more inevitable unless the powers determine to anticipate it by a rapid advance on Peking, and the immediate deposition of the Dowager Empress. This, he believes, will not be done; therefore his prophecy is one of war, certain, inevitable, and immediate. To feel the full force of his view we must follow the steps by which he has reached it. His closeness to the centre of power and to the Manchu court has given him an opportunity to follow the inner causes of things, and he tells us what he has seen. First, and most important, he asserts that the Dowager Empress is still absolute ruler, and that her hatred of foreigners is deep and intense. We can well believe that the armed intervention of the powers did little to diminish that hatred. In her policy the Empress is ably and enthusiastically seconded by the Chief Minister, Yung Lu—or Jung Lu, as Dr. Coltman calls him. And both are in perfect harmony with the great fighting general Tung Fu-Hsiang, and with the exiled Prince Tuan, now busy drilling hardy Mongolian troops on the northern border of the Middle Kingdom. In other words, Dr. Coltman tells us that to the triad of Tung Fu-Hsiang, Tuan, and Yung Lu, whose position we described in a recent issue, the Dowager Empress must be added as a fourth, and that the movement which we spoke of as being under the leadership of the triad is really being carried on under the shelter of the imperial throne. China, or rather the Manchu dynasty in China, has, in fact, determined once more to try conclusions with the foreign devils, and these most formidable personages are acting with a single mind and a single will.

We must frankly admit that the view of Dr. Coltman looks very like the truth. The Empress Dowager has no reason to love the foreign devils, while her connivance at the uprising of two years ago was pretty clearly shown, and very generally accepted and admitted. Therefore it is probable enough that she is once more working with Prince Tuan, Tung Fu-Hsiang, and Jung Lu for a new uprising. As we have said again and again, this anti-foreign crusade is not really a Chinese movement. It is a Manchu movement—a movement of the Manchurian family which conquered China in the seventeenth century, and has since held that vast land under a military despotism. For this reason Dr. Coltman suggests, as a sequel to his policy of dethroning the Empress, and, we presume, defeating Prince Tuan and Tung Fu-Hsiang, the establishment by the powers of a national Chinese dynasty. This seems to us mere doctrinary politics. When was a dynasty ever imposed on a nation by a foreign power? And where are we to get our Chinese dynasty? The cold truth is that, if there were at present in China a man capable of heading and founding such a dynasty, he would have founded it already. The Manchus are on the throne solely because for three hundred years no Chinaman has been strong enough to drive them out and take their place. The Chinese character seems to lack the quality of collective intellect and will which enables one man to control the work of a number of others; and this lack is apparent in the civil and military organization of the country alike. If that power be lacking, no foreign action can supply it. As well invade a country to engraft on its inhabitants an appreciation of American humor. We may therefore look to the other alternative, a second invasion of China and an apportionment among the powers. What vast potentialities of trouble this entails a moment's thought will show. And it is a proof of the solidarity of the race that the Venezuelan tangle will definitely affect the movement of destiny in China; for instance, the strong reaction against Germany which has been passing over England will greatly lessen the inclination of Germany to play England's game in the Chinese mêlée, and we may soon see the present Venezuelan allies at loggerheads as to the possession of the wealthy valley of the Yangtse-kiang. There is one sentence in the pronouncement of Dr. Coltman which we shall do well to hold in mind when the outbreak he predicts shall have taken place. Dr. Coltman tells us, in so many words, that the blackmail and general extortion practised by Catholic and Protestant converts upon their heathen neighbors for months after the arrival of the allied armies two years ago have sown seeds of bitter hatred that will reap a harvest of retaliation when the outbreak occurs. This is a side of the question we are too apt to overlook. We are too prone to assume that all the misdeeds are on the side of the heathen; to believe that the antagonism of China towards the foreigner is a piece of sheer perversity, a result of dense ignorance and original sin. It is wholesome for us to be told that he is as often sinned against as sinning.

Though Parliament does not meet for another week, the pressure of public opinion has compelled two Ministers to give voice to the views of the Balfour government. Through a singular coincidence, both apologists are interesting chiefly because they are distinguished sons of much more distinguished sires. Let us deal first with Austen Chamberlain, who is first the son of the Man of Birmingham, and secondly the English Postmaster-General. On this occasion Austen Chamberlain appeared as his father's representative, at a dinner in his father's city, and what he says, therefore, is more from his father than from himself. And what he says is this: that the policy of coercion against Venezuela was conceived, proposed, and put in force primarily by England, and was not in any sense due to the instigation or overt influence of Kaiser Wilhelm. This thoroughly bears out what we have said, and also drives home the fact that Secretary Chamberlain must bear his full share of the responsibility, even though his present tour in South Africa makes it appear that the responsibility rests on other shoulders. Austen Chamberlain, speaking for his Majesty's Ministers, and especially for his father, the Colonial Secretary, resents the imputation that England has been hoodwinked. He says, in so many words, that every detail was arranged beforehand, and that England was, from the outset, fully aware of her responsibility; and he naturally adds that it would be dishonorable for England to withdraw from the German alliance merely because that alliance has proved distasteful to the United States. Then the adroit youth tries to stand on two stools at once. Having made it quite clear that England initiated that

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policy of bullying which has proved so offensive, and having further declared that England would stand in with Germany to the end, he then began to hand bouquets to this country, very much in the manner of the sweet-tongued Báron Speck von Sternburg. He declared that if England's present course jeopardized her good relations with the United States, he would regard this as a calamity to the civilized world, and added that there was no nation whose good opinion Great Britain valued so highly as that of the United States. He went on to say that he thought it incredible that the United States should take umbrage at the joint action of Germany and England, and in every way made it clear that Germany's action had his entire approval, and the entire approval of the Balfour cabinet, including his own worthy sire, the Colonial Secretary.

The British Parliament opens under auspices of gloom. Never in the history of the empire did questions of such gravity loom up together for solution; and hardly ever in that empire's history did there seem to be less of the power to face and solve great issues in the Council Chamber of the nation. The Venezuelan matter offers difficulties formidable enough, and it is clear that the government will be faced by a storm of angry questionings as to the Anglo-German alliance. The speeches of Austen Chamberlain and Viscount Cranborne showed that the Balfour cabinet already feels keenly the pressure of popular disapproval; but the matter goes far deeper than the critics of the government seem willing to admit. To break with Germany over Venezuela, as English public opinion seems to wish, would be to provoke the hostility of Germany in the Far East, and, in all probability, to drive Germany into an understanding with Russia and France as to the disposition of China, thus reviving the conditions which squeezed England's other anti-Russian ally, Japan, off the Asian mainland in 1896. Should Germany, France, and Russia act together in Asia, then England's influence in the Far East, already dimmed, would be finally doomed. And this consummation is hastened by every adverse criticism of the Anglo-German alliance, whether in or out of Parliament. With the recrudescence of the Chinese question, England ought to be doubly careful of offending Germany; yet a liberty of attack against the Anglo-German alliance is shown which is reckless in the last degree. Then there is the question of the Near East, about to be revived in Macedonia—a question on which England has so persistently taken the wrong side, as confessed even by Lord Salisbury himself. The recent protest against the passage of unarmed Russian torpedo-boats through the Dardanelles shows that the old bad spirit remains, precisely where it can do most harm, in the British Foreign Office. Any grave mistake, whether in the South-American question or in the much more serious questions of the Near and the Far East, will bring results to England which will be irremediable; and, unfortunately, the British cabinet seems to have a genius for mistakes.

From several English sources come suggestions that a happy solution of the matter would be the fall of the Balfour cabinet, and a reconstructed government under Secretary Chamberlain. These adherents of the Colonial Secretary seem to think that he had no part in the Venezuelan muddle, and Chamberlain's present visit to South Africa seems to hold him aloof from the South-American tangle. Yet the whole thing is as much his doing as it is Balfour's or Lansdowne's. In fact, the policy of armed bullying, undoubtedly initiated against Venezuela by England and not Germany, is the very essence of Chamberlain's creed and the true expression of his character. And we all remember how he heralded with joy the prospect of an Anglo-German alliance at the beginning of the South-African war,—and how Count von Bülow snubbed him for so doing. Armed violence is and has always been the English tradition; and it is not conscience, but apprehension of hostility in this country, which is finding expression in the protests resounding over England. England intervened in precisely the same way in Mexico, in the days of Maximilian, when there was no question of Germany. Also it is largely the influence of Chamberlain which keeps England at odds with Russia, and therefore drives her into alliances with Germany or Japan, avowedly to resist Russia's Asian policy. Nor can we hope that the Colonial Secretary will see more clearly in the Near East, where the Russian bugbear will frighten him once more into siding with the Turk, as Chamberlain's political prototype, Beaconsfield, sided in the last Russo-Turkish war. Finally, it is clear that Chamberlain's peace tour in South Africa is largely a failure. If one man more than another incarnated in himself the splendid genius of the Boers, and won for them the admiration of the whole world, that man is the great De Wet; and De Wet has just declared war against the policy of the Colonial Secretary. We know very well that with De Wet words are something more than empty air; and we may confidently expect that if he is driven into a new campaign of agitation, the whole of South Africa will ring with his words, as it has already rung with his deeds. Here also the outlook for British Ministers is full of gloom. The most dangerous symptom of all is that they fail to realize the grave menace of the situation, and are once more drifting vaguely, as they drifted in the South-African war and into the quarrel with Venezuela.

One of the anti-canal State Senators has introduced a bill in his branch of the New York State Legislature to strike out the section of the Constitution which forbids the sale of the State canals. The amendment has been introduced before. Senator Ambler's ostensible purpose in introducing it now is to clear the way for a possible sale of the Erie Canal to the Federal government. That plan is an old story, and it has a great deal to recommend it, provided the government could be induced to buy, but its use heretofore has been merely to stave off any serious attempt by the State to modernize its artificial waterway. There is another possible plan for making the antiquated Erie ditch a factor in contemporary life which is more rarely suggested and has been less discussed. The canal might be sold to a private corporation. The opponents of canal improvement declare that it is obsolete, and that no one would buy it, and that no private capitalist in his senses would dream of trying to put it into shape to compete with railroads. Still the possibility of such an attempt is talked about. The city of New York does not wish to see the old canal filled up, neither does Buffalo, and there are big towns on the Great Lakes which have an interest in the matter. There is private capital enough available to modernize the canal if sufficient inducement can be discovered, and it is argued that private capital would do the work a great deal cheaper than either State or nation could do it, and that the canal, as it is, is in such a wretched condition and so out of date in all its methods, that very little idea of its possibilities can be gathered from its present earning power.

Vermont decided by popular vote on February 4 to give itself enlarged discretion about the liquor traffic, and not to be a prohibition State any longer. In place of that drastic and ineffectual plan for subduing thirst it has accepted local option. Presently the towns and cities of the State will vote, each for itself, whether to grant liquor licenses or not. In the recent election most of the towns favored prohibition, which works pretty well in the more sparsely populated districts. They will doubtless vote "no license," and will be as well off as before. The cities voted for local option. In most cities, as every one except the prohibitionists knows, prohibitory laws are imperfectly enforced. The choice offered to the Vermont cities was no more than whether they should have liquor sold legally or illegally. They voted for a lawful traffic, and will doubtless decide to issue licenses. Believers in local option say that in Vermont the new plan will result in a smaller consumption of liquor than now, and in bettering the liquor consumed. The State has taken a forward step, which even Maine is likely soon to follow. Prohibition has been thoroughly tried in New England, and has been found wanting. The local-option system is a wiser method of restraint, and has the great merit of being enforceable.

Captain Hobson has resigned from the navy; the Secretary of the Navy has accepted his resignation with courteous reluctance, and the country will have to get along without his valuable services. The Captain is a good deal criticised for his action. He is a fluent speaker, and for four years has been conspicuously before the public. What he has had to say, about himself or anything else, has found ready admission to the newspapers, and it is likely that he has talked for publication somewhat too much. He is a man of sentiment and of enthusiasms, and such a man finds special

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difficulties in appreciating the golden qualities of silence. He tried hard to be retired, on account of the condition of his eyes, but the naval retiring board, finding that he was as yet fit to perform his duties, did not feel authorized to retire him. It was then attempted to retire him by special act of Congress, but the bill was defeated. Mr. Hobson says its defeat was due to Congressman Bankhead of his own home district in Alabama, who saw in him a possible political rival. His reason for resigning is that his eyes, though still serviceable, are so much impaired that continuance at his work as naval constructor would probably result in the loss of his eyesight. If this opinion about his eyes is well founded, as appears, his resignation cannot justly be criticised. He is going to lecture, that being an occupation that does not strain the eyesight.

After all, American enterprise as exerted abroad is not yet all predatory. In spite of trade rivalries and imperialistic dreams, there are Americans in foreign lands who are working for the good of the countries where they are sojourning. If we ever get anything like a complete picture of what our soldiers did in the Philippines, there will be lights as well as shadows in it. It has pleased some good people in Boston to have a lecturer—Mr. Gibbs—tell the Twentieth Century Club that it was a common practice in the Philippines for American commanders, as soon as they got a section of country pacified, to open the schools, and detail soldiers to teach them, so that when Superintendent Atkinson got to the islands a start had already been made in teaching the Filipinos English. Not very much has ever been heard of this use of soldiers, but evidently there would have been no special trouble about recruiting school-teachers out of a regiment of American soldiers. Another instance of American altruism has demonstrated its persistence. There was a meeting in Boston the other day to raise sixty thousand dollars for buildings in Madrid for an American school for Spanish girls. This school was started twenty years ago by two American missionaries, and is said to be the only school in Spain for the higher education of girls. It has flourished, and seems to be growing in popularity, especially since the Spanish war. It is a Protestant school in a Catholic country, but its purpose seems to be not to convert Catholics to Protestantism, but to educate women. It seems an odd thing for even missionaries to do, to conduct a school in Spain for the education of Spanish girls, but this school at Madrid seems to be doing good.

The sale of books, manuscripts, and autographs, from the library of John G. Whittier, on February 6, in New York, yielded about ten thousand dollars. The purpose of the sale was to provide necessary funds for the care and permanent maintenance of the old Whittier Homestead, and the sum realized should go far towards making up the amount necessary. An autograph message of President Lincoln to Congress brought the highest price ($845). The sale was a small matter compared with the great art-auctions which New York has seen this winter, but because of its purpose it is gratifying that it should have gone so well. Some exceedingly interesting letters, books, and manuscripts were offered, and the watchful collectors of this opulent town let none of them pass unappreciated. New York's eminence as a market for all rare and curious wares that collectors covet has been wonderfully attested by the remarkable sales of this winter.

The two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the reception of a charter by the city of New York was regarded with mixed feelings by the descendants of those who controlled the town up to the great inflow of Irish and German immigrants in 1848. In the Borough of Manhattan, the native whites both of whose parents were born in the United States now constitute only 16.9 per cent. of the population. Even of the native whites born of native parents only about two-thirds were born in the State of New York. The largest contingent of outside natives came from the New England States, and, curiously enough, there were more immigrants coming to the city of New York from the Southern than from the Middle and Far Western States. Not only are the native-born children of native Americans vastly outnumbered by those who are foreign-born or the children of foreign immigrants, but the racial nature of the foreign element is materially changing. Instead of being almost exclusively Irish and German, as it was fifty, or even forty, years ago, the Irish-born are now fewer by nearly 21,000 than they were twelve years ago, and the Germans fewer by upwards of 5000. The increase of the foreign-born during the last decade has come almost entirely from Russia, Italy, and the Hapsburg dominions. As the birth-rate among the newcomers just mentioned is incomparably higher than that among the native-born who were children of native parents, it looks as if, fifty years hence, the native American element would dwindle to a very small fraction of the metropolitan population. They will doubtless continue, however, to possess a greatly disproportionate share of the city's wealth. As for the so-called Knickerbockers, they are likely to be nearly extinct by the end of another generation. Even now, only a very few of them can be discerned struggling painfully on the surface of society—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto.*

The efficacy of formalin as a cure for blood-poisoning is not yet conceded by the doctors. Some of them say that it is the salt-and-water which has been injected into the veins of the patients on whom the formalin solution has been tried that has done good, and that the formalin used was so much diluted as to be of no consequence. Happily it is not denied that a method of treatment has been discovered which is exceedingly efficacious in some cases of blood-poisoning. The public will not stickle for formalin if salt-and-water will work the cure.

John Alexander Dowie, the faith-cure apostle who has entrenched himself so securely in Chicago, and is planning a descent on New York next October, is likely to prove an interesting visitor to this town. He is an organizer, and abounds in method and foresight. He has ample means to do things in a large way. His plan is to bring 2000 (perhaps 4000) of his followers here, and give his kind of religion a careful and comprehensive introduction to the people of Manhattan. Every family on this island is to be visited; every dwelling supplied with Dowieite tracts; every soul, so far as possible, invited to the Dowieite meetings. These meetings are to be held daily in the Madison Square Garden, which has been hired for fifteen days. Special trains have been engaged to bring the Dowie multitude here, and lodgings are being engaged for their accommodation. Dowie is rich. He is in business, and makes money. He has founded a town which has grown in less than two years from a population of 400 to 8000. The Dowieites do not smoke nor drink nor employ doctors, and they all give a tenth of their incomes to the Church. They are busy now practising the music of their crusade and studying maps of Manhattan. Dowie frankly discloses his belief that in him the prophet Elijah lives again for the third time on earth. He is a remarkable citizen, and will doubtless carry out his plans.

The recent complaint of Mrs. Newdick of Kokomo, Indiana, made in the Mayor's court of that city, was that her husband had assaulted her. She was making bread, she said, and had her hands in the dough, when her husband called her to family prayers. She excused herself, but unsuccessfully, for her husband, with a man's disinclination to take no for an answer, knocked her down. The magistrate felt that Mr. Newdick had shown excess of zeal, and fined him $30. Family prayers, which used to be common in this country, are a rare observance nowadays. The reason for the lapse of the custom is not so much the decline of piety as that as life became fuller, and individual engagements and preferences were more and more respected, it became harder to get families together for worship. Family prayers belong to a time when the head of a family ruled it, not by general consent, but by authority. It was a time too when religious observances were more regarded than now, though probably not religion itself; when there were fewer trains to be caught, fewer factory bells, fewer school bells, fewer letters, fewer engagements and duties outside the household. It is like old times to read of family prayers, and of some one who found it inconvenient to be present. The institution is not dead, but it is rare now, and only prevails in exceptional households whose members are not in a hurry. And even in such families it only prevails nowadays by consent. Compulsion as a stimulant to devotion is pretty much obsolete, and Mr. Newdick of Kokomo should have known it.

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The Anti-Trust Legislation to be Looked For

WE are at last in a position to define with confidence how much anti-trust legislation may be expected from the Fifty-seventh Congress. This legislation is embodied in four bills, one of which has been already passed, while two others will certainly and a fourth will probably become laws. Two of these measures we have already discussed in detail, but, in order to appreciate their importance, it may be well to compare them with certain alternative measures which have been proposed, but now appear to have no chance of enactment. The first of the four measures is the bill introduced at the request of Attorney-General Knox, to expedite the trust cases now pending in the Federal courts. This bill, after receiving a slight amendment in the House of Representatives, which amendment was accepted by the Senate, was passed by both Chambers, and sent to the President for his signature. The second measure appropriated $500,000 to aid the Department of Justice in prosecuting trust cases and in securing evidence against the trusts. This item has been incorporated in the Legislative Appropriation bill, which is now before a committee of conference, and its adoption is assured.

We come now to the Nelson amendment to the Department of Commerce bill, which is intended to enforce publicity upon the transactions of industrial corporations; and the Elkins bill, which aims to increase the powers of control already possessed by the Inter-State Commerce Commision over all corporations engaged in the business of common carriers. Although at the hour when we write the Nelson amendment has not been voted on in either Chamber, it has been unanimously accepted by the committee of conference on the Department of Commerce bill, and there has never been any doubt that it would be adopted by the Senate. We may now also take for granted that it will be passed by the House of Representatives, as neither Speaker Henderson nor the Committee on Rules will dare to sidetrack it, lest grave suspicion be cast upon their motives, in view of the exposure to which we have elsewhere referred of the attempt made by the Standard Oil Company to defeat the measure. The value of the Nelson amendment will be instantly understood if we mark the difference between its cardinal provision and that of the Littlefield bill, which passed the House of Representatives by a unanimous vote, and to which, naturally enough, as we have elsewhere noted, the Standard Oil Company offered no opposition. The Littlefield bill merely made it mandatory on corporations engaged in inter-State commerce, hereafter organized, to file returns covering their articles of incorporation, financial composition, condition, transactions, etc., with the Inter-State Commerce Commission. It is true that the bill gave this commission authority in its discretion to call for similar returns from existing corporations doing an inter-State business; but what guarantee would the people have that this discretion would be exercised? Obviously, it might be of vital moment to certain existing corporations to bribe members of the commission not to exercise their discretion, and it would, therefore, be an act of folly on the part of Congress to expose a number of Federal officials to tremendous temptations.

The Nelson amendment to the Department of Commerce bill, on the other hand, individualizes responsibility, and concentrates the attention of the country on a particular officer. It gives the Commissioner of Corporations, who is to be at the head of the new Bureau of Corporations in the Department of Commerce, power and authority to make, under the direction of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, diligent investigation into the organization, conduct, and management of any corporation, joint stock company, or corporate combination — whether prospective or existing — engaged in commerce among the several States or with foreign nations, excepting common carriers, who are dealt with by existing laws, and, as we have said, by the Elkins bill.

How are the powers of the commissioner defined? He is to have and exercise precisely the same powers with respect to industrial corporations and combinations as are or shall be conferred on the Inter-State Commerce Commission by the act of February 4, 1887, and by any *amendments of that act* relating to common carriers, the words italicized plainly including the Elkins bill. That is to say, he will have the right to subpœna and compel the attendance and testimony of witnesses, and the production of documentary evidence, and to administer oaths under the obligations, liabilities, and penalties prescribed with regard to testimony before the Inter-State Commerce Commission. These powers should prove sufficient to compel the production of the testimony required, but, if they are evaded or defied, it should be easy to secure more drastic legislation from the Fifty-eighth Congress. The purpose of investing the Commissioner of Corporations with such extensive powers is that he may gather such information and data as will enable the President of the United States to make recommendations to Congress for legislation for the regulation of industrial corporations or combinations engaged in inter-State or foreign commerce, or both, and to report such data to the President from time to time as the latter shall signify a desire for it. The bill further provides that the information so obtained, or as much thereof as the President shall direct, shall be made public.

It will be manifest at a glance that by the Nelson amendment the whole responsibility for assuring the desired publicity is fixed upon President Roosevelt. He has but to order the new Secretary of Commerce, who will be virtually his clerk, to undertake the investigation of a particular corporation, and the order will be at once transmitted to the Secretary's subordinate, the Commissioner of Corporations, and will be executed by the latter. Should either of the two last-named officials refuse or delay to perform the duty imposed on him, or be guilty of any undue complaisance toward the corporation aimed at, or of any connivance at the suppression of testimony, it will be in the power of the President promptly to dismiss him. It is, practically, therefore, Mr. Roosevelt himself in whose hands this formidable engine for the enforcement of publicity will be placed. Nobody doubts the sincerity and inflexibility of his purpose to find out exactly what the great industrial corporations have done and are now doing, and thereby to ascertain whether they need regulation, and, if so, what kind of regulation, at the hands of Congress. We have said enough to demonstrate that, compared with the Nelson amendment, the Littlefield bill is a sham. Nor is it at all difficult to see why certain existing corporations, whose operations from the outset have been shrouded in mystery, should regard the former measure with an anxiety akin to desperation. Such combinations, on the other hand, as the United States Steel Corporation have absolutely nothing to fear from the Nelson amendment, and have made not the slightest effort to defeat it.

It is well known that the Senate has passed the Elkins bill, which is intended, as we have said, to enlarge the powers to regulate and control corporations engaged as common carriers, and especially to prevent the giving of rebates by such common carriers to industrial corporations, and thus assisting the latter to establish monopolies. There is a provision against rebates in the Littlefield bill, as well as the emasculated provision for publicity, and until very recently it was feared that Speaker Henderson and certain coadjutors of his in the House Committee on Rules intended to let the Elkins bill and the Littlefield bill pass each other in the corridor between the two Chambers, but never be consolidated into an act of Congress. This hippodrome performance is no longer practicable, in view of the exposure of the Standard Oil opposition. There is now no doubt that the House Committee on Inter-State and Foreign Commerce will promptly take up the Elkins bill, and report it favorably to the House. The Speaker has the power to refuse to recognize the bill and to provide for its consideration, but, although the term of his public service is now very near an end, it is most improbable that he will venture to defy public opinion.

Elihu Root on the Negro Problem

No more noteworthy speech has been heard in the United States for many years than that which was delivered before the Union League Club of New York city, by Mr. Elihu Root, Secretary of War. We need not remind our readers that Mr. Root is an eminent lawyer, and one of the two strong men in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet. The deliberate comments of such a man on any important topic could hardly fail to be interesting and profitable, and if on this occasion he commanded unusual attention, it was because he mooted and discussed the most momentous problem by which the Republic is confronted. What is to be done with the negro was the fateful question that he asked, and he did not for the moment undertake to answer it, but contented himself with pointing out that the answer given by the statesmen of the reconstruction period had proved unsatisfactory. The advocates of negro equality at the ballot-box will regard this as a portentous admission by one who has been a lifelong Republican, speaking to an association that from its foundation has been identified with the political party which not only emancipated the negro, but enfranchised him. Startling and almost epoch-making, as such a declaration may well seem when the circumstances under which it was uttered are considered, it provoked no protest from those to whom it was directly addressed, and it has since met with general, though not unanimous acquiescence, on the part of the Republican press.

Mr. Root did but give voice to a conviction which has long been held by Democrats at the North as well as at the South, but now for the first time we learn that the conviction is held also by many candid and thoughtful Republicans. That is to say, it is no longer possible for even the most loyal and stalwart representatives of Republicanism to shut their eyes to the falsity of the assumption made by the framers of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution, the assumption, namely, that all which was needed to make the black man the equal of his white brother was equal political rights. It was taken for granted that, those rights conceded, the black man would quickly show himself qualified to use them, and to lift himself immeasurably in the social scale. The as-

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sumption was based on hope and faith, rather than on knowledge—it was put forward, indeed, in defiance of history and observation—and events, as we have said, have shown it to have been ill founded. The country must face, Mr. Root acknowledged, the failure of the plan adopted in the reconstruction period. It certainly has not availed to give the blacks the suffrage. Something more or something else has to be done. Not for a moment would Mr. Root or any conscientious American disclaim our responsibility for the welfare of the colored people. Their fathers did not come here voluntarily. They were brought here against their will, and for upwards of two centuries their descendants were held here in bondage. At last we freed them. We gave them the suffrage, but we made no provision for their maintenance, such as the Czar Alexander II. did not forget to make for the emancipated serfs of Russia. The Federal government and our people as a whole have done little, very little, to assure to them an education. It is true that we established a freedmen's bureau. It is true that the Slater Fund exists, and that there are some other funds of the kind. But all such agencies have been of insignificant utility, in view of the immensity of the task. The burden of educating the blacks has been devolved almost entirely upon the impoverished Southern States, where by far the greater part of them reside.

Attention was directed by Mr. Root to another fact full of significance, the fact, namely, that we now approach the discussion of the negro problem under conditions materially changed from those that prevailed in the reconstruction period. At the present time the negro is regarded with less toleration at the South, and with less sympathy at the North. There is now a vehement outcry in the Southern States against the appointment of negroes to Federal offices by President Roosevelt, although under Presidents Hayes, Garfield, Harrison and McKinley, more negroes were appointed, yet nothing was said. Another outcry is now raised, because a few negro occupants of Federal office in Washington attend one of Mr. Roosevelt's official receptions. There has never been a time, as Mr. Root reminds us, since the civil war, when negroes have not held similar offices in the District of Columbia, and when they have not been permitted to attend Presidential receptions, and have availed themselves of the privilege. It is not Executive customs that have changed; it is public feeling and popular sentiment with reference to the negro at the North, as well as at the South. There is not an atom of doubt that a very large majority of Northern whites would now deprecate any attempt to employ the military power of the Federal government so to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment as to assure to the blacks in Mississippi and South Carolina the political predominance to which they are numerically entitled. The truth has been brought home by events to the heart and conscience of a large majority of whites in the Northern States that we did our fellow whites at the South a grievous wrong when we insisted upon giving the negro the suffrage. The suffrage is no inalienable right: the suffrage is a reward of merit. Had it been held out as a prize for education, thrift, and character, it might, and probably would, have operated as a powerful incentive. Bestowed gratuitously, it has proved worthless to the black man, and dangerous to his white neighbor.

While so much is acknowledged by thorough-going but clear-sighted and unprejudiced Republicans like Mr. Root, there is not even the germ of an agreement among them about a remedy. Nobody disputes that we ought to help the black man to learn a trade, and not condemn him to menial service or hard labor in the field. That is to say, fair-minded men would like to see applied on an extensive scale the system of technical education which Mr. Booker T. Washington has so earnestly recommended. At the North as well as at the South, however, there is a deep and growing distrust of the efficacy of a liberal education to qualify the colored race, viewed in the mass for political and social equality. The ancient pride of the Aryan race, founded on instinct and buttressed by experience, that pride of race which seemed suspended during the reconstruction period, has revived and resumed its old authority. Nearly forty years have elapsed since the negroes obtained the opportunities embodied in the suffrage, and yet they have not advanced a jot towards social equality or toward the demonstration of general fitness for political functions. Among the blacks, indeed, who had been reared under the régime of slavery, there were more who gave proof of high intelligence and sterling character during the decade following the civil war than can be pointed out to-day, notwithstanding the fact that Northern universities, including Harvard, have been opened to the blacks, and some of them have attained distinction therein.

If, then, negro suffrage has failed, and if the liberal education of negroes, so far as it has been carried, has fallen far short of the results expected, where are we to look for a solution of the problem? That it is a tremendous problem the last census shows. Not only did the United States contain 8,840,789 negroes in 1900, but the increase in ten years had been 1,352,001, or over eighteen per cent. It is obvious that, at this rate of expansion, not many decades can elapse before the colored inhabitants of the Republic will exceed twenty millions, most of whom will be concentrated in the States south of the Potomac and the Ohio. Can we marvel that the Southern whites regard with grave misgiving the ominous increase of this element of their population, or that they would gladly seek relief, if they could, in the wholesale deportation of the blacks? Compulsory deportation is, of course, impracticable. But it may be that one day the question will be seriously considered whether it might not be expedient for our Federal government to offer a very large sum of money to Mexico—say one or two hundred million dollars—for a cession of Chihuahua and two or three others of the northern and thinly-peopled Mexican States with a view of directing thither a voluntary and assisted immigration of Southern blacks. We set apart a large and fertile fraction of the Louisiana Purchase for the Indians in perpetuity, and neither the Indians nor we have had cause to regret the act. If the northern section of the Mexican Republic could be bought and erected into a Territory for the exclusive benefit of our colored people, and if it were distinctly understood that they not only would receive grants of land and cattle, but would enjoy educational facilities and a monopoly of political privileges, it is by no means incredible that a large body of negroes might be inclined to migrate thither. None of the solutions thus suggested has, as yet, been seriously considered at the North, but we are likely to witness a material change in this respect, now that Mr. Root has brought home to us the gravity of the problem.

Washington

SIMPLE and brave, his faith awoke
  Ploughmen to struggle with their fate;
Armies won battles when he spoke.
  And out of Chaos sprang the State!

ROBERT BRIDGES.

The Making Over of a Minx

PROBABLY the greatest difficulty formerly met in changing the spots of the leopard lay in the lack of the leopard's volition. With the great advance of modern surgery there can be little doubt that the spots might be changed, and the leopard come out a very different-looking animal, if it would only lend itself to the reform. If the leopard really wished to have its spots changed, it could not change them itself perhaps, but it could trust itself to the hands of a skilful operator, and the work could be done for it, with no immediate suffering on the leopard's part, and without much subsequent shock. It is possible, however, that the change would be only superficial, after all. It may be that the spots go all through the leopard, and that their redistribution on the leopard's skin would not affect them structurally. It may be that they penetrate the leopard's psychical, as well as its animal, economy, and that they reach the will itself, so that the leopard is essentially disabled from co-operation by liking them very well as they are. It may feel that since it came honestly by them, it is not answerable for any harm they may do, and that they actually do no great harm; if they do a little harm, incidentally, they afford, at the same time, a great deal of pleasure. It may observe that many are attracted by them, and that if it rearranged them, it might not make new admirers in place of the old whom it might alienate. It may ask, and not so very impiously, whether its spots were not disposed for some wise purpose just as it finds them, and whether it would not be a sort of flying in the face of Providence to wish them otherwise. This, of course, is supposing that the leopard is introspective, or that its human analogues are so.

Some such reflections as the foregoing will suggest themselves to the reader, if he is the reader we fancy him, of Mrs. Humphry Ward's fascinating story of *Lady Rose's Daughter*, now publishing in a popular magazine issued not many removes from these premises. It is safe to say (a good journalistic halt, while one takes breath for a fresh start, which we always like) that the great majority of serial readers, who are the real readers, the best readers, of fiction, have rarely been led with such interest along the course of any novel as this latest novel of Mrs. Ward's, which has for its great allure the figure of a clever and beautiful girl, exceptionally friendless, and exceptionally disadvantaged, in the race she runs, in many of the social things that make for success in the world. She is the child of a mother who left her husband to live with the man she loved, and Julie le Breton has grown up and come to her moral consciousness in the presence of a living protest against the validity of a certain commandment. That she remains practically good and pure, whatever she may theoretically be, is one of those miracles of nature by which children are preserved against the evils alike physical and moral of their parents. Her temptations lie in the line of intellectual and social ambition, so that when she becomes the companion of a very worldly old woman, who has a salon in London frequented by the best people of the several great worlds of the capital, she finds herself almost insensibly displacing her employer as the head of the salon, and drawing to herself the admiration which its foundress enjoyed. One might be sure that Lady Henry was not insensible of the change, and in her recognition and resentment of it she uses the girl with cruel and humiliating outrage before the people of her following, who are not long in ranging themselves in parties, with the immense majority on the side of Julie. But the old woman and the young girl have such need of each other

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that it does not come to a hopeless quarrel between them until one night when Lady Henry is laid up with rheumatism, and has left word that she is not receiving that night. Then Julie almost involuntarily admits many of the most brilliant habitués of the salon, one after another, and has one of the most iridescent evenings known to the place. The gay talking and laughing make their way to Lady Henry's room, and she comes down, stick in hand, and fairly drives Julie's guests, her former friends, out-of-doors. That ends it, and Julie takes refuge with a pretty young duchess, who is much her friend, and sets her up in a house of her own. Here Julie attempts a salon of her own, but it fails on the very first night.

Her friend stands by her, and so do all her friends. She keeps making more and more friends, and as they nearly all have titles, or are by way of having them, it is not so bad. She lives in the society of people mostly related to her through her patrician mother, who had the courage of her class in leaving her husband to live with her lover, but it does not suffice for Julie, who is a woman at heart, after all, and is not satisfied even with the hope of an ultimate salon. She falls in love with a fearless and worthless young officer, whom her interest with statesmen has got appointed to an important post in the service, and whom she follows to Paris, where she is arrested on the brink of ruin, by the fine fellow who loves her. He is within a feeble life or two of being a duke, but he does not wish to be a duke, and he is really a fine fellow, with that measure of weakness which renders him captivable by such a girl as Julie, who is herself by no means always bad, but only ambitious, and is bad only when she forgets to be ambitious.

The rather awful problem which her author and her lover have on their hands at this reading, is how to effect her redemption. It will be one of the greatest triumphs of fiction if they can manage it probably. But can they, is the great question, and we shrink from conjecture; we would much rather wait and see. They get her safely back to London, but that ought only to be the beginning of their difficulty. Perhaps they will be equal to it. Mrs. Ward, at any rate, has never shown greater skill in the handling of material than in this bold and uncommon situation she has created. There is scarcely a more brilliant story than that of Julie le Breton up to the failure of her attempt at a salon after leaving Lady Henry's house, and setting up for herself. Having lived through a great many imaginary narratives, and assisted at a great many good and bad endings, we should ourselves have been easily appeased with a novel that went no farther than such a climax, with no definite ending at all. Hardly a figure up to that point has been feebly or erringly touched. It is our preference for low company, no doubt, that leaves us a little lost in the society studied; but we must own that they seem all very probable high politicians and patricians, with a mixture of human frailty in them that makes them the prey of a charm like that young girl's, for she appeals by the haplessness of her origin, as well as by her talent and beauty, and she has just so much wish to be good as saves her to the liking of her acquaintance. As we say, we should not ask more than to have her left with us at that great moment when she realizes how, after all, she cannot conquer the world except upon the world's terms. She certainly puts us in a quiver of sympathy for her first failure. But we fancy her more easily the creator than the creature of great passions, and we feel that her true drama is social and not personal, so that we should like better to keep on wondering how she will construct a world which she can rule, and what that world would be like, for it would not be like Bohemia.

But, doubtless, Mrs. Ward understands the need of the immense audience which she addresses, and which is formed in but small part of inexacting journalists. She is under a tacit promise to write a story, and not to present a situation from which the reader may imagine such a one as he pleases. So she must go on to the end with the creature she has invented, and win her or lose her at last. Which shall it be, for Julie le Breton: perdition or redemption? If she is redeemed, will it be against her nature, however much with her will? There is the rub; and through the abrasion we seem to find the question of the leopard and its spots: whether they can be changed, and whether it would like them if they were.

The Mix-up in Wireless Telegraphy

On the horizon are signs of war, a very up-to-date sort of a war, a war for right of way in the ether.

The amazing success of Signor Marconi, in crossing the Atlantic, has stirred up a host of rivals, and between this country and Europe there are now a dozen or twenty systems struggling for precedence. And the lawsuits have begun.

In this country the de Forest company is suing the Marconi company for a million dollars damages for certain statements said to have issued from the Marconi company. The latter replies by a suit for infringement against the de Forest company, and asking the latter company to remove itself from the earth. It is to be noted that if the Marconi company's claims are upheld, this will raise hob with any system employing the coherer principle as a receiver of the messages. The de Forest receiver operates on an exactly opposite principle, however, and there seems little likelihood that it will be shut out.

In Germany the Slaby-Arco and the Braun systems have had a clash, with a recent victory for the latter, that it does not infringe the Slaby-Arco devices. In France the government has practically confiscated wireless telegraphy, so that the stock-boomers there have not had much of a chance. Italy, proud of its native genius, seems to have taken up with Marconi, and the English government has also equipped many of its war-ships with Marconi instruments. In America the lead in this line seems to have been secured by the de Forest system, both the War Department and the Navy having, after competitive trials, given the contracts to the latter company.

But by far the most interesting point is the question of transoceanic signalling. Marconi's recent messages across the Atlantic were secured by means of what he calls a magnetic detector. For long-distance work, the old coherers broke down. This magnetic detector, which seems to be far more sensitive than any form of coherer, is the invention of Professor Rutherford, of Toronto, and was exhibited as far back as 1897. It seems to have been taken up independently by Sir Oliver Lodge, in England; by Marconi; and by Professor R. A. Fessenden, of Washington. Their patent applications, now pending, are in interference. It is said, however, that Professor Fessenden offers proof of his invention, or improvements, a year in advance of Marconi's application. If this is true, and Fessenden wins, the Marconi company can do business across the Atlantic only with Professor Fessenden's permission, for, so far, no other form of receiver has been shown capable of taking signals over such a distance.

At present the practical difference between all the different "systems" narrows down to the question of receivers. But Professor Ferdinand Braun, of Strassburg, Germany, announced last week that he had found a new method of sending the electric waves, in any desired volume, and directed to a given point of the compass. These are very broad claims, and further details are being awaited by scientific men with the deepest interest. Professor Pupin, of Columbia, credits Professor Braun with having done the most valuable work in wireless telegraphy after Marconi. Anything he has to say, therefore, will be respectfully listened to. The sparking method of producing the electric waves does seem a rather crude device, and we might hear any day of a new method which would quite revolutionize wireless.

Meanwhile, what is going to happen when a dozen different systems are shooting up poles and bombarding space with electric waves? It cannot but mean the most hopeless confusion. There can be no monopoly in wireless telegraphy. That is settled. The field is free to all comers. Anybody with a common alternating dynamo or an induction coil can set up for business, or to upset somebody else's business. Tuning, or syntony, is no doubt possible within limits, but at present these limits are vague. With any extensive use of wireless, there is bound to be a mix-up and a gay one.

What will the lawyers do? Nobody knows much about the ether, and nobody less than they. Will they ask the legislatures for wireless franchises? So far as any one can see now, that is the only thing that can make wireless telegraphy a practical business proposition. The alternative is that the government should take it over, as France has already done.

The Greater Grieg

It is the habit of musicians of a certain stamp to speak of Edvard Grieg with a slightly contemptuous lifting of the brows—an artist, they will concede, of charming and distinguished accomplishment, but restricted in scope and power. A popular legend accounts him to be peculiarly a poet of the shadow, uttering a beauty essentially dim and rare, remote and exquisitely fantastic, rather than broadly virile and of deep emotional significance; and this legend is operative, with all the force which the complacent utterance of a half-truth so easily exerts, in the most recent estimate of the Norwegian's genius: Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason's study of the composer in his "From Grieg to Brahms." "Grieg," affirms Mr. Mason with impressive assurance, "is never large nor heroic; he never wears the buskin. He has neither the depth of passion nor the intellectual grasp needed to make music in the grand style"—a view of his genius which we have no hesitation in declaring superficial, incomplete, and unjust. Grieg is not merely fragrant and exotic, piquant and fragilely lovely; he is all this, but he is very much more: he is also a poet of the tragic, of the largely passionate and elemental. No mere delicate lyrist wrote the "Death of Aase," or certain of the songs, or the superb C minor sonata for violin and piano, or portions of the piano concerto. Here is no dainty romanticist, no frail and lovely dreamer: the voice is the voice of a master of emotional utterance—here are passion, and pathos, and heroic ecstasy, and despair: here, in short, is a music-maker whose place is not, indeed, upon the summit, but certainly upon the upper slopes.

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Venezuela's Fate

By William Thorp

DAY by day the newspapers are full of long accounts, more or less accurate, of the diplomatic hagglings at Washington between Mr. Bowen, on the one hand, and Sir Michael Herbert, Baron von Sternburg, and other European diplomats on the other. The profoundest interest has been taken by the newspapers and the public in the details of these negotiations, but to one who, like myself, has just returned from Venezuela and has had the opportunity of studying the problems of that country on the spot, it is impossible to feel excited as to whether there will be preferential treatment for the belligerent powers for the period of one month or three months, or whether a few thousand dollars will be paid down to them on the nail by Venezuela. The real situation, the real danger, is unperceived by the newspapers and the public.

It may be taken for granted that the custom-houses in Venezuela will be placed under international control as security for the payment of Venezuela's debts. This is inevitable, whether the matter be settled at Washington or The Hague. But what then? The difficulties and dangers of the situation will only be commencing. President Castro, at the present moment, is in the direst straits for the want of ready money. His career, from the moment he swooped down from the Andes and captured the government of the country, has been that of a bandit. No international obligations, no common principles of honesty, have stood in his way when he found it necessary to raise the ready cash. When the custom-houses are under the control of the powers and he is driven to desperation by the want of money, nothing is more probable than that he will come down to La Guayra, and the other ports, and take these avenues of wealth at the point of the Mauser.

I am not speaking without the book. During many weeks spent in Venezuela recently I had unbounded opportunity to make an intimate study of Castro in his palace at Caracas and during his holiday festivities at La Victoria, when he threw off the Presidential paint and became his natural self. It is impossible to conceive a more irresponsible person. He knows nothing of the obligations of statesmanship or the power of foreign countries. When I spent Christmas with him at La Victoria he told me that he was profoundly disappointed at his inability to fight the warships of the Germans, the British, and the Italians. "If Venezuela had a navy, however feeble," he said, "we would soon settle this matter one way or the other. We would sally out and attack them. If they had the courage to land troops, I would lead my brave soldiers against them, and rout them with terrible slaughter." On another occasion I met him at La Victoria in the middle of an open-air fiesta. He was dancing under the trees in a very lively and frolicsome fashion with the peasants of the neighborhood and some ladies he had brought with him from Caracas. I had to ask him whether he would apologize to the allies if they demanded an apology. I asked his factotum, General Linares Alcantara, to procure me an opportunity of speaking with the President, and showed him a cablegram which I had just received from Washington. "It is impossible," said Alcantara, with a gesture of despair; "the President dances. He does not do business. He has done no business for a week. He may do no business for another week. Perceive! I have here fifty telegrams from Mr. Bowen, from Washington, and from our government officials in Caracas. They are unopened. The President would not thank me to show them to him while he dances, and he has danced for a week."

Presently Castro perceived me, with an open cablegram in my hand, and he walked over to me, his partner hanging on his arm, and asked what it was about. I told him that the allies were reported to have demanded an apology from him.

Immediately he struck a Napoleonic attitude, waved his arms excitedly in the air, and declaimed: "General Castro never apologizes. He will not apologize. He has nothing to apologize for. He demands an apology from the allies."

The girl, still hanging on his arm, clapped him on the back, exclaiming, hysterically: "Viva Castro! Viva Venezuela! Bravissima Cipriano!" The crowd took up the cry, whirling around their partners in an excited fandango, and beating the empty bottles from which they had been drinking on the little iron tables which stood around.

This is the way important diplomatic questions are decided in Venezuela. I mention the incident merely in order to show the absolute irresponsibility of Castro and the possibility of his doing something very outrageous at any moment. Even if he adheres to the terms of the agreement which may be arrived at by Mr. Bowen on his behalf, or to the award which may be given at The Hague, there is the probability that he will be driven from power by another bandit like himself, who shall come from the recesses of the Hinterland with a ragamuffin army and seize the government precisely as he seized it. Nothing is likelier than the repudiation of the agreement by that second Amurath. The political adventurer in Venezuela sticks at nothing in order to get control of the finances, and in Venezuela the custom-houses are practically the only source of revenue.

In the face of such a repudiation of the compact by force of arms, there will obviously be only one course open to the creditor nations. They must enforce their command of the custom-houses by an international army of occupation, and must establish in Venezuela an institution similar to the Caisse de la Dette in Egypt. That will mean the end of Venezuela's existence as a sovereign power. Already we see that some of the powers are growing tired of interfering in the affairs of that country, just as they grew tired of playing active parts in the Egyptian drama. One power will be left in to finish the business and play towards Venezuela the part which England has played towards Egypt. The supremely important question is, which power? England already has colonies enough, and any proposition to enlarge her over-sea responsibilities would not meet with favor in the House of Commons or among the British public. Germany's ambitions to colonize in South America are well known, and were the theme of conversation everywhere when I was in Venezuela. Castro and his cabinet ministers talked of them freely. He said to me once that Germany was, in his opinion, the only power really anxious to seize territory in Venezuela, and in another interview which I had with him at La Victoria on Christmas day, he outlined to me a great scheme which he had just evolved for a defensive alliance of all the Central and South American powers, backed by the United States, for mutual protection against European aggression in the New World.

The captain of one of the British warships blockading the Venezuelan coasts told me he was convinced the ulterior motive of the Germans was to obtain the port of Guanta as a coaling-station, and he said the German officers had admitted as much to him. Guanta is an ideal spot for the purpose. It has an excellent harbor, and could be made impregnable with comparatively little trouble and expense.

Some of the German merchants with whom I conversed in Caracas freely admitted their opinion that the occupation of the custom-houses by the powers would only be the first scene of a greater international drama than the American public dreams of. "They take these custom-houses," said one of these merchants to me, "and they collect the money for a time. But presently the government must have money, and if it can only get money from the custom-houses, it will go down and take the custom-houses."

"And what then?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Who can tell? We grow used to anything in this country. I have known twenty revolutions in fourteen years. These people are totally unfit to govern themselves, and there is no chance of their growing fit. The country is the richest in the world in its resources. But the only chance of its development is for it to be despotically governed by a foreign power as the English govern Egypt."

Now, in view of these great dangers of the future, is it not advisable for America to take long views and resolve firmly that if it becomes necessary for any one power to control Venezuela and practically make a colony of the country, she will be that power? All Americans are determined to uphold the Monroe doctrine, but the stern logic of facts is forcing them to perceive that the Monroe doctrine carries with it some unpleasant responsibilities. If Castro or another takes back the custom-houses, there will be nothing for it but the conquest of Venezuela. Shall the conqueror be Germany or America?

Of course, it would be an unpleasant situation to face, but the conquest of Venezuela would not be supremely difficult. An army of occupation could be recruited from the native Indians as easily as the Egyptian native army was recruited by British officers. The Indian cares nothing for whom he fights. He is dragged from his home in the hamlet or the forest by Castro's soldiers or by the revolutionists. A rifle is put in his hand, and he is told to march and to fight. He does exactly as he is bid, with the patient endurance of an ox. If he is captured by the other side, he is impressed into the ranks, and fights for them just as faithfully as he fought for his former masters. What does it matter to him for whom he fights? He knows nothing of the issue. He only knows that it seems to be his fate to fight for somebody. He would fight just as loyally for an American or German army of occupation as he does now for Castro and Matos.

Under foreign government, the periodical revolutions by which the country is exhausted could be easily repressed. They always start feebly, and an efficient mounted police force could nip them in the bud with promptness and decision. The task would not be so hard as the repression of dacoity by the British in Burmah, or the conquest of the Indians in the United States.

So far as the military aspect of the question goes, Venezuela is anybody's country. The military power at Castro's command is a slight and shifting quantity. It may seem an extraordinary thing to say, but it is perfectly true that any adventurer, with five hundred men who know how to shoot at his back, can make himself master of a country which is potentially the richest in the world. Castro did it with a slighter force, and those who know him are convinced that he will not long endure being robbed of the fruit of his victories by foreign nations who come down and take his custom-houses for reasons which are totally inexplicable to him. He, or another like him, will presently raise a Venezuelan situation far more serious than the present one, and America will then be faced with the momentous question which I have indicated.

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Rural England

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *January 28, 1903.*

THE "decay of English agriculture" is a commonplace; and, like most commonplaces, is repeated and accepted without being analyzed or understood. Those who have faced and really grappled with this, the greatest and most terrifying of English problems, are few and far between. Their voices do not reach the powers that be, and the country, as a whole, with unswerving complacency regards the death-throes of British agriculture, the disappearance of the yeomen, the depopulation of the villages, and the dependence of the United Kingdom for five-sixths of its food-supply upon foreign lands, as facts, distressing, no doubt, but inevitable, irremediable, and in no sense vital. It is to wake England up to a sense of the terribly real dangers that underlie these phenomena that Mr. Rider Haggard has recently performed a task without parallel, to my knowledge, for its scope, laboriousness, and careful finish. Throughout 1901 and 1902 he and a companion travelled through the highways and byways of no less than twenty-seven English counties, inspecting, examining, cross-questioning, looking into everything that might throw light on the conditions and prospects of English agriculture. The results of his investigations are set forth in two volumes of six hundred pages each, which the Messrs. Longmans have published under the title of *Rural England*. I venture to say that so long as the English language lasts this book will last with it. Not only has it an immense and immediate utility to-day in bringing out, without the smallest coloring of the author's own views, the opinions of hundreds upon hundreds of experts of all classes on the state of English farming, but to the historian of the future, who wishes to portray rural England at the opening of the twentieth century and to show the complex sweep of the changes wrought by free trade, it will be not only invaluable, but essential. He will be as little able to get on without it as we of to-day are to picture English agriculture at the end of the eighteenth century without the help of Arthur Young. But it is not for posterity that Mr. Haggard writes. The reward he hopes for is less distant and less personal. It is that his labors may contribute their quota to a national awakening, may make England realize the perils into which she is drifting, and spur men on to call a halt before it is too late. Let me add, before passing on to the matter of the book, that it is written in the simplest and most workmanlike style, and by one who all his life and in many countries has been a practical farmer; that it is amply supplied with detailed and admirable maps and photographs; and that the insuppressible love of nature and country sights and sounds that separates the educated man from the uneducated finds an outlet here and there in some charming "landscapes" and paragraphs of rural lore. So far from being "dry," these volumes appeal with a force there is no escaping to every one, town or country bred, who has within him the slightest interest in the social and economic conditions of his day. Their plan is, roughly, that of the interview. Through the medium of the author's pen each man speaks for himself,—the large land-owner, the squire, the tenant farmer, the agent, the country parson, the doctor, the small holder, the laborer, "the optimist, the pessimist, and the moderate man." Nor is it merely legitimate farming that is here described. Every business that depends on the land, every class that lives on it, is passed in review—the market gardener, the fruit-grower, the dairyman, the stock raiser, and the poultryman no less than the grower of cereals. It is, I repeat, a prodigious undertaking most efficiently carried through. Mr. Haggard claims that his labors have been "not unlike those of a royal commission, faced single-handed and without the ample resources, assistance, and lordly leisure of such august bodies," and the claim is one that no one who has read the book will do other than ratify. Such a feat has been attempted before, but not for fifty years, not, that is, since the great depression of the seventies, and never on such an extensive scale.

And what an amazing paradox is here unfolded—that in what is still the richest country in the world farming should not pay; that with good soil and skilful workers—the average yield of an English acre in wheat is more than twice the yield of an American acre—agriculture, as Mr. Haggard puts it, should be "fighting against the mills of God"; that land should be going out of cultivation at the rate of over seventy thousand acres a year; that "parts of England are becoming as lonesome as the veldt of South Africa"; that the villages should be deserted at an ever-increasing speed; and, finally, that the government, in the face of all this, should do nothing. A few figures are needed to bring out the fulness of the paradox. Thirty years ago only a trifle over 13,000,000 acres were under permanent pasture; to-day there are nearly 30,000,000. Farm hands and laborers seem to be leaving the soil at the rate of 8000 a year. The rental value of land has fallen all over the country about 40 per cent. since 1875. A farm of 700 acres in Wiltshire, which Mr. Haggard mentions, sold in 1812 for $135,000, and in 1892 for $35,000. In 1874 it was rented at $3000 plus $980 tithe. Now it is let for $1250, and the landlord pays the tithe. Another farm, which up to 1870 paid a rent of $10,500, let in 1901 for $4125, tithe free. A third farm of 1500 acres, in capital order and with good buildings, that used to fetch $5 an acre, now only brings in $3, out of which the landlord has to pay $1 25 an acre for tithe, all the main, and one-half of the minor repairs. Instances such as this might be indefinitely multiplied. England pays away each year to foreign countries over $300,000,000 for grain and flour, about $150,000,000 for dead meat, about $130,000,000 for butter, cheese, and eggs, and nearly $50,000,000 for fruit and hops. Her own food-supply, if all foreign sources were cut off, as they would be if the British navy were to lose command of the sea, might at a pinch last from eight to ten weeks. Such are the main elements of the problem. The great land-owners, or such of them, at least, as have no outside income, are practically ruined, and forced to let their estates to shooting tenants, who, in nine cases out of ten, are totally indifferent to agriculture. The yeomen class has been virtually wiped out—seven-eighths of the farmers are tenants; and even with the utmost diligence, and cultivating every possible side issue, they are only just able to make both ends meet, and often not even that. The laborers are flocking to the towns in thousands, every year shows more land laid down to grass, and the country receives five-sixths of its food from abroad. Here is a national problem if ever there were one.

What are the causes of it? Firstly, of course, there is free trade. The whole wheat-growing world shoots its surplus supply into England without check; nor is there any guarantee that prices will not fall still lower. Secondly, there is the iniquitous system of differential rates practised by the English railway companies, in spite of Parliament and the law against the domestic and in favor of the foreign grower. Such a system can only make any one who has looked into it wonder that Englishmen have the hardihood to speak of "trusts" as a peculiarly American invention. Thirdly, there is that strong spirit of individualism which makes it almost helpless to expect that English farmers will ever learn the value, indeed the necessity, of co-operation, as the Italians, for instance, have learned it. Fourthly, there is the indifference of a town-bred legislature elected by urban votes. Mr. Haggard is perfectly right in insisting that "English governments look upon the land and its interests in a totally different light from that in which it is regarded by those of most other civilized nations. Here they cannot be brought to recognize that the matter is one of any real importance. Intoxicated with our recent, but now, it would seem, waning success as a trading nation, and for the most part owing their place and power to the votes of traders and dwellers in cities, to them the great questions of the prosperity of agriculture and of that which is dependent on it, the holding of the rural population to the fields and villages where their forefathers have dwelt for centuries, are things of small account. They will not face the fundamental facts that it is well we should grow all the food we can within the limits of our own shores, and that of this we could grow a much larger quantity than we do to-day; that men are *more* than money, and deteriorate when crowded into towns; and that without a continually renewed supply of men and women, healthy in mind and body, the greatness of the nation must dwindle. Other countries are wiser: they see and do their best to guard against the danger. Here, if we see it, we shrug our shoulders, say that any party or cabinet that attempted remedies would lose popularity in the cities, and leave things to take their chance."

A powerful indictment, but unquestionably a true one. And beyond all this there is the paralyzing shortage of labor. Wherever Mr. Haggard went he found the same complaint. There is little labor to be had, and what there is is incredibly inefficient. "The labor difficulty is the blackest cloud of the lot." "Unless something unforeseen occurs, farming must come to an end for lack of labor." "All the young men are draining from the land; no one who is fit for anything stops on it nowadays." "The present race of stalwart laborer is fast dying out, without any prospect of its replacement." "The next five years will leave us without a man." "When the old men die, and only the 'wasters' are left, what is to happen? The land is going to the devil." These are but half a dozen sample opinions from as many counties; they could be repeated *ad nauseam*. Mr. Haggard himself, in summing up his conclusions, declares that "it is now common for only the dullards, the vicious, or the wastrels to stay upon the land, because they are unfitted for any other life." And yet their wages are higher, the cost of living cheaper, and their accommodation better than ever before. Why do they go? For one thing, their wages, though as high as the farmer can pay, are not high enough. They can earn $7 50 in the cities, and not more than $4 50 in the country. In the city there is always a chance that they may rise to independence; on the land they begin and end as laborers. In the cities they have the usual Saturday half-holiday, and no Sunday work whatever; on a farm they must be always within hail. In the city employment is constant, in the country fitful. In the city there is light, amusement, glamour, life; in the village an unending round of dulness. The education system, arranged by townsmen for townsmen, tends to fill the country boy with an aversion for the soil.

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The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

AUGUST

I do not think that I have hitherto mentioned that since I came here in the spring the house in which Dick and Margery spent those few weeks together before he went out to South Africa has stood untenanted, and often during the past months I have wandered slowly by it, noting with a kind of pleasure, I think, that, at any rate, no one I knew lived there. The feeling was, I am aware, utterly unreasonable, but it was of the same childish and instinctive kind as that which prompts us to put away and not use, or at least not let others use, some little object which has been in any way closely connected with some one who is dead whom we have loved. I do not think this feeling is in the least defensible, for it implies that we cut the dead off in ever so small a degree from the living, and thus tend to keep alive the sting of death. For in that the dead have once been intertwined with our ordinary workaday lives, it is altogether a false sentiment which makes us separate them now, if we believe at all, as I do most truly, that they still are about and around us. All the same, it was with a certain surprise and shock that I saw in August that the sign-board that the house was to let was taken down, and that a few days later a furniture-van was drawn up at the door. In fact, this very natural and very proper event disturbed me to a degree which I was wholly unable to understand. It seemed dreadful somehow that others should be at home there (it never occurred to me at the time that it was highly unlikely that the house had stood vacant for two years), so wholly was it consecrated in my mind to those two. At the same time I realized my utter unreasonableness about the matter, and instead of trying to combat it, attempted to take a shorter cut and dismiss it as far as I could from the range of my conscious thoughts. Yet for weeks it lurked there in the shade, and as the weeks went on, though I never consciously dwelt on the thought, yet somehow the thought seemed to grow there in the dark of my mind, until I knew that all my subconscious brain was full of it. More especially I desired to remain in ignorance of who the intruders—for so I thought of them—were. As long as they remained utterly vague and unknown, I could feel no definite and incarnated resentment, but if once they were visualized I felt that the growth in the shadow might leap out with poisonous leaves into the sunlight of active and conscious thought.

I have tried to put incoherency coherently, but I feel I am drawing with definite outline that which was necessarily indefinite; yet in no other way except by words of definite meaning can one indicate any impression, however mistlike. Let me say at once that what I have said is overstated, in the sense that if one writes down the actual phantoms of a nightmare they are overstated, because to state them at all is to lose the pervading vagueness for hard outline. On the other hand, again, what I have written down is, I think, understated, since I try in vain to convey by words the vague and abiding disquiet I felt at the thought of the owner of the furniture-vans that unloaded at the door. Only, as I have said, this all lurked in the shadow, and though it grew, yet, by persistent refusal to think directly of it and by persistently endeavoring to continue in ignorance of who the new tenants were, the dark growth never emerged into sunlight. But it seems a curious irony of fate that so soon after I have written about the road to happiness this phantasmal ghost should arise to poison joy. This, at any rate, is not exaggerated language, for the thought of the house tenanted once more lay like a shadow over my spirits. I was wholly unable (or, at any rate, I thought I was, which comes to the same thing) to banish the shadow from my mind, and it haunted both waking and sleeping thoughts with a dull, never-ceasing weight. I, who hardly ever dream, and then only of astounding and mirthful adventure, groped nightly about ill-lit passages, which I believed to be passages in that house, in intolerable apprehension. Sometimes, so it seemed to me, certain rooms were vividly lit inside, and through cracks below the door or through the chink of the door ajar I saw that there were bright lights inside the rooms, which yet cast no filtering illumination into the passages through which I had to feel my way. At other times the whole house was wrapped in a misty obscurity, which was not the light of early morning nor yet the dusk of falling night, but something almost palpable to the touch: it was as if the gray veil of the future brushed across my eyes, some unseen hand stirring it, as if to lift it away, and in my dreams my eyes would strain into the darkness for the light that should show me what agencies moved about me. These dreams, which were very persistent and occurred in dim sequence many times during the night, always opened in the same way. On falling asleep I passed straight into the nebulous atmosphere I have tried to describe and was walking up to Margery's house. For the darkness, I never could see more of it than its square shape, a blot against the blotted sky: the door was always open, and the groping in the passages began. I was conscious always of many presences close around me, but the dusk hid them, and into the lighted rooms I never could enter, for it was somehow forbidden. Then one night an entirely new dream came, sandwiched between the dreams of dusk, and in that I was going along the road by the house not wrapped in obscurity, but in brilliant sunshine. Birds trilled in the bushes, flowers of extraordinary vividness grew in the hedgerows, and I thought, with an upleap of exaltation, that the passages would be blind no longer. Then I turned the corner and came on the house, and though I knew it was the right one, yet it had changed almost beyond recognition. The steps that led to the front door were cracked and moss-ridden, the creepers had so grown that they hung in curtains over the windows; an indescribable air of age had passed over it. But the room over the front door—Margery's room—was untouched by the gray hand of time: the walls were still smooth, and it seemed to me the bricks newly painted: the creepers were cut back from the window, which was wide open, and from inside came a voice singing. It sang a song that Margery always loved, and though the voice was like hers, yet it was not quite like.

It was with the wildest hopes and expectation that I entered the house; but, once again, though all was bright outside, the passages were again dark. But I groped my way up stairs, and saw that the door of Margery's room stood open, and there, framed in the misty obscurity, stood a figure that must be hers. Line for line it repeated that form I knew so well: the slight bend of the neck, the outward sweep of the shoulders, were all hers. And in that darkness I gazed and gazed, for the veil seemed to brush upwards against my eyes; but it did not lift, and in an agony I cried out, "Margery, Margery, is it you?" And my own voice, I suppose, awoke me, for I found myself seated up in bed, and the night outside was still very dark and hot, and I heard the hissing of steady rain on the shrubs.

So I lay down again, and must have gone to sleep immediately, for without conscious pause I was back in the dark passages as usual. But once again on that same night a new factor appeared in my dreams. For the presences, though still invisible, were inaudible no longer, and their footsteps passed about and around me, very close. For a long time I listened, but heard none that concerned me; but at last there came one which I knew to be Dick's, and with it went another that was Margery's, and they passed near me and went out—I suppose, to the garden. It never occurred to me to follow, for I was outside their lives somehow, and if we came near each other it was that they came near to me. After that the steps of many strangers passed and repassed, and then once more I heard Margery's footstep alone. But when it came close I knew it was not Margery's, but like it, as the singing voice was like hers. Then slowly, as at the hint of dawn, the dim passages began to grow bright, and I looked to see where Margery was. But the brightness, as it grew, showed me only the walls and furniture of my own room, and through the open window came in the pale light of early morning as the morning breeze flapped the blind.

Now by this time the dreams of the dark passages had lasted about a week, and the days between the nights had been full of a corresponding depression, for by night it was the darkness that troubled me, and by day that shadow of the new folk that were coming to live there. Then came that night which I have described, and simultaneously both the dream of the dark passages and the depression by day ceased entirely and altogether. I went back at once to the dreamless nights to which I was accustomed, and my days were once more a mosaic of happy hours. But the heaviness of those days and the ill-defined fear of those nights were so blackening to the spirit that at the time I soberly thought that some madness had begun to lay its finger on my brain, and now that I no longer fear that, I find myself wondering what could have induced this melancholy. The weather, it is true, was extremely hot and depressing, and for the whole week, it is also true, I was working against time at a piece of work I did not wish to do. Before I had been a day at it, I knew that it was distasteful; before I had been two at it, I felt sure it was not worth while to do it at all.

Now being temporarily bored with one's work is one thing; radical disapproval is another. It may easily happen that to bring about a situation rightly several chapters of what seem to me at the time (and very likely is) sorry stuff have to be hammered into shape. Due preparation for the situation has to be made without giving the situation away; only when it comes the reader should say to himself, "Of course it must be so; why didn't I think of it?" But radical disapproval is a far different matter. It is rank immorality to go on spending time and space over what is worthless or worse. And that rank immorality I committed. Then, when the work in question, the oppressive weather, and the disordered dreams, which began simultaneously, also, as they did, faded simultaneously, I felt that it was highly probable that they were all bound up together. Certainly it is more than possible that they all reacted on each other,—that the thunder in the skies led to a general depression that made my immorality sit heavy on me, and induced a gloom by day that was carried over into the night: again the fact that I slept in the shadows brought shadow into the day, and the fact that I spent the

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hours unprofitably, and knew it, predisposed to gloomy visions. At the same time the persistence of the same dreams was curious, and the society that collects nightmares are at liberty to put it on a pin. Such however, is the record of what happened during the first week of August.

Thereafter came to me spoilt days,—spoilt not by outward agencies, but by fussy stupidity on my part. To the ordinary citizen such spoiling means nothing, for in all probability he will never experience it, and thus to him the trial of these three days are senseless. But, given that your household comprises only a plain (very plain) cook, and what would be called in London a general,—though such have no idea of campaign,—it will appeal to the minority to know that the question of what one wanted for ten days at Baireuth and perhaps a week's wandering in Germany was crucial. It was no use saying vaguely—as I suppose one does to a valet—"I shall be away for ten days; pack," but seriatim I had to think of all that I should conceivably want. The result was that early on the second day I found that I had packed away the necessaries of life, and had to unpack them all again. This and the subsequent repacking took the whole of the third day. Even then, since I had to leave at cockcrow to catch the evening boat to Ostend, there were many things insoluble. Were there baths at Baireuth, or should I take an india-rubber bath? Were there washerwomen, or should I take as much linen as there were days? *Seigneur, quelle vie!*

Now though I regret these pin-points of indecision, yet I defend them. For if one is going abroad for six months, all that is necessary to do is to put out every stitch and button you have on your bed to take with you and the grand portmanteaus advance. But for ten days or a fortnight surely such equipment is beyond the mark. Therefore one has to select. Here comes in the curse of an imaginative mind. One can easily picture circumstances even in the course of ten days in which one will want each single suit of clothes one possesses. For instance—there may quite easily be a cold spell of weather, and therefore it is necessary to take one suit of thick clothes: also to be worn on the night journey. But supposing one gets caught during this cold spell by a sudden storm? The cold spell continues, but the thick clothes are wet. Therefore one must take two suits of thick clothes. However, warm weather is more likely, and there must be at least two suits of flannels. Four suits. Then for emergencies of the social kind one must not be found defenceless, and some sort of tailed apparatus must come. Five suits. Dress clothes, six. Also, there is excellent trout-fishing not far from Baireuth, and I have been particularly told to bring a rod. That entails some knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket. Seven suits.

At this point I paused: I was taking seven suits in order to clothe my unworthy body for a space of ten days in a Bavarian village. Yet where was the flaw? Of all things in the world I hate to be away from home and wanting something which I have forgotten to take or, which is worse, decided not to take. Time was when it was so simple to put in that article, but the opportunity is mine no longer, and I sigh for the undenuded wardrobes. I scorn to reproduce more of these indecisions—I would sooner reproduce French as spoken in the hot bath; and it will suffice to say that, having spent hours which will never return in process of careful selection, I eventually discarded selection altogether and filled all the portmanteaus I possess. However, in the future I shall waste no more time in thinking what I shall want on short journeys, for I know I shall end in taking all I have, and it saves trouble to begin with that.

I do not know whether we are all descended from gypsies, but certainly in most people something of the instinct which loves to wander, to make a journey merely for the joy of going, survives. True it is that punctual trains (the Southeastern, however, has a great deal of admirable romance and uncertainty about it) and well-appointed steamboats, which leave stone-jettied ports at regular and ascertainable times, have taken much of the unknown from travel, and so robbed this instinct of its fruition, but they cannot quite starve it. Even though you travel in a Pullman car, and sit on plush with your head among voluptuous gildings and gaze into looking-glasses which show you the country and the telegraph-posts reeling giddily backwards, yet you still travel, and, at any rate, if you are going where you have never been before, something new and unknown waits for you behind the advancing line of the horizon. Thus the one thing I never need on a journey is a book; it is sufficient entertainment for me merely to look out of the window and see new country, vale and glen, or plain and mountain peak, hurry to greet me in endless procession. So swiftly one moves that it is hardly possible to weary of what one sees before it is gone; every bend in the line may show something admirable. But, above all things, the headlong passage through the station of a large town delights me. First comes a mile of sordid house-backs built onto the line, then a short tunnel at which the engine screams, then a wider glance of the town, with perhaps a gray cathedral tower watching over it all; then, close against the window, slanting lines of people, like rain, on the gray tapering platform, the names of the stations hidden, like a plum in a bun from its own refreshment-room, in plasters of advertisement; the signal-box with its rows of gleaming semaphores; the mile of sordid house roofs again; and out into the green fields. Then at a stile going onto the line there wait a couple of children whom in all human probability you will never see again, waving their hats at the gay express. For a glimpse only you saw them, but they have their lives in front of them, fraught with momentousness to themselves at least, and perhaps to others. It is even possible that in years to come the line of your life may cross theirs, that tragedy or comedy is already weaving the ropes that will bring you together in love or death or laughter. For of all phrases "chance meeting" is the most illogical. If chance exists at all, nothing exists except chance. Your most careful plan may be spoiled by chance, as you will say. Then your careful plan was chance too, since chance can wreck it.

The backwaters of life, like the backwaters of streams, have an enormous fascination for me, for both are extraordinarily pleasing to the eye and restful to the mind. The great stream of progress hurries by them, while they nestle gently under shelter in sedate eddies, and sometimes sticks and straws from the stream get flung aside into them, and at once they join that slow, unhurrying circle. Such a backwater is Baywater; a tram line and an advertisement of Sunlight Soap are the only trails of modernity I noticed in the town, for the theatre stands apart from it, a mile away beneath the pine woods of the pleasant Bavarian hills. But otherwise it is a backwater of the purest type, not ancient and not modern any more than is a backwater in a stream, but merely existent and unhurrying. The inhabitants, we must suppose, buy and sell things from each other; some are richer than others, but apparently not much; and none, I should think, are either very rich or very poor. Some, also, are better-looking than others, but not much. Some rather wider awake, but all seem to have set as a seal on their foreheads a ruminating mediocrity in all points and qualities which the human mind is able to conceive. Apart from the festival it is impossible to imagine being either very happy or very unhappy in Baireuth—"very," in fact, is a word which is without meaning there. Yet here by a strange doing of fate is planted the cult of perhaps the most "very" mind that ever existed, for the brick theatre on the hillside is the casket which holds that heart of flame and song. Critics have beggared dictionaries to express their feelings about Wagner, and whether it is a synonym for "charlatan" they have searched for, or a synonym for "sublime," none have yet thought of levelling at him the charge of dulness or mediocrity. Indeed, to discuss him at all seems to imply that you are not in that calm frame of mind to which alone can discussion be profitable, and the violence which marks his music and drama seems at once to infect the mind of his critic. Strangest of all, even Tolstoi, who of all great writers seems to be almost utterly devoid of any sense of beauty, though in matters of sordidness and ugliness his art is worthy to stand by Shakespeare's, has allowed himself to be drawn into the mad circle, and has given us in his volume on Art a dozen pages which for sheer ineptitude of criticism, complete ignorance of his subject, and utter incompetence to deal with it must rank forever with the colossal failures of the world, such as the Panama Canal and the fall of Napoleon. But the calm frame of mind deserts me; discussion is not profitable.

It was after the second act of "Parsifal," and from the cool darkness of the theatre we streamed silently out into the brilliant sunshine of the late afternoon. The sun was near to its setting, and the whole plain below us was steeped and stupefied in the level rays. A blue haze of heat mist lay over the farther hills, emphasizing the enlacement of their ridges, which stood out like the muscles of some strong arm. But above the theatre were the quiet pine woods, hardly whispering, so still was the evening, and it was to them that my friend and I turned; for the poisonous enchantment of Klingsor had to be expelled, and we neither of us cared to join in shrill discussions about the exquisite phrasing of Kundry, since it was her seduction, not her phrases, that more occupied us. For an hour the evil flowers had bloomed, and that evil was not of the foul sort that makes one turn from it, but of the seemingly innocent welcome of maidens that were flowers, and of an evil woman who spoke not of evil things, but of sweet things,—a mother's love, and her own love for her who was gone. So we sat in the pine woods and let the fermenting vat of sin lose its effervescence, and waited till the sour-smelling bubbles broke no more on its iridescent surface. And the sun sank till it touched the hills, and where it touched they changed to semitransparent amber, and a crescent moon arose in the east and one bird fluted in the bush. Then the first trumpet from below sounded the *motif* of the Love-feast, and down we went. From the mad fires of the sunset we passed into the cool gloom of the theatre, and the doors were shut, and soon the curtain rose on the last act.

To be Continued.

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Books and Bookmen

It is just thirteen years ago since Mr. Edwin A. Abbey began the famous series of drawings in Harper's Magazine illustrating the comedies of Shakespeare. The first of the series was in illustration of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and appeared in the Christmas number of the Magazine in 1889. Curiously enough, Mr. Abbey began the series of drawings, which he is now engaged upon for the tragedies to complete the edition, in the last Christmas number. The tragedy chosen to inaugurate this series was "King Lear," for which Mr. Swinburne, the poet, wrote an introduction. The tragedies will comprise seventy drawings. The comedies, which were afterward published in four handsome volumes, contained one hundred and thirty-two drawings. "Their execution," Mr. Abbey told a visitor recently, "occupied me about ten years, and during that time I studied everything which would enable me to portray the characters and paint the backgrounds more faithfully. As you know, Shakespeare placed each of his comedies in different countries. In England we have the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' I therefore visited the locale of his works. I went to Venice twice so that I might obtain the local coloring for an effective background to the 'Merchant of Venice' series. For 'The Tempest' I journeyed to the seacoast below Naples, and there painted out-of-doors the scenes I wished to represent. In the same way I studied the architecture, manners, and ways of the people of the periods, so as to insure as much historical accuracy as possible."

When the present series upon which Mr. Abbey is engaged is finished, we will have a complete Abbey Shakespeare. In art Mr. Abbey, it has been said, represents the sum of attainment in regard to the delineation of Shakespearian characters which on the stage is held by Sir Henry Irving. Mr. Abbey has two studios, one in his pleasant house in Tite Street, Chelsea, and the other at Fairford, in Gloucestershire. "But," he says, "I prefer the latter for its quiet and freedom from interruption. There I painted the majority of my 'Grail' panels for the Boston Public Library, and the bulk of my other work. Fairford has one drawback in the difficulty I experience in obtaining suitable models. Roughly speaking, I spend two-thirds of my time in the country and one-third in town."

Directly one enters the hall at Tite Street, a series of charming pictures meets the eye, and passing up the stairs to the studio at the top of the house there are on the walls innumerable black-and-white sketches of Shakespearian subjects. As the visitor entered the fine lofty room of the studio, Mr. Abbey was busy painting, but with that dignified courtesy which is characteristic of him he stopped his work to come and sit down by the fireside to talk to his visitor. Mr. Abbey was asked about his early training. "At the age of seventeen," he replied, "I entered the Academy in Philadelphia, and there I stayed until I was nineteen. The master was an Alsatian, who, though perhaps belonging to the old classic school, gave most valuable instruction to his pupils. As time goes on, I learn to value more highly the excellence of his teaching. I entered the publishing-house of Messrs. Harper & Brothers in my nineteenth year, and remained with them many years. In 1874 I exhibited a picture at the American Water-color Society, of which I became a member in 1874 or 1875. I continued from that time on to exhibit a picture annually at the Society. One of my earliest efforts was entitled 'The Coach Office.'" Digressing from his early reminiscences for a moment, Mr. Abbey laid down one of his leading principles. "All things being equal," he observed, "it is not the brilliant pupil who really succeeds best in the long-run. It is the one who has the power of taking infinite pains who gets eventually to the top of the tree, and not the pupil whose work depends upon a good dinner. For myself, I always fear the result of work which is done too easily, and I find that almost invariably I have to do it over again."

Mr. Abbey's career may be roughly divided into three distinct periods. In the first place, there was his connection with the Harpers. Then came his series of Shakespearian studies, which occupied a decade, and, lastly, "The Quest of the Holy Grail" for the Boston Public Library, which kept him busy for twelve years. In answer to the question, "Why did you choose the subject of the Holy Grail?" Mr. Abbey replied: "Because it is the one romance common to all Christendom. The legend, which originated either in Wales or Ireland, spread in various forms over France and Germany, and even as far as Scandinavia in the north and Spain in the south." Mr. Abbey dealt with the romance in a way that won the hearty approval of art critics. Speaking of the qualifications which must go to the masterly handling of so big a theme, Mr. Abbey observed, in discussing the decorative aspect of the work: "I consider that the arts of the painter, sculptor, and architect should accord with each other. Unfortunately, you find in many cases that the painter knows nothing of sculpture or architecture, and is therefore disqualified from completing his decoration to unify with the other qualities of the building. And it is equally essential that the architect and sculptor should be acquainted with the needs of the painter. In America we are just now studying this matter in the hope that the three arts will go hand in hand in the erection and beautifying of public buildings. To some extent this was accomplished in the Boston Public Library. We are now promoting an American Academy in Rome, of which I am one of the incorporators. The academy itself has been in existence for some time, but we hope to place it upon an enlarged and improved basis. It will be in touch with the American universities, such as Harvard and Yale, whose governing bodies are alive to its interests, and are cooperating in the provision of scholarships."

Mr. Abbey was made a member of the Royal Academy in 1898, just a year after the honor had been conferred upon his friend and fellow-countryman, Mr. J. S. Sargent. His principal pictures, apart from the Shakespearian and Grail series, have been exhibited at the Royal Academy. As an illustrator Mr. Abbey has done a great deal of very fine work in addition to his Shakespearian drawings, most of which at one time or another have been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. He has also been a diligent contributor to Harper's Magazine. Only last year a series of illustrations for "The Deserted Village" appeared in the Magazine, and was subsequently published in book form. The artistic treatment of the theme was characteristically fresh and unconventional. For example, Mr. Abbey pictured the line

"When every rood of ground maintain'd its man"

and gave us a scene that was undoubtedly present in the mind of Goldsmith as he discoursed on Sweet Auburn. The thatched cottage, the contented laborer, the pleasant-faced mother are all types that the poet loved. A volume in which Mr. Abbey collaborated in 1885, entitled *Sketching Rambles in Holland*, contained the following interesting dedication from the author, Mr. George H. Boughton, R.A.: "To Edwin A. Abbey, my fellow-rambler and fellow-sketcher, to whose delightful companionship may be set down any extra washes of couleur de rose that may be discovered in these pages by the cold sad cynic whose good fortune it has not been to ramble with such a perfect fellow-traveller, this writing is inscribed."

A recent visitor to Mr. E. F. Benson's bachelor quarters in the quaint old cathedral town of Winchester found a set of Meredith occupying a prominent place on the novelist's bookshelves. "I place Meredith quite at the top of living novelists," said Mr. Benson. "I have had the privilege of meeting him, and a most remarkable old man he is—old in years, but young in spirit, and still with an intellect as keen as ever." Mr. Meredith himself gave expression to this feeling of perennial youthfulness in an interview which appeared the other day in the Manchester *Guardian*. Referring to himself and his work, he said: "I suppose I should regard myself as getting old. I am seventy-four, but I don't feel as if I were growing old, either in heart or mind, but still look on life with a young man's eye. I have always hoped I should not grow old, as some do, with palsied intellect, living backward, regarding other people as anachronisms, because they themselves have lived on into other times and left their sympathies behind them with their years." It is not so long ago that Mr. Meredith, in conversation with a well-known publisher, spoke with enthusiasm of a novel he should like to write with an eye especially to the intellectual needs of the young men of the present day. Yet he has been writing for the youth of intellect since the beginning. *The Egoist*, *Richard Feverel*, *Beauchamp's Career*, *Rhoda Fleming*, *Evan Harrington*, *Harry Richmond* had more to say to the youth of their day than the works of any other novelist. They have more to say to the youth of to-day; and perhaps still more as life goes on. Mark Rutherford speaks eloquently in one of his books of his emotion in reading a certain writer. "Others may write about science and philosophy," he says, "this man writes about *me*." Of Meredith, this could probably be said with more truth than of any other novelist by the thinking young man. Robert Louis Stevenson was one of many such who have given remarkable testimony to the heart-searching qualities and self-interpretation of Meredith.

One of the most able and interesting analyses of Meredith's art we have seen is to be found in the sixth volume of the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The writer discovers that the secret of the brilliancy of Meredith's style is derived from the combination of the narrator with the creator, or — in its strict sense—the seer. The reader, by the transference of the interest from the audience to the stage, is transported into the very soul of the character, and made to feel as he feels and act as he acts. "In building up the mind's actions, creeds, and tragedies, or comedies, of his imaginary personalities, amid the selected circumstances, and inspiring them with the identical motives and educational influences of life itself, Mr. Meredith has spent an elaboration and profundity of thought, and an originality and vigor of analysis upon his novels which in explicitness go far beyond what had been previously attempted in fiction, and which gives to his works a philosophical value of no ordinary kind."

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Correspondence

THE CANTEEN FROM THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' SIDE.

SAN JUAN, P. R., *February 3, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Being a constant reader of your paper, in regard to the canteen question, I feel that I am justified in answering the gentleman who wrote a letter, published in your issue on the 3d of January.

From my point of view he does not know what he is talking about. He has never been a soldier, while I have had that experience. Although I am not a drinking man I heartily approve of the canteen. It is beneficial in many respects to the soldier, which I intend to name. First, it provides many little things that are not issued to the soldiers, such as vegetables, preserves, milk, and other things not provided in the government ration. I was a soldier in Battery O, Fifth United States Artillery, stationed at Fort Wadsworth, and many is the time I have relished these extras that I speak of, provided from the dividends of the canteen.

A soldier could only get credit for $3, and then he had to wait another month before he could get more. The W. C. T. U. did a very wrong thing when they abolished the canteen; since they have accomplished their purpose, I have seen dives of all sorts spring up like mushrooms, selling vile whiskey, vile beer, and all manner of intoxicants to the soldiers, giving them unlimited credit. When pay-day came around they were standing near the paymaster's table like a crowd of vultures, waiting for the soldier to receive his pay, and he had scarcely seen the color of it before it had vanished into the grog-seller's pocket; and still he is in debt; he has not paid for his wash, nor other more pressing debts; the liquor-seller hounds him for more money; in desperation, he takes his best suit of clothes, that he has kept for the various inspections, and gets a loan on it; this also goes to the saloon-keeper. When Saturday inspection comes around he has not got a decent uniform, consequently the officer in charge sentences him to the guard-house, and takes a month's pay from him besides. This is only one of many scenes that I have witnessed.

I have had men under me that, before the Canteen Bill was enacted, never left the fort. 'Tis true they took an occasional bottle of beer, but were never drunk. Now, those that have not been discharged dishonorably are habitual drunkards, because they were deprived of their occasional bottle. They now fill up, and come rolling in at all hours of the night, and raising all manner of disturbances until they are put in the guard-house.

When we were ordered to Porto Rico, and reached here, we established a post exchange, where we kept a sort of beverage called hop ale. It looked like and tasted like beer, but, no matter how much was taken, it never made a man intoxicated. They took that from us, and then the men filled up on the native rum, which can be bought for about thirty cents a bottle (this is the worst kind.)

We buried two men from this stuff, and they would have been living to-day if the canteen had not been denied them. One was a soldier that had served his country for over twenty-three years, and had come to Porto Rico to put in one more enlistment before retiring. But rum was his ruin.

Another came up to the fort, eyes popping out of his head, face bloated, and scarcely able to walk; he fell on his bunk, and sank into a drunken stupor, rolled out of bed upon the floor, and when some of the men picked him up was in a dying condition. These are all true, and I can give you the names, if necessary, and get any abundance of proof, that the canteen is beneficial to the soldier.

The W. C. T. U. is a noble body of women. They have done a lot of good, but I am afraid that they have done more harm than good to the soldiers at home and abroad. They are forever preaching about saving "mother's boy." I know a boy when he enlisted he was as innocent as a babe—never swore, never drank, never smoked, used to go to the canteen to get an occasional sandwich. When the canteen was abolished he visited one of those dens that spring up around the different forts, and after running up a bill of over $50, which he could not pay, he broke open the same saloon and stole a barrel of whiskey, and took to the woods. When found, he was in a dying condition. This is the sad ending of what was a mother's joy, but which turned to a cup of sorrow, through the "old maids" that call themselves "The Purity League" of the W. C. T. U.

In closing, I wish to ask the gentleman whom I am replying, is it not far better to keep the intoxicated soldier home, instead of letting him parade the streets and disgracing the uniform that he wears. Let the W. C. T. U. leave the soldiers alone. There is more work for them than they can accomplish without meddling with the soldiers, and taking their little extras from them, and when they give the canteen back to the army, there will be less dissatisfaction than there is at present.

Yours truly,

G. L. HISCOCK.

Formerly Corporal, Battery O, Fifth Artillery, United States Army.

A FOOT-NOTE TO MARK TWAIN ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

BALTIMORE, *February 7, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—While cheerfully conceding that "Mark Twain's" dissertation on Christian Science is, in the main, eminently sane and convincing, and a credit to the Presbyterian Church, I believe that on one point he is at fault—*i. e.*, in his likening the Christian Scientists, in his exercise of the curative power, to the engineer. It can scarcely be called a mere quibble to say that the power lies not in the engine, but in the properties of the coal and water. This being so, the healer is rather analogous to the discoverer and inventor, Watt and Stevenson. Watt discovered the power of steam; Stevenson invented the application of that power to locomotion. The faith healer discovered, or rediscovered, the curative possibilities of self-delusion. He also invented a method of applying it, without which the bald scientific fact that the imagination, under suitable stimulus, very powerfully affects physical conditions, would have been as practically valueless to mankind as the mere knowledge that hot steam will lift a teakettle lid. Any one could have told you that Watt's triumph lay in the application of the fact. And so with the faith healer.

The healer's art is the art of deceit; in plain Anglo-Saxon,—but why call names? But scientifically speaking, that is no discredit to him; he is merely working under psychological conditions, as the chemist works under chemical conditions, and the physician works under physiological conditions. If he lies, he lies efficaciously and helpfully. As long as human gullibility remains what it is, the proposition that he is a useful member of society is not entirely indefensible. If the reported cures are genuine—and Mark Twain seems to concede their genuineness—the *Aberglaube* machinery that the faith healer has invented is positively a boon to society,—to that portion of it, at all events, who do not know too much. And if this statement is tommy-rot, then there have been other writers of tommy rot with whom we do not mind being associated. For it is written, and approvingly read, "Where ignorance is bliss," etc.

Voltaire's famous criticism of the phrase "The Holy Roman Empire," to the effect that it was neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire, has been emulated by some critic of Christian Science on the ground that it is neither Christian nor scientific. In the light of Mark Twain's luminous exposition of the psychological basis of Christian Science, the latter contention will have to be abandoned. It is as scientific as medicine.

If this conclusion goes—and the logic seems unassailable—the faith healer is lifted from the status of the mere vulgar quack to that of the scientific inventor. The fact that his invention is applied to sordid and selfish ends is beside the mark. The labors of most inventors are cheered by the prospect of making a pile when they "get the thing to work." Their interest in their work is usually no less selfish than scientific, and properly so—else why should we pity Eli Whitney and admire Mr. Vanderbilt? Why, then, should we heave bricks at the faith-curist? Because he is making money out of his invention? No, that seems hardly just. He is only doing something that nobody else had the gumption to do—or the gall. Our animus is rather referable to that ancient source of strife, the *odium theologicum*, which makes certain sects of Calvinists object to seeing Arminian theologians in their pulpits, whether they preach Arminian doctrine therein or not. Another source of our dislike is our democratic hatred of trusts and monopolies, whether in applied psychology or sugar. And lastly, and greatest of all, and in comparison with which all others are trivial, and in speaking of which flippancy were unforgivable, are the rage and indignation that choke a man when the thing is carried too far—when some poor, misguided parent sacrifices the life of the helpless little child on the altar of the "healer's" gain! If there is anything in equity to justify a legal "age of consent," it will justify a thousand times an age limit below which the practice of faith healing shall be a felony punishable by death.

I am, sir,

HERMAN SPENCER.

I perceive there is something wrong somewhere in our social formulas: what it is can only be discovered by men or women with greater insight than mine—if, indeed, they ever discover it—at least, in our time. "For who knoweth what is good for man in this life?—and who can tell a man what shall be after him under the sun?"

Thomas Hardy.

We live by desire to live; we live by choice; by will, by thought, by virtue, by the vivacity of the laws which we obey, and obeying share their life—or we die by sloth, by disobedience, by losing hold of life, which ebbs out of us.—*Emerson.*

The human heart is the world of poetry: the imagination is only its atmosphere. Fairies, and genii, and angels themselves are at best its insects, glancing with unsubstantial wings about its lower regions and less noble edifices.—*Landor.*

Men are God's trees and women are God's flowers.—*Tennyson.*

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Finance

THE improvement in speculative sentiment, to which attention was called in this column last week, has grown. It has been reflected by advancing values, though not all stocks have risen uniformly. There was, indeed, an appreciable increase in activity, but the transactions in the half-dozen issues which were the "leaders" of the market probably equalled the total business done in the rest of the list. The market never broadens suddenly. The distribution of speculative activity widens gradually. After inertia in the speculative markets for weeks, the first step is not to convince observers of the wisdom of an aggressive position on one or the other side, but rather to prove the folly of pursuing, as in this instance, bear tactics. From showing that it is unwise to be a bear, the next step is obvious: it is wise to be a bull. Then comes the wisdom of having the courage of one's convictions, which means the change from the passive to the active, or to advance from merely thinking that stocks are too cheap, to buying them in order to sell them when they shall no longer be cheap. Wall Street, after becoming convinced that there was nothing on which to sell stocks, is studying whether to buy them at the moment or to wait for the favorable features of the situation to become more clearly defined. But from the very fact that public sentiment is leaning bullward, there has been the irrepressible effort, on the part of the professionals, to "discount" still stronger and more widespread convictions of the public in the future. This led to sharp advances in special stocks, which, owing to special reasons, were, so to speak, the ripest for an upward movement. At this writing the market, after a sharp advance, displays the hesitancy that always follows heavy profit-taking. That the "improvement" has culminated is altogether unlikely, and, barring unforeseen accidents of a disquieting or disastrous character, it would seem as though the bear position would be unwise for some time to come.

Primarily, the ease in money had the most to do with bringing about a more hopeful feeling. Two months ago he was considered reckless and ill-advised who ventured to prophesy that time money would be offered in abundance to the average borrower at less than 5 or even 6 per cent. The Lake Shore, with its splendid credit, could not borrow below what amounted to 5¼ per cent., or much more than bonds or stocks not one-half so gilt-edged as the pledged promise to pay of the Lake Shore road, netted to their holders. To-day, lenders are willing to put out their funds in quantity at 4¼ per cent. for six months. The Pennsylvania Railroad borrowed money on its notes at 4½ per cent. for six months. To be sure, foreign-exchange rates have again risen to within a fraction of the "gold-exporting point," but with easy money here, the operation contains nothing alarming, and if gold is actually shipped to Europe, authorities agree that the amount will not be great. In point of fact, the likelihood must be borne in mind that our exports of grain will "make" the necessary exchange to keep rates from rising to the level at which the gold-exporting operation can be profitably carried on. That we shall import gold from Europe later on is also among the possibilities. Moreover, in considering the course of our money-market in the future, Wall Street cannot fail to derive comfort from the prospects of the passage of the Aldrich currency bill. It concerns the present little, since the money-market is not in need of any relief. But some months hence, when the usual autumnal drain of cash for crop-moving purposes sets in, it will prevent the withdrawal of currency from circulation at the very time when it is most needed.

College Athletics and Character

PROFESSOR IRA N. HOLLIS, who discussed "Intercollegiate Athletics" some time ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has been for a good while a member of the athletic committee of Harvard College, and has necessarily devoted much attention to the conduct and effects of intercollegiate sports. He does not regard intercollegiate athletics in their present phase as an unmixed good, and he is very far from regarding them as an unmixed evil.

The basis for encouraging them he finds in the claims that they establish the physical vigor necessary to enable the mind to do its most effective work; that they stimulate out-door exercise all over the country; that they form an atmosphere of temperance and moderation in living, and thus restrain students from excesses; that they teach self-control and fairness; that they help to bring graduates and undergraduates of different universities into relations of friendship, and that they promote college loyalty. Discussing these claims he considers that the games which involve elaborate preparation and a tremendous strain on the system are of doubtful physical benefit. He thinks that the strain of some of the boat-races might well be modified by shortening the course, but he is ready, on the whole, to approve all forms of athletics which prevail in the colleges, except intercollegiate football. He has his doubts about football, which is, he says, in some respects superior to any other sport. Its hazards, its drudgery, its spectacular quality seem to him objectionable, and make him feel that the game is still on trial. Some of the roughness ought to be regulated out of it, he thinks, but considers that the game is improving.

As for the influence of the intercollegiate sports in stimulating the taste for out-door exercises, he thinks they do appeal to the imagination of small boys everywhere, and lead them away from mischief and into out-door games. But he is not sure whether the lively condition of college sport is the cause, or the effect, of a general craving for out-door life.

He finds that the moral influence of the athletes in colleges is good, that they set a fashion of clean living, and help to establish an atmosphere of democratic equality. He grants that athletics teach self-control; he censures organized cheering, and doubts if intercollegiate sports breed good-will between universities. "It is shocking," he says, "to hear what one university will say of another when there is a difference of opinion on some eligibility question."

How far intercollegiate sports have demonstrated their permanent value as part of a college education must be determined in the end by their effect upon character. That is Professor Hollis's conclusion, and most thoughtful people agree with him. "If they can be made to teach self-control and manliness to a large number of students without a sacrifice of the regular class-room work they are worth keeping and assisting." That is the gist of the whole matter. There is no result of training comparable in importance to character. You want your boy to start in his life's work with as good a body as he can develop, with a *mind* as well furnished as may be, but, above all, sound in heart, upright, stout to resist as well as strong to pursue.

IT is a matter of record that no part of any journal, here or abroad, is as widely quoted as the editorial "Comment" in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

The illustrated section follows the same lines—American progress, aggressiveness, optimism—why America leads and will lead as a nation and in individual effort. The issue of next week will have, among other features: The Election of New Cardinals, and the Possibility of American Representation; Proposed Underground Moving Sidewalk for New York; The New Plan for Cataloguing the Heavens, etc.

40 Pages **16 Pages of Editorial Comment, Double-Page Drawing in Color, and the usual Pictorial Record of Current Events.**

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Financial

The

Corn Exchange Bank

New York

WILLIAM A. NASH, President
THOMAS T. BARR, } Vice-Presidents
WALTER E. FREW, }
F. T. MARTIN, Cashier
WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check .	31,349,710.76
	$36,565,818.54

The Mechanics' National Bank

of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)

33 WALL STREET

OFFICERS

GRANVILLE W. GARTH, - - - - - PRESIDENT.
ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - - VICE-PRESIDENT.
ANDREW A. KNOWLES, - - - - - - CASHIER.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(*CONDENSED*)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

DIRECTORS

ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - - David Dows & Co.
LOWELL LINCOLN, - - - - - - - - - Catlin & Co.
HORACE E. GARTH, - - - - - - - - Ex-President.
HENRY HENTZ, - - - - - - - Henry Hentz & Co.
CHARLES M. PRATT, - - - - - - Standard Oil Co.
HENRY TALMADGE, - - - - Henry Talmadge & Co.
JOHN SINCLAIR, - - - - - - John Sinclair & Co.
WILLIAM B. BOULTON, - - Boulton, Bliss & Dallett.
EDGAR L. MARSTON, - - - - - - - Blair & Co.
GRANVILLE W. GARTH, - - - - - - - President.

Financial

Letters of Credit. Bills of exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made. International Cheques. Certificates of Deposit.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

HASKINS & SELLS
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS
NO. 30 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK
CABLE ADDRESS, "HASKELLS"
204 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL. WILLIAMSON BLDG., CLEVELAND, O. 30 COLEMAN ST., LONDON, E. C.
LINCOLN TRUST BLDG., ST. LOUIS, MO.

VENEZUELA

A Land Where It's Always Summer

By WILLIAM ELEROY CURTIS

With a Colored Map. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.25

Chatty and entertaining, and gives us an interesting picture of scenery, history, and life. An appendix contains the official correspondence between the United States and Great Britain. The book is well worth reading for the glimpse it gives into the ways of South American politicians.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, N. Y.

Official Legal Notice

THE CITY OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS, MAIN OFFICE, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN
NO. 280 BROADWAY, STEWART BUILDING

January 12, 1903.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE Greater New York Charter, that the books called "The Annual Record of the Assessed Valuation of Real and Personal Estate of the Boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond, comprising The City of New York," will be open for examination and correction on the second Monday of January, and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1903

During the time that the books are open to public inspection, application may be made by any person or corporation claiming to be aggrieved by the assessed valuation of real or personal estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan, at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 280 Broadway.

In the Borough of The Bronx, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building, One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh Street and Third Avenue.

In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.

In the Borough of Queens, at the office of the Department, Hackett Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City.

In the Borough of Richmond, at the office of the Department, Masonic Building, Stapleton.

Corporations in all the Boroughs must make applications only at the main office in the Borough of Manhattan.

Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of personal estate must be made by the person assessed at the office of the Department in the Borough where such person resides, and in the case of a non-resident carrying on business in The City of New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough where such place of business is located, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., except on Saturday, when all applications must be made between 10 A. M. and 12 noon.

JAMES L. WELLS, President,
WILLIAM S. COGSWELL,
GEORGE J. GILLESPIE,
SAMUEL STRASBOURGER,
RUFUS L. SCOTT,
Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.

MORTON TRUST COMPANY

38 NASSAU STREET

Capital - - - - - - $2,000,000
Surplus and Undivided Profits - - $5,815,982

OFFICERS

LEVI P. MORTON, President — **H. M. FRANCIS, Secretary**
THOMAS F. RYAN, Vice-President — **CHARLES A. CONANT, Treasurer**
JAMES K. CORBIÈRE, 2d Vice-Pres. — **H. B. BERRY, Trust Officer**
G. L. WILMERDING, Asst. Secretary

DIRECTORS

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Harper's February Books Include

Six Trees — By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN
Author of "Jerome, a Poor Man."
Etching-like stories of humble people in New England. Illustrated. $1.25.

The Mystery of Sleep — By JOHN BIGELOW
Author of "Life of Tilden," etc.
An inquiry into the mysteries of slumber, physical, psychological, and scientific. New, enlarged edition. $1.50.

In the Garden of Charity — By BASIL KING
Author of "Let Not Man Put Asunder."
A love story of the Nova Scotian coast. $1.50.

The Pride of Tellfair — By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE
Author of "The Darlingtons."
A story of Northern Illinois—of love, law, and politics. $1.50.

The New Boy at Dale — By CHARLES EDWARD RICH
Illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn
Juvenile. A story of the many adventures and varying fortunes of Giovanni Martin. $1.25 net, postage extra.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

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It is one thing to indulge in playful rest, and another to be devoted to the pursuit of pleasure; and gayety of heart during the reaction after hard labor, and quickened by satisfaction in the accomplished duty or perfected result, is altogether compatible with, nay, even in some sort arises naturally out of, a deep internal seriousness of disposition.—*Ruskin.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

INFANTS THRIVE on cow's milk that is not subject to any change of composition. BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK is always the same in all climates and at all seasons. As a general household milk it is superior and is always available.—[*Adv.*]

TIME, said Franklin, is the stuff of Life. Telephone service saves time. *Verb. sap.* Rates for Residence Service in Manhattan from $48 a year. N. Y. Telephone Co, 15 Dey St., 111 West 38th St., 215 West 125th St.—[*Adv.*]

ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters, has the call wherever an effective tonic for a run-down system is needed; builds up flesh and nerve tissue. Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

BEAR in mind that the Champagne you want is COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY. Made in America; better than foreign makes.—[*Adv.*]

FOR coughs and colds PISO'S CURE is still the best and most pleasant remedy. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

THE GIBRALTAR OF THE INSURANCE WORLD.

THE company which has "The Strength of Gibraltar" has given one more proof, if proof were needed, that the assumption of the phrase was well warranted in the Annual Statement now before us.

During 1902 The Prudential *has* added over one hundred and eight million dollars to the amount of paid for insurance it had in force; it has added to its assets nearly twelve million dollars, to its income nearly five million dollars, and to its surplus funds more than two million five hundred thousand dollars.

It has now in force over eight hundred million dollars of life insurance, divided among nearly five million policies, representing, roughly speaking, about one million families.

This is really a magnificent showing for a company that has only a record of twenty seven years to look back upon; *certainly* nothing like it has ever before occurred in the history of American life insurance. In these days of keen competition, success can only be the result of enterprise, coupled with upright business management; and one does not need to go further than this cause to account for The Prudential's great success.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors are used to sell such soaps as no one would touch if he saw them undisguised. Beware of a soap that depends on something outside of it.

Pears', the finest soap in the world, is scented or not, as you wish; and the money is in the merchandise, not in the box.

Established over 100 years.

GIANT STRIDES

THE SALES OF

MOËT & CHANDON CHAMPAGNE

IN THE YEAR 1902 WERE

3,733,744

BOTTLES, A FIGURE NEVER REACHED BY ANY OTHER CHAMPAGNE HOUSE.

THE INCREASE IN THE UNITED STATES FOR 1902 OVER 1901 WAS

367,116

BOTTLES, A RECORD NEVER BEFORE ATTAINED IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHAMPAGNE TRADE IN THIS COUNTRY, MARKING AN ADVANCE EQUAL TO

564 PER CENT

GREATER THAN THE COMBINED INCREASE OF ALL THE OTHER CHAMPAGNE HOUSES."

Extract, Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, January 16, 1903.



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THESE NOTEWORTHY STATISTICS SHOW A FITTING TRIBUTE ENDORSING THE

QUALITY OF MOËT & CHANDON "WHITE SEAL"

THE CHAMPAGNE OF THE DAY

Geo. A. Kessler & Co., NEW YORK

COLONIAL GLASSWARE



For the Table and Sideboard

3 & 5 W. 19th Street near 5th Avenue New York

C. DORFLINGER & SONS

Kitchen Utensils HAVING THIS TRADE MARK



ARE SAFE.

NO POISON Has Ever Been Found in the Enamel of Agate Nickel-Steel Ware.

The BLUE LABEL, Protected by Decision of United States Court, pasted on every piece, PROVES IT. If substitutes are offered, write us. New Booklet Free.

Agate Nickel-Steel Ware is sold by the leading Department and Housefurnishing Stores.

Lalance & Grosjean Mfg. Co., New York, Boston, Chicago.

"My salary is $2,500 per year. What would become of my family should I die suddenly?" Free Booklet. No importunity.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MORPHINE and LIQUOR HABITS CURED. Thousands, having failed elsewhere, have been cured by us. Write The Dr. J. L. Stephens Co., Dept. 57, Lebanon, Ohio



Pride of the West

Beautiful Muslin for Wedding Trousseaux—"as fine as linen, as soft as silk."

For sale by all leading jobbers and retailers.

Samples of this muslin mailed free on application.

TREAT & CONVERSE, Manfrs.' Agents for this Muslin, 79 and 81 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK.

ROYAL L. LEGRAND

THE LATEST SUCCESS OF THE ORIZA-PERFUMERY (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

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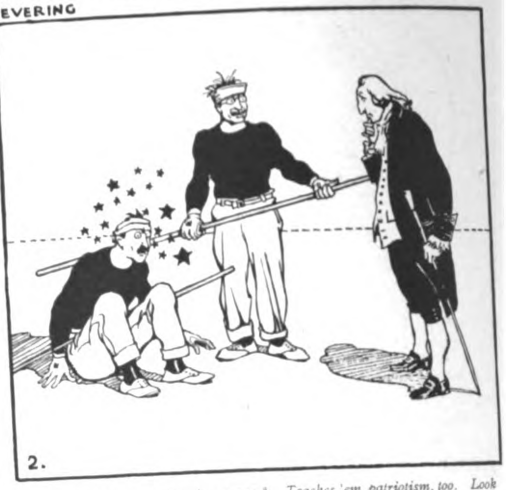
A SURPRISED PARTY

George Washington upon his birthday visits the President and discovers Great Progress

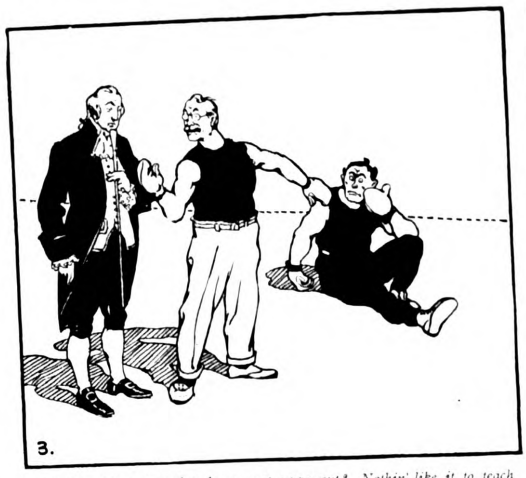
BY ALBERT LEVERING



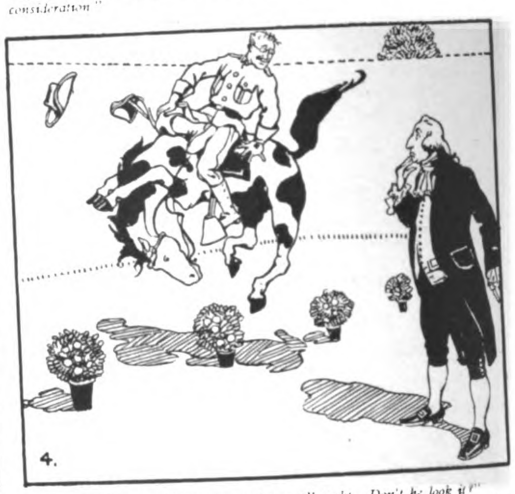
Teddy. "*Hello, Wash! Come right in.*"
George. "*But, young man—I—*"
Teddy. "*Tut! tut! No reserve now. I'm it—the President.*"



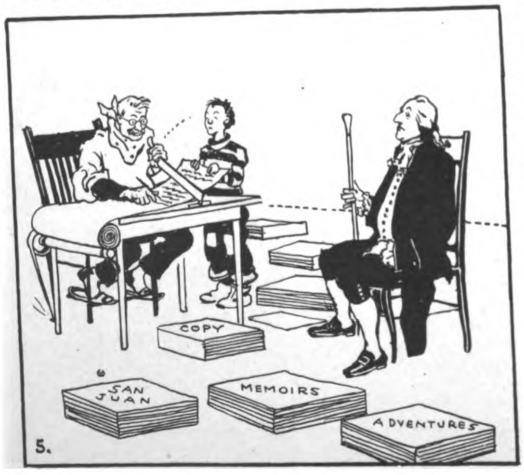
Teddy. "*How was that for a rap? Teaches 'em patriotism, too. Look at those stars! Oh, he sees 'em all.*"
George. "*Well—ahem!—I should have given the matter long and careful consideration.*"



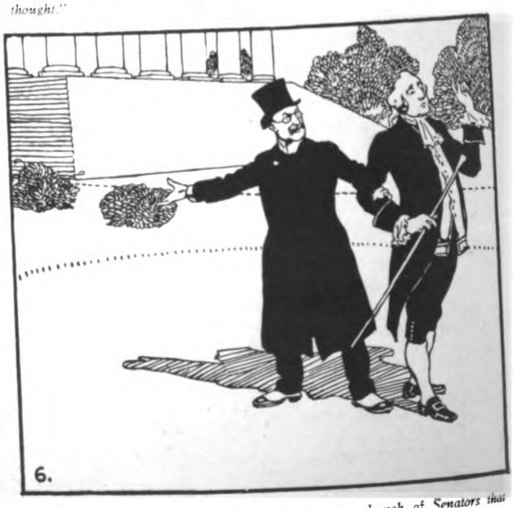
Teddy. "*How was that for a neat upper-cut? Nothin' like it to teach one to cut an appropriation—eh?*"
George. "*Still, I should have waited—*"



Teddy. "*Yessir; this is a war-horse, all right. Don't he look it?*"
George. "*Occurs to me there is an extremeness of action before due thought.*"



Teddy. "*Stories of my life,—yep. People like 'em much more 'n the musty government documents.*"
George (mildly). "*Why, Theodore, I helped write the Constitution.*"



Teddy. "*Come on, now, and I'll show you a bunch of Senators that would make Rome howl. No? Well, ta-ta; must rush. Senatorial tug-of-war scheduled 3 30.*

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The Equitable

Life Assurance Society

Of the United States.



HENRY B. HYDE, FOUNDER.

Forty-third Annual Statement, for the Year Ending December 31, 1902.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages	$70,006,274.15
Real Estate in New York, including the Equitable Building	21,754,047.44
United States, State, City and Railroad Bonds and other investments (market value over cost, $18,073,362.00)	186,363,110 00
Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks (market value, $21,892,814.00)	17,621,000 00
Policy Loans	14,108,674.51
Real Estate outside of New York, including 12 office buildings	15,439,521.31
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	25,852,441.30
Balance due from agents	978,252.97
Interest and Rents. (Due $225,308.07. Accrued $142,192.97)	367,501.04
Premiums due and in process of collection	4,527,992.00
Deferred Premiums	2,376,723.00
Total Assets	**$359,395,537.72**

INCOME.

Premium Receipts	$53,932,423.44
Interest, Rents, etc.	15,074,588.81
Income	**$69,007,012.25**

DISBURSEMENTS.

Death Claims	$15,281,961.73
Endowments and deferred dividend policies	6,537,545.99
Annuities	768,095.09
Surrender Values	2,125,723.83
Dividends to Policyholders	4,477,924.15
Paid Policyholders	**$29,191,250.79**
Commissions, advertising, postage and exchange	6,814,540.09
All other disbursements	5,898,104.57
Sinking Fund. Reduction of book values of Bonds purchased at a premium	344,206.00
Disbursements	**$42,248,101.45**

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement.

FRANCIS W. JACKSON, *Auditor* H. R. COURSEN, *Assistant Auditor* A. W. MAINE, *Associate Auditor*.

LIABILITIES.

Assurance Fund (or Reserve)	$279,450,753.00
All other Liabilities	4,817,287.95
Total Liabilities	**$284,268,040.95**
Surplus	**$75,127,496.77**

ASSURANCE.

INSTALMENT POLICIES STATED AT THEIR COMMUTED VALUES.

Outstanding Assurance	**$1,292,446,595.00**
New Assurance	**$281,249,944.00**

We hereby certify to the correctness of the above statement. The Reserve as per the independent valuation of the N. Y. Insurance Department, is $277,847,000. For Superintendent's certificate see Detailed Statement.

J. G. VAN CISE, *Actuary* R. G HANN, *Assistant Actuary*.

We have examined the accounts and Assets of the Society, and certify to the correctness of the foregoing statement.

WM. A. WHEELOCK, V. P. SNYDER, C. LEDYARD BLAIR, C. B. ALEXANDER, GEO. H SQUIRE, *Special Committee of the Board of Directors.*

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M. MURRAY, *Cashier.* EDWARD W. LAMBERT, M. D., and EDWARD CURTIS, M. D., *Medical Directors.*

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CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,	A. J. CASSATT,	WM. A. TOWER,	JAMES J. HILL,	ALFRED G. VANDERBILT,
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H. C. DEMING,	J. J. ASTOR,	GEO. J. GOULD,	HENRY C. FRICK,	AUGUST BELMONT,
CORNELIUS N. BLISS,	GAGE E. TARBELL,	GEO. T. WILSON,	WM. ALEXANDER,	SIR WM. C. VAN HORNE,
GEO. H. SQUIRE,	MARVIN HUGHITT,	T. DEWITT CUYLER,	JOHN J. McCOOK,	THOMAS T. ECKERT,
THOMAS D. JORDAN,	WM. H. McINTYRE,	E. W. LAMBERT,	H. C. HAARSTICK,	C. LEDYARD BLAIR,
C. B. ALEXANDER,	M. HARTLEY DODGE,	H. M. ALEXANDER,	DAVID H. MOFFAT,	WM. H. BALDWIN, JR.,
V. P. SNYDER,	BRAYTON IVES,	J. F. DE NAVARRO,	SIDNEY D. RIPLEY,	JAMES B. FORGAN
SAMUEL M. INMAN.	BRADISH JOHNSON.	M. E. INGALLS.	JOHN SLOANE.	JOSEPH T. LOW

N. B.—FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS SEE DETAILED STATEMENT.

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Your Family

Are they provided for?
Life Insurance in

The Prudential

is the greatest of mediums
for home protection.

Write for information. Dept. T.

The Prudential Insurance Company
OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN
President

Home Office
NEWARK, N. J.





BREAD MACHINE
FOR HOUSEHOLD USE
Sifts the flour and mixes 10 lbs. of best bread in 3 minutes. Sold subject to trial and approval. *Send for Booklet.* Agents wanted.
Scientific Bread Mach. Co.
(CYRUS CHAMBERS, JR.)
52nd and Media Sts., Philadelphia

One taste convinces
KORN-KRISP
Best of all modern foods

Fancy Apples

from the famous Lake Shore section of Western New York.

Kings, Baldwins, Greenings, Northern Spys, Russets, Spitzenburgs, Seek-no-furthers, Etc.

Each one selected, wrapped with great care, singly in paper and perfectly packed in boxes. In single varieties or assorted.

Delivered at your door, all charges paid, for $3.00 per box containing 100 to 125 apples according to size and variety, cash with order. Also

Fancy Evaporated Apples

prepared and packed by us, suitable for sauces, pies, etc. Will keep indefinitely. Directions inside. 25-lb. box, $3.50; 50-lb. box, $6.00.

Money refunded if not as we state. We are the largest individual shippers of apples in the United States. Our cold storage capacity is 200,000 carrels.

E. M. Upton & Co. Hilton, N.Y.

ASTHMA Cured to stay CURED. Health restored. Book 24A, FREE. DR. HAYES, Buffalo, N.Y.

George Washington as a Father

See illustration on front page

SEVERAL writers have announced that Providence denied children to George Washington in order that he might become the father of his country. This divination of the counsels of Heaven is original with so many that it may be esteemed the general judgment. Yet neither the General nor Mrs. Washington expected their marriage to be childless; for the hopes of a lady who loves her lord may be plainly read between the lines of a letter, dated June 1, 1760, from the mistress of Mount Vernon to her sister Anna, Mrs. Burwell Bassett:

"I think myself in a better state of health than I have been for a long time. I don't doubt I shall present you a fine healthy girl again when I come down in the fall, which is as soon as Mr. Washington's business will suffer him to leave here."

Washington had known little of family life when, in 1759, he began his home at Mount Vernon. Away, at school, from home he did not see the death-bed of his father. He had mingled little with his younger brothers and sisters because he was absent at school, for most of the year. His latter youth had been occupied with distant surveys; and with his early manhood had come public missions in the wilderness. Then on the sea and in the West Indies with Lawrence Washington, his sick half-brother; at Fort Duquesne; and on the Ohio with Gist and Croghan:—all his life had been away from home. Even the home which he had seen at Mount Vernon had been a house of sorrow. There three of the children of Lawrence Washington had died. Lawrence himself was a constant invalid, and when he died the only daughter he left behind soon followed him to the grave; and then, apparently weary of such scenes, his widow married again and went to live elsewhere.

Five years afterwards, the fruit trees were in bud and the fields were green, and George Washington brought his wife and children to make Mount Vernon a happy home. Almost as soon as they arrived, May covered the hills with flowers.

His affection for the children was a father's true love. His "agony of prayer" beside the dying bed of "Patsy Custis," though unanswered, turned him for a while to religion. He kept his sagacity busy wherever the interests of John Parke were concerned, and his conduct in the upbringing of that somewhat wayward youth developed a lessening of rein and a softness of disposition that were never shown elsewhere than at home. John Parke was led with a tender hand through youth to marriage, and beyond, and had firm support on the path of honor and the ascent towards fame. Tutors attended him at home until he was over fifteen years of age, and then Rev. Mr. Boucher instructed, if not trained, him at his boarding-school in Annapolis. When home for the holidays Washington gave him abundant sport in fox-hunting, and the other manly athletics of the day; but insisted that when at school he should study with something like thoroughness. Instead of this, John Parke's "only books were woman's looks." The first news Washington had of him was that the youth, not then nineteen years of age, had courted, won, and was engaged to be married to the belle of Annapolis—the first-risen star of the splendid Maryland galaxy that yet lights the balls of the Naval Academy. He had won the heart and hand of Miss Nellie Calvert, the second daughter of Mr. Benedict Calvert, a descendant of Lord Baltimore.

It was a trying situation. A lad with the finest prospects of any boy in America might be ruined by a misstep. It is said in Alexandria that in his early manhood Washington never saw a colt that he was not able to control. Now he needed all his horse sense to break in and guide the boy he loved best of all the sons of men. He distrusted his own capacity in affairs of literature and scholarship, but he knew his boy and he knew that his stepson would need for a prosperous career all the sturdy strength that training gives; that he was not yet trained, and was disposed to resent training.

Washington never failed to ask ad-

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when in doubt, and he asked the opinion of John Parke's teacher, Dr. Boucher. Dr. Boucher seems to have advised that the ocean be placed between the lovers, and that he be allowed to carry the young gentleman to Europe on a tour of education. The teacher believed that absence conquers love; but Washington saw in this plan a proposal to break the engagement; and for this nonage was not a valid plea in his code of honor. So he dismissed Mr. Boucher's plan with a curt reminder that John Parke was "by no means ripe for a tour of travel." He knew that, sometimes, a good method of training a colt is to drive him with a mate, and he wrote to the young lady's father.

He informed Mr. Calvert that the match would be acceptable to the family of Mr. Custis, who were pleased with the choice, but that the youth, inexperience, and unripe education of the young man were insuperable objections to the immediate completion of the marriage. He suggested, too, that if love cooled it had better do so before marriage than afterwards. That Mr. Custis must keep his tryst with his *fiancée* as a man of honor, and to help him to school a wandering fancy he would be kept at his books, and "so avoid the little flirtations that might divide his attention and so tend to lessen his first love." This course pleased Mr. Calvert. Washington, anticipating that if the lovers were neighbors, the magnetism of the lady would draw his stepson from his books, carried John Parke to New York, and placed him at King's College under charge of Rev. Dr. Cooper. The wireless telegraph of love's young dream kept New York and Annapolis in connection, and within a year Washington, whose wife yearned for a son's wife's sympathy in her mourning for her dead "Patsy," gave his consent to the marriage, and John Parke, nineteen years old, wedded Miss Eleanor Calvert, of Mount Airy.

The young couple went to housekeeping at Abingdon, beside the Potomac, a few miles below the land that is now the city of Washington. Visits between Abingdon and Mount Vernon were frequent, and it was said in the neighborhood that if any horse of the stables were started from Abingdon, and left to his own free will, it would be found in due time at the entrance to Mount Vernon. At Abingdon three children were born to Mr. and Mrs. John Parke Custis—Elizabeth (who married Mr. Law), in 1776, and Martha (who married Mr. Peter), in 1777, and Eleanor (who became an inmate of Washington's family), in 1779. Meanwhile John Parke, aided by the influence of his grandfather and the attractive freshness of young manhood, had been elected to the House of Burgesses of Virginia. As the Revolutionary War was advancing, he sent his wife and children to the home of her father at Mount Airy, and followed Washington to fight for independence. At Mount Airy, on the 30th of August, 1781, his first and only son was born and named for George Washington. On the march from the head of Elk towards Yorktown, John Parke had just time to stop and embrace his son. Then he tore himself away and hurried forward on a road he was fated never to retrace. The joyous news soon came to Mount Vernon and Mount Airy that Lord Cornwallis had surrendered to General Washington. Joy was soon dimmed, for the sad tidings came that John Parke was sick unto death in his aunt's house at Eltham. His wife hurried from Mount Airy and his mother from Mount Vernon, and met Washington, bowed with grief, beside the dying bed of the young soldier. Shadows clouded for the Washington family the glory of Yorktown.

As the breath left the body of the dying father, Washington threw his left arm around his wife and gave his right hand to the newly made widow, and said, amid sobs and tears, "From this moment I take the two youngest children for my own." So with the loss of his only son, he became the father of a son and daughter. At that time Nellie was about three years old, and the baby, George Washington, about three months. The two children soon came to Mount Vernon, where George Washington the younger was nursed by Mrs. Anderson, wife of the confidential steward.

The widowed Mrs. Custis resumed her residence at Abingdon, and when the period of her mourning was over she married, in the fall of 1783, Dr. David Stuart. So when



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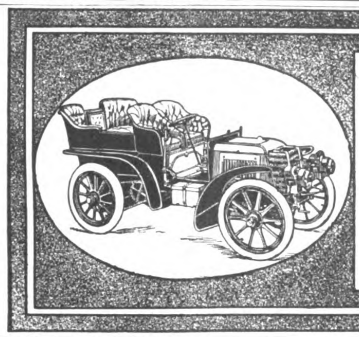
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Washington came back to his home after he had surrendered his commission he found the mourning widow he had left in her weeds a happy bride. She had married a gentleman for whom Washington had high esteem, and to whom he gave no small advancement in the public service.

The renewed family at Mount Vernon had now, like the old one, several years of home-joys and quiet before its father was called away again into the busy world. The Christmas eve of 1783, when Washington arrived home after independence had been won, opened a season of calm delight for the father and mother and a halcyon time for the children. "I am solacing myself," wrote Washington to Lafayette. For a while at least he had few cares. These related to the amendment of his fortune, injured by his absence, and the improvement of the fortunes of his neighbors by promoting better navigation of the Potomac River which rolled by the base of his hills. He was in the prime of life, about fifty years of age, and his wife a few months younger; for he had been born in the February and she in the May of the same year. Little Nellie was about five years old; the baby, George Washington, having finished the first task of childhood, the cutting of his teeth, was toddling around with the prattle through which Nature introduces men to sober speech.

Soon came George A. Washington, the nephew of the General, to be his secretary and majordomo. Miss Frances Bassett, Mrs Washington's niece, was for months at a time an inmate of the Mount Vernon home. These young people were, of course, thrown continually into each other's society, and while they entertained the children, the children amused them. It will never be known how much courtship they mingled in the innocent pastimes they got up for Nellie and George; but it was not long before the little ones, as well as the elders, saw a wedding at Mount Vernon, and on the 15th of October, 1785, the General's nephew and his wife's niece were made man and wife by Rev. Spence Grayson. Washington gave the bride away, and could scarcely fail to have been impressed with the lesson that if absence conquers love, presence carries love on to marriage. Within fifteen years he put the lesson in practice to bring about another marriage dear to his heart.

The honeymoon of the new couple was a time of jubilee in the Old Virginia style. During the festivities the bridal party came twice to the Alexandria races, and dined on the first occasion with Colonel Dennie Ramsay, and on the next at the house of Mr. William Herbert. Both the dwellings still stand.

In those days Mount Vernon was always filled with company, and General Washington's expenses exceeded his income. On the 30th of June, 1785, he writes in his Journal "Din'd with Mrs. Washington only, which I believe is the first instance of it since my retirement from public life." Not long afterwards he writes, "Never till now have I experienced the want of money." He borrowed five hundred pounds, Virginia currency—about $2600—from Captain Conway, a merchant and shipmaster of Alexandria, and financial stringency ceased at Mount Vernon.

Meanwhile the life of Miss Nellie became especially pleasant. Both the General and Mrs. Washington vied in parental fondness for her. Young people came to Mount Vernon from all the country families round about. Between Mount Vernon and Abingdon, the residence of Mrs. Dr. Stuart, the mother of Nellie and George, there were almost daily visits. The twelve miles between the two seats were easily gotten over in carriages, and oftentimes, as both seats were on the riverside, General Washington's barge, rowed by stalwart colored men, made speedy connection over the bright waters of the Potomac River, and when the children were on board the dark crew wore white feathers in their hats. Midway to Alexandria, with its ships, and General Washington could tell them how he had seen it rise on the lines he had laid out with compass and chain in his boyhood.

So passed pleasant years, and then Mount Vernon was again abandoned for a period as long as that of the Revolutionary War. Washington became the head of the American state created by the Constitution he had

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helped to form. The new Washington home was located first on Cherry and Pearl, and then on Rector Street, in New York, and then at the Morris "hired house" in Philadelphia. There, amid the decorous etiquette required by official position, Washington was as fatherly and kind to his children as he had been at Mount Vernon, to which all hoped soon to return. Mrs. Washington's Drawing Rooms and her Friday nights gave them an outlook on the world of fashion and politics from a place of ease.

Washington was not less careful in his supervision of young George Washington Custis, who was at school in Annapolis, than he was in that of his daughter. The General evidently had the untimely wooing of John Parke in mind, and feared that the Maryland belles might carry him off. He wrote to Mr. Boucher, the teacher, that he wished him to "prevent, as much as it can be done without too rigid a restraint, a devotion of his time to visitations of the families in Annapolis, which, when carried to excess or beyond a certain point, cannot fail to take his mind from study, and turn his thoughts to very different objects. Above all, let me request, if you should perceive any appearance of his attaching himself, by visits or otherwise, to any young lady of that place, that you would admonish him against the measure on account of his youth and incapability of appreciating all the requisites in a connection which in the common course of things can terminate with the death of one of the parties only; and if it is done without effect, to advise me thereof."

On the 22d of February, 1799, Washington's sixty-seventh birthday, Lawrence Lewis and Nellie Custis were married. He gave the bride away, and endowed the young couple generously from his lands.

George Washington Custis tried his patience to the utmost. Skilled in music, painting, literature, nothing came amiss to him; but he loved ease more than all the arts and sciences. "I can govern men, but I cannot govern boys," said Washington; but he loved George to the end.

The life of George Washington Parke Custis during the fifty years he lived after Washington's death was devoted to his memory. The townspeople of Alexandria, to whom he paid visits on every recurrence of the 22d of February, often saw tears on the cheek of the venerable man when the name of George Washington was mentioned. These silent tears were the son's tribute to Washington as a father.

An Experiment in Drama

See page 295

NEW YORK theatre-goers are having another opportunity of seeing an Elizabethan drama presented as nearly as possible as it used to be in Shakespeare's time. About eight years ago a similar experiment was made in the same theatre — Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse, then under a different name — and a little later the same play, Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman," was given with the furnishings of the old stage in Sander's Theatre, Cambridge. In London, several productions of old dramas under similar conditions have been given by the Elizabethan Stage Society. So any value from a dramatic point of view that could come from the new attempt to restore the surroundings of the old stage was to have improved upon what had already been seen in this line. This to some extent has been done. There has been for a long time a difference of opinion among those who know the time of the Elizabethans as to the exact details of a dramatic presentation at that period. Mr. Lea Short, who is directing the performances at Mrs. Osborn's Playhouse, accepts the usually recognized plan of having an audience of supers representing the "masters and 'prentices" in the pit, and puts the usual number of stage gentlewomen in the scenery boxes. He has added a doddering old man to change the placards on the stage after each scene, although it is extremely questionable whether such placards were used at all as late as Shakespeare's time. The real step forward is in the accuracy of the setting, which is based upon the old printed reproduction of the Swan Theatre.

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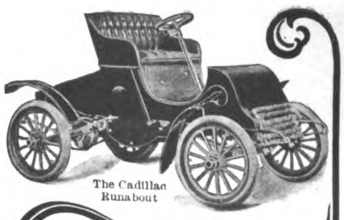
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Dear Sir,—Please send me prospectus of Oregon Chief Gold Mining Co., and enter me an option on ..... shares at 25 cents each for 30 days until I have time to investigate your proposition fully. I assume no obligation to take the stock.

Signed.....

Street No.....

City..... State.....

F. W. WHITE,

608 H Williamson Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Eastern Correspondent, Lack & Schmitz, Incorporated.
Authorized Fiscal Agents, The Oregon Chief Gold Mining Company, Baker City, Oregon

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I Propose to More than Double My Fee

My system is built around Alois P. Swoboda. It depends upon me and my intimate knowledge of human ailments and their treatment. There is a limit to my personal effort. I cannot give individual attention to more than a limited number of pupils.

I must either restrict the number of my pupils or neglect some of them.

I will not neglect a pupil - I certainly have no intention of reducing my income; hence the increase.

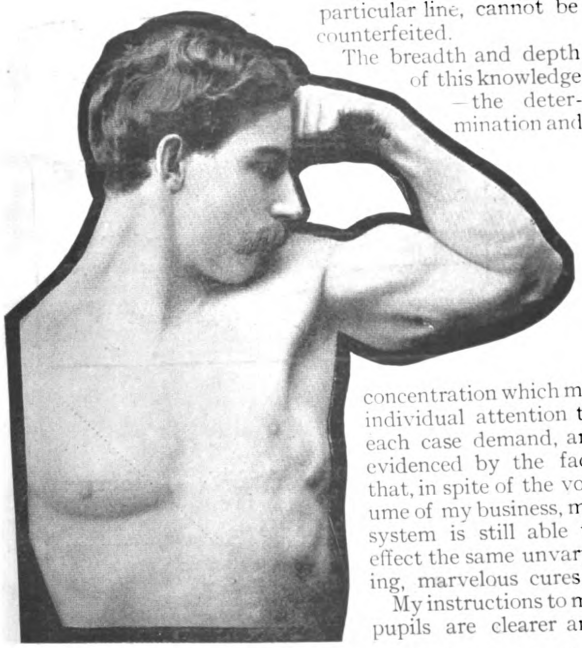
My system has always been worth more than twice the amount I have charged and many times as much as any other system.

Out of a spirit of fairness to those to whom I have already stated my fee, I make this public announcement, so that they may either enroll themselves at once, or have no complaint at the future increase.

I cannot regard great, swelling muscles, or the ability to snap chains and lift horses, or even a knowledge of the Marquis of Queensbury Rules, as qualifying a man to keep in repair the most delicate of all organisms, the human system.

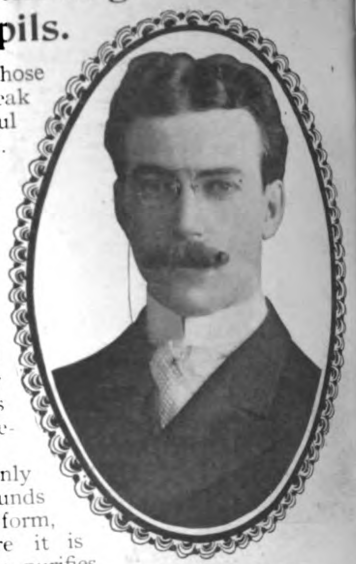
I am glad when a thinker begins to investigate the various systems for attaining physical excellence, for when a thinking man investigates, MY system is invariably selected. There is no other like it.

It is obviously impossible to imitate my instruction, not only because it differs according to the needs of each individual case, but also because my experience in the successful treatment of many thousands of different cases, my years of investigation and study along this particular line, cannot be counterfeited.



The breadth and depth of this knowledge—the determination and concentration which my individual attention to each case demand, are evidenced by the fact that, in spite of the volume of my business, my system is still able to effect the same unvarying, marvelous cures.

My instructions to my pupils are clearer and more effective than those of others, because I speak from years of successful experience. I KNOW. There is no guesswork.



Scientific physiological exercise is NOT a fad. Fads do not cure hopeless cases of constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, neurasthenia, insomnia, and rheumatism, liver trouble, and nervous diseases of every description, etc.

My system not only does this, but it rounds out the ungraceful form, puts muscle where it is needed, cures obesity, purifies the blood, and, in fact, fits man, woman, or child to nature's perfect mould.

It is right living in condensed form. By it the evil effects of wrong living are neutralized and a splendid condition of robust mental and physical health assured.

This is done without distasteful dieting and without discomfort of any nature. It makes men strong, alert, and graceful. It gives women beauty of figure and grace of carriage, with a clear skin, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks.

My system is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires no apparatus whatever and but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart.

There is no wasted effort, no wasted time, the instruction is entirely individual and will fit the exact requirements of YOUR CASE. I don't ask you to take my word for this; judge me by my works—they speak louder than words. Below is the unsolicited testimony of a man who knows through personal experience what the Swoboda system will do. This man is one of thousands. He has no earthly interest in me or my system beyond what it has done for him.

Here is a Letter Received from the Cashier of the German National Bank of Marietta, Ohio. It Tells an Interesting Story because it's True

Alois P. Swoboda, Chicago, Ill. Marietta, Ohio, Feb. 21, 1902.

Dear Sir—It gives me pleasure to be able to testify to the benefits I have derived from your system of physiological exercise.

Last winter I suffered all the time with neuralgia in back of head and neck. I began this winter with same trouble. After four weeks under your system, I was entirely free from neuralgia pains and have not had a return of them. I have not felt so well or enjoyed such good spirits in years as I have in the past few months, and I give your system the entire credit. It is great. Yours very truly,

(Signed) S. L. ANGLE.

If you want the names and addresses of others for personal investigation, I will gladly furnish them.

I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, upon application. This information, which I furnish free, is very interesting and cannot be secured elsewhere at any price. Write at once.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 596 Unity, CHICAGO, ILL.

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STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY
FEBRUARY 28
1903

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

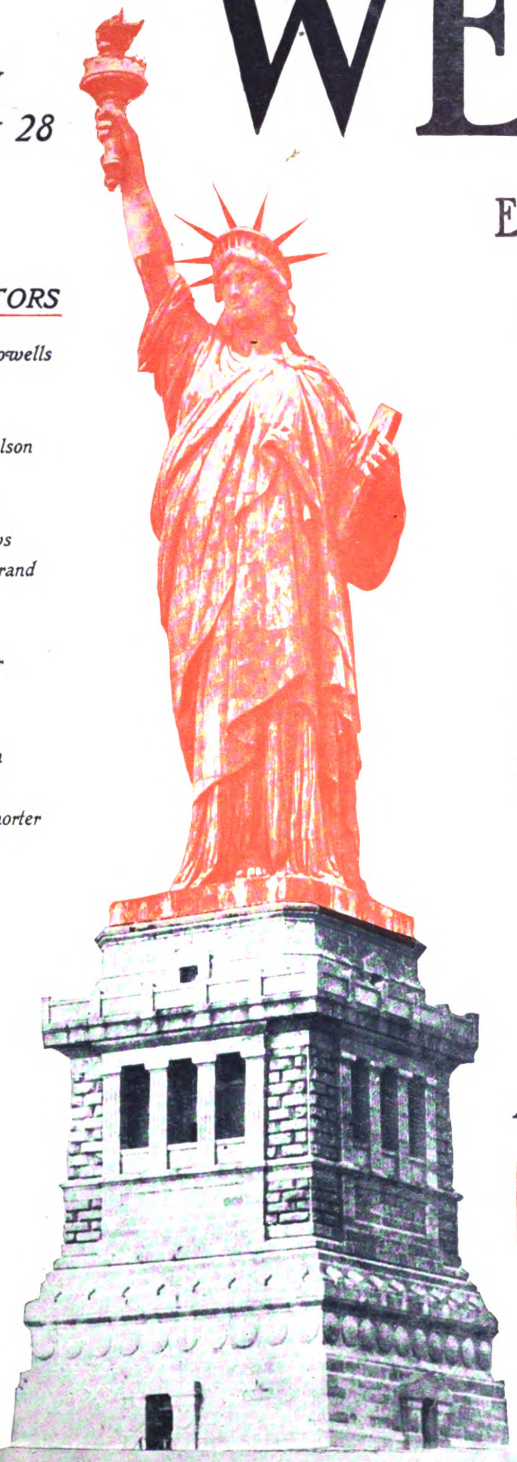
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40
PAGES

TEN
CENTS
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FOUR
DOLLARS
A YEAR



The Election of New Cardinals

Underground Moving Sidewalks in New York

The Marine Band at the White House. Double-page Drawing in Color

Sven Hedin's Explorations

Cataloguing the Heavens

AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

FINLEY PETER DUNNE

Sixteen Pages of Comment on Politics, Literature, and Life

HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

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Go Where Comfort Is

You can't be comfortable at home, and it is useless to try.

To be comfortable you must go where comfort is—California.

In California—even in midwinter—wraps and overcoats are unnecessary. The sun shines bright and clear, and there is just enough "snap" in the air to make it invigorating; just enough warmth to tempt you to spend all day and every day out-of-doors.

In California—even in midwinter—you can hunt, bathe, and play golf. You can catch the biggest fish ever snared by hook and line. You can pick flowers, climb mountains, go a-picnicking, or stroll through the prettiest valleys in America; palms and orange groves all about you and the bluest of blue skies above you.

The way to go to California is via the

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Newest, handsomest, and most luxuriously equipped of trans-continental trains.

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Tickets and full information at all railroad ticket offices in the United States and Canada. Beautifully illustrated literature descriptive of California sent on receipt of six cents in stamps.

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Rock Island System

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STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXVIII.—FINLEY PETER DUNNE, *AET. 35*

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Monsignor Gaetano Bisleti



Monsignor Diomede Panici



Monsignor Nocella

The Election of New Cardinals

THE belief that new members of the Sacred College of Cardinals will be proclaimed at the consistory to be held in Rome on March 3 rests upon the fact that there are twelve vacant titles, and that a new Pope may have to be chosen at any time. In regular lines of promotion to the college are four classes of prelates: Archbishops or bishops of Italian sees, archbishops of sees outside of Italy, diplomats in nunciatures of the first rank, and members of the Curia not already in the college. There are four Italian archbishops who are not now cardinals. They are Mistrangelo of Florence, who may be named; Velluti-Zati of Pisa, who may be if Florence is not; Conforti of Ravenna, who might be advanced had he not succeeded to his see only last June; and Pulciano of Genoa, who stands little chance, because Genoese Catholics are of the liberal kind not much in favor at Rome. Of archbishops outside of Italy it may safely be said that no Frenchman will be honored, because of the French educational difficulties, and no German, unless it be Pritzen of Strasburg, named to spite the French government because of its hostility to the associations. Archbishop Walsh of Dublin may be named, for the Irish metropolis has generally had a cardinal archbishop. Four other possibilities are the archbishops of Grenada, Madrid, and Valencia, Spain, and of Warsaw, Poland, but the Emperor of Austria would be likely to veto a nomination of the last named, he being the only remaining sovereign possessing the power to veto cardinal nominations and papal elections. If an American cardinal be decided on, it might be Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, but many think it more likely to be Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, because of his success at The Hague in the Pious Fund case.

There are four nuncios of the first rank who may be promoted, but unless the pontiff is more liberal with jubilee honors than he is expected to be, only Monsignor Rinaldini at Madrid will be advanced. He has had a brilliant diplomatic career, and having now taken part in accession ceremonies of King Alfonso, precedent would indicate his recall to Rome, where he will make an ideal Secretary of State to some future Pope. The other three are Monsignor Taliani at Vienna, who has not served there long as yet, and for whose recall nobody can think of a reason; Monsignor Aiuti at Lisbon, but there is no likelihood of Portugal being honored at this time; and Monsignor Lorenzelli at Paris, who cannot succeed unless he fails outright and has to be recalled.

It is from the Curia that the college will be recruited at this time. Members of that body of administration who for various reasons stand nearest the honor are Monsignors Azevedo, Bisleti, Cavicchioni, Gasparri, Marzolini, Merry del Val, Nocella, Panici, the elder of the brothers, Pericola, Savelli-Spinola, and Vecia. Monsignor Azevedo is a Spaniard by birth, but he is majordomo of his Holiness—that is, head of the administration of the Vatican palace. He has spent many years there, but most of them as *Maestra di Gamera*—that is, steward, with office on the first landing of the pontifical stairway leading from the bronze door to the Court of St. Damasus, where he has been sought out by Americans craving an audience of the Pope. While in this office he wore the insignia of an order presented to him by Emperor William of Germany upon the occasion of the latter's visit to Rome. Monsignor Bisleti is the present steward, to whom Americans must apply for audiences. He comes of a noble family of Perugia, and was known as a boy by Leo when the latter was archbishop of that see. One or both men may be named, possibly both, and their appointments will be in a sense personal, because of long service and close friendship with the Supreme Pontiff. Monsignor Merry del Val, the present head of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, might have come to Washington in place of Falconio had he not been Spanish. Cardinal Satolli left the head of the academy to come to Washington before he won the red hat, and Merry del Val may be required to do the same. If so, he can wait, for he is young. Monsignor Nocella is a fine Latin scholar, and served many of his threescore and fifteen years as Latin Secretary to Pius IX. and Leo XIII. Monsignor Pericola is just now a man of large influence in the Curia. He is in charge of the finances of the Holy Roman Church, succeeding in that position Monsignor Sanminiatelli, who was raised to the cardinalate; and while Cardinal Oreglia would be the nominal Pope, between Leo and his successor, Pericola, as auditor of the *Camera Apostolica*, would be the real one.



Monsignor Rinaldini



Monsignor De Azevedo



Monsignor Merry del Val

UNDERGROUND MOVING SIDEWALKS IN NEW YORK

The first one planned, of which the accompanying drawings are a model, is to run from Williamsburg to Brooklyn Bridge, a distance of about one mile. The reader is referred to an article on page 1071

An interesting phase of New York's transportation problem, the underground moving sidewalks by which the surface and elevated cars may be relieved, is shown in the accompanying drawings. The first one planned, of which the details are given in the article on page 1071, is to run from Williamsburg to Brooklyn Bridge, a distance of about one mile. The reader is referred to an article on page 1071 The fare will be one cent, and the speed will be from five to nine miles an hour.

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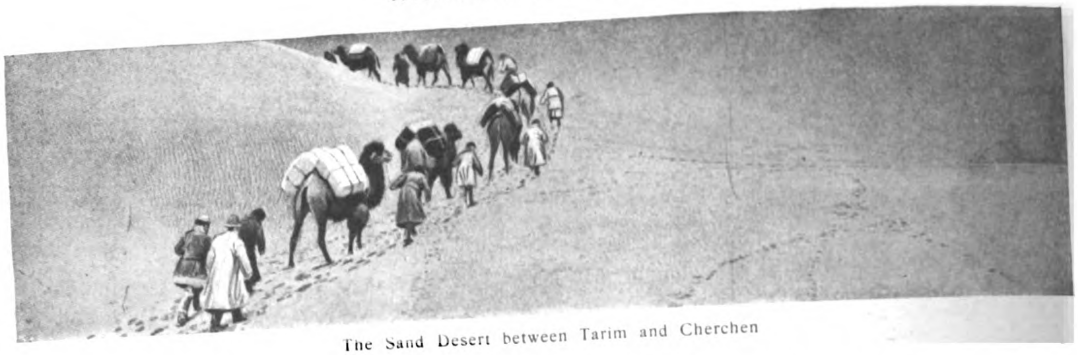


Drawn by Sydney Adamson

UNDERGROUND MOVING SIDEWALKS IN NEW YORK

An interesting phase of New York's transportation problem is the proposal to construct underground moving sidewalks or platforms. The first one planned, of which the details are shown in the above drawing, is to go from Williamsburg to Bowling Green, and is to connect on the way with the surface and elevated cars. The fare will be one cent, and the speed will be from five to nine miles an hour. The reader is referred to an article on page 361

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The Sand Desert between Tarim and Cherchen

Sven Hedin's Explorations

THE Swedish Riksdag, which has just assembled, will soon pass upon the request made to King Oscar last fall by the famous explorer Sven Hedin for a grant of $21,000 to publish the scientific results of his most recent explorations in Central Asia. The national budget contains an extraordinary appropriation for this purpose. It will pass probably without opposition.



Tibetan Nomads

Dr. Hedin is now making public from time to time some of the more popular features of his great work from 1899 to 1902. The scientific side consists of a great amount of cart graphic material, no less than 113 astronomical determinations, thousands of meteorological observations, vast collections of geological, archæological, and fauna specimens, and something like 3000 photographs. Dr. Hedin's work has been done chiefly in Central Asia and in Tibet. He has made three visits to Central Asia. His latest trip had two especial objects—first, to map the Tarim River and to solve the mystery about the so-called moving lake Lob Nor, and, second, to penetrate to Lhasa, the Sacred City of Tibet. He succeeded in the first, but failed in the second, although he got within four days of short marches to the great city.

Dr. Hedin went from the source to the mouth of the Tarim River, the greatest stream in Central Asia, and mapped its course. He found a series of chain lakes along the lower end of the river, a short distance from its banks, and then came to the old bed of Lob Nor. Baron von Richthofen first set forth the theory that Lob Nor had moved itself many miles across country to a new bed. Dr. Hedin found this to be true. It is a four days' journey around the new lake. The new lake and the old are on the same level, with a slight rise of land between.

The explorer found remains of temples, several pieces of Chinese manuscript, and other evidences that the shores of the lake had once been inhabited. Drawings of fishes which are precisely like the fish in Lob Nor to-day were found. In his memorable trips across the desert, characterized by great hardships, Dr. Hedin found the ruins of old cities, and evidences that the region had been watered once by streams and a system of canals.



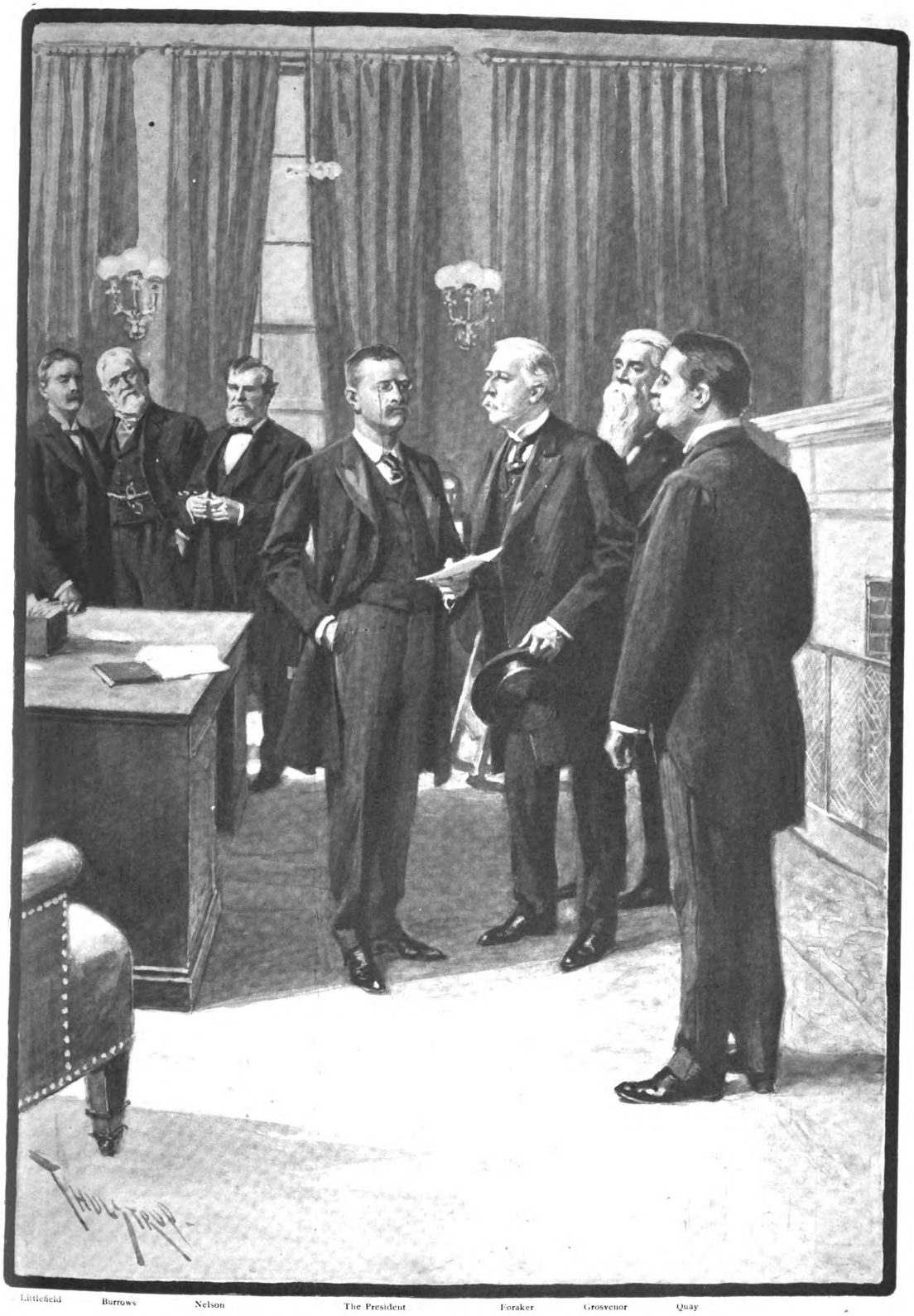
Canoes on the Lower Tarim

The explorer went south through a large part of Tibet three times on his latest trip. He mapped mountain passes and streams, collected specimens, and when within fourteen days' march of Lhasa left his caravan and, with two companions, came within four days' journey of the Sacred City. At the city of Leh he dismissed his followers and passed over into India.



"Stop!"—An Incident on the Road to Lhasa

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Littlefield Burrows Nelson The President Foraker Grosvenor Quay

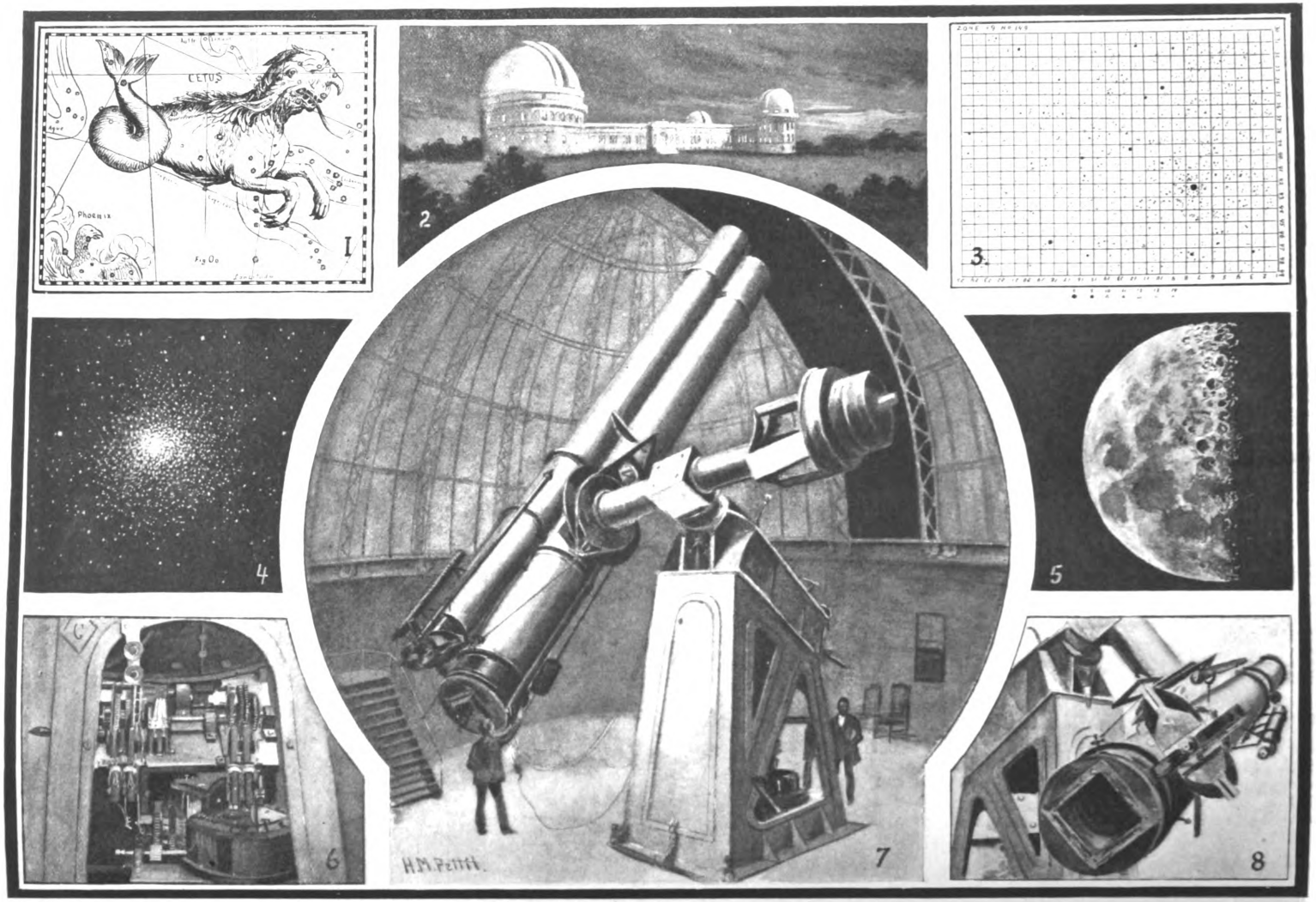
THE "LITTLE SENATE"

The regular morning receptions of the President in the new Administration Offices have lately taken on a new character. Owing to the strong personality of the President himself, and to the Tariff, Trust, and Statehood bills, many an important discussion that has influenced legislation took place in this small room

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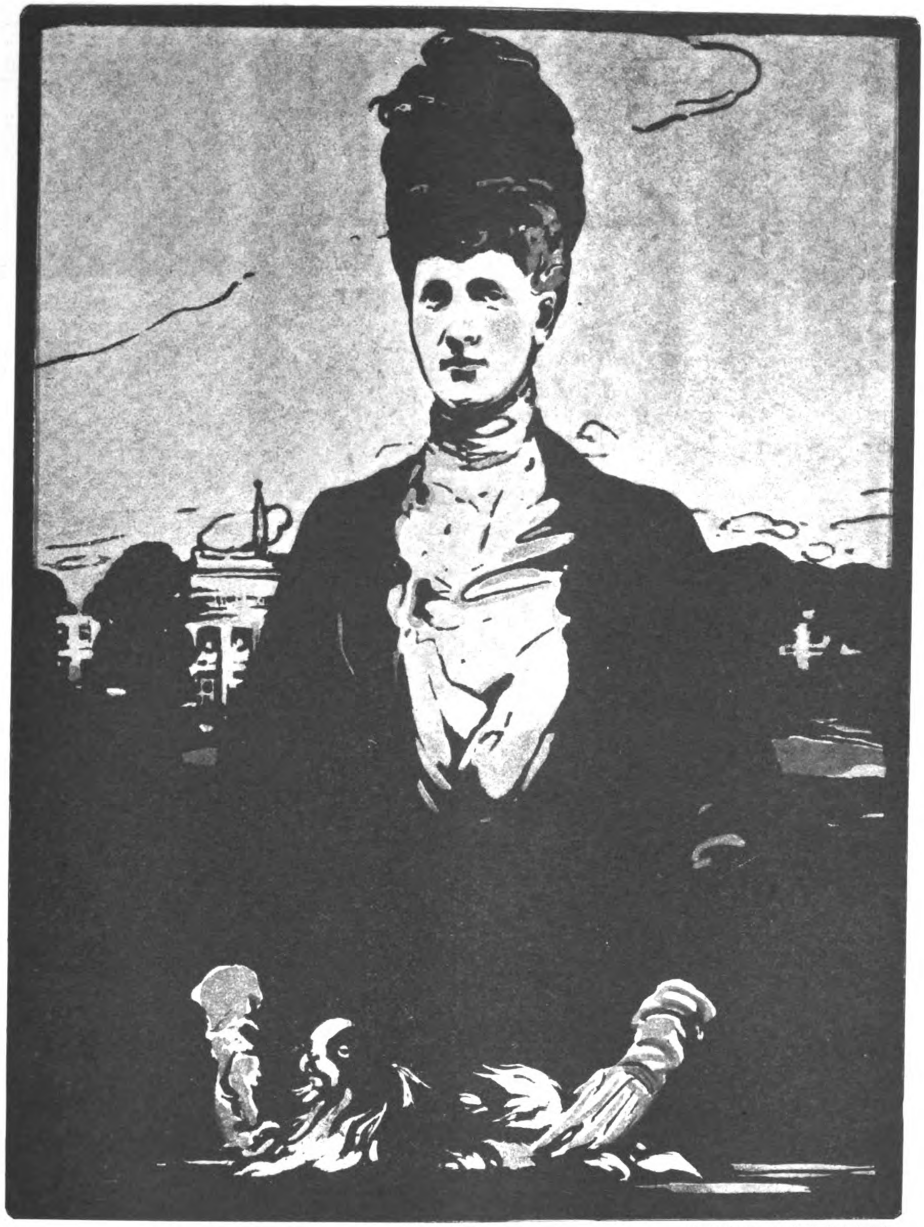
See page 363

NEW PLAN FOR CATALOGUING THE HEAVENS

Drawn by H. M. Petit

1. Constellation Cetus,—the Whale (fanciful drawing by Hevelius). 2. Yerkes Observatory, Chicago (a modern observatory). 3. Specimen of new chart of the heavens. 4. Photograph of star-cluster. 5. Photograph of Moon. 6. Clockwork of photo-telescope. 7. Photo-telescope. 8. Eye-end of photo-telescope.

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New Portrait of H.M. Queen Alexandra by William Nicholson

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Frank D. Millet

Exhibit of American Art



"Forget-me-not."—By Frank D. Millet, N. A.



Alfred Parsons

By Two American Artists

ALFRED PARSONS and Frank D. Millet have filled one of the large rooms of the American Art Galleries with a collection of fifty-eight paintings. Mr. Parsons, of all living water-colorists, loves best to paint the garden and the garden flower. Some of his pictures are, frankly, studies of still life, and others, in which the landscape intrudes, as it were, are hardly more. Yet, Mr. Parsons is capable of painting very effective landscapes. Witness, in the present exhibition, number nine, "A Wild Rose-Bush by the Loddon, Berkshire," in which the rose-bush and its companion willows incline over a sluggish stream in a manner suggestive of Corot. Witness also number thirty, similar in subject and sentiment, though not in composition. Number thirty-six, "Cherry-Trees in the Autumn, Saintbury, Gloucestershire," showing a flock of sheep on a green hillside beneath wide-spreading trees half denuded of their brown leaves, is as charming as are his studies of sea-lavender in bloom on the shores of Devon, among the most satisfying compositions in the collection. Mr. Parsons is never more at home than in his Japanese studies, and the exhibition contains two of these, both worthy of the visitor's attention. Savoy has also claimed his attention, and some brilliant landscapes set against backgrounds of snow-clad mountains have resulted. For the rest, the exhibition is largely made up of English and French gardens, in which familiar flowers bloom in great masses of color and almost invite plucking. An example of one of the best of these is reproduced on this page.

On the opposite walls hang a group of twelve paintings by Frank D. Millet. Once, in "A Day Dream," the artist has reverted to the classic themes he once chose so often, but the majority of subjects belong to our own colonial period, and his "Forget-me-not." "The Proposal," showing an interior with a Puritan youth and maiden, "The Travelled Man," writing amid a litter of odds and ends from the four quarters of the earth, while a young woman in buff and blue looks on, are ambitious in subject and performance, but not more pleasing than the portraits and studies which complete the collection. Like Mr. Parsons, Mr. Millet always gives the impression of infinite pains. Nothing is slighted. It is all good academic work.



"At Campsea Ashe, Suffolk."—By Alfred Parsons, A. R. A.

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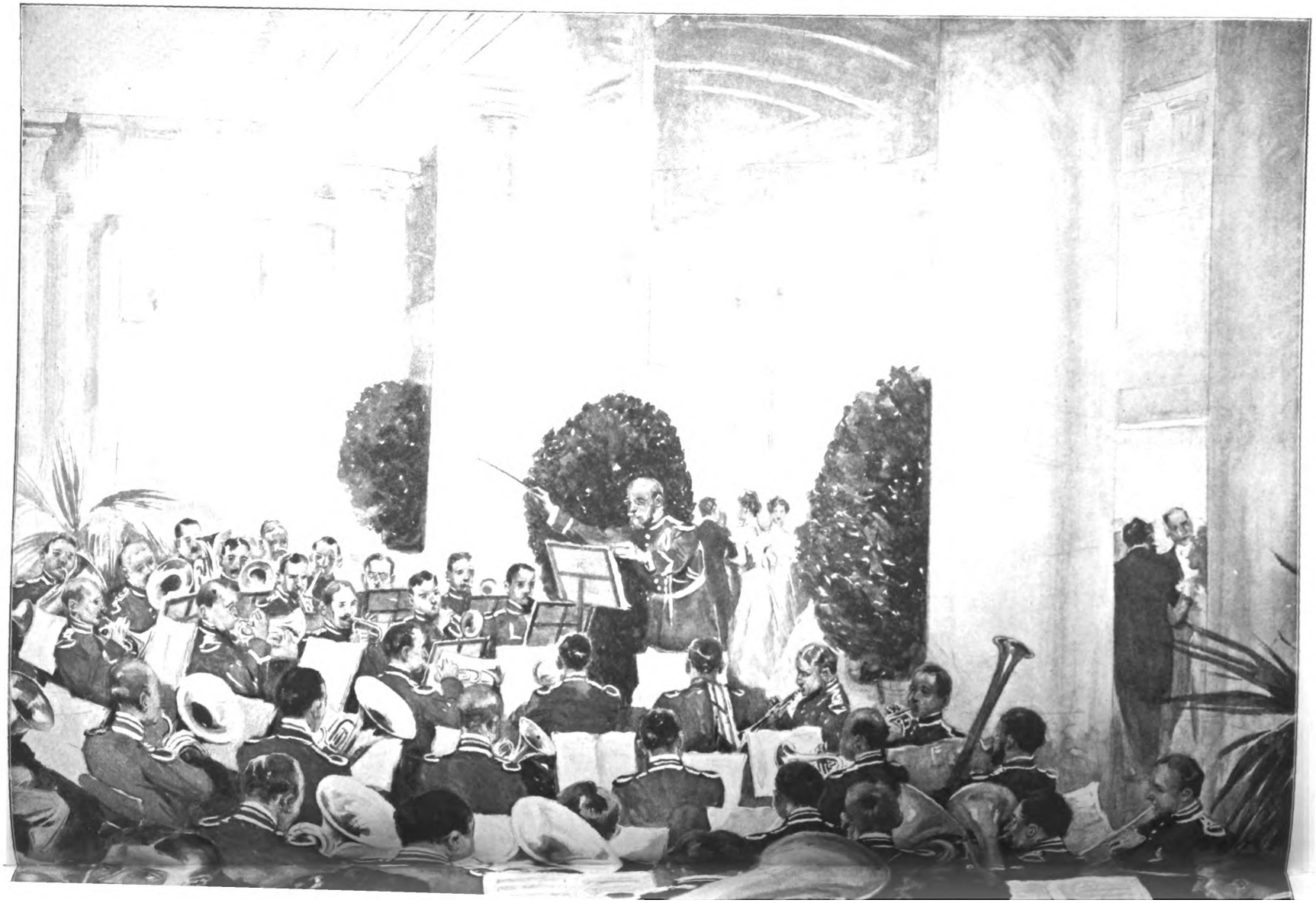


YVONNE DE TREVILLE

Yvonne de Treville is an American singer who made her first success here, in light opera, as prima donna of the Castle Square Opera Company. She has lately had still greater success abroad, and is now singing in opera in Paris and in the large cities of France

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Drawn by E. M. Ashe

THE MARINE BAND AT THE WHITE HOUSE

During the state receptions in the newly decorated White House this winter, a picturesque feature has been the march of the guests, on their way to be presented to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, past the Marine Band in the main corridor

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Drawn by H. C. Edwards

"MR. BLUE BEARD" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

The spectacular play for children, which has been so successful for years in England, began in this country last year with "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." This year "Mr. Blue Beard" has taken the same wonderful hold on children as well as on the older people. One of the charming episodes in the play is "the old woman that lived in her shoe," with its song and chorus. It never fails to bring out the enthusiasm of the children

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

OBVIOUS and important are the advantages derived by Venezuela from the protocols signed at Washington, on February 13, by her representative, Mr. Bowen, on the one hand, and by the representatives of the three blockading powers on the other. Under the agreement embodied in those documents, the blockade was to be immediately raised, and the ships of war and merchant vessels belonging to Venezuela which have been captured are to be restored, except, of course, the gunboats that were destroyed. Venezuela also secures ample time in which to meet her pecuniary obligations. The three protocols agreed in referring to the international court of arbitration at The Hague the question whether the three blockading powers should have a preference over those powers which have forborne to enforce payment of their claims by acts of war. That is the only question that will be submitted to the Hague tribunal. All claims for the payment of which the protocols do not expressly provide are to be laid before mixed commissions, which in each of the three cases will consist of a Venezuelan and of a subject of the blockading power concerned, and in the event of a disagreement between the two, an umpire will be appointed by the President of the United States. The three mixed commissions will have jurisdiction of ordinary debts, by which we mean debts due to the holders of government bonds or of Venezuelan railway securities, and all debts growing out of contracts, and also of all claims based on alleged wrongs or grievances. As regards the last class of claims, the commissions will have to determine, first, whether the alleged injury took place, and, secondly, what amount of compensation is due.

It is, of course, understood that the sums which under the protocols are payable in cash, or in bills maturing at early dates, are not ordinary debts, but liquidated damages, for which the Caracas government acknowledges itself to be liable. Thus the two sums of $27,500 each to be paid to Great Britain and Italy respectively, the one when the protocol was signed, and the other sixty days thereafter, are offered and accepted as reparation for injuries suffered by British and Italian subjects. Venezuela also recognizes the validity of other Italian claims of the same class, amounting in the aggregate to more than half a million dollars, and agrees to pay these without submitting them to a mixed commission. Germany's claims of the same class, that is to say, claims arising from grievances suffered by German subjects, and amounting altogether to $340,000, are to be paid in five monthly instalments beginning March 15. As for the thirty per cent. of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, which is to be set aside for the payment of Venezuela's foreign creditors, it is agreed that the collection of this percentage shall begin on March 1, and that the proceeds thereof shall on April 1 and on the first of every following month be paid over to the representative of the British government at Caracas, who shall hold the said funds in trust to be distributed in pursuance of the decision rendered by the Hague tribunal concerning preferred creditors.

The history of the Venezuela affair led the country, especially official Washington, to suspect that Germany did not, in truth, accept the Monroe Doctrine, notwithstanding the Emperor's professions; and that it was the latter's intention (first) to make the Monroe Doctrine as unpopular as possible in Europe by forcing, or inducing, this country to take what Europe would consider an extreme position in defence of Latin-American debtor countries which are not able, or willing, to pay the claims against them; and (second) by the same process to put this country in the position of a guarantor of the debts due to Europe. By insisting on preferential treatment, Germany expected to force this government to support Mr. Bowen's refusals. The effort failed, but the intention was good. Germany would have liked to be able to say to Europe, "The position of the United States is that the Latin-American debtor shall not be forced to pay if he is willing to arbitrate, and if he is willing to arbitrate we must accept his own terms under pain of displeasing the United States." Then the German hope was that a new "concert of Europe" would say to the United States: "If you take that position you must also take its responsibilities, and you must stand as endorser of the debts of the wards whom you protect against their creditors." This is the meaning of German conduct as seen by those who are close to the negotiations between Mr. Bowen and the representatives of the allies.

The evidence of Germany's sub-intentions is abundant. If there had been no question except that of debt-collecting, England's alliance would not have been of such value as it was. If Germany had been perfectly fair, the pressure against Venezuela would not have been brought until the revolution had come to an end, and Castro's or some other government been firmly established. Moreover, the blockade would not have been set up so soon; the commander of the *Panther* would not have been so impolite at Maracaibo; and, in the negotiations which have taken place at Washington, the demand would not have been so exacting and an agreement so difficult to reach. Mr. Hay met the pressure upon this government with great skill. It is true that Germany has announced an offer, addressed to Venezuela long ago, to refer the controversy to The Hague. Nevertheless, it is thoroughly well understood in Washington that, ever since the present affair began, Germany has tried its utmost to avoid The Hague. This is explicable by the Emperor's well-understood hostility to the tribunal. He would dearly like to see it come to an inglorious end. But Mr. Hay and the President, after some hesitancy on the part of the latter, pushed him to The Hague on the general controversy. It is true that he escaped by suggestion the commission to which he has given so much trouble; but his differences with Mr. Bowen, aided by Mr. Bowen's differences with the British ambassador, once more directed the steps of the allies to The Hague. Although at once Germany began to make efforts to

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escape submission to the tribunal, it is to the steady refusal of the President, under the prudent advice of Mr. Hay, to play arbitrator himself, that is due the chance of employing the tribunal at all.

The movement of Germany to escape the agreement to refer to The Hague the question of preferment is the most illuminating of all the Emperor's actions. Mr. Bowen having refused to recognize the right of the allies to a preference over other creditor nations, it was agreed that they should submit to The Hague, after Mr. Roosevelt's second refusal to act as arbitrator, the question of their right to insist upon the preference. The submission of this question to such a tribunal will necessarily be a great step in the development of international law. Do acts of war give to a nation resorting to force a right to demand a preference over other creditor nations, in the event of the debtor nation's surrender to force, and its promise to arrange for the payment of all its debts? Does the common-law rule, that the first to hale his debtor into court shall receive the reward of his diligence, apply in international proceedings? Is war to be thus encouraged? The decision of these interesting questions will form a precedent and will perhaps become a new rule of international law, one of those beneficent rules which, since the days of Grotius, and most frequently on the initiative of the United States, have so well marked the progress of civilization.

It is an interesting fact that Mr. Andrew Carnegie volunteered to advance without security $340,000, the whole sum needed to satisfy the German preliminary claim on Venezuela. As it happened, Mr. Bowen did not need to avail himself of the loan proposed, but the incident suggests a new and important field for the employment of large private wealth. It is evident that Mr. Carnegie might have averted the blockade if the three blockading powers would have specified the sums which they would be willing to accept by way of reparation for alleged grievances, and if President Castro would have consented to accept Mr. Carnegie's kind offices. Philanthropy has often been exhibited in palliating the sufferings caused by war, but now it is evident that a philanthropist, if he be rich enough, may sometimes prevent a war from breaking out. If Mr. Carnegie's offer had been made and accepted before the blockade began, a good many lives might have been saved. It is well known that Mr. Carnegie offered, if our government would give independence to the Filipinos, to pay into the Treasury the $20,000,000 which, under the Treaty of Paris, was given by the United States to Spain, and which is commonly regarded as the price of the Philippine archipelago. Used as on the two occasions named Mr. Carnegie has been disposed to use it, a colossal private fortune may become a political factor of great magnitude. Such a man, for instance, might suddenly and materially add to the strength of the American navy by presenting to the United States the four war-ships that are being built in Europe for Chile and Argentina, and which Germany has declined to buy, mainly on the ground of a lack of means. Such a man, had he been living in 1776, might, without impoverishing himself, have given to the thirteen British colonies more pecuniary aid than they received from the governments of France and Spain put together. No doubt the Rothschilds have long been recognized as political factors. They are not philanthropists, however; they lend money. Mr. Carnegie gives it.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow has quite convinced himself, and has tried to convince the members of the League for Political Education, that it is a very good thing for this country that the Venezuelan matter has ended so well, if it can be said to have ended; and that we are particularly fortunate that we found Germany in an acquiescent mood, and not inclined to fight about trifles. For, had Germany been at all inclined to fight, this good gentleman tells us, the "Americans would have got licked out of their boots before they got their wind." And he goes on to tell us in what way the Kaiser would be our undoing. The war would not be carried over the ocean to Germany; that much is certain; nor would it mean an invasion of our own coasts, the event which was so seriously apprehended at the beginning of the war with Spain, that the seaside hotels were deserted for the mountains. No; the war would be carried into the South-American continent, and would be fought out in Venezuela. Mr. Poultney Bigelow assures us that it would be quite an easy matter for Germany to land a hundred thousand well-drilled soldiers in Venezuela, and that after that it would be all up with the Monroe Doctrine and our influence in South America. But this good critic seems to know very little of the real problems of modern war. England, with her centuries of seamanship, did not find it so very easy to land a hundred thousand men in South Africa; and, what is more important, she did not find it quite an easy matter to keep them there. And this with an enemy diminutive in size, and with not even a rowboat for a fleet. While we are not so well supplied with first-class battle-ships as we might be, and much less well supplied than Germany, we could, nevertheless, put up some kind of a bluff at keeping those hundred thousand German troops from landing in Venezuela, and we could make their line of communication somewhat precarious if they elected to stay. And it is, of course, foolish to think that Germany could use her entire fleet to convoy her troops, while less than her entire fleet would not assure their safety. In fact, it would be in the last degree difficult to do as Mr. Bigelow suggests, and, when done, it would be useless. For unless our fleet were annihilated outright, Germany's commerce would be carried on at some risk, and the food-supply of the home country would be liable to curtailment; while we should certainly not let the matter rest, if we had to turn our entire national energies into that one channel and devote them to nothing else for a term of years. Altogether, it was a foolish lecture, foolishly conceived.

The passage of the act creating a Department of Commerce and Labor directs attention to the gradual evolution of the cabinet. The word "cabinet" does not occur in the Constitution, and only in one place — Article II., Section 2, Clause 1 and Clause 2 — are there references to "heads of departments" and "the principal officer in each of the Executive Departments." There is also a provision, Article I., Section 9, Clause 6, that a regular statement and account of the receipts and expenditures of all public money shall be published from time to time, but the Constitution does not state that this statement shall be made by a "Secretary of the Treasury." When Washington's first administration was organized in 1789, the cabinet council consisted of four officers, to wit: a Secretary of State, a Secretary of the Treasury, a Secretary of War, and an Attorney-General. There was a Postmaster-General, but he was not at first regarded as a member of the cabinet. Up to 1798 the management of the infant navy of the United States was intrusted to an official of the War Department, but in the year named the office of Secretary of the Navy was created. About fifty years passed before the next enlargement of the cabinet; the portfolio of the Secretary of the Interior was created in 1849, and functions previously discharged by the Departments of State, Treasury, and War were devolved upon the occupant of the new post. Forty years more elapsed before the Secretaryship of Agriculture was founded. The ninth and last seat in the cabinet will be taken by Mr. Cortelyou, who has risen from the post of stenographer in one of the Departments to be Secretary to the President, and who, it has been for some time understood, will become the first Secretary of Commerce. Even with nine members the American cabinet is smaller than its British prototype, or than President Loubet's.

We have, as yet, no Minister of the Colonies, though, unquestionably, the importance of the Philippines and of Porto Rico and Hawaii would justify the creation of such an office. We have no Minister of Railways and Telegraphs, either, because our Federal government does not engage in the railway or telegraph business. If it should ever acquire the telegraph lines, these would undoubtedly be managed by the Post-office Department, as they are in Great Britain. We scarcely need recall the fact that the order in which the cabinet offices were created has become a matter of great moment since the passage of the Federal statute regulating the succession to the Chief Magistracy in the event of the death or disability of both the President and Vice-President. In such a case the Presidency would devolve upon the Secretary of State, provided he were otherwise eligible; if he were dead, disabled, or constitutionally disqualified, on the Secretary of the Treasury; then on the Secretary of War, and so on, according to the date at which the office was authorized by Congress. Although this law has been on the statute-book for some years,

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very few persons seem to be aware that if Mr. Roosevelt were to die before March 4, 1905, Mr. John Hay, who never held an elective office in his life, would become President of the United States.

To the bewilderment of those who had taken part in the opposition to the Alaska Boundary treaty which had been evinced in the Northwestern States, that agreement was ratified by the Senate, although subsequently twenty-five Senators co-operated in a vain attempt to get the ratification reconsidered. The original vote for confirmation seems to have taken the most vehement opponents of the treaty by surprise. Other Senators who had been looked upon as neutral were influenced, apparently, by a desire to avert a long debate which might have occupied the time of the Senate and prevented the ratification of the Panama Canal treaty and of the Cuban Reciprocity treaty during this session of Congress. At the hour when we write, it still seems almost certain that both of the conventions last named will be sanctioned. Mr. Morgan of Alabama has carried his opposition to the Canal treaty from the room of the Committee on Foreign Relations to the Senate-Chamber, but, although some of the amendments proposed by him are intrinsically commendable, the adoption of them would compel our State Department to resume negotiations with the Bogota government, and might defer the conclusion of an agreement for a long time to come. Nobody pretends that our negotiators secured from Colombia all that we should have liked to gain; but they got all they could. It is true that, while under the treaty the hundred-year lease is renewable at our option, nothing is said about the rental to be paid under the second lease. We will cross that bridge when we come to it. Before the United States have occupied the Isthmus for a hundred years, it is extremely probable that the State of Panama, which will profit immensely through the construction and operation of the waterway, will secede from the Colombian confederation and request admission to our Union. Such an outcome of the treaty seems to-day quite as probable as the eventual occupation of Egypt seemed to far-sighted persons when Lord Beaconsfield bought the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal.

The selection of the members of the Alaska Boundary Commission is naturally awaited with much interest. We may take for granted that one at least, and probably two, of the three members to be appointed by King Edward VII. will be Canadians. So far as those members are concerned, they are not likely to be convinced of the soundness of our view of the right construction of the treaty of 1825 between Russia and Great Britain. It is equally probable that our construction of the treaty will be upheld by the three American members of the commission, who, it is predicted, will be Mr. Elihu Root, the present Secretary of War, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, and Mr. George Turner, who is now, and will be till the 4th of March next, one of the United States Senators from the State of Washington. The views of all three regarding the boundary are known, and so are the views of almost all Canadian jurists. There would, therefore, be scarcely any hope of an agreement but for the fact that a British jurist will be selected for one of the places in the gift of King Edward VII. To him the boundary question will be new, and he may be expected to approach it without prepossession. On the ability of the counsel for the United States to convince the British member of the commission seems to depend the chance of reaching any definite agreement. The commission is to sit in London, and for this with other reasons the appointment of commissioner is looked upon as one of the prizes at the disposal of President Roosevelt.

As an angel of peace, the Man of Birmingham must be written down a failure. The halo was lost somewhere between Mafeking and Kimberley, and the olive branch, somewhat bedraggled, is now withdrawn from business. We have already recorded the open declaration of war made by Christian De Wet, which, in view of that redoubtable hero's past performances, must have sent a cold shudder down the Man of Birmingham's back. It now appears that Louis Botha and Delarey are also on the war-path, while the Cape Dutch have with difficulty been restrained from mobbing Joseph and his brethren at Graaf Reinet, which has so many unpleasant memories already for the British lion. The trouble seems to have arisen in this way: Following very much the same train of reasoning which commended itself to Benedict Arnold during certain historic days up the Hudson, some of the Boer leaders went over to the British at various periods towards the end of the South-African war. It will be remembered that for these men De Wet reserves his deepest damnations, just as certain historic worthies did for Benedict Arnold, whose treason was far less damaging to their cause than that of the renegade Boers. These men have now been rewarded by Secretary Chamberlain with seats on the Legislative Council of the Transvaal and Orange River governments. And, with infinite tact, Secretary Chamberlain seems to have asked Delarey and Botha and De Wet to accept seats beside the men whom they regard as damnable traitors. The result was a foregone conclusion. The three heroes of the war refused point-blank to have anything to do with the Legislative Council, and are now the open and avowed enemies of the whole present system of things in South Africa. The English at the Cape have once more been clamoring to have the Constitution suspended, and to have government by martial law practically revived, though under civil forms; but a perpetual veto has been put on this course, chiefly by the Premiers of Canada and Australia, who are fearful of creating a precedent that might be used against themselves. The result of the whole thing will be to consolidate all the Cape Dutch, Transvaalers, and Free-Staters into a single strong anti-British party; and, judging from their prowess in war, we may anticipate at least a like effectiveness in the constitutional fight which will now rage, until the Afrikander element definitely gains the upper hand, as its numbers and stamina decree that it presently must. In a word, the real struggle for South Africa, far from being ended, is only beginning; and it can have but one result.

An attempt to minimize the threats of danger in China has been made by Mr. R. W. Rockhill, who went as special envoy to Peking during the negotiations which followed the Boxer uprising. Mr. Rockhill seems rather to miss the point, and apparently sees no Chinese question at all, beyond the mere matter of readjustment of tariff, and the abolition of certain internal duties which hinder free communication between the different parts of the interior. Mr. Rockhill speaks at some length of the negotiations, now pending at Shanghai, between the British and Chinese, as to the reduction of internal duties and the extension of certain trade privileges, as though the settlement of these details would bring love, joy, peace, and all the fruits of the spirit to the Celestial Kingdom. This seems to us a kind of color-blindness. The Boxer movement of 1900 had nothing in the world to do with internal-revenue duties. It had root and growth in a deep and fierce hatred of foreigners, partly due, perhaps, to over-zealous missionary enterprise, partly due to the position taken in civil disputes by native Chinese converts, but due in far greater measure to the habitual attitude of the powers, who assume that in every difference China must be in the wrong, and should be coerced by armed force. This fierce anti-foreign spirit has had little to still it in the last three years, with their invasions and slaughters of non-combatant Chinese and the open looting of Chinese property. On the contrary, it is quite certain that the flames of hatred for the foreign devil must have been fanned into a brighter blaze. All this Mr. Rockhill seems to ignore. He also ignores the persistent reports that China's one effective fighting general is massing a great band of men on the Mongolian frontier, openly co-operating with Prince Tuan, the fiercest of the Boxer leaders, and secretly co-operating also with Yung Lu, and perhaps with the Dowager Empress herself. In fact, the more we examine the views of Mr. Rockhill, the less genuine consolation or reassurance can we find in them.

Count Cassini has had incomparably better opportunities to see below the surface of things in China, and, with all due deference to Mr. Rockhill, has shown himself to be far more astute and subtle in dealing with political tangles. Count Cassini was, as he himself reminds us, for five years Russian minister at the court of Peking, and, what he himself is too modest to tell us, during these five years he practically built up in China that predominance which Russia at present possesses in the Celestial Kingdom. The secret treaty between Russia and China, with its string of conceded areas handed

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over to Russia from one end of Manchuria to the other, is one evidence that Count Cassini knows his China exceedingly well; and, in truth, his presence at Washington is the reward of his admirable work at Peking. What does this first-class expert on Chinese matters say of the present menace of war in the Far East? He practically confirms the warning we recorded last week, endorsing what was said as to the fierce hatred of the foreigner, and the imminence of danger. Count Cassini asserts that a great additional element of menace lies in the fact that practically all the European nations, as well as America, are at this very moment importing arms into China, and that these arms are certain to be used against the very powers which imported them, should an uprising take place. The Count differs from the view we recorded in one most important particular; he believes that the Empress Dowager wishes well to the foreigners, and was instrumental in restraining Prince Tuan when the legations were besieged three years ago. This would seem to confirm the first form taken by the reports of danger in China, the statement that Tung Fu-Siang and Prince Tuan were causing an uprising, aimed against the court and the foreigners together, with the intention of placing Prince Tuan's son on the throne. But apart from this difference, the truth as to which can only be decided by the event, Count Cassini fully supports the gloomy view of the Chinese outlook which we recorded last week; and no man living is entitled to speak with greater authority on a question like this.

It is not without significance that Germany is beginning to worry about the matter of trusts and syndicates. Such organizations have played a conspicuous part in her inner development and in her trade relations for several years past. A special commission of the Reichstag is now at work investigating and then reporting on the existence, formation, and influence of trusts, domestic and foreign, upon the nation, with a view to possible legislation for their restriction or regulation. Another special commission, but made up of government officials, is busy on the same task. Both bodies are expected to visit this country in the course of their labors. A painstaking and unbiased work on trusts in Germany and elsewhere, written by Professor F. C. Huber, of Stuttgart, a noted economist, has just been published. It makes an amazing exhibit of the enormous recent growth of trusts in the empire. What is perhaps even more interesting are the speeches being made by Dr. Möller, the Minister of Commerce in Prussia, before leading chambers of commerce. Before a gathering of the prominent merchants and shippers of Bremen he declared, "Trusts and syndicates are a necessity." He elaborated this idea, and pointed to this country as a striking proof of its soundness, adding, "Germany will have to pay close attention to all these things, especially as they unfold themselves in America." Before the chamber of commerce in Hanover, Dr. Möller spoke even more plainly, saying: "The United States is hereafter Germany's most dangerous competitor in the world's markets. We must learn from them their business principles, above all the successful concentration of capital and manufacture, and must adapt it to our conditions." To further these aims, the imperial government is about to send two additional commercial experts here, one to Chicago and another to San Francisco. Professor Huber's book shows that already whole and important branches of German industry, such as beet sugar and alcohol, are completely under the control of trusts.

At the hour when we write the attempts to bring about a compromise on the Statehood bill seem to have definitely failed. The Republican supporters of Senator Quay's measure would have been willing to admit Oklahoma with or without Indian Territory as one State, and New Mexico and Arizona together as a second State. This proposal, however, was rejected by Senator Quay's Democratic allies, who rely upon Arizona to furnish two Democratic Senators. If the suggested fusion were adopted, the Democrats might get no Senator. Nobody denies that Senator Quay has strength enough to carry his bill, which, it must be remembered, has already passed the House, provided he can bring it to a vote. He has already attached it to two Appropriation bills, and on Saturday, February 14, he introduced a resolution that a day and hour prior to the 2d of March should be fixed for a final vote upon the bill and all amendments that are offered or may be pending thereto. It is generally believed that Senator Quay can force the Senate, either to vote on his bill or else postpone the adoption of the Panama Canal and Cuban reciprocity treaties, thus rendering a special session of the Senate after March 4 unavoidable. That from this point of view the situation is critical has been acknowledged by a member of the Senate steering committee, who was heard to express the conviction that something must soon give way. It remains to be seen whether the Quay bill, if passed in its original form, will not be vetoed by Mr. Roosevelt. He is understood to be impressed by the weight of the arguments against the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as separate States.

It will be a disgrace to the Fifty-seventh Congress should it adjourn *sine die* without passing some bill improving the currency of the Philippines, and without amending in one way or another the present Philippine tariff. There is no reason good in equity why the Philippines should not be treated as generously as Hawaii or Porto Rico. There is absolute free trade between the two last-named islands and the United States, and the result has been in each case an astonishing growth of prosperity. We are practically asking Governor-General Taft and his associates to make bricks without straw when we insist upon subjecting the Filipinos to oppressive tariff restrictions. The Philippine tariff bill as it was passed by the House reduced customs duties on all products of the Philippines to twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley rates. In the Senate Mr. Lodge has proposed to make the tariff on sugar and tobacco half of the Dingley rates, and to admit all other articles duty free. The sole excuse for the amendment is the assumption, founded, no doubt, on inquiry, that the bill cannot pass the Senate in the form which the House gave it. If that be true, the amendment should be adopted, for, even as amended, the bill will present a marked improvement on the existing state of things.

Those responsible for the refusal to give the Philippines the privileges which already have been conceded to Hawaii and Porto Rico are the representatives of the beet-sugar and domestic tobacco interests who, during the last session of Congress, opposed a reciprocity agreement with Cuba. If the anti-imperialists would stop demanding political independence for the Philippines, and would insist upon their obtaining free access for their products to the markets of the United States, they would render a substantial service to the people whose welfare they profess to have at heart. The opposition offered by Senator Teller of Colorado to the adoption of the Philippine tariff bill as it came from the House is based on the assertion that, before our war with Spain, the Philippines produced four hundred thousand tons of sugar, and could easily produce enough of that comestible to supply the whole of the United States. All this should have been thought of before the Treaty of Paris was confirmed. Having once been acquired by the United States, those islands are unquestionably entitled to be dealt with as liberally as is Hawaii or Porto Rico. As Senator Foraker said, the sugar industry of the Philippines since the islands became American territory has as much right to be fostered as has the beet-sugar industry. All it asks is liberty of access to the home market, and that, soon or late, it will get from the sense of justice which governs the American people. We did not annex the Philippines in order to subject their inhabitants to glaring economical as well as political disabilities.

As we pointed out last week, Chief-Judge Alton B. Parker, of the New York Court of Appeals, has received a great many invitations to public banquets since his eligibility as the Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1904 has been the subject of widespread discussion. Up to the present date he has accepted only one of these invitations. On the evening of Saturday, February 14, he was present as the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Colonial Club in the city of New York. In the speech which he delivered on the occasion he made not the slightest reference to politics, but confined himself to a discussion of the courts of New York State. Mr. William J. Bryan, who was in the city at the time, was not a guest at the dinner, and, apparently, was not invited. It is hard to say whether the occasion was intended to have any political significance. On the one hand, Mayor Low,

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who is a Republican, responded to the toast, "The city of New York," while, on the other hand, such representatives of the Cleveland Democracy as Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham found themselves in the company of Tammany-leader Charles F. Murphy, the Hon. J. A. Gorman, Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall, and Mr. John Fox, president of the Democratic Club. It is pretty evident that all of the factions in the Democracy of the metropolis would like to run Judge Parker for the Presidency in 1904, but it remains to be seen what view of the matter will be taken by ex-Senator Hill and his followers in the rural districts. There is no doubt that Mr. Hill will be strong enough in the next State Convention of New York to prevent Judge Parker from receiving the unanimous endorsement of that body, but why should he want to exert his influence to that end? He must know that his own nomination for the Presidency is out of the question, and that the utmost he can look for is the post of Secretary of State in a Democratic administration. He can play the part of William L. Marcy, but the White House he will never reach.

The polar-exploration habit is strongly fixed upon Commander Peary. It was understood that his long effort to reach the pole, which ended last spring, was to be his last appearance as an explorer. He had promised his wife not to go again, the papers said. But such meagre tastes of frost as we have had this winter seem to have sapped his resolution, for it is now reported that he is ready to make another farewell tour of the arctic regions, provided that the Peary Arctic Club can raise $150,000 to send him. The verdict of his last trip was that he was an exceedingly well-qualified explorer. Unless he is thought to be past the polar-expedition age, there is probably no American who is so likely as he to conduct a successful expedition.

A service in memory of Bishop Brooks was held in Trinity Church in Boston on January 23. Dr. Edward Everett Hale was present, and joined his trinitarian brethren in the communion service. To him with the rest the two bishops who administered the sacrament gave the bread and the wine. Whereat the *Living Church*, the High Church Episcopal organ, makes grieved protest. Dr. Hale, it says, is a good man, but a Unitarian, and to give him the sacrament was sacrilege and inexpressibly deplorable. Remarkable people are the Ritualistic Episcopalians. Nothing that any one knows about Jesus Christ makes it seem probable that if the Master sat at the head of His own table, Dr. Hale would be excluded. That seems significant, but, after all, nothing that any one knows about the High Church Episcopalians makes it seem probable that the Master's toleration of Dr. Hale in such a case would seem to them a governing precedent.

Mr. Parke Benjamin, writing in the *Independent* about Constructor Hobson's resignation, discusses that episode somewhat more suggestively than most of the other commentators. He says that Hobson, being promoted for gallantry, should have been promoted as a fighting-man and not as a naval constructor; that his lift of ten places in the short list of naval constructors was a "gold brick," which merely brought him duties which he had not the requisite experience to perform, but no increase of pay. He talked too much. Being young, he lost his head to some extent, and he worked hard and damaged his eyes. If he had been a line officer, he could have been assigned to duties which would not have strained his eyesight, but being a constructor, there was no help for him. Mr. Benjamin ridicules the Retiring Board, which could not see its way to retire Hobson until his eyes gave out entirely, and urges Congress to empower the President to put him on the retired list at once. This conclusion seems sound. Our dealings with Captain Hobson seem to be a good deal of a fizzle. The country made a hero of him, somewhat to his detriment, and now appears in the light of grudging him his reasonable dues. Whatever Hobson's defects of discretion may have been, he was unquestionably a deserving officer, who had earned generous treatment.

It was interesting to have ex-Mayor Ames of Minneapolis run down, and to know what had become of him, but his further punishment seems hardly worth much effort or expenditure to accomplish. From being the profligate robber-Mayor of a large city—the man who laughed at prosecution and defied punishment—he has come in two years to be a broken-down refugee, prematurely aged, hiding in a New Hampshire village, in the house of his wife's ministerial brother-in-law. He has had his punishment, whether he goes to prison or not. A more brutal and disgusting scamp than Tweed, he has come to an end not unlike Tweed's. His case, his present deplorable situation, and his prospects are commended to the consideration of Mr. Addicks of Boston and Delaware. Addicks is still bold and confident. Justice has not got him on the run yet. He still presses his attacks. His money still rolls out on Delaware, and debauched voters in that little State record his will. He has not yet been proved to be a criminal, but bribery is a crime, and it is only a few months since Ames of Minneapolis, with money in hand and years of successful turpitude behind him, was as insolently confident as Addicks is still. The ice is pretty thin under Addicks. As one thinks of him there comes to mind the story of Ames after his indictment; the story of a man who had jumped his bail, riding all night in a smoking-car, his face gray, his head sunk on his chest, and an unsmoked cigar in his mouth, riding through the night with staring eyes, without stirring in his seat. There is an old dame that Addicks ought to know about. Her name is Nemesis, and she arrives when least expected.

A contemporary suggests that Smoot, the Mormon apostle, is as unsuitable a person to represent Utah in the Senate as Cardinal Gibbons would be to represent Maryland. It would not be convenient for Cardinal Gibbons to be a Senator, and he would doubtless decline an election. But if he were elected and proposed to serve, the Senate would not dream of excluding him. There must be better reasons for excluding Smoot than could be produced against Cardinal Gibbons, or Smoot will take his seat.

Discussing the negro problem at the Press Club dinner in New York, February 14, Senator Tillman said, "The only solution of this problem, my friends, is for you people of the North to take your share of these niggers if you love them well enough." At present fifteen States harbor (in round numbers) seven million negroes, and thirty-seven States and Territories give homes to two million. If the negroes were redistributed, giving to every State its share, New York would get about 600,000 new colored citizens, Pennsylvania about 450,000, Illinois about 400,000, Massachusetts about 250,000. Georgia would lose about 900,000 negroes (nearly half its population), Louisiana 575,000, Mississippi 840,000 (more than half), and South Carolina 720,000 (more than half). Missouri, with 3,000,000 whites and 165,000 negroes, comes nearer than any other populous State to having the two races in the right proportions, but Missouri is still 150,000 negroes short. The idea that the negroes, if more equally distributed throughout the country, could be more readily assimilated is sound enough, but there is no sign that the Northern and Western States want their quota of negroes badly enough to send after them, and no sign as yet that considerable bodies of Southern negroes want to move. Southern negroes, individually or in small groups, will doubtless settle in the North and West, as heretofore, whenever they are able and disposed to move and think they can improve their condition by doing so. A good many have moved. There were few negroes in the North before the civil war; now there are two million. If the negroes don't like the South, they can get out, provided they can learn of a better place to go to, and can save the money to go with. That may not seem a great boon, but it constitutes one of the important differences between liberty and slavery. The conditions of residence which the South seems to offer to negroes nowadays include restricted suffrage, social separation, and ineligibility to hold office. In the North they will find the social-separation idea less clamorous but almost equally effective, and though they may vote and hold any offices that they can get, they will find a more restricted labor field than in the South. Negroes who could make their way in the North are probably welcome to stay in the South. Negroes who cannot do well in the South would probably starve to death in the North. The bulk of the negroes will stay in the South because they

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are there now, because the climate is advantageous to them, and (possibly) because social disabilities press less heavily when they are widely shared.

Cotton manufacturers and cotton operatives in New England have in the past few months entertained several notable groups of foreign visitors, but among their guests none have been more interesting than Thomas Ashton, the president of the English Amalgamated Union of Cotton Spinners, and William H. Wilkinson, secretary of the English Northern Counties Union of Weavers, who have been spending some days in each of the Massachusetts cotton-manufacturing cities. Those who have conceived of the typical labor-union leader from what they have read of the doings of some of the offensively radical strike promoters would hardly be convinced that these studious, thoughtful men, highly versed in the technicalities of their trades, and with broad outlook upon social problems, could be representative trade-union officials. They are not very young men, as labor leaders in America are apt to be. Both are apparently well past fifty, and both are manifestly men who appreciate their responsibility to the full. That such men should be at the head of two great trade-unions is not so surprising when it is discovered that they are the products of rigid selection. No doubt they are both pushing, ambitious men; but it is more certain that they are both capable men. The executive officials of the English cotton operatives' unions must demonstrate their fitness for office not alone by their faculty for leadership, but also by their proven mastery of their trade. Thus a condition of their candidacy is subjection to a rigid examination, answering to the civil-service examination for governmental place.

The unions in England have discovered, what some unions in America have not, the value of brains as exceeding that of bluster. So while these men are intense unionists, they are unionists classified by superior intelligence. Something may, of course, be conceded to their desire to please their hosts in this country; but the compliments of these two experts for the methods and the mills of Fall River and New Bedford are evidently by no means mere idle phrases. Both of them have made careful studies of the best factories in those cities, and both agree that England can show nothing that is better. A delegation of employers who came to this country not long ago, and who visited some of these mills, was reticent of comment, but these practical workers have not hesitated to say that American cotton-mills had disclosed to them surprising superiority. Mr. Ashton does not believe that England is losing, or is going to lose, her commercial prestige, but he thinks she must be alive to what America teaches in the line with which he is most familiar. Like all labor leaders of the best type, both these men are strongly averse to strikes, and hope to see them abandoned, though each represents a union which maintains a large defence-fund. The spinners have $2,000,000 in reserve, drawing interest; and the weavers, in their amalgamated association and their locals, a million—both sums large enough, when associated with experience, to have a balancing effect. Mr. Ashton told an audience in New Bedford that if an operator was worth only $1 he should not be paid $2, and that if he was not capable of running a machine he should give place to one who was; but, he added, "God knows that the average operative gets all out of a piece of machinery there is in it"—a remark which is very mild compared with much current labor-union talk. The visit of a man like this to America may be valuable to him and to his association; there is no reason why it should not be equally valuable to Americans.

The Civil Service Commissioners are wrestling with two problems in connection with the classified service. One is that of promotion, and the other the prevention of superannuation. It is now found that the so-called "efficiency ratings" are inadequate and misleading; that individual fitness cannot be accurately expressed in mathematics; and that the marking has no value beyond the personal view or prejudice of the marker, who is sometimes anxious to give his force of clerks as high an average as those of other officials. The commissioners believe that the present system of promotion means nothing, since increase of salary does not change the character of work, and the clerk who gets $1600 or $1800 to-day may be doing no more than, and perhaps the same work, he did when he got $750. It is maintained that there should be a reclassification of clerical work so as to make possible promotions from one grade to another and the proper compensation of clerks who are thus transferred from one rating to another. In the same way, examination for promotion is not regarded as of special significance, since the examination, competitive or otherwise, outside of technical places, means very little.

A kindred question is the disposition of the clerk who has grown too old in the public service. The percentage of government employees in Washington over 70 years of age is 1.97, or 312 out of 15,866. The old clerk may be a better one on account of his service, but sooner or later the best veteran furnishes a problem of the "evil of superannuation." The remedy which the commissioners proposed fixed terms of office, forced retirement at a certain age, and removals made at intervals, together with a civil pension list and a retirement fund made up by deductions from salaries. The clerks have been for some time seeking legislation which shall give Congressional sanction to retirement for age and service, at a fractional salary for the retired to be obtained from the pay of those in active service. It would take only about two per cent. of the average salary of those in the departments at Washington to pay full salaries of those over 70 years of age.

An important duty of the army and navy, of which most people have little knowledge, is the exchange of official courtesies. Some idea of its magnitude is imparted by the issue, recently, of a 13-page pamphlet from the War Department addressed to the coast artillery, as instructions to those at seaboard or other forts in the matter of salutes and ceremonies. A board has recently revised the system, which anticipates every conceivable situation calling for the manifestation of official cordiality and respect. In the first place, there are some twelve personal salutes, from 9 guns for consul-generals to 21 guns for a sovereign, and running the scale of personages between. The national salute and the salute to a flag are 21 guns. No salutes are fired before sunrise or after sunset, and not on Sunday, as a rule. The salute to the flag is the only salute that is returned. There are numerous rules to govern the exchange of courtesies, and the infraction of any of them is sometimes a serious matter. When a foreign ship visits a port, the post commander must send a suitable officer to offer civilities and assistance. This is known as a "boarding visit," and must be returned. Then within twenty-four hours the visiting commander must make his call on shore, and this must be returned within twenty-four hours. There are numerous rules applying to these visits, regulating their duration, who shall call first, and other details, and there are equally voluminous and specific requirements of funeral honors.

Mr. Finley Peter Dunne is a typical American of To-morrow. He began his work in Chicago as a reporter on a daily paper, and had the sense to look beneath the surface of the assignments that came to him as to others in the course of the day's work. He found the human quality in what fell to his consideration; he saw the humor and the sense and the pathos of every-day life, whether in "Archie Road" or on the Lake Shore Drive, and he had the rare wit to realize their universal significance. All this became a concrete result in his conception of Mr. Dooley, whose consideration of questions of the day embodies all that is really American—the wit that seems to belong alone to this strange mixture of nationalities called the American people, the keen sense of justice and the quality of being able to grasp the essential point in any matter that have long since been identified with Abraham Lincoln, and the ability to hit hard without being mean or unkind that has been confined until now to Mark Twain. The result is that Mr. Dooley is a national character. We all know him; we all respect him; we all wish we had his clear brain. As Uncle Sam is himself typical of the Yankee, as David Harum is the type of the American countryman, so is Mr. Dooley as thoroughly an American of another sort—the Yankee shrewdly mixed with the Irish immigrant. And thus Mr. Dunne, at the age of thirty-five, takes his place as the creator of a distinctive American personage, and promises to extend his sphere of usefulness.

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The President and Congress

THE attitude of the Republican Senators and Representatives toward the President is a subject of ever-recurring remark by visitors to Washington. Never since the days when Mr. Cleveland was endeavoring to secure the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver Act has there been so much hostility expressed by party leaders against a party's President as is now to be heard from Republican Congressmen against the President. If Washington spoke for the country, and it seldom does, Mr. Roosevelt's political extinction would be near. As it is, however, he is holding his place because, as we recently pointed out, he is in reality following the policy of Mr. McKinley. Wherein he has failed to preserve the friendship of his party friends and leaders, it has been due to certain wanderings, temporary or momentary, from that policy, wanderings natural to a man of strong feeling and of impulsiveness.

Whatever may be the outcome of any impulsive effort of the President, his way to his end is pretty generally to be marked by slaughtered friendships. While he apparently retains his popularity among the people, he has been facile in making enemies among the politicians. He came into the Presidency with the outward seeming friendship of nearly all the politicians, although some of the harder-headed among them were, to say the least, not certain of him. The sad ending of the halcyon days of the amiable McKinley softened men's minds, and the promise of maintaining the policy of the murdered President expanded and deepened the friendly feeling for the new and untried successor.

The breach between Mr. Roosevelt and the politicians was, however, inevitable. His rigid insistence upon the maintenance and the extension of the merit system alone assured the discontent which precedes dislike. The era of patronage-mongering in the petty offices ceased suddenly, and spoilsmen had the right to say that, in this respect, the policy of Mr. McKinley had not been followed. Spoils-mongering, however, continued, and still continues, in the higher grades of the service, and the right of the organization to the plunder is recognized at the White House. But the President does not give the Senators a free hand in choosing his nominees; he insists on character and capacity, and, in many of the State organizations, the necessary qualities and accomplishments are difficult to find. The consequence is that while the President has compelled the criticism of the sincere friends of good government, he has not gained the affection of the thorough spoilsmen. These are angered because the complete control of patronage is denied them. To the needy and hungry, half a loaf is doubtless better than no bread, but the glutton insists on all the plum-pudding that he asks for, and stinting him enrages him quite as much as denying him. So the President has become an object of dislike to every spoilsman in Congress, except a few personal friends.

Another trait of character understood by Mr. Roosevelt's friends has resulted in bringing down upon him a storm of wrath. The President is exceedingly, perhaps extravagantly, sympathetic, both toward individuals and toward ideas. His mind is receptive, and he listens with the intent of appreciating what his visitor is saying to him. If he has fully determined upon a course of action, or has reached a conclusion, he is likely to state his own view. In this event, there is no chance of a subsequent misunderstanding. Sometimes, however, the President speaks impulsively, and subsequently his acts do not agree with his promise or his assertion. Then those who have depended on him are disappointed; but much the larger class of those who are astonished by acts which seem to belie the President's words is composed of men who have mistaken sympathetic audience, occasionally accompanied by expressions of assent, for complete agreement. These men are convinced that the President has deliberately deceived them; that he has led them into action and then deserted them; that he has given them substantial reason to expect his support, and that he has then gone over to the enemy. Mr. Littlefield, for example is convinced that the bill which he prepared, and which was passed by the House of Representatives, was endorsed by the President; consequently, he is quite as fully convinced that his overthrow is due to disloyalty on the part of Mr. Roosevelt.

Besides the personal antagonisms due often to Mr. Roosevelt's insistence upon good government, and often to misunderstanding of his manner and nature, we have intense and hurtful antagonisms arising from the fact that the President, from the very first, has tried to force unwelcome policies upon the party. He has in the end yielded to the forces with which Mr. McKinley was always in agreement, but he has been apt to go astray at the outset. It has been said more than once in these columns that Mr. Roosevelt is popular for reasons that have led to the unpopularity of his party organization.

He was facing the future, for example, and the party leaders were for marking time. The popularity which he has gained has been both of advantage and of disadvantage to him. It has enabled him to force Congress to take action which Congressional leaders did not wish to take, and this has not increased their liking for him. What he gains for Cuba, for instance, will be against the will of the party leaders. He began his career as President with the hearty liking of the Western Congressmen, and especially of those who favored radical trust legislation. These were his natural friends; but now they are confident that he has turned away from them, and that he has surrendered to the high-protection leaders of the East, who, a year ago, were doing everything in their power to thwart his policy, who have stifled the general reciprocity treaties negotiated by Mr. McKinley, have yielded sullenly to the popular demand for Cuban reciprocity, have given half measures of Philippine tariff concession and of army reform, and who have adroitly and, at the same time imperiously, emasculated the anti-trust programme.

At the end of his second session of Congress Mr. Roosevelt has hardly any sincere friends in Congress. The party machine is the most perfect that we have ever seen. It governs absolutely, and its decrees are embodied in legislation. For the moment the country is governed by the edicts of an oligarchy, and not by laws which are the result of discussion and deliberation. The oligarchy gratifies the President with some legislation, denying him much, and deceiving him in some respects. What it grants is for the sake of harmony. The independent, thinking Republicans, who are averse to this rule, who had hoped for help from the White House against the tyranny of the oligarchy, are hurt and angry. The President may retain the affection of their constituents, but he has lost the friendship and the confidence of the representatives. The President is now the ally of the ruling oligarchy, whose leaders do not agree with a single principle which he announces. They are satisfied, however, with his ultimate surrender, but they would throw him over if they dared. This is the precise truth as to the President's relations with the Republican politicians at Washington.

The History of the Anti-Trust Legislation

MR. ROOSEVELT began an agitation looking to the curbing of great combinations when he was Governor of New York. From that time until the present he has insisted that the Executive authority should be empowered by the law to prevent over-capitalization, discriminations in freight charges and prices, and to restrain and punish all corporations violating such statutes as Congress might enact for the attainment of his object. The chief remedy which he proposed for the evils, as is well known, was publicity; that is, the authority of the government was to be exercised for the purpose of gathering information for the public which, being published, would protect intending investors from putting their money into what are said to be over-capitalized enterprises. The movement was directed against private corporations as well as against public-service corporations, and, finally, the Attorney-General suggested that the Federal government might reach and restrain private corporations through its inter-State commerce powers. Mr. Knox thus took the position that, while the general government had no power to enact legislation affecting producing private corporations, the creations and the citizens of States, it might circumvent this condition by indirection. Before the announcement of this doctrine, the President had approved of the adoption of a constitutional amendment bestowing upon the United States the power of direct control, but in the end he accepted Mr. Knox's device, and urged its adoption in his message.

The President's and Mr. Knox's speeches greatly excited the country. They aroused passions that seemed to threaten the very existence of corporations. The country believed, as it had the right to believe from the President's utterances, that he would insist upon the enactment of laws which would give the government control of practically all its business interests, which would make what is called over-capitalization impossible, and would compel private corporations to cease underselling, as it would compel railroads to cease discriminations in favor of one shipper against others. The country, as a whole, believed that, if the President had his way, the government would take charge of corporations, and put an end to what economic rhetoricians and poets have declared to be their evils. The capitalists and practical managers of the corporations themselves believed the same, and they trembled for their very existence. Conservative men of all classes realized that we were facing an industrial and political crisis; that if the interpretation generally put upon the President's words was just, the country was facing dire industrial and commercial calamity. A further step toward state socialism was inevitable if the programme which the President seemed to favor was carried out.

The meeting of the Fifty-seventh Congress for its second session was a moment fraught with danger. The most radical Republican opponent of trusts in the House of Representatives was Mr. Littlefield, of Maine. It was with him that the President had consulted during the campaign of the fall, and it was he who was made chairman of the committee to draft anti-trust legislation for the House of Representatives. The session opened in a flurry of radicalism. Bills were introduced, by Mr. Hepburn in the House, and by Mr. Proctor in the Senate, which, if enacted into law, would have compelled the reorganization of all business, would have dislocated capital, and would have brought

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upon the country a panic comparable to none in our history except that of 1873. Senator Hoar, thinking that he spoke the views of the Administration, introduced a bill so extravagant in its purposes, so unconstitutional in its provisions, that it was laughed out of court. At once there appeared on the scene the conservative Republican leader, who is incarnated in Senator Aldrich more than in any other public man of the time. The Administration grew alarmed at the frenzy of those who thought they were carrying out the President's wishes, and who had excellent reasons for thinking so. The Knox bills were prepared, and were introduced by Representative Jenkins. It is unnecessary, at this time, to consider these measures, for they are as dead as the bills of Mr. Littlefield and Mr. Hoar. Confessedly Administration measures, they found a lodgement in Mr. Littlefield's bill, and they all went to death together. The Jenkins bill, pure and simple, could no more pass the Senate than can Mr. Littlefield's.

Time went on, and the popular agitation which the President had aroused would not down. The spirit was out of the bottle, and could not be forced back. The Senate took the question up. The Elkins bill, making more difficult discriminations and rebates by railroad companies, was prepared. It passed the Senate and went to the House of Representatives. In the mean time the bill creating the new Department of Commerce had passed both Houses, and was in conference. The Nelson amendment was inserted in it, providing for a certain amount of publicity. The President learned from the conservative leaders of his party that the adoption of even these measures was doubtful. While all this was going on, Mr. Littlefield was keenly realizing that his own measure, much more radical than any proposition that had originated in the Senate, was doomed. He made a vigorous and ugly effort, and compelled the House to vote upon it. The vote in its favor was unanimous. The opponents of any trust legislation at this short session felt that this vote was sufficient, for there was never the slightest intention of permitting the bill to pass the Senate. When the President realized that it was likely that nothing would result but a record vote on the Littlefield bill, he made a supreme effort. The Standard Oil Company, or some of its officers, undertook to secure a modification of the Nelson amendment, simply for the purpose of protecting its trade secrets from the knowledge of its Russian competitors. The effort was conceded to be perfectly proper, but as the story was told in the daily press it was transformed into a scandalous attempt to threaten and command Congress. The exposition, unjust as it was to the corporation and to the Senators who received its communications, had the desired effect. The President was enabled to secure a programme. It consisted, besides the bill advancing causes against combinations on the court calendars, of the Elkins bill and the Nelson amendment. These measures have been passed, and represent the sum of the session's achievement as to trusts.

The President has not gained the object at which he set himself. He has obtained from Congress precisely what the Senate was forced by public excitement to concede, and legislation passed at the behest of public excitement is likely to be deceptive. Nothing that will harm industrial and commercial interests is to be feared from Mr. Roosevelt so long as he follows the advice of the men who have controlled the situation this winter. For the moment the country has escaped a peril, while not the first effective step has been taken to remedy the real evil of the partnership which exists between corporations and the government.

The Future of Latin America

It would be hard to exaggerate the seriousness of the questions raised by the Anglo-German-Italian demonstration against Venezuela as regards their bearing on the future of Latin America. Here is the greatest prize left upon the earth, a prize which the Spanish and Portuguese possessors had failed to turn to adequate account. Here is a vast continental region, many times larger than Europe, almost the whole of which is a white man's country because much, even of the tropical and sub-tropical sections, is situated at altitudes favorable to the duration and activity of Caucasian life. With the exception of comparatively small areas in Africa, south of the Zambesi, or in mountainous districts of the interior, Latin America is the sole remaining part of the surface of the planet wherein the surplus millions of overcrowded Europe might find a fitting habitation. How thinly peopled the Latin-American republics at present are is imperfectly recognized. It is absolutely certain that, as the pressure upon the means of subsistence becomes insupportable in Europe, the inhabitants of that Continent will not consent to be barred out of the New World by the *brutum fulmen* of the Monroe Doctrine. They can only be excluded by the exhibition of superior naval force on the part of the United States. It is conceivable, moreover, that the force may be applied too late. It is possible to acquire practical control of a country, and to make of it a suitable field for European colonization without any ostensible violation of Mr. Roosevelt's fiat against the dismemberment of territory. The Anglo-German-Italian demonstration against Venezuela was undoubtedly devised for the far-sighted purpose of learning whether the Monroe Doctrine might not be evaded by the reduction of a Latin-American country to the condition of Egypt. Nor can it be denied that, if the dangerous agitation of American public opinion should be overlooked, and attention should be concentrated on the outcome of the diplomatic negotiations at Washington, it might be mistakenly assumed in European Foreign Offices that the demonstration has been successful. For, what are the facts? No less than thirty per cent. of the revenue of the two principal custom-houses of Venezuela, during an indefinite period, to be confiscated for the benefit of foreign creditors. Moreover, should any default occur in the payment of the covenanted thirty per cent., the revenues of those custom-houses are to be collected by officials appointed by the Kingdom of Belgium, and upheld in authority, should there be any cause or pretext for such interposition, by European war-ships. Now, when we remember that the Caracas government is almost entirely dependent on customs duties for its support, we must recognize that the condition of Venezuela for many years to come will differ from that of Egypt only in degree. In Venezuela only thirty per cent. of the customs revenue will be withheld from the control of its own government, whereas in Egypt the whole revenue is withheld from the direct control of the Khedive. The principle admitted in both cases is identical; the only difference regards the extent of the application. Having got the principle accepted, however, in the case of Venezuela, where her interests were small in comparison with those of Germany and Italy, what is to prevent Great Britain hereafter from demanding the co-operation of her late allies for the purpose of applying the same principle on a tremendous scale to Argentina? The amount of money invested by British subjects in the Argentine Confederation considerably exceeds a billion dollars, to provide for which it may one day be needful to follow the precedent established in the Nile country, and to sequestrate the whole of the Argentine customs duties for the benefit of British creditors. We know, indeed, of no Latin-American country, with the exception of Chile, Mexico, and Brazil, which, even at the present hour, would not be threatened with the fate of Egypt, if the American people held themselves committed to the principle accepted in the case of Venezuela, the principle, namely, that the revenues of a Latin-American republic may be set aside, not only for the redress of grievances, but for the payment of ordinary debts due, or alleged to be due, to the subjects of European powers. The only question to be referred to the international court of arbitration at The Hague is that of the preferential or separate treatment of the claims of blockading powers as against those of non-blockading powers. All other questions, including claims, not only for a redress of grievances, but also for ordinary debts alleged to have arisen out of contract and to be due to European creditors from the government or citizens of Venezuela, are to be referred to three mixed commissions on each of which the debtor country and the creditor country are to be equally represented. The principle thus accepted, without any apparent regard to the dangerous consequences thereof, seems to have been sanctioned in advance by Mr. Roosevelt in his second annual message, when he said that, so far as the Monroe Doctrine is concerned, a European power may go to any lengths, short of the permanent occupation of territory, for the purpose of enforcing "just obligations" on an American commonwealth. Whether the phrase quoted was intended to cover ordinary debts, and thus to open the way to the eventual confiscation under easily conceivable circumstances of the whole customs revenue of a deeply indebted republic like Argentina, is the very question upon which the Anglo-German demonstration against Venezuela was intended to cast light. From that point of view the joint blockade of Venezuelan seaports must be regarded as a temporary success. The desired precedent has been established, without a word of protest on the part of President Roosevelt or of the State Department. We call the success only temporary, however, because Mr. Roosevelt himself—much less his subordinate in the State Department—has no power to bind the American people to the recognition of the precedent. If it be true, as Mr. Balfour has publicly asserted, that our State Department, in reply to an inquiry from the British Foreign Office, sanctioned the joint expedition against Venezuela many months before the blockade was instituted, it must by this time be evident to Mr. Hay that the position said to have been taken by him is not approved by his fellow-countrymen. It is the American people by whom in the last resort the Monroe Doctrine will be interpreted. The excitement provoked in the United States by the Anglo-German proceedings in Venezuelan waters has convinced every careful observer on both sides of the Atlantic that American citizens are not disposed to ratify the definition of the Monroe Doctrine propounded in Mr. Roosevelt's second annual message. On the contrary, they are now convinced that the permanent occupation of territory is not by any means the only mode of "oppressing" a Latin-American republic and of "controlling its destiny." They will not allow any American commonwealth to pass into the hands of European receivers for an indefinite period. They regard, in a word, the Venezuela precedent as one fraught with the gravest peril to the independence of the New World.

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The Dearth of Children

THERE is great complaint about the scarcity of babies in the families of native-born Americans. There is no need to quote statistics. Every one knows the conclusion that the statistics lead to, which is that the native Americans seem less and less inclined every year to replenish the earth with new individuals of their own species. As concerns them, the birth-rate is constantly falling. Writers in foreign reviews—British reviews especially—comment on it as the sign of an awful defect in us and our civilization. Married Americans who ought to raise eight children, raise four; those who ought to raise four, raise two; those who ought to raise two, raise none, or content themselves with a single lonely sample of offspring. Also, a great many Americans who ought to marry, don't. The consequence is that the statisticians take gloomy views of the future of our race, and that thoughtful observers discuss the reason for American sterility, and possible methods of alleviating it.

President Roosevelt has recorded his views on the subject. Americans, he says, who are so cold-hearted and so selfish as to dislike having children, "are in effect criminals against the race, and should be objects of contemptuous abhorrence to all healthy people." President Eliot of Harvard has been thinking about it too. In his annual report he tells of looking up the records of the six Harvard classes which have been graduated from twenty-five to thirty-one years, and finding that the married members had no more than two surviving children each, and that twenty-eight per cent. of the members had not married. He thinks college graduates should marry earlier in life, and to that end is trying to get his young men out of college and through the professional schools sooner, so that they can earn money to marry on.

But men who don't marry until they are thirty have time enough to raise families as large as the country expects of them, if only they and their wives have the will and the good luck. The trouble is that both men and women who defer marriage until late form habits which they cannot reconcile to full nurseries and limited incomes. Youth is rash and imperfectly provident. Maturity has more prudence, and in the matter of children is apt to have too much. There need be no regret that people who cannot provide decently for large families do not have them. Such persons may have too many children as it is. The trouble is with people who can well afford to raise families of a decent size, and who neglect that privilege for fear that they will come to want, or because they want to spend their time and their money on other things.

The great thing that keeps the size of American families down is social and pecuniary ambition. There are a few thrifty parents in the land—farmers, miners, mill-workers, and the like—who look upon children as a potential source of income, and raise a good many because their keep costs little, and their labor is valuable. We don't approve of persons of that way of thinking. Our American feeling is that the parents should work for the children, but not the children for the parents, except in cases of special necessity. Almost all of us want our children to be better off than we are ourselves. We would rather have two children and give them what we consider special advantages of nurture and education, than have five and be unable to do for all of them what we want done. We are impatient of the common lot. Unless our children can rise above it, we think it a doubtful advantage to have secured them an entry in this world.

Now that is not altogether a bad characteristic. It makes for progress to a certain extent, but we carry it too far. We are too prudent, too selfish, for both ourselves and our offspring. It is by no means the children who have the most "advantages" that do best in the world, but those, rather, who are born with the best brains and bodies, and are hardest prodded by the spur of necessity. For the sake of pampering two children we forfeit the chance of drawing a great prize among the three others that we might have and don't.

It is too bad about us Americans. The hope of our amendment lies in the possibility that we may come to a better appreciation of the pleasure there is in raising good children as compared with any other rival interest that attracts us. We never will raise large families for the good of the country; never. The race may go hang, for all of us. But if more of us can come to feel, what is true, that the right kind of children pay enormously in love, in entertainment, in all things that make life desirable, we may come to raise more of them.

Our National Genius and Our National Art

THE question of the great practical enterprise and success of our American life and its relation to our national literature is one that is always coming up for discussion. We are told that this practical life is in itself bound to produce an art, because it is producing a national character with its own distinct spiritual traits, and we are reminded that the robust, practical life of Elizabethan England was one source of the vitality of Elizabethan literature. Certainly a nation with plenty of active and healthy interests is bound to nourish a different kind of genius—of imaginative genius—from that of a nation which has socially exhausted itself. And yet any inference from Elizabethan England to contemporary America and its artistic possibilities is likely to be misleading. Elizabethan England was not only a society with active economic interests; it was a society still very deeply under the spell of spiritual influences, with all the subtle reflective inheritance of mediæval Europe at its heart. Imaginative interests were as intense as the practical interests at just that happy time, when the warriors and the adventurers and the statesmen were numbered among the literary men of the nation—not among the historians and sociologists necessarily, but among the poets—men with the quick instinct for beauty, and the speculative passion that counts for so much more in art than the merely practical aim. One might say that, in Elizabethan literature, the spiritual genius, while it certainly drew strength from the active, practical life of the nation, dominated it imaginatively. The intellectual passions of the Renaissance and of the Reformation were potent forms of national self-consciousness.

In contemporary America, on the other hand, the practical interests are altogether in the ascendant, and the fact is not without its influence upon the writer. In no European country is literature so thoroughly journalized as it is in America. We have capable writers by the score; but, in our latest school of novel-writers, while we have clever reporters and plenty of sociological adventurers, we have perhaps produced no genuine novelist of American life, such as the Mr. Howells of *Silas Lapham* proved himself to be. As a nation of novel-writers what we lack is psychological depth. We do not live the inner life intensely enough for that. Certain plain types of character we are able to distinguish; but the wonderful, accurate history of inner motive—such, for instance, as Tolstoy lays bare to the reader, and which is the real interest of the novel—this is not within the power of our present art. Our realistic novels reproduce what one might call the body of our civilization. But its heart, in its deepest sense, still eludes them. How crude, too, is the criticism of life in the contemporary American novel. It is boyish, in fact. One would say that it had been borrowed from the last book the author had read, not that it was the ripened fruit of personal life. Is not personal life of the intenser sort exactly what one misses from our contemporary art? When we try to touch the depths of our experience we betray our weakness. We become self-conscious and artificial. Our spiritual life seems to have grown in a thin soil. This is especially true of the novels by new writers that have been written within the last five or ten years. It may be partly the result of the journalistic pressure upon authorship, which has certainly increased. It may be partly the effect of the romantic vogue. But both the journalistic pressure and the romantic vogue, as at present cultivated, are symptoms of the fast and unreflective life.

Yet that underneath the surface of American life is a spiritual consciousness truly national, but hardly aware of itself, is what the American who knows the history of his country is bound to believe. We have the blood of old and mature civilizations in our national genius. The question of our art is whether the spiritual experience of such civilization is in any wise to leaven the crudity of our material life, and its idealism in turn to be shaped by the more hopeful social conditions of the new country. There is a very interesting article in a recent number of a magazine which describes the psychological effect of his new environment upon the emigrant Jew. It appears that his environment strengthens all his practical faculties. On the other hand, his national idealism is depressed by it. Whether that depression of the more idealistic faculties is the price to be paid for our successful commercial civilization is, of course, the crucial question of our literature.

Meanwhile the approaching centenary of Emerson's birth is a very fitting time to remember that not only is America solving the feeding problem of the world by her practical enterprise, but that during the last century she made her typical spiritual contribution to literature. The peculiarly ripe and modern character of Emerson's genius was never clearer than it is to-day; and perhaps Ibsen and Hauptmann and Tolstoy and Maeterlinck, who confess their debt to him, understand better its character than the England of half a century ago understood it. Yet into this mature and intensely speculative genius there also entered the blood of a strong, young, physical civilization, with its reaction of hope and courage upon the mind. There is a sanity, a realism, in Emerson's philosophy which we miss from the European mystics, and which is distinctly the contribution of the New World to Old World thought. Emerson is thoroughly native, not only to New England, but to the country at large. Yet though his optimism is partly the instinctive American optimism bred of hopeful conditions, there is something deeper in it, something of the spiritual faith, which also, at crucial moments, proves itself alive as the soul of our national life. That faith has been the inspiration of all that we have so far produced of genuine art. For a nation merely absorbed in money-making, merely interested in practical results, cannot grow a literature.

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Dwindling France

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *February 4, 1903.*

THERE has been sent to me—why, whence, and by whom I cannot guess—a pamphlet on "The Depopulation and Repopulation of France." Its author is a M. Arthur Le Creps, of whom I know only this, that he is a delightfully French crank. One always imagines somehow that in France cranks flourish with a less than English or American exuberance, that there is something in the atmosphere of that laughing, prudent land that effectually heads them off. However that may be, here in M. Le Creps we have a crank of the first water, but a French crank, a crank who can write, a crank with humor. The result is anything but Bostonian or Exeter Hall-ish. M. Le Creps is painfully moved by the spectacle of a dwindling France, and his pamphlet is addressed to the Senate and Chamber of Deputies in the hope that they may be stirred thereby to action. But he is not so moved, his emotions are not so merciless, that he cannot give up a few pages to gossiping in the most limpid French, about his school-days, about his neighbors in Perpignan, and about his troubles with his wife. What those troubles precisely were we do not learn. Perhaps his views on the population question had something to do with them. M. Le Creps puts the decline in the French birth-rate down to four main causes—the Civil Code with its principle of forced testamentary division of property, the "deplorable condition" of French morals, the "Anti-Christian Malthusianism" practised by the people, and finally to "the gnawing cancer that corrupts, devours, and destroys the French nation"—*le fonctionnarisme!* All this he would counteract by allowing the head of a family to bequeath his property as he chooses, by permitting girls to marry without the consent of their parents at eighteen instead of twenty-one, and men at twenty-one instead of twenty-five, by giving the father of three children two votes, of six three votes, of ten or more four votes, by restricting the numbers and increasing the taxation of cafés-concerts, bars, and saloons, by forcing *la fille de joie*, after the old Roman fashion, to wear a dress as conspicuous as her life, by doubling the taxes on all bachelors above the age of twenty-five, and on all couples who after three years of married life have no children, by exempting the father of ten children from all imposts whatsoever, and lastly, by employing none but married men and women in the service of the State. He has a few more suggestions to make, but they are of rather too domestic a character to be discussed freely by any one who lives outside the spacious air of France. Besides, I have said enough. Boston will at once recognize in M. Le Creps a man and a brother.

And yet there is a good deal in what he says. The French census of 1901 showed that in the preceding five years the population had increased by only 330,000; and even this increase, small as it was, had to be largely discounted—Paris and its environs being responsible for 292,000, of whom a considerable proportion were foreign immigrants. All the rest of France put together had thus only added some 38,000 to its numbers since the census of 1896. Taking the figures for the last thirty years one finds that while the average increase of the United States, of the United Kingdom, of Germany, Italy, Austria and Hungary worked out at twelve millions apiece, that of France was less than 2,500,000. Norway, it has been computed, doubles her population in 51 years, Austria in 62, England in 63, Denmark in 73, Sweden in 89, Germany in 98, and France in 334. The birth-rate in France, which stood as high as 38 per 1000 between 1770-1780, and at 32 during the first decade of the nineteenth century, has steadily fallen since to 22, its present figure. Between 1811 and 1820 the average annual surplus of births over deaths was 57 per 10,000; between 1891-1896 it was 45, and the census of 1901 showed it to have decreased again. To whatever column of statistics one refers, the result is the same. Not only has the birth-rate fallen, but marriages are fewer and less productive than they were. Twenty years ago the average of births per marriage was three; to-day it is not more than two. In spite of a moderate death-rate, France is dwindling.

This is an old problem and an old anxiety with the French. All sorts of causes have been brought forward to explain it, and all sorts of remedies proposed for its solution. It is a difficult matter to generalize on, as the phenomenon is unevenly distributed. Out of the eighty-seven departments into which the country is divided, the population is increasing in twenty-four, diminishing in sixty-three. Where the Church is strongest and her teachings most faithfully obeyed—in Brittany, for instance—there the birth-rate is highest. But practically it is only the poorest and most backward districts that are prepared to accept the clerical mandates on all points. The prosperous farmers of Normandy and Picardy restrict themselves to at most two children, while in less well-to-do regions, such as Brittany, Lozère, and the Haute-Loire, the increase in population is continuous. One might deduce from this that prosperity and small families go hand in hand in France, and as a rough generalization it would stand. In the industrial districts and among the working classes it is the poor who are the most prolific, in France as everywhere. So that, on the whole, one might say that the devout poor in the country and the heedless and improvident poor in the towns are the real mainstays of the French birth-rate. How matters have come to such a pass there has been a variety of conjectures to show. Conscription, the growth of intemperance, the increasing burden of taxation, the "modern aversion to marriage," the spread of luxury, and the new zest thrown into the pursuit of personal comfort and pleasure, even "a natural lack of fecundity in the French race"—a surprising assumption which Canada, Louisiana, Mauritius, Brittany itself, join in disproving—have all been accused of being agencies of depopulation. But these phenomena are to be found in other lands; some of them are of universal application, operative over the whole area of civilization; and yet nowhere do they produce the effects ascribed to them in France. Obviously some higher and more general cause, and one peculiar to France alone, must be looked for.

All political roads in modern France lead back sooner or later to Napoleon, whose most enduring work was the recreation of his country. To the Napoleonic settlement of the Revolution all that is sound and stable in the France of to-day may be traced, as well as much that is unhealthy and blighting. Among other things the depopulation of France is largely his work.

The principle of forced testamentary division of property among the children was not, of course, original to him. He took it, as he took much else, from Montesquieu, and established it in France as part of the framework of the land. As such it remains to this day, with results both good and bad. No single enactment has ever perhaps cut more deeply into the social life of the French people. It has caused an immense diffusion of private wealth.

It has turned France into a nation of small landowners. It has thus made for stability and content, checked the possibility of a "submerged tenth," and prevented the growth of latifundia with their accompanying menace of agrarian socialism. On the other hand, by making most Frenchmen capitalists or property-owners to some extent, it has also made them unambitious. They need but a little more to provide themselves with a competency, and they get it by entering the service of the State, where they can be sure of a settled salary and secure advancement with the minimum of personal effort. A Frenchman's ambitions turn as naturally towards the dignity of *un fonctionnaire* as an American's towards trade. Consequently, wholesale creations of unnecessary posts and offices at the expense of the taxpayers.

Moreover, the Napoleonic enactment has given birth to a peculiarly territorial form of patriotism, an intense passion for the actual soil of France. This is a feeling inevitably engendered when a large proportion of the people are able to measure their stake in the country in acres, roods, and perches. The result is, however, that France is made so comfortable and pleasant a place to live in, there are so many ties binding the citizen down to his share in the national heritage, that the ordinary Frenchman, robbed of much of his initiative in the schools which turn out excellent functionaries but inadequate men, and finding himself in happy possession of an income from his property or whatever it may be his father has left him, has no ambition to better himself by emigration. If the French do not colonize, it is because there is too much ready money in France.

But the most direct effect of this law is to be seen in the necessity it entails of limiting the population. After several generations of constant dividing and parcelling out of estates, whatever their dimensions, peasant proprietors, if they would hand down more than a square yard of land, are forced to renounce all hope of large families. There comes a time when even the largest estate may be so subdivided as to afford adequate support to no one. The thrifty, prudent farmer, as M. Le Creps sees, has therefore no option but to limit the number of his offspring. This has now become a habit, and has encouraged the idea that the land is incapable of supporting even those who already dwell on it.

Thus a new impulse is given to the migration of rustics to the towns, and as life in the streets is soon discovered to be no easier than life in the fields, the refugee peasants, according to Mr. Bodley, carry out and spread abroad the Malthusian doctrines which they know to be the salvation of the countryside, and hope to see adopted as the remedy of all social ills. Then, again, there is the dowry system. A French father cannot get his daughters married except by giving each a portion, and the amount of the *dot* has risen considerably since the charity of American women took to gilding anew the battered dukedoms of France. Over every French cradle hovers the disenchanting ghost of a dowry. In all countries an extra child means extra expense; in France it means an extra fortune, and that is a very powerful reason why the French have few children. "The social conventions," as M. Demolins says, "make their task an impossibility; and then, not being able to destroy the conventions, they destroy the race."

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The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

SEPTEMBER

THE barren, sterile emotions which art gives us, though they have this advantage of harmlessness over the emotions of life itself, that tree of sweet and bitter fruits, bear within them the inherent defects of their unreality; and whereas there is hardly an emotion of life which does not leave us stronger and more vivified, there is hardly an emotion of art, where one's senses are stirred not by actual events of joy or sorrow, but the imagined scenes thereof, which does not leave us flat and unbraced in proportion as the emotion excited was keen.

Love and death, the two great motifs on which the drama of life is based, whether they are whispered on the shivering strings, or piped on remote flutes, or thundered with the blast of trumpets and the clink of cymbals, leave us, when such actual experience has touched us, the richer for it, and stronger and more vivified. But such is not the case in the reflection of experience which art gives us. Vivid it may be—so vivid, indeed, that reality after it seems shadow-like and unreal,—but its life is temporary; we thrill with ecstasies that are not really ours, our soul in its secret place sickens with sin or withers with renunciations which are not its own, and when the mimic spectacle is over and we awake again from the storms or sunshine of a colored dream to a gray morning, and have to take up again the dispiriting thread of uneventful hours, it is with an intolerable sense of flatness that we at first look out over the undistinguished landscape of life. For a week, perhaps, or a fortnight, we have agonized with the throes of Titans; monstrous joys and sorrows have been our portion, and for the monstrous we take up again the minute. We have been burning with alien fires and passions not our own; the temptations of Kundry have shaken us; the sorrow of Wotan, as wide as the world and as bitter as the sea, has for the time been ours. We have been laid to sleep on a mountain-top like Brünnhilde, and like Siegfried have dreamed in the green shade of woods until the voice of nature has become intelligible, and the twittering of birds articulate through the murmur of the forest. The quintessence of human emotion in all its terror and beauty has shaken and enthralled us. Then — then the curtain comes down, and we go out again into the real world, which for the time art has rendered shadowlike, where a hundred petty duties await us, in no way refreshed or strung-up for their accomplishment, but impatient, irritated, and bored.

Such, at least, were my own feelings when on a morning I awoke and remembered (what at first seemed incredible) that there was to be no opera that day, and that the curtain was down on the stage at Baireuth for two years. The little backwater of a town which on arrival had seemed so instinct with such sweet repose and tranquillity was insupportable; its tranquillity was stagnation and decay, its repose a creeping death-trance, with gray nightmare to ride its rest. Instead of finding that the fiery dream of the last fortnight had gilded its streets and woven themselves into its gardens and trellises, it appeared to me merely the most dismal little sunbaked suburb I had ever seen. A glorious lamp had burned then, but the lamp was quenched, and instead of a reflection of its light lingering there, there was only a smell of oil. But the immediate and vital question was what to do and where to go.

I could not imagine myself finding existence tolerable anywhere, and least of all, perhaps, could I imagine myself back in England in my own quiet little house in the country town, since for the time being, at any rate, all the minute pleasures which had built up that delightful life and made it so full of happiness were incomprehensible. Not long ago a quiet morning of work with glances into the garden to see what new plant had flowered, a game of golf over the breezy down, the face of a friend, the hundred details of my life which I have tried to describe in these pages, were overflowingly sufficient to make me more than content. But now there was exasperation in the very multitude of them. And all the time there were, so to speak, images of glorious brightness shut away in some dark place in my breast. The Valkyries were there and Parsifal: Hans Sachs, mellow and unembittered, looked on the love of others and smiled, and Walther sang of spring-time, and everywhere was melody.

Here, if you please, is egotism in excelsis, for I solemnly told myself that instead of going back home, like a sober and average person, I was bound—no less—to go somewhere and to do something by which I could the more fully apprehend and crystallize these images; and the ground on which I put this to myself—this is my only excuse—was genuine. For I believe that one of the main duties of man to God and to himself is to realize beauty and understand it, and that one of his main duties to his neighbor is to produce beauty in some shape or form, moral, mental, or artistic, if, indeed, there is any real difference between them. The last fortnight had given me new material: that part of me which is capable in its small way of feeling beauty had been shown wonderful things. If I went back to the ordinary routine of daily life, I felt that I should do my part in it exceedingly ill, and also that the monotony and triviality of it would tarnish and dull the brightness of my new possessions. In other words, I began, a solemn prig, to think about my artistic temperament and make plans for its well-being, and, that confession made, in the hopes that *qui s'accuse s'excuse* in some small degree—the mind-narrative can go on its way. My body—after an effusion of telegrams — sped south to the house of a friend in Capri, where it arrived two days later.

Here in this remote island, separated by a few leagues of sea from that vividly modern and restless place called Naples, can be recaptured without effort something of the early days of the world, and from the steamer one steps off out of all the responsibilities and codes which the stupidity and wickedness of mankind have built up, into paganism and fairyland. The gray walls compounded of priggishness and Puritanism (yet united together with the mortar of good intentions and morality) with which this civilized country has fortressed itself, fall as walls of Jericho fell at the blast of the trumpet, and there are left sunlight and sea, and the beauty of the seven days of creation, which was pronounced by God to be good. The red wax-like flowers of the pomegranate are in full bloom, and as evening falls they glow like hot coals over the rough street walls that bound the path up in Capri, where the green lizards slip in and out. The smell of the vines is in the air heavy and warm, and once or twice as I walked through the dusky trellises my heart hammered in me, for I knew that but a little more and I should see Dionysus himself with the vine leaves in his hair, and delicate hand holding the cup that brimmed with purple, and at noonday often have I all but seen in the brier-decked clefts of rock the great god Pan himself, to the music of whose fluting the whole world dances. Up and down these steep paths, with head erect beneath the wine-jars, walk the maidens of Capri, and something of Aphrodite lives in their wind-painted faces and moulded bosoms; and young Apollo, barefooted and splashed to the knee in the trodden vats, strips the nut-husks off with his gleaming teeth and looks at the passer-by with brown, soft eye. He has perched a pomegranate flower behind his ear, and his shirt is open so that the smooth brown breast is seen.

What thoughts fill day by day that gay, lazy Italian brain? He is not religious, although he goes to mass most regularly, for from mass he passes back again to paganism. He only goes there because he is a child, and is vaguely afraid—or would be if he did not go to mass—of what the priests have told him about a remote bogey (for so God seems to him) who can make him burn in unquenchable fire if he does not. Nor does he weary his mind with any question of morality or code of ethics: the sun is warm to him; or if the sun be hot, the shadow is cool and the almond fruit is sweet, and the fumes of the fermenting-vats mysteriously exciting, and the maiden with whom he is in treaty to wed very fair and loving, and her dowry is good. And for passers-by he has his bright smiles and the expression of his hope that I have enjoyed my bath. No, he has not bathed to-day, for the work of the vintage is heavy, and he is paid well by the hour. Ah, a cigarette! The signor is too kind. Will not the signor take his pomegranate flower? Indeed the signor will.

Day by day this sunny and innocent paganism gets more possession of me, and day by day the beauty of that which I saw at Baireuth glows more brightly. Yesterday about evening a sudden summer squall came storming over from Posilippo, gleaming with lightning and warm large rain and riotous with thunder, and to me it was Wotan who steered from the north. On Monte Solaro the Valkyries awaited his coming, and when the whistling winds had passed over our heads, while the house shuddered, and the moon again rose in a velvet sky with stars swarming thick round her, I knew that on the mountain-top Brünnhilde slept within a ring of fire, waiting for the man who should claim her with his kiss. But the morning again to-day was very drear and hot, and instead of going up Monte Solaro as I had intended, I went as usual down to the Bagno, a white pebbly beach with pockets of sand to lie on.

I took with me a basket of figs, and a flask of wine stoppered with vine leaves, and my friend took a book which we often read and a straw case of cigarettes, and together we swam through the chrysoprase of sunlit sea far out to some seaweed-covered rock. The water was very deep round it, and fathoms down something shone very brightly with waving subaqueous gleam; and half laughing at myself, I dived and dived, for I knew it was the Rhinegold that shone there, until I could dive no more, yet still I could not get deep enough. Then having rested, we swam back and lay on pockets of hot sand and drank from the leaf-stoppered bottle and ate the purple of the figs, and I read in the book which he had brought, beginning at the seventh chapter, to this effect:

"Did I seriously believe that that contemplation of God which is the prime duty laid on us by religion must or even could legitimately give us any touch of sadness of whatever kind, I would throw religion

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away as heedlessly as I throw away the end of a smoked-out cigarette, for I have no use for it. Yet, although on every side, and most of all in every pulpit, I see the lamentable Puritan jowl and hear the lamentable Puritan whine which bids me look with horror on the sin of the world and with sorrow at its sufferings, yet I do not for a moment believe that this impious gabble is the result of religion, but rather of the grossest irreligion on the part of its exponents. For I know that the contemplation of God is my duty, and if I make it my whole and absorbing duty I cannot go very far astray. For about all things is God love, and above all things is the beauty, and the love which engirdles Him joins without break to the human love, which it is our duty always to give and take, giving with both hands and taking by the armful. So, too, His beauty joins without break to the beauty of all He has made, and in the golden hair of women and in the rose petal, in the smooth, swift limbs of youth and in the faceted diamond, in the curves of a girl's lips and in the rose-flushed clouds in the blue chalice of the sky of morning, equally and everywhere must we look for and absorb the beauty which is implanted there. It is here that Christianity with its mournful man-invented morality has gone so far astray from its Founder that many Christians turn from beauty as if beauty was evil, instead of ever seeking it and worshipping it, find it where they will, until the dross of their gross minds is burned up in that fine fire.

"Hence, too, sprang—by hence I mean from impious Puritanism—such phrases as the 'temptations and dangers of physical beauty,' whereas to the man whose mind is set on God it is by and through beauty that the uttermost death-stroke is dealt to the writhing earthworm of carnalism. For the truth is that no beauty of soul and no completeness was ever framed on the mutilation or starvation of self, and at the last day the gray and pallid ascetic will find that what he thought was virtue and what he taught as self-control were mere darkness of soul and purblind vision. It is this that must be cast away: we are people that sit in darkness, content that our religion should make us sad, and as such we have a lesson hourly to learn from paganism, and in particular from the paganism of the Greeks, whose hierarchy of gods were enthroned in brightness, and the name whereof was Beauty. And that beauty, the search of which to them was worship and prayer and praise, they found everywhere,—in the sunlight and the blue dome of heaven, in the crisp curling acanthus leaf which they set to twine in the capitals of their marble-hewn columns and in the necks of the vases of the dead, in the radiance of jewels and in the tragedies of heroes, and above all in the beauty of the human form. Disfigured and astray their worship often went, and it wore strange garbs, but through all its sin and its misconceptions, its thousand errors and distortions, we can see gleaming deep below the bright shining of its truth. And this, to my mind, gleams less brightly in the sadder worship of to-day. For I doubt very much whether anybody is in the least benefited by the actual sorrow or repentance of any one, though no doubt such—especially to sour and brooding natures—is necessary.

"But the best repentance, if one has sufficient vitality, will be momentary, a fiery sword-thrust which will leave no ache or throb behind. It is better, I dare say, that a man should suffer the fire of remorse for years, rather than that he should not suffer them at all, but I think that the man who is capable of throwing his remorse off and starting fresh and unwounded is the more godlike creature, for the reason that it is infinitely better to be happy and smiling than to go frowning through the world. For sin is seldom born of a happy impulse, stare as you may, unless from a happy impulse which has been, so to speak, shut up in the dark and has gone putrid.

"And here in this divine place" (the book I am quoting from was written at Athens) "where beauty is thrown broadcast over all one sees, and happiness is so easy, it seems to me to follow as a corollary that things which a northern and gloomy people consider wrong are less wrong. For supposing in foggy London every shopkeeper tried to cheat one, one would say that the middle class was going to the dogs. Quite so—it would be. But the middle class is not in the least going to the dogs here. Why not? For a variety of reasons: partly because there is more sun here and no fog, and because the Parthenon is near at hand. Ah, yes, indeed it is so, gayety covers a multitude of sins, and while they are covered beauty blots them out.

"O beautiful God of this beautiful world, let me make somebody laugh to-day. Amen."

At that point I laughed.

"So his prayer is heard," said my friend.

"Have you eaten all the figs while I have been reading?"

"Yes, but don't be unhappy. Remember it is your duty to be happy. You may have the last cigarette."

"No, we'll toss for it."

"I'll be shot if we do," said he.

"Well, I'll cut it in half."

"So that neither of us gets any," said he. "Give it me!" and he very rudely snatched at it. Hence ensued a scuffle, and the bowels of the cigarette were scattered about the beach, and neither of us got any. The occasion gave rise to moral reflections. Also immoral ones. Then peace and plenty descended again in the shape of a friend, also coming down to bathe, with a supply of fresh ones, and the sun was warm again, and the sea blue. Then my friend, whom I must call Jack, because he objects to his real name being known, saying that I am certain to keep all the beautiful remarks for myself and give him all the idiocy, held forth.

"The man is shallow," he said; "it is only a gospel of surfaces he preaches, and you think it profound merely because he loads it with grave words. I've done for years exactly what he preaches. I have succeeded in being always happy and unusually gay, and I spend my whole life looking for what I consider beautiful. Yet what did you call me last night? A second-hand sensualist, I think."

"Very likely. That is because you are not strenuous, and the pursuit of beauty must be passionate. The pursuit of beauty must be an act of worship, but yours is not; it is more like sucking sweets."

Jack laughed loudly and idiotically.

"Or eating all the figs," said he, and the discussion ended.

It is close on noon and only the faintest breeze is stirring.

The sea is silent and waveless, except that at intervals a ripple falls like the happy sigh of some beautiful basking creature on to the hot white pebbles of the beach. There like a living sapphire lies the dear sea, the thing in this world I love best and understand best, though I don't understand it at all. Never have I seen it so luminous as it is to-day; you would say that the sunlight of centuries had been lit in its depths. Gray rocks run out from the precipitous land, fringed with seaweed. Under the water the seaweed shows purple.

A brown-sailed fishing-boat lies becalmed a mile out, and under the bay Naples sparkles white and remote, and only the thin line of smoke streaming upward from Vesuvius speaks of the fierce and everlasting stir of forces which underlie the world. In the thickets which come down to the water's edge of this tideless sea there is now no sound of life, though an hour ago they were resonant with the whispering of the cicalas. The lizards have crept out in the stillness and bask on the white stones, as still as if once more Orpheus charmed them, and high above us a hawk with wings motionless floats slowly, in seeming sleep, down some breeze of the upper air.

And what if the nameless author is right? What if—this is the upshot—happiness is our first duty? It is certainly not true that if you are good you are happy, but may it not be true that by being happy you are in some degree good? The Puritan idea of Christianity has had a fair trial, and indeed it seems to have made but a poor job out of it, for what is the result of all their sadness and renunciations?—nothing but starved lives and unrealized ideals. Such self-denial is touching, beautiful in theory, and based, of course, on Christ's teaching. But it is based awry if it brings sadness with it, if it sees in beauty only a snare to lead the soul astray, rather than the sign-post which leads by no winding road, but by a royal highway straight to God. And that road resounds with praise, and the birds of St. Francis sit in the pleasant boughs of the trees that grow beside it, and the dear saint smiles at them and says, "Sing, my sisters, and praise the Lord." And at his bidding they fill their throats with bubbling song and thank God for their warm feathers, and the green habitation he has built for them. Then St. Francis, so the legend tells us, sits down at table with St. Blaise and Oswald, the friends of St. Francis, and feeds them so that they become very strong. Those saints are more to my mind than that foolish fellow Stylites or the dour St. Bernard, who, being plagued with the flies on a hot day, excommunicated them, and they all dropped down dead. For love, joy, and peace are the gifts of the Spirit, but we are too much given to let the joy take care of itself, to check it, even, as if salvation was clothed in sackcloth.

Happiness is a home product; we cannot impart it into ourselves, nor by multiplying our pleasures can we come one whit nearer to it. But by being dull, by being slow to perceive, or, having perceived, to receive, we can and we often do succeed in closing the doors of our souls to it. Yet, though it comes not from without, nor is it the sum or product of any pleasures, yet our soul must sit with doors and windows open to catch if it be but one-millionth of the myriad sweet and beautiful things that stir and shine about us, or else, as in the darkness and stagnation of some closed house, dust and airlessness overlay us. For there is nothing in the world, except only that which the sin or folly of man has wrought, which is not wholesome and innocent. It is our grossness which makes things gross, our rebellion which makes us say that in beauty there lurk any seeds or germs that can ripen into or go to form anything that is not beautiful.

O world as God has made it, all is beauty.
And knowing this is love and love is duty.
What further can be sought for or declared?

To be Continued.

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Canada's Naval Project

CANADA has decided to have a navy of her own. Whether or not this is her first move towards "cutting the painter" that holds her to England, the fact is very significant, following as it does upon her refusal recently to contribute to the up-keep of the imperial navy. When the Colonial Premiers were in London last summer for the Coronation, they held a conference with Mr. Chamberlain, and the maintenance of the navy, for colonial as well as home defence, was among the subjects considered. All the colonies except Canada agreed to subscribe annually fixed sums towards the Naval Fund, Australia's contribution being placed at $250,000, and Newfoundland's at $15,000. Canada, however, absolutely refused to give a cent, much to the chagrin of the British government and press, who are pointing out that the hardest task the navy would have in war-time would be to defend and protect Canada's commerce, towards which protection Canada pays nothing.

The Ottawa administration has now determined on a Canadian navy. This is to be, at sea, the counterpart of her militia. Sir Frederick Borden, her Minister of Defence, recently announced the formation of the naval force in the near future, and he has just despatched an expert to Newfoundland to study the organization and working of the British naval reserves in that colony. This expert is Captain Spain, Commodore of the Canadian fleet of fishery-protection cruisers, which ships have so unenviable a reputation for seizing American fishing-vessels for alleged encroachments within the three-mile limit along the Nova-Scotian coast. These cruisers are to form the nucleus of the Canadian navy, and the men are to be recruited chiefly from the fishermen of the Maritime Provinces who trawl on the Grand Banks.

With the Alaskan boundary dispute now submitted to arbitration, the next issue which will call for settlement is that of the Atlantic fisheries. This is a most awkward complication, because Great Britain and the United States and Canada and Newfoundland are all concerned, and each has her own interests which clash with those of the others. Canada has always been for shutting out the Americans from her waters and cancelling the *modus vivendi* under which they now obtain an entry, and her object in forming this naval force is probably that she may be able to make her patrol of her seaboard so perfect that no daring Yankee fisherman can break through. She will also require to use her navy to guard the St. Lawrence route if war breaks out, though of what service such ships as hers could be is not very clear, as they would be unable to meet the attack of the gunboats which constitute the navy of some South-American republic.

It is not to be supposed that Canada entertains any idea of using her new toy—for such it must prove—against the United States. At the same time, the disposition to do so is there, if the time and the material sufficed. Canadian dissatisfaction at the arrangement arrived at for the settlement of the Alaskan difficulty is profound, and there is much caustic criticism over England's "backdown," but the unanswerable argument is embodied in the query: Why should England risk a rupture with the United States for the sake of a country which will not help her with a dollar or a man to fight their joint battles on the ocean? For this reason, England has suited herself in the Alaskan tribunal, and Canada is to have the naming of but one of the three jurists who will represent Great Britain. In the case of the Joint High Commission, on the other hand, England had only one out of six members on that side of the tribunal. But that has all been changed now.

At the session of the Canadian Parliament opening on March 12, the necessary legislation will be introduced to create this naval force. Little, if any, opposition is looked for. The government is strong, and Premier Laurier is a potent force, especially in the province of Quebec, where this proposal will be most welcome, because it will be accepted as the beginning of an independent nation, which is the earnest wish of every Quebecker. The details of the plan have not yet been worked out, but it is understood that the organization will be modelled, as far as possible, on the Newfoundland Naval Reserve, which Captain Spain is now studying.

This force has been a most complete success. Although urged for some years to extend to the colonies the Naval Reserve organized in the British Isles, the Admiralty always refused, until in 1900 its need of more men compelled it to make the experiment in its oldest, as well as nearest, colony, Newfoundland. The large fishing population of that island, and their well-known daring and indifference to hardships and tempests, formed the main inducements for the selection of Newfoundland. Almost the whole 220,000 inhabitants are descended from English and Irish stock, so blended as to make a class of fisherfolk whom nothing can daunt. The Admiralty enlisted fifty young men in the fall of 1900, and sent them to cruise in the Caribbean Sea for the winter in H.M.S. *Charybdis*, a modern warship well adapted for the purpose. The men did so well that forty-four out of the fifty were given first-class certificates at the close of their training. Another fifty were taken last winter, of whom forty-seven passed out in the first grade; and eighty comprise this year's contingent, who are now serving in the *Charybdis* in Venezuelan waters, having participated in the active operations there in concert with Germany and Italy. The volunteering is so general that the Admiralty has stationed permanently at St. John's the corvette *Calypso*, for the training of the young fishermen. The regulations provide for five years' service—six months' sea-drill in a cruiser in one year, and a month's shore-drill in a training-ship each year of the remaining four. Hundreds are taking the monthly training this winter so as to qualify for the cruise next fall, and it is expected that 300 men will join the ships of the North-American squadron then for the winter's work. The Admiralty has agreed to have at least 600 men enrolled in the Newfoundland branch, but it is probable that number will be doubled.

The home training of the Newfoundlanders is most valuable to them in this connection, making them altogether superior to the British recruits. In the handling of boats, smacks, and schooners, every Newfoundland boy is an expert; he can row, steer, sail, and con these craft; he can manage canvas, ropes, and compass, and in every sailorly art he is proficient. Nor is he unfamiliar with steamers, because the sealing fleet of twenty stout steamboats takes out 5000 men every spring to ice-fields, and while there is a great difference between a sealer and a cruiser, the elementary features are the same. The Newfoundland Reservists have proved their efficiency and fitness beyond all cavil, and their officers have reported most favorably of them. There are 70,000 men and boys engaged in the fisheries on the island, and out of that number it is calculated that fully ten per cent. should be available for the purposes of the Naval Reserve. The Admiralty expects to have 2000 in training by the end of the five years, and, if necessary, a second drill-ship will be sent out. In physical strength and nautical expertness the men are exceptional, and the intention is ultimately to fortify St. John's and convert it into a naval base, thereby rendering it possible for British war-ships to refit there in war-time and augment their crews from among the Reservists.

Consequently, it seems a sensible step on Canada's part to take the Newfoundland force as a model. The fishermen of the Maritime Provinces are of the same type, but less hardy, because they have not to face the same storms at sea or risk their lives on the ice-floes after seals. If the Canadian scheme is acceptable to the people there, it should result in a large enrolment, but it is doubtful if they will take it seriously. In Newfoundland the whole organization is an imperial one, the colonial government having divested itself of all authority, and the result is that the movement, controlled only by the Admiralty and the naval officers, is accepted as a serious and important mission by all. But the intention in Canada is to have her force under her own control, and distinct altogether from the royal navy. This will mean that it will be regarded much as a pastime, an opportunity to secure a cheap pleasure trip in a government yacht instead of the sobering fact of a cruise and active duty in a real war-ship.

The Operatic Situation

THE much-vexed question of the future directorship of the Opera seems finally to have achieved the happiest of possible solutions—the selection of Mr. Heinrich Conried, of the Irving Place Theatre, as Mr. Grau's successor. For those who have at heart the best interests of the lyric drama in New York, few things could be more gratifying than the event of Mr. Conried's succession to the place vacated by Mr. Grau. There can be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Conried is very nearly the ideal man for the position. His long and brilliant record as manager of the one playhouse in New York in which the artistic rather than the commercial principle prevails, inspires the conviction that he will provide the most justly balanced and intelligently organized performances that the Metropolitan Opera House has ever seen. What direct experience of operatic management he lacks he can readily acquire; and he has abundant energy, tact, and executive talent; above all, he has an admirable quality of artistic intelligence. Mr. Conried has announced that he will aim, in planning his productions, at securing excellence of *ensemble* rather than brilliancy of individual performance. Whether he can make that system acceptable to a public habituated to the bewildering splendor of such "all-star" casts as have become a commonplace under Mr. Grau's magnificently lavish régime is somewhat questionable; but since Mr. Conried owns to so laudable an ambition, the least we can do is to hold up his hands. Excellence of *ensemble*, however,—particularly in the case of the Wagner music-dramas,—necessitates the co-operation of a conductor of the first rank—a point which we are not at all sure that Mr. Conried realizes. We have had no assurance as yet that he plans to secure the services of Mr. Alfred Hertz—a conductor whom it would be in the last degree deplorable to lose, now that we have fortunately discovered him. To ignore the opportunity of engaging the one conductor who has proved himself a worthy successor to Mr. Seidl—a musician of superb temperament, skill, and authority—would be a lamentable and inexcusable blunder.

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Books and Bookmen

MR. CLEMENT SHORTER, in his latest Literary Letter to hand in the *Sphere*, notices the publication, by the firm of Routledge, of a work by John Boyle O'Reilly called *Moondyne*, and complains, with good reason, because it contains absolutely no indication as to whether the book is a new one or a reprint of an old one. *Moondyne* is a stirring tale of convict days in Western Australia, its hero being an escaped convict who rides triumphant among the rich and the great, continually exercising a beneficent power. Traces of the influence of Henry Kingsley's *Geoffrey Hamlyn* and of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* are evident, but much of the vivid and picturesque power of the story was due to O'Reilly's own experiences as a convict. Born near Drogheda in 1844, he enlisted in the Tenth Hussars, and became an enthusiastic rebel at this time when the Fenian movement was arousing the national sympathies of Young Ireland. In 1866 he was arrested, charged with treasonable practices, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was commuted to twenty years penal servitude, and the next year O'Reilly was sent, at the age of twenty-three, to a convict settlement in Western Australia. Two years later he made his escape and reached this country on an American whaler. It was these incidents in the career of a romantic youth which inspired the fascinating story of *Moondyne*, published in 1883 by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, when the author had risen to a place of honored and distinguished citizenship in Boston, and had become the editor of the Boston *Pilot*. O'Reilly was a man of quick sympathies and generous temperament, and he did not forget the men who had been with him in the convict settlement. In 1876 he fitted up a whaling vessel which carried off from the coast of Western Australia all the military political prisoners. It gives one a thrill to remember that this act of piracy and romance took place at so recent a date in our own times. O'Reilly died from an overdose of chloral in 1890 at the premature age of forty-six. His generosity showed itself frequently in the encouragement and help he gave to young writers. He had a poet's nature and romantic temperament, and published not less than four volumes of verse, though, by some strange oversight surely, neither Mr. W. B. Yeats's *Book of Irish Verse* nor Mr. Stopford Brooke's *Treasury of Irish Poetry* contains a single line of his poetry. He himself edited an anthology entitled *The Poetry and Songs of Ireland*. O'Reilly, indeed, is much better known in America than in England. One of his closest friends in Boston was Mr. F. J. Stimson, whose debonair hero Miles Courtenay in *King Noanett* was drawn on the lines of his lamented friend's character, and the lines quoted on the title-page of the novel were from one of his poems:

For when God gives to us the clearest sight,
He does not touch our eyes with Love, but Sorrow.

In the adventurous quest of Miles Courtenay, his Irish wit and humor, his true and knightly fashion, his love for Carew, passing the love of women, we get as near perhaps to a spiritual portrait of John Boyle O'Reilly as we are ever likely to possess.

The last work done by the late Julian Ralph was for HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It consists of a number of articles on American subjects, undertaken for that Magazine and to be printed during the present year. The first of these posthumous papers appears in the March HARPER'S, and under the attractive title, "Our Tyrol and its Types," there is cleverly characterized the Green Mountain region, and some of its original *outré* types, from the old spiritualist who lived alone and performed his own housework to the head waiter of the hotel, who was a Yale man of gentle birth and breeding. Another paper, to appear later, describes a trip made by the author through parts of New England in company with a tin-peddler. Mr. Ralph had but recently returned from a trip to Kentucky, made in the interests of HARPER'S for the preparation of an animated description of those lonely, remote "cabin" Kentuckians who seem to live quite apart from civilization. This will be illustrated by Lester Ralph, a son of the author.

Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll is not only one of the keenest and most up-to-date editors and journalists in London, but more than any other English editor he has always evinced a lively and hospitable interest in American writers. What he has to say of the late Julian Ralph, whom he knew personally, is therefore worth listening to, especially as it touches the reasons for Mr. Ralph's success in one way, and his failure in another. "Through circumstances I am late in the day"—Dr. Nicoll has just returned from the Riviera,—"but I hope not too late, in paying a tribute to the memory of the late Julian Ralph. I did not know him intimately, as I knew Harold Frederic, a man of whom he reminded me in some respects. But I have had long and confidential conversations with him, and cherished a sincere regard for his many excellent qualities. Mr. Ralph was one of the many Americans who cherished a cordial friendship for this country, and his influential position in journalism, both in the Old World and in the New, gave him many opportunities for showing this, opportunities which he never failed to use. In a way Mr. Ralph was very successful. He was acknowledged by journalists to be one of the ablest of their number. He was completely up to date. He never spared himself. He knew what was required, and he shrank from no effort and no sacrifice in order that he might supply it. Both in London and in New York editors were eager to avail themselves of his services, and he made a sufficient income. Yet he felt himself that he had not been really successful. Julian Ralph ought to have been at the head of some great paper, and he knew it. But there was something in him—I do not know what—which made it easier to obey than to command. And eminent as he was in his own line of things, I have known many men of abilities far inferior who were much more successful, if money is the test of success. Again, while he liked his work, and was proud of it in a way, he had great ambitions to be known as an author of books. These were never fulfilled. He had great hopes of the success of his South-African correspondence when issued in volume form. I ventured to suggest to him that he should rewrite everything and fill up blanks. Mr. Ralph found that this was impossible. In a very unusual way it was true of him that what he had written he had written. Some of the South-African correspondents had many things to say about the war in talk which they did not put into print. Mr. Ralph had very little. He had done his duty to the full, and given away all that he possessed, and though here and there he might emphasize a judgment, he had no more to tell. The comparative failure of his books to secure a large popular audience was a matter of some disappointment to him, though his buoyant temper soon shook it off. Like most Americans, Mr. Ralph was an admirable speaker. He was indeed a man much to be honored in every phase of life, and his early death has been deeply regretted by many friends."

One of Dr. Nicoll's prime pleasures during his holiday on the Riviera was in frequenting the old circulating library in Nice. In such a library there is almost always something to tempt the collector or book-buyer. The remains of scarce first editions are often found lingering on the shelves. In the Nice library, Dr. Nicoll found a first edition of *Under the Greenwood Tree*. Long ago, in Exeter, he came upon a very rare first edition of *Far from the Madding Crowd*, in a wretched state unfortunately, but his recent find had evidently been little read, and was in good condition. Dr. Nicoll recalls how Mr. Frederick Greenwood told him years ago of his picking up a copy of *Under the Greenwood Tree* at a railway station, attracted whimsically by its name. Mr. Greenwood read it and liked it, with the result that he gave Mr. Hardy a commission to write *Far from the Madding Crowd* for the *Cornhill*, which was then a flourishing magazine. With the serial publication of this novel began Mr. Hardy's popularity.

Who is there nowadays that has read that quaintly curious book of Harriet Martineau's—*Society in America*? Yet it is full of good stories and bons mots. Here, for instance, is a dialogue between two Western settlers which she reports:

"Whose land was that you bought?"
"Mogg's."
"What is the soil?"
"Bogs."
"What is the climate?"
"Fogs."
"What do you get to eat?"
"Hogs."
"What do you build your house of?"
"Logs."
"Have you any neighbors?"
"Frogs."

On one occasion Miss Martineau met a dressmaker who was anxious that she should write something about Mount Auburn Cemetery. On being interrogated as to what kind of article she had in her mind she said that she would have Mount Auburn considered in three points of view: as it was in the day of creation, as it is now, and as it will be in the day of resurrection. Miss Martineau liked the idea so well that she got the dressmaker to write the essay herself.

When Mark Twain was a young man and a struggling newspaper writer in San Francisco, a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar-box under his arm, looking in at a shop window. "Mr. Clemens," she said, "I always see you with a cigar-box under your arm. I am afraid you are smoking too much." "It isn't that," said Mark: "I'm moving again."

Among the autographs and manuscripts collected at the recent Whittier sale were the following lines evidently intended for an album:

As one who writes upon sand or frost,
I write, and the letters will soon be lost,
And the Spider, Forgetfulness, weave and wind
His web over all I leave behind.

Yet I faintly hope for a lease of fame
From the thousand albums that bear my name;
And, that snugly lodged in some spinster's chamber,
Or grandame's trunk, like a fly in amber,
May always be found somewhere in the City or
Country, the name of John G. Whittier.

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Finance

THE promise of improvement in the security-market remains a promise and nothing more. Moments of strength have been followed by periods of hesitation and decline, but in no instance decisive or important. In other words, the stock-market has relapsed into the dulness and monotony of "professional" trading. That the advocates of lower prices have not made much headway is only half comfort to those whose profit lies in rising values. On the whole, the situation at large is satisfactory, and it would seem as though the next important price-movement would be upward rather than the reverse. But while this opinion may be held by the majority, it is also true that such a movement is not expected to start for some weeks yet; and that is a very long time for your professional speculator to spend in idleness. The believers in the anxiously-expected bull-market are great and small. The great—the financial giants—are not willing to inaugurate an aggressive campaign just now, preferring to reduce to a minimum the chances of failure, by waiting for certain favorable features of the situation to become more pronounced. The small are men who follow, but do not lead, and therefore have not the courage of their convictions. For that reason such advances as have taken place lately were usually in special stocks, in which special forces were at work. On the other hand, the bears have lacked solid ammunition. Indeed, for many days the argument most frequently heard in support of the bear position has been the dulness which obviously results from the absence of manipulation for the rise by the strong interests of the Street and from the continued apathy of the outside public. Only the professionals are bearish just now, and they concern themselves with conditions to-day and to-morrow, technical rather than general. At this writing a depressing influence is the imminence of gold exports. It is not questioned that there is nothing serious in the shipment of gold to Europe, but the gold-exporting operation has a sentimental effect always, and, moreover, as the Treasury has been absorbing money from the banks, the additional loss in cash which the exportation of gold would entail certainly would not facilitate stock speculation, which must be carried on with borrowed money. This country has greatly reduced its obligations to Europe, but that a great deal is still owed is obvious from the strength of foreign exchange rates. Gold would have gone abroad months ago had it not been for the efforts of our bankers to avoid it. The necessity for preventing such exports to-day is not vital. Indeed, it seems altogether the wisest thing to pay off the remaining indebtedness to Europe now, when the money-market here is in position to stand it, rather than to wait until the domestic demands upon bank credits will be greater and when the settlement of the balance might be awkward. In other words, the outgo of gold will not be of serious proportions, and this country can lose some gold to-day without harm. The real importance of such a movement, from the stock-market point of view, lies, as has been said, in the fact that the bank reserves would shrink, as they normally do, in March, owing to the demands for money from various quarters, and that the return movement to this centre does not take place until April. It is for this reason that the "bull-market" is not looked for by dispassionate observers of the situation until six or eight weeks hence. Meanwhile, it would seem as though stock prices would fluctuate within a narrow range,—see-sawing, in the Wall Street phrase, in response to professional operations.

It is a fact of some significance that a depressing influence was found in the proposed issue of bonds by the Erie Railroad. The wisdom of the company's action was not questioned—save by a few reckless speculators who had had "bull tips" on the stock—but what caused comment and uneasiness was the fact that so many railroads were borrowing huge sums of money at the very time when they are declared to be enjoying unexampled prosperity. Mr. James J. Hill, a great phrase-maker as well as a master of railroading, is credited with the designation of the Erie as "a financial derelict." Whether Mr. Hill be responsible or not for the epigram, it is well known that the Erie needs money, and a great deal of it, for improvements. Such betterments are not in the nature of luxuries, but of vital necessity to the Erie. Moreover, the credit of the road is by no means on a par with that of the Lake Shore. But if the Erie needed money, what of the enormous borrowings of roads popularly believed to be in first-class physical condition, whose credit is of the highest and whose earnings are truly stupendous? The Street asked when this practice would end, and spoke of extravagance. There is food for reflection in this "tendency," beyond doubt. But, in point of fact, even such railroads as the Pennsylvania, despite enormous expenditures for betterments, motive power and rolling stock during the past five years, are unable to handle the volume of business thrust upon them to-day. More properly, they are unable to handle such business economically. None foresaw the extent of our prosperity. Much business is good and profitable. So much business that there is serious congestion of traffic is bad and unprofitable. That condition of affairs has been commented upon in this column. It is something to think about when the president of one of the greatest railroads in the country devoutly prays not for more business but for less, so that his road may show bigger profits to his stockholders. It is difficult to see that "conservatism" has been thrown to the winds, when roads raise money for indispensable improvements, and issue bonds to increase permanently the efficiency of their operating department.

Harpers for March

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE'S brilliant critical article on Shakespeare's "Richard II.," accompanying Mr. Abbey's pictures in color, is the opening feature of the March number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Professor Culin contributes an interesting paper giving new proofs that America was the earliest home of man, and Professor Boni tells of some important discoveries recently made under his direction among the ruins of the Roman Forum. Robert W. Chambers writes of the unexpected doings of animals. There is both humor and pathos in Julian Ralph's article on New England types, and E. S. Martin writes with all his usual charm on the child's view of life. Maurice Hewlett's two-part Italian romance is concluded in the March MAGAZINE, and there are eight complete short stories in the number. Among the illustrations there are fourteen pictures in color, by Mr. Abbey, Miss Green, and Miss Cory. The number is an uncommonly interesting and important one throughout.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week will have, among other features, the two latest paintings of the President and of Grover Cleveland, with a drawing by Nast, the cartoonist, of one of their first meetings when Cleveland was Governor of New York and Roosevelt was a member of the New York Assembly; a character sketch by Peter Newell of the German Emperor; an article, with pictures, on Diaz, the President of Mexico, and his successor; the present situation and outlook in Russia; the opening of the Canadian Parliament, with a forecast of the questions to be considered and their bearing on our own interests; the first woman composer to have an opera produced in America—full-page painting by John S. Sargent; results of the investigations of the President's coal commission, with new portraits.

40 Pages 16 pages of Editorial Comment
24 pages Illustrated Section

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Financial

The

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F. T. MARTIN, Cashier
WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check .	31,349,710.76
	$36,565,818.54

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of the City of New York

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ANDREW A. KNOWLES, - - - - - CASHIER.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

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January 12 1903

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE Greater New York Charter, that the books called "The Annual Record of the Assessed Valuation of Real and Personal Estate of the Boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond, comprising The City of New York," will be open for examination and correction on the second Monday of January, and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1903.

During the time that the books are open to public inspection application may be made by any person or corporation who may to be aggrieved by the assessed valuation of real or personal estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments No. 280 Broadway.

In the Borough of The Bronx at the office of the Department, Municipal Building, One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh Street and Third Avenue.

In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.

In the Borough of Queens at the office of the Department, Hackett Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City.

In the Borough of Richmond, at the office of the Department, Masonic Building, Stapleton.

Corporations in all the Boroughs must make applications only at the main office in the Borough of Manhattan.

Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of personal estate must be made by the person assessed at the office of the Department in the Borough where such person resides, and in the case of a non-resident carrying on business in the City of New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough where such place of business is located, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., except on Saturdays, when all applications must be made between 10 A. M. and 12 noon.

JAMES L. WELLS, President.
WILLIAM S. COGSWELL,
GEORGE J. GILLESPIE,
SAMUEL STRASBOURGER,
RUFUS L. SCOTT,
Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

MARCH, 1903

The Monroe Doctrine and the Venezuela Affair, A JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT

Sanity in Fiction . . . . . HAMLIN GARLAND

Mrs. Eddy's Relation to Christian Science . W. D. McCRACKAN, *Of the Christian Science Publication Committee.*

The New Nile Reservoir . . FREDERIC C. PENFIELD, *Formerly United States Diplomatic Agent to Egypt.*

Our Actual Naval Strength, Rear-Admiral G. W. MELVILLE, U.S.N.

Legal Penalties and Public Opinion . JULIAN HAWTHORNE

Reciprocity between the United States and Canada, The Hon. J. W. LONGLEY, *Attorney-General of Nova Scotia.*

Rights and Methods of Labor Organizations, ALBERT S. BOLLES, *Lecturer on Commercial Law in the University of Pennsylvania.*

Philosophy and Science at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century, The Rev. JOHN T. DRISCOLL

Police Methods in London . . . . JOSIAH FLYNT

Polygamy in the United States: its Political Significance, JOSEPH SMITH, *President of the Reorganized Church of Latter-Day Saints.*

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Submit to your own nature: if it means you to be mediocre, be mediocre. Yield to those wiser than you, adopt their opinions, and do not trouble the world, since you cannot govern it.—*Joubert.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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when nature's supply fails, is BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK. It is a cow's milk adapted to infants, according to the highest scientific methods. An infant fed on Eagle Brand will show a steady gain in weight.—[*Adv.*]

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A PROGRESSIVE COMPANY.

PROGRESS marks every statement of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and the Forty-third Annual Statement for the business of 1902 is no exception to the rule. Growth in assets, surplus, amount in force, and new business; large increases in premium and total income, and in profits paid to policy-holders; reduction in volume of claims by death, together with an expense rate maintained at a minimum as in former years. These are the features which show that the Society moves forward with every year, and that it has reached a position of remarkable magnitude and stability.

In every respect the statement just presented contains evidence of wonderful growth and security. The assets have increased to $359,395,537.72, the liabilities, including the reserve, calculated by the company, of $279,450,753 to $284,268,040.95, and the difference, which constitutes the surplus, is now $75,127,496.77. This is an increase during 1902 of $3,998,454.71. Besides adding to the surplus fund this large amount, the Society paid during the year $4,477,924.15 in profits on maturing policies. The total earnings for policy-holders, therefore, during the year were $8,476,378.86.

During the year just ended, the premium income amounted to $53,932,423.44, and income from interest, rents, etc., to $15,074,588.81, making the total receipts for the year $69,007,012.25. From these receipts $15,281,961.73 was paid for death claims, and the total payments to policy-holders aggregated $29,191,250.79. After providing for the total expenditures of $42,248,101.45, the Society was able to increase its invested assets by $26,758,910.80. This saving of the income is 39 per cent. of the total income.

The amount of new business written was the largest ever issued in a single year by the company. It amounted to $281,249,944. As a result of this enormous new business, the outstanding assurance amounts to $1,292,446,595, showing the greatest increase in the Society's history.

Altogether, this latest statement of the Equitable shows that the Society lives up to its motto, "Not for a day, but for all time."—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

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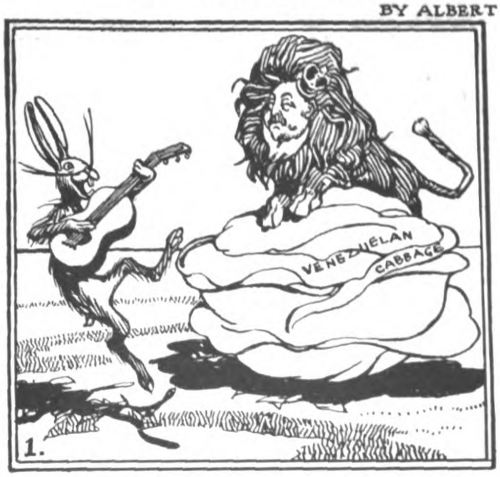
THE EVER FASHIONABLE PERFUME OF
ORIZA-L. LEGRAND (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

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THE MENAGERIE OF MARCH

THE LION, THE LAMB, AND THE MAD MARCH HARE

BY ALBERT LEVERING



Kaiser. "O great King, list to the music of the heaven-born-to-rule. I would a word."
King. "You make me tired."



Kaiser. "Then I will a heaven-made-by-me epic to you read. Have I your ears and eye?"
King. "That's clevah, by Jove! You may proceed."



Kaiser. "There is a sunny lamb which we will peacefully assault—for his sauce."
King. "You have won me. I assent."



Kaiser. "Ha! sirrah lamb. How dare you withhold from us that small dish there?"
King.
Castro. "Tum-ta-ra-ra-tum!"



Kaiser. "A defi! Away with your sauce! I'll have the cabbage now!"
King. "Gadzooks! The thing is mad!"



The Bird. "Back to the Baltic, or I'll make Wienerwurst out of you."
The King. "A failure. I must fly."

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Moving Sidewalks for New York

See page 333

A NEW transit problem is now confronting the city authorities. It is how to connect the Manhattan terminals of three great bridges over the East River with one another, and with the Subway and Elevated railroads, as well as the leading surface lines running north and south. In this problem lies the solution of most important transit methods from Brooklyn to Manhattan Borough. It must be solved in order to relieve the great congestion of the present Brooklyn Bridge, and to make the Williamsburg Bridge, now approaching completion, and the Manhattan Bridge, which is well under way, do their share of the work.

There have been suggestions of special Subway and Elevated Railroad loops and the like, with an enormous expenditure for new street openings and plazas, but exactly how to make these bridges of the greatest use in transit work and at the least cost has not yet been settled.

The newest proposition to solve this problem is now before the Board of Estimate, which has referred it to the Rapid Transit Commission. It is popularly known by the misnomer, "Moving Sidewalks." It is really a system of moving platforms or continuous trains. Men like Cornelius Vanderbilt, Stuyvesant Fish, E. P. Ripley, and others are interested in the new plan, and the engineers not only pronounce it feasible, but extremely economical. The moving platform is simply the improvement of the continuous trains that were in operation at the Chicago and Paris Expositions, and that carried millions of people along at a good rate of speed and in absolute comfort without accident.

In a general way the plan is to start at Bowling Green, at the lower end of New York, and run this continuous train in a subway under certain streets up to the Williamsburg Bridge, which is crossed, the moving platforms returning to Bowling Green along the same route. This is a distance of six miles all told, and there are now no satisfactory transit accommodations for the vast population of this great region on the East Side of Manhattan Borough, as well as the crowded Williamsburg region. At Bowling Green the platform trains would connect with the tunnel to Brooklyn. Running up Pearl and William streets to Centre Street, they would connect with the present Brooklyn Bridge and Third Avenue Elevated Railroad. Passing through Canal Street to the Bowery, they would tap the outlet of the new Manhattan Bridge. Then going through Delancey Street, they would reach and cross the Williamsburg Bridge. They would connect with all the leading surface car lines on the East Side as well.

The plan is to dig a subway under these streets from twenty-five to thirty feet wide. Stations will be opened every two blocks. The continuous trains are simply flat platforms with seats on one side and a space on the other, so that one may accelerate his speed by walking if he wishes. There will be no more congestion than on the sidewalk of an ordinary street, for the reason that there will be no waiting for trains. There are no heavy locomotives or motors to be hauled and no housing for the cars. The tunnel will be lighted and will also be heated moderately in winter. The plan is to charge one cent in rush hours and two cents at other hours for transit. It will require something like 10,600 cars or platforms all looped together to make up the great train.

The method of operating these platforms is well known. There are two so-called "stepping platforms" running alongside the train platform. The passenger steps on one platform moving at the rate of three miles an hour. He then steps on one moving at the rate of six miles an hour. From that he steps on the train going at the rate of nine miles an hour, where he finds a seat. These seats are to hold, say, four persons, and are to be three feet apart. To alight from the train the passenger simply steps from one platform to another of diminishing speed, and finally gets off at his station. There is great elasticity of carrying capacity, and the cost of operation is declared

(Continued on page 363.)



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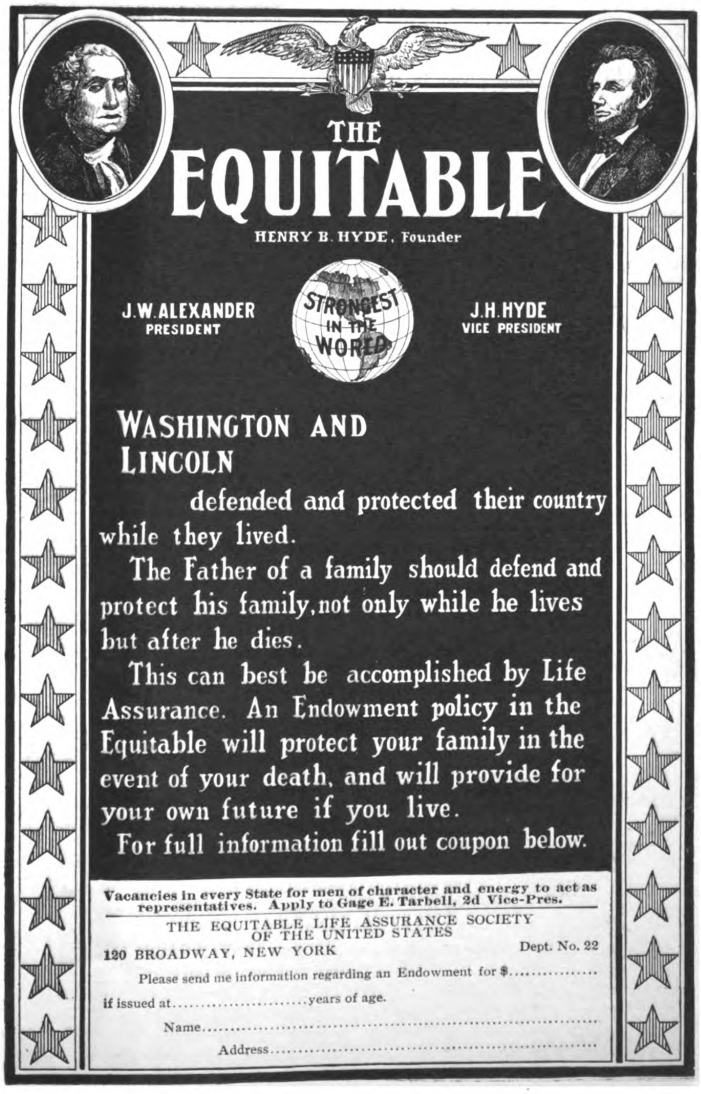
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NEW AUTO-TRUCKS

THE racing type of motor-car has been thrust into great prominence, on account of its remarkable speed records, unusual appearance, and rather exaggerated sanguinary habits when in unskilled hands, and little attention has been paid to the very rapid development of its plebeian relation, the commercial motor. Powerful traction-engines have for some years been satisfactory for use in the vast farm lands of the West, and in countries where railroads have not as yet spread a network of communication. Perhaps the most radical development of the traction-engine is found in the peculiar motor which is here presented. The subdivision of the driving-wheels into sections not unlike the feet of an elephant is claimed to give a more powerful grip on rough surfaces than anything that has yet been devised. It climbs over logs and boulders with as much ease as when on a well-made road, and it is not affected to any extent by mud two or three feet deep. This freak-like engine, curiously enough, reverts back in its appearance to some of the earliest attempts to use steam as a practical propulsive force, when the endeavor was made to construct motors whose tractive mechanism should imitate the exertions of men or animals. It also bears a resemblance to the various attempts which have been made by which the machine should carry its own rails, these being in some degree flexible, or in sufficiently small jointed sections to allow for their passage around the engine, thus presenting a smooth surface for the wheels irrespective of the character of the ground.



New Style of Traction-Engine for crossing Obstructions

The most recent development in the heavy motor vehicle has been unmistakably to produce the future successor of the trolley-car. The lower illustration on this page shows a car capable of ascending a forty-per-cent. grade with its maximum load. The essential benefit of this species of vehicle lies in the possibility of its use in districts where the scarcity of inhabitants makes a trolley road impracticable; in such cases a line of motor vehicles, which could be reduced or increased in number when traffic warranted, would obviate the need of a heavy outlay for the construction and maintenance of roadbed and power-house. It will undoubtedly be a long while, however, before motor-cars can be profitably adapted for use on, or in competition with, steam railroads, in spite of the experiments in this direction, which are being made in France and England.

The greatest stimulus towards the use of auto-trucks will be an electric battery which will be strong enough, and of such construction as to reduce the tremendous depreciation which at present cuts down the life of the battery and limits the radius of travel for the motor to an ever-shortening distance. With batteries now in use an enormous weight is required in order to produce sufficient power for heavy work; the effect of use is constantly to increase the weight which will give out the same amount of horse-power: *i. e.*, a battery, when new, may weigh (say) sixty pounds per horse-power hour, but the effect of charging and discharging is to increase the ratio, so that, after some time, one hundred pounds of battery may be required to give the same horse-power per hour. It is said that the much-talked-of Edison battery will be ready for general use this spring, and, if it is as efficient as it has been described to be, it will be of great service. It is claimed that there is practically no depreciation in this battery, even after the most severe test; it is made of corrugated steel plates held in a steel case. It has been well tested at the factory, and is considered fool-proof, but, in order that the most complete working knowledge of it may be had, batteries are to be distributed among the firms which use motor-wagons, and the drivers will be urged to give the batteries the most severe handling. It is therefore expected that when it is put on the market the battery will be as nearly reliable as human ability can make it.

Very fortunately the noisy automobile seems to have had its day, and the prevalence of electric vehicles for city use has hastened the passing of this unnecessary public nuisance. It has been found, moreover, that quietness is quite compatible with motors of high power, and the gasolene touring-cars of most recent construction have an almost inaudible exhaust; it is also possible to run the engine with greater economy of power and of oil consumption. This result has been obtained chiefly by means of improvements in the carburetor.



Trial of new Automobile-car on Heavy Grade

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(Continued from page 361.)

to be much lower than in the ordinary kind of municipal transit.

It is estimated that on the system as planned, and now before the city authorities, no less than 50,000 seated passengers could be carried at a speed of nine miles an hour.

Cataloguing the Heavens

See page 336

SCARCELY twenty years have elapsed since an entirely new idea took shape, an idea destined to be of far-reaching importance to astronomical science. This is the idea of scientific co-operation. Why should not astronomers combine forces under the general supervision of a single governing body, and thus organize a more perfect plan of attack upon the problems of celestial science? Commercial undertakings are not the only ones that yield increased results from a proper organization upon a large scale.

In the year 1882 a very bright comet appeared in the southern heavens. It was, of course, most conspicuous to observers in the southern hemisphere, and was watched almost continuously by the astronomers of the Cape of Good Hope observatory. One day, Gill, chief of that famous institution, conceived the idea that it might perhaps be possible to photograph the comet. His observatory was not provided with photographic apparatus at that time, so he enlisted the services of an enthusiastic local photographer named Allis. The latter brought to the observatory a large portrait camera of the usual type, and this was fastened temporarily to the tube of one of the telescopes. It thus became possible to aim the camera easily at any point of the sky by simply turning the telescope tube with the camera attached about the pivots or axes always supplied to telescopic mountings for that purpose. The very first trial resulted in thoroughly successful photographs of the comet; but it is a curious illustration of the manner in which new discoveries and inventions are sometimes made, that something entirely different from the comet photograph became the principal result of these remarkable experiments.

Gill noticed that his photographs showed something in addition to the comet with its great tail. The entire surface of the picture was everywhere thickly studded with little bright star-dots; for the photographic plate had picked up and recorded faithfully every tiny star situated on the dark background of the sky behind the comet and around it. This opened up a vastly suggestive possibility. Why should we not be able to chart the entire starry heavens in this way? Why not substitute for the fallible human eye and fallible human senses the unvarying truthful powers possessed by the photographic plate? These obvious ideas suggested themselves to Gill at once, and he acted upon them. It seems almost as if great advances in scientific method are not made,—they make themselves. The time becomes ripe, and it required but the attention of some man having the necessary influence among his professional brethren, and disposing of suitable large means to bring the new method into use. Gill is but one of several men who have made preliminary experiments in astronomical photography—epoch-marking experiments they all are—but to Gill belongs the credit of first lifting photography to its proper place among astronomical observational methods. Gill at once entered into correspondence with prominent astronomers the world over. His proposition to thus chart the entire heavens met with instant favor; a congress of representative astronomers was called to meet at Paris in 1887; and it was resolved there and then that the work should be completed at once, to be left as a rich heritage to science of the future from science at the end of the nineteenth century.

But the work was far too vast to be undertaken by any single institution. No less

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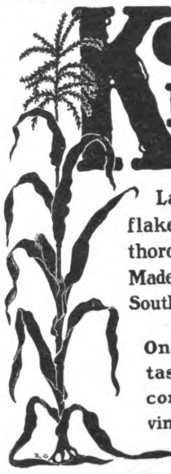
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than eighteen important observatories agreed to co-operate. The entire sky was divided into eighteen sections, and these were assigned to the eighteen observatories to be photographed. The work has now progressed so far that we may say the actual photography is about finished, and it remains only to digest and publish the results obtained.

We propose here to state very briefly some of the purposes for which the new chart will be most useful, and also to describe in a few words the machinery by which it has been constructed. Ever since the time of old Hipparchus, who made the very first catalogue of stars, men have recognized the importance of an accurate "directory of the heavens." Hipparchus was himself led to make his stellar catalogue by the sudden appearance of a new and brilliant star in a part of the heavens where nothing had been visible before. It was evident at once that such phenomena as this are of vital importance, if men desire to acquire accurate knowledge as to the beginnings and endings of the stars. And he saw that the only way to make sure of deciding whether supposed new stars are really new was to make at once a complete list of all existing stars, together with their exact positions on the heavenly vault. Even down to the present day this principle is still in force: it is safe to say that material advances in sidereal science are accomplished only by a search for change. The slightest alteration on the face of the sky is what the astronomer is eternally seeking: this is the cause of vigil by night, and laborious computations during the day. For this, elaborate records of observations are preserved from generation to generation, so that the infinitely slow development of celestial phenomena may be noticed by our remote descendants, even if they shall escape our own ardent scrutiny.

The great photographic chart is simply a part of these records of the skies. Only, unlike Hipparchus's old catalogue, it is made on a much more magnificent scale, and possesses a degree of precision surpassing anything he could even have imagined. Nor is the discovery of new stars the only object of the new work. Modern science has shown the existence of many other forms of change no less important to the serious student. Our theories of the universe are based on a statistical study of stellar catalogues; terrestrial maps and charts depend upon them for their ultimate precision; finally, navigation of the sea, and even the regulation of our ordinary clocks, also depend in great measure on astronomical observations, for whose proper interpretation star catalogues are imperatively needed. But it is not necessary to say much at the present day as to the importance of any great scientific undertaking: these have at last come to be recognized by every one at their proper value.

The new photographic work is to combine the advantages of a chart proper into those of a written catalogue such as Hipparchus made. The entire sky has been photographed twice, once with a series of pictures intended for accurate reproduction as a printed map or chart of the stars, and once for purposes of accurate measurement under the microscope, so as to furnish a printed catalogue. Into this it is estimated that no less than two million stars will enter. The illustration No. 7, on page 336, shows the telescope with which these celestial photographs have been made. The tube is built double, not unlike an ordinary opera-glass; one part is provided with a lens suitable for pho-



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tography, and the other is really nothing but a modification of an ordinary visual astronomical telescope. The two tubes being exactly parallel, it becomes possible to examine through the visual one that part of the sky which is being photographed through the photographic tube. This visual examination can continue even during the photographic exposure, so that the astronomer can "see what he is taking." Such an arrangement is necessary, because the stars are always moving up in the sky or going down, and it is essential to have the telescope "follow" them, even during the comparatively short period of exposure. By means of the visual instrument, astronomers can make sure that the following is correct, and if not, they can adjust it.

This following is accomplished by means of a large clockwork situated inside the telescope's supporting pier. The illustration of this clockwork, No. 6, is from a photograph made by the writer at the Cape of Good Hope, where one of the participating photo-telescopes is being operated under Gill's direction. No. 8 is from an actual photograph of the "eye-end" of the same instrument. It indicates plainly the square hole where the photographic plate is attached to the tube, and next to it the eye-piece of the visual tube. The small third telescope is a "finder." Nos. 1 and 3 give an idea of a part of the finished chart, and, for comparison simply, a fanciful figure of the constellation Cetus as drawn by old Hevelius in his *Prodromus Astronomiæ* (1690). The illustrations 4 and 5 show what photography can do with a close star-cluster and with the moon. Such results cannot be attained at all by mere visual methods; they show most clearly the possibilities and actualities of photography as applied to the skies, and justify the hope that by this new method of observation will be revealed some of those secrets that have baffled the eye of man throughout so many generations.

The Lover's Almanac

Oh, hearts that wear the willow,
To you I tell my woe,
Why thus uncared, ungartered,
And all so pale I go.

Come, you wan lovers sighing,
Who too have felt the thorn,
But let none heart-whole linger
To laugh my grief to scorn.

Demure in church on Sunday
My love I chanced to see,
Amidst her gentle praying
I vow she looked on me.

On Monday in the meadow
I lingered by the stile,
She did but touch my fingers,
And passed me with a smile.

On Tuesday, mute and rosy,
I stood upon her way,
My heart it nigh betrayed me,
"Good-morrow," did she say.

With blushing cheek on Wednesday
Her path she went all slow,
How feared I such a fair maid—
I could not move to go.

On Thursday, brave and daring,
I vowed I'd speak her fair,
She turned her glances from me,
And passed me, head in air.

All pale on Friday morning
I waited by her path,
She flashed her eyes upon me,
And pierced me with their wrath.

On Saturday, if that day
Should ever dawn for me,
I'll die for cruel Chloris
Beneath the hemlock-tree.

Dora Sigerson Shorter.

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Tickets for this tour, covering all features until arrival at Los Angeles, with transportation only returning independently on regular trains via going route, New Orleans, or Ogden and St. Louis, and good to stop off at authorized Western points, will be sold at rate of **$109.50** from New York, **$107.75** from Philadelphia, **$104.75** from Baltimore and Washington, **$98.00** from Pittsburg; returning via Portland, **$11.00** more.

No. 2. Yellowstone Park Tour.

Special train of baggage, Pullman dining, drawing-room sleeping, and observation cars will leave New York May 12, going via Chicago, Denver, Colorado Springs, and Salt Lake City, with stops *en route*, arriving Los Angeles May 20; returning, leave Los Angeles June 1, via Santa Barbara, San Jose, San Francisco, Seattle, and St. Paul, with stops *en route* and a complete tour of Yellowstone Park; arriving New York June 23. Rate, including all necessary expenses except hotel accommodations in Los Angeles and San Francisco, **$253.00** from New York, **$251.25** from Philadelphia, **$249.25** from Baltimore and Washington, **$244.00** from Pittsburg, and proportionate rates from other points.

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The tours outlined above have the indorsement of the officers of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and are designed to meet the requirements of those attending the General Assembly as well as those desiring to visit the Pacific coast at a minimum expense.

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A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE BOOK, in full, bright colors, with nursery rhymes and illustrations so arranged as to entertain and delight the children, will be sent to any woman who will send us before May 1st, 1903, four two cent stamps and the card or bill head of one retail grocer in her town who does not sell BEN-HUR FLOUR. MENTION THIS PAPER.

R.M. 91

SATURDAY
MARCH 7
1903

CONTRIBU

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STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY
MARCH 7
1903

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY

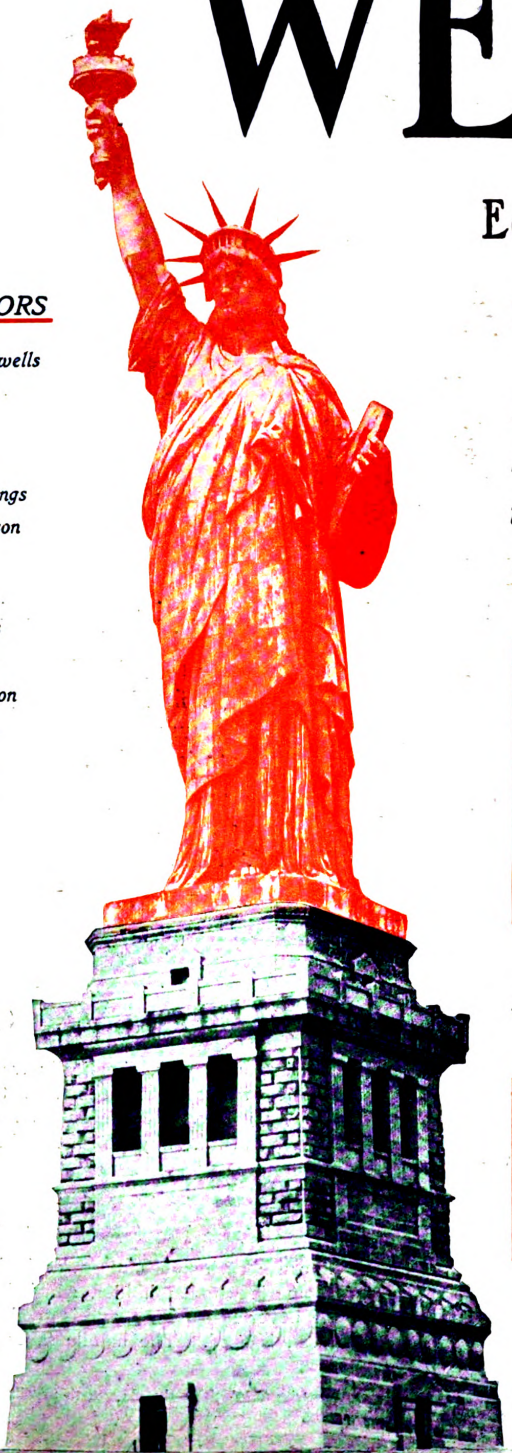
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FOUR
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A YEAR



THE OUTLOOK FOR COAL

Full-page Drawing, by John S. Sargent, of Miss Ethyl M. Smyth—the first Woman to produce an Opera in America

CLEVELAND & ROOSEVELT
An interesting historical Cartoon, by Thomas Nast, of the President and of the only living Ex-President, with Portraits

A Chance to increase our Navy

WILLIAM THE TEUTON
Character Sketch of the German Emperor by Peter Newell

Sixteen Pages of Comment on Politics, Literature, and Life

HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

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HARPERS BOOK NEWS

IN THE GARDEN OF CHARITY

Basil King, the author of "Let Not Man Put Asunder," has written a new novel, published recently under the title of "In the Garden of Charity." It is a study of one phase of marriage, but is totally unlike the author's previous success, dealing not with worldly men and women, but with the simple folk of the Nova Scotian coast. The heroic figure in the story is Charity, who works out her destiny under what are, perhaps, the most trying circumstances in which a woman could be placed, the story advancing through a series of strong, dramatic situations. It is all very human and very sincere.

SIX TREES

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins (Freeman) has given us another example of that deft art by which she presents her inimitable pictures of New England life and character, in "Six Trees," another recent publication. In these etching-like stories of New England life she makes use of a novel theme, telling of the influence of environment on her people as typified by their relations to the six trees that form the central figures in the six stories.

The book is especially pleasing in appearance, and is illustrated with twenty-two wash drawings in tint.

THE INTRUSIONS OF PEGGY

Mr. Anthony Hope's presence here at this time has directed public attention to his most recent publication — "The Intrusions of Peggy." Peggy is certainly one of the sprightliest of Mr. Hope's characters and one of the most mischievous. Not even the far-famed Dolly, of the "Dialogues," had quite such a penchant for harmless social intrigue. Peggy really seeks trouble—and finds it! But she has ready wit and a never-failing resourcefulness with which to get out of her many embarrassing positions, and all ends well.

HARPER & BROTHERS
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SOME have only themselves to keep clean, but the housekeeper has many and varied tasks of cleanliness. It is not, however, now necessary that she should have for these, several kinds of soap each fitted to clean only one thing. Ivory Soap is pure, and because of its purity it is at all times the soap to select when soap is needed. It drives away dirt with all its unpleasant consequences, and your confidence is increased every time you put it to a hard test.

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A specially imported wax, chemically treated, so that when it is once rubbed over the iron the latter is cleaned as if by magic. It prevents all odor, giving the work that beautiful, silky polish sought for by the laundress.

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Why? Because each fine cut stick of F. P. C. Wax is in an automatic wooden holder, which keeps it from dripping. It never loses shape, and is good until the last particle of wax is used. The handle saves your fingers from burns.

If your grocer tries to substitute the old wax that spoils your ironing and your temper, send 10 cents for two sticks to the

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII. *New York, Saturday, March 7, 1903—Illustrated Section* NO. 2411

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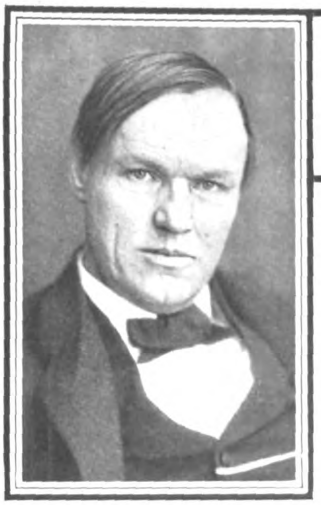


WILLIAM THE TEUTON

Who is not afraid of the Monroe doctrinaires

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THE OUTLOOK FOR COAL



Clarence S. Darrow

Attorney for mine-workers in coal-strike hearing



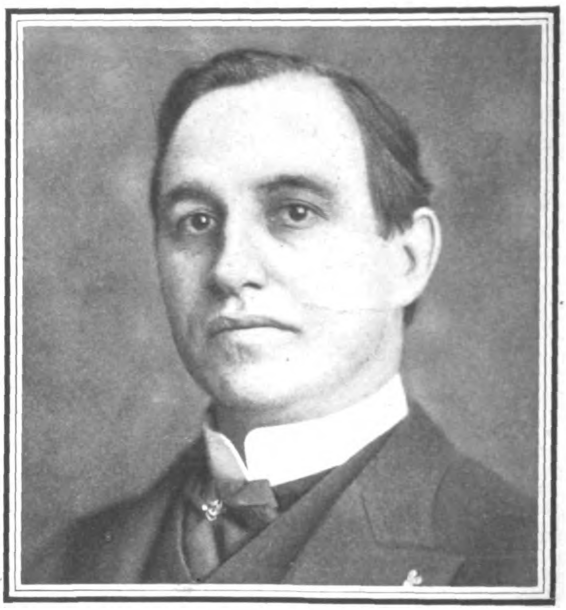
Jimmie Gallagher

A miners' witness, and the wit of the hearing

THE investigations of the commissioners appointed by President Roosevelt for the purpose of investigating the conditions that produced the anthracite coal strike, and of reporting a remedy for those conditions, are ended. It now remains for the commissioners to formulate and publish their conclusions.

The union mine-workers demand more pay and less work; they also deny that they are responsible for the savage persecution, often carried to the height of homicide, of which the non-union workers were the victims. Let us say at once that, as regards the demand for an increase of wages, the miners carried their point. This is evident from the fact that Mr. Baer, speaking for the Philadelphia and Reading Company, himself proposed a slight augmentation of the existing wages on a sliding-scale basis. We may, therefore, take for granted that an increase of wages will be recommended by the Strike Commission. On the other hand, it is doubtful whether the demand for a reduction of the hours of labor in anthracite mines will be approved. The community at large, which has come to regard the combustible as a necessary of life, is, at times, vitally interested in securing the largest practicable output. Obviously, this desideratum would be best attained under an elastic system, whereby a miner's earnings would be proportioned to the amount of work performed. Until very recently the production of anthracite exceeded the consumption, and, consequently, miners' wages were limited by the opportunities to work. For the last two years, however, an opposite state of things has existed, and, if the mines could have been operated continuously, the earnings of the workers would have mounted to the highest level that the industry could afford. Here we should dispel a current misconception touching the facilities for accumulating in summer a stock against the winter's demand. The impossibility of storing coal at a reasonable cost prevents that regularity of labor at the mines throughout the year which would be desirable. It was proved, moreover, that even in winter, although the demand may greatly exceed the supply, the union will not permit miners to work to their utmost capacity, however much they may wish to do so. This systematic restriction of output on the part of the union men was denounced by Mr. Baer as a wrong done to the individual, a violation of sound economic principle and an injury to society. He contended that the ultimate effect of restricting production so as to distribute employment must be to go on dividing the wage-fund as often as new men seek to be employed. The process must inevitably lead either to a refusal on the part of capital to prosecute the industry or to a reduction of the wages of the individual worker to a sum barely sufficient to sustain life. Mr. Baer maintained that wages can only increase when each individual is left free to exert himself to his fullest capacity, thereby creating wealth, which, in turn, gives new employment, creates a demand for commodities, and a corresponding demand for workmen to produce them.

The question of wages is manifestly complicated with the question of methods by which a miner's work shall be measured. Shall it be measured by the ton, by the car, by the yard, or by time? The union mine-workers insist that payment shall be made in every instance by weight. The operators answer that no single method of measurement is applicable to all collieries; that one system would suit one colliery; another, another; and that the difficulty of applying the rule of measurement by weight would in some collieries be insurmountable, while, in others, it would prove unsatisfactory to the workers themselves. This matter of measurement is one of the most knotty problems which the commission has to solve, and we doubt whether they will attempt to solve it by propounding a single principle rigorously applicable to all collieries. They are more likely to suggest that in each colliery or group of similar collieries the question of measurement shall be left to arbitration.



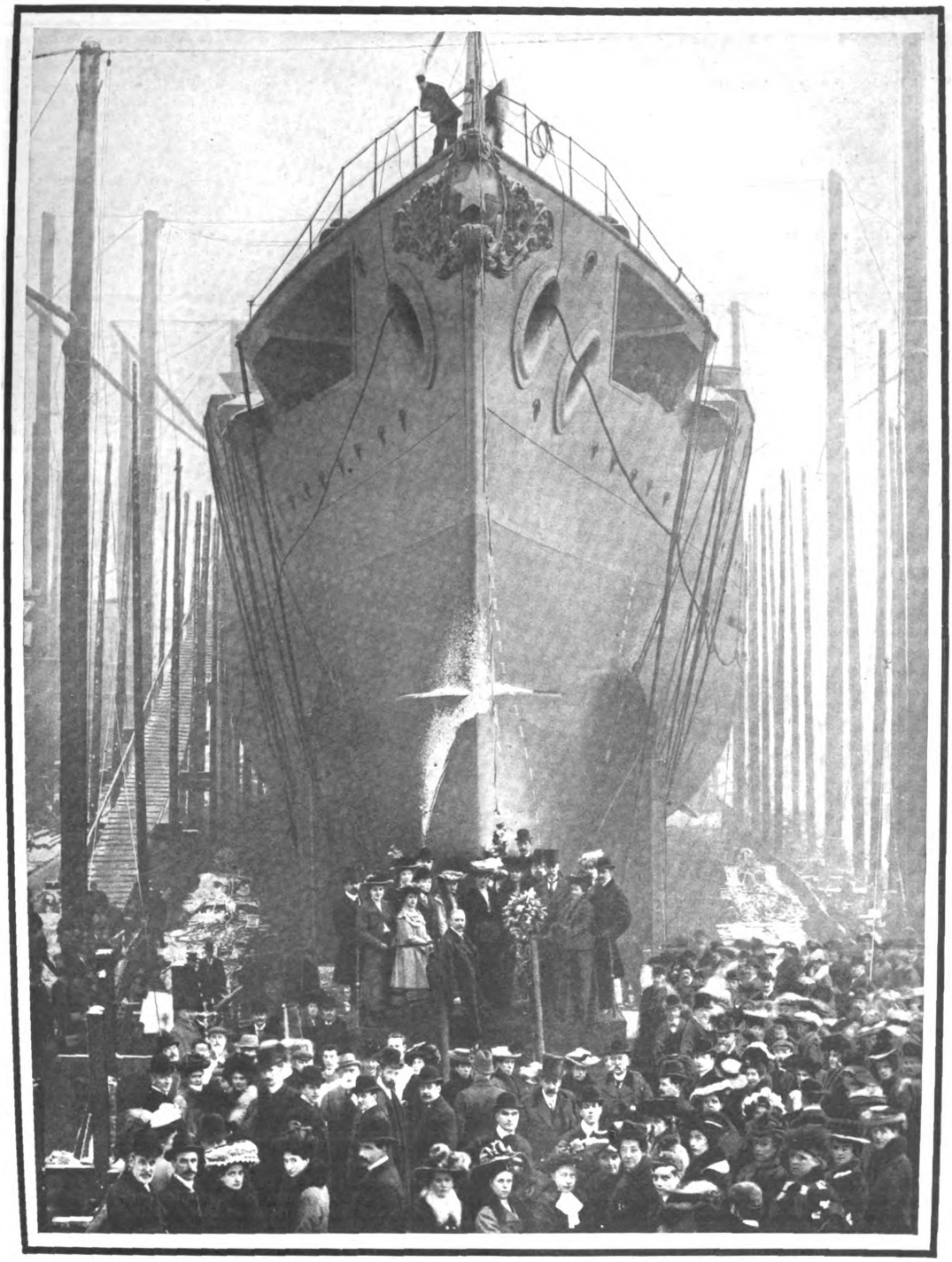
John Mitchell

President of the United Mine Workers of America

As the operators insisted from the outset that the question of their recognition of the Miners' Union did not come before the commission, all testimony relating to the acts of violence from which the non-union workers suffered should, by the strict rules of evidence, have been excluded. As a matter of fact, a very large part of the time occupied in the hearings was devoted to such testimony. The advocates of the strikers virtually undertook to justify the violence of which the non-union workers complained, by setting up the principle that a man has no moral right to work, if, by his work, he quenches the hopes and levels a death-blow at the interests of his fellow-man. In other words, the liberty to work begins when it can be exercised without impairing what a fellow-worker believes to be his right to labor or abstain from labor. This, obviously, is a new principle which cannot be reconciled with legal right as this has hitherto been formulated. This principle would give strikers the right to employ the coercion which the law prohibits. It would make them the sole arbiters of right and wrong in their own case. It should be obvious that the principle would justify organized capital in employing force to compel strikers to return to work.

Mr. C. S. Darrow, the counsel for the mine-workers, took the ground that the boycott was a natural and permissible weapon of partisan warfare. As testimony on the question of the union was admitted, it is probable that the report of the commission will embody a decision upon it. At the present writing the price of coal is about what it was before the trouble in the mining districts. It is most probable that the commission will grant sufficient concessions both to the miners and to the operators to make their decisions accepted without question even by the labor leaders, and so insure to those of us who have to buy, a reasonable price, and a plentiful supply of coal during the coming year.

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The Launching of the new Chilean Battle-ship "Constitucion" at Newcastle-on-Tyne

A Chance to Increase our Navy

TWO battle-ships, the *Libertad* and *Constitucion*, which are being built for Chile in England, and two armored cruisers, the *Garibaldi* and *Pueyrredon*, which are being built for the Argentine Republic in Italy, are on the market. They are for sale by reason of the treaty of peace signed by these countries last July, whereby each nation agreed not only to sell these vessels, but to take off some of the small arms on their present war-vessels. Chile also agreed to sell its well-known armored cruiser *Captain Prat*.

Both the *Constitucion* and *Libertad* have been launched—the *Constitucion* having only recently been sent into the water from the yards of a British ship-building company, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. She is rated as a first-class battle-ship, but is really of the second class, being slightly larger than the *Illinois* of the United States navy. Chile has offered her two ships to Germany, and the offer has been rejected for two reasons. One is that the vessels were not made in Germany, and the other is that special ammunition would have to be made for them. Great Britain has not yet put in a bid for them, and probably will not do so. In spite of the many difficulties in the way, it has already been proposed that we take advantage of these conditions, and add to our navy at least two of the four new war-ships.

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Possible Russo-Turkish War

ST. PETERSBURG, *February 14, 1903.*

IN the last few days there has been a sudden change in the tone of our newspapers towards the Balkan troubles and Macedonia. And, to those who understand the meaning of the change, it is ominous of war, while outwardly promising peace. Until the last few days all our Russian papers, beginning with Prince Ukhtomski's official St. Petersburg *Gazette* and *Novoe Vremya*, and ending with *Grajdanin* and *Svet*, were full of the most outspoken attacks on the Turkish government for its part in tolerating, if not inciting, the Macedonian horrors. In this crusade of the pen, Prince Ukhtomski took the lead, and we all know that, since their trip round the world together twelve years ago, Prince Ukhtomski has been deep in the counsels of the Tsar. So that we may justly infer that the Tsar himself feels as much indignation and horror at the Balkan atrocities as does the most outspoken editor in the land.



For weeks the columns of the papers, beginning with the official St. Petersburg *Gazette*, were full of reports of Macedonian outrages. A few days ago all hostile criticisms of the Sultan and his policy, and all reports of the outrages and torturings in the Christian provinces of Turkey suddenly ceased, and were succeeded by articles of a much milder tone, containing promises and hopes of a pacific settlement for the Macedonian difficulty. The cause of that sudden change is this: the Tsar and the Russian government, with the whole nation behind them, have made up their minds that the Turkish horror must be ended; and therefore they have had to face the prospect of a most terrible war. For the Turks are most formidable soldiers, powerful, courageous, determined; they are admirably trained and splendidly armed, with Mausers of the latest make; and they will fight on the defensive, on their own soil, if this war breaks out. This means, for Russia, the most tremendous sacrifices, with the certainty that she cannot indemnify herself at all for her losses, and that her one reward will be a duty done. Therefore, before taking the step which must bring upon her so many evils, Russia is determined to make the greatest possible effort to attain to some *modus vivendi*, some compromise, some peaceable settlement, if that be at all possible. And in order to give this plan of peace every possible chance of success, it has been decided that every effort must be made to conciliate the Turks; that hostile criticism must cease, that gentle means must be tried, and sincerely tried, before sterner measures, which must bring immeasurable suffering to all parties, are finally and irrevocably undertaken.

If war must finally be resorted to, the refusal of Rumania to allow the passage of Russian troops through her territory puts the matter strategically in a new light. In the Russian invasion of 1877, the lines of force ran from Kisheneff in Russia through Rumania to the Danube, and then across the Danube and further south through Turkish territory, since become the principality of Bulgaria. Plevna was the first strong centre of Turkish resistance, for there were gathered the Turkish troops that had been operating in Servia to the west; and these threatened the Russian line of communication. Therefore it was necessary to dispose of Plevna before the Russian line could be continued towards the south. The thrice-repeated storming of Plevna has passed into history, adding the splendid figure of Skobeleff to the heroic roll of immortals. But the storming had to be changed to a blockade before Plevna fell, late in the year, when the Balkan passes to the south were already choked with snow. Through those snow-clad passes the Russians then fought their way, carrying the line of force over the Shipka, through Adrianople, and on to Stamboul. There was signed the San Stefano Treaty, which set not only Servia and Bulgaria, but also Macedonia, free.

These were the lines of force in 1877-8. But the refusal of Rumania to allow Russian troops once more to pass through her territories will divert the next invasion to another path. This will run from Odessa and Sevastopol, the great ports of Southerr Russia, to Varna and Bourgas on the Turkish coast, where the Russian armies will have to land. The gate of the Bosporus will meanwhile be held by the splendid battle-ships and cruisers of Russia's Black Sea fleet, which will advance as far south as the formidable Turkish fortresses of the Bosporus permit.

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Opening of the Canadian Parliament

THE Congress of the United States adjourned at midnight of March 4. The Dominion Parliament begins its yearly session next week. The relationship of the two events is obvious. It suggests the intimacy existing between the interests which no artificial boundaries separating the two countries do or can, after all, divide. By any disturbance of the industrial equilibrium on this side, the conditions on the other are bound to be more or less affected. Readjustment is often necessary, and an immediate or early session is for this reason expedient.

This session of the Canadian Parliament is to be of more than usual interest. What will give the Canadians themselves most concern in its deliberations is the promised redistribution bill. This does not immediately affect their material interests, but threatens to disturb present internal political values. The maritime provinces, which have already serious grievances, will suffer in this reapportionment, while Manitoba, British Columbia, and the Northwest Territories, which have grown relatively in population, will gain. But the protest which comes from the old provinces will probably be but faint echo of the fierce racial cry of the former struggles.

What will more deeply concern those who look on from this side the border is the Parliament's legislation with respect to the tariff and railroads. It is authoritatively announced that no increase in the tariff need be expected or feared. A strong Conservative opposition, reflecting the growing manufacturing interests of Canada, will make strenuous fight to counteract the effect of the tariffs which we have kept standing against them. With the Conservatives in this effort to promote a "national policy" are associated many Liberals, prominent among whom is Mr. Tarte, who last year resigned from the Laurier cabinet because his advocacy of increased protection for Canadian industries did not harmonize with the views of Premier Laurier and his cabinet. It is confidently predicted, however, that if any change is made it will be in the direction of lowering the schedules, and not of raising them. It is more probable that Sir Wilfrid, himself ill, will not undertake the task of making any readjustments this year, but leave it to his successor, who, it is reported, may be the Hon. W. S. Fielding, present Finance Minister. The Conservatives are at present without an efficient leader, but it is likely that Mr. Foster, ex-Finance Minister, now candidate in a by-election in Ontario, will be returned, in which event a material strengthening of the party is anticipated.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada

Another matter of our neighborly concern is the Canadian government's railroad policy. The projects of transcontinental proportions and of international importance which will receive the attention of this Parliament must affect our own economic interests, and eventually determine our future "moves." And whatever the immediate action of the Dominion's Congress may be, it is certain that the projects indicate that there is believed to exist a basis for great growth and prosperity. These enterprises, as reported from Ottawa, include not only a new transcontinental line, for which the government's assistance will be asked, but numerous minor roads, including one which is to reach Hudson Bay, and open the way, perhaps, for that once visionary route to Europe through this great inland ocean. There are indications of Canada's increasing attractiveness to manufacturer and agriculturist, which the government itself is doing much to enhance.

The Canadian question most conspicuously in the mind of the people of the United States is that which relates to the settlement of the Alaskan boundary. It is to be hoped that the Parliament will make possible the constitution of the commission by the appointment of its representatives at this session.

Roosevelt and Cleveland

THE historic cartoon by Thomas Nast reproduced here is significant as indicating the early political relations between the President and Mr. Cleveland, who is now our only living ex-President. Mr. Nast called his cartoon "Reform without Bloodshed." The meeting took place in Albany when Cleveland was Governor of New York and Roosevelt was a member of the Assembly. The topic of discussion was the reform in State and county politics where corruption had been found which equalled in many ways the corruption of the famous "Tweed" ring. It was largely through Mr. Roosevelt's investigations and Mr. Cleveland's co-operation that the details of the frauds were made public, that the "citizens were aroused to active support of measures of reform, that offenders were brought to trial, and that laws, correcting the abuses, were passed by the Legislature." It is also a significant fact that Mr. Roosevelt was first invited to the White House during Cleveland's administration.



Theodore Roosevelt
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"Reform without Bloodshed"
From the cartoon by Thomas Nast



Grover Cleveland
From the latest painting

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A Native Yakut Girl



Reindeer Sledges in Northern Asia



In Ceremonial Costume



The Kumiss Ceremonial among Asiatic Tribes



A Shaman Priest



Transporting the new Asiatic Collection to New York



Details of Priest's Costume

AMERICAN EXPLORATION IN ASIA BY THE JESUP EXPEDITION

See page 401

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Jose Ives Limantour



President Porfirio Diaz, of Mexico



General Bernardo Reyes

PRESIDENT DIAZ AND HIS SUCCESSOR

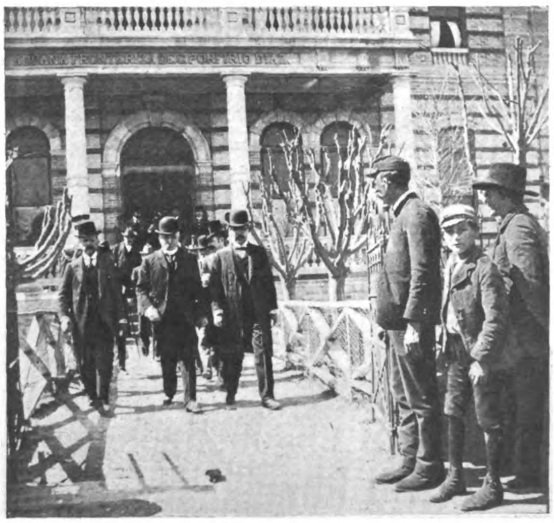
THE rumor that President Diaz is about to resign has attracted wide attention. He assumed the reins of government when Mexico was in worse state than is Colombia to-day. Revolutions had occurred annually. There were never less than two presidents at one time, each with an armed following, and issuing *pronunciamentos*. In a short time he thoroughly suppressed organized civil strife. But the great country he governed was pillaged and wasted. Outlying towns were strongholds of constitutional revolutionists who wanted no era of peace. Armed bands of men, remnants of the armies of forgotten pretenders, roamed the country, making banditry and blackmail the law of the land. "Lots of administration," said Diaz. And one of his first acts was to issue a pardon to all bandits who surrendered themselves within a certain time, with a uniform and a horse and a salary greater than any sum of money they could make dishonestly. Hundreds came in, and thus arose the "Rural Guard" of Mexico—wonderful riders and wonderful shots. Set a thief to catch a thief. He sent these out, "assuming," as he has since said, "all kinds of responsibilities," and they cleared the country of bandits, shooting on sight, with the result that to-day the unsettled country of Mexico is the safest unsettled country in the world.

With security obtained, prosperity was to be sought, and President Diaz definitely set about the encouragement of foreign capital. He offered, first of all, heavy subsidies to railroads; he then gave away public lands; established liberal mining laws; remitted taxes when desirable; and chose for members of his official family the most liberal statesmen and most skilled financiers in the land.

The President has some enemies and many opponents—and they may readily be classified. First, are the friends and relatives of agitators who have "disappeared," and the many who must needs feel that a personal injustice has been done them in one way or another. These latter are not lacking in a real republic. Second, are stiff-necked members of the old "Church party," who demand the restoration to mother church of her buildings and lands confiscated under Juarez, and of her lost prestige. Yet this group is not large enough to be dignified with the name of party. Third, are men of certain highly developed communities — Monterey, Guadalajara—who insist that Mexico is ready for more liberty, and who are fretted by the periodic farce of a popular election. Not a vast group of opponents—certainly not a party of the opposition—and nearly all warm in their enthusiasm for the man whom they oppose on principle.

One criticism of President Diaz, however, is hard to answer—unless within the mind of the man himself there are plans that prove it groundless—namely, that he is training up no successor. The accusation of petty jealousy, brought by many against the General, seems hardly justifiable, though based on this and on lesser acts. Whatever the underlying cause, thoughtful friends of Mexico within and without her borders believe that it will be more than unfortunate for the country, stable as she now is, if a successor should enter into office without the power and wisdom of Diaz at his side to start him on his course. Until recently two men were considered to be the logical and rival candidates for the succession. These are Lic. Don José Ives Limantour and General Bernardo Reyes.

Limantour, Secretary of the Treasury in Diaz's cabinet, first gave his services to the administration in 1893, as Assistant Secretary under Matias Romero. He received the best education that wealth could procure,—both in Mexico and in France. He was at one time professor of political economy in the School of Jurisprudence, and later undertook for the government a special mission to Europe in connection with certain delicate financial matters. On the departure of Señor Romero to the United States he was appointed to the Secretaryship. Next to Diaz, the Mexico of to-day owes her prosperity to Limantour, a broad-minded specialist, a practical theorist, and a far-sighted statesman. "Preserve us from Limantour as President," is the remark of many of our countrymen in Mexico, "he is anti-American." Whatever may be Limantour's personal prejudices, he is, officially, above all, pro-capital, and would have no desire to dam the richest stream that flows into his country. As a man handicapped by wealth, the Secretary has not always that Latin urbanity which hides the feelings of his chief. And if he has at any time given expression to a personal dislike for Americans, it is in no way indicative of policy.



President Diaz leaving the Custom-House of the City of Diaz, named in his Honor

General Bernardo Reyes, the popular Governor of the wealthy state of Nueva Leon, General of Division in the Mexican Army, and Secretary of State for War, was recently widely held to be the probable successor of Diaz. He had that important key to popularity—brass buttons and a war record. He had, superficially at least, a more engaging personality than his rival; and he had control of the army. His mistake was to show his desire too plainly as an aspirant to the Presidency.

Though it is improbable that Diaz will soon resign, it is a safe prediction that two years from now will find José Ives Limantour occupying his place. He will find the wild spirit of modern Mexico not broken, but subdued to the will of one man.

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The Tin Woodman (D. C. Montgomery) Dorothy Gale (Anna Laughlin) The Scarecrow (Fred. A. Stone) Imogene (Edwin J. Stone)

"The Wizard of Oz"

A MUSICAL extravaganza which is both tuneful and comic in the best sense is "The Wizard of Oz," now playing at the Majestic Theatre. It is frankly burlesque of the broadest sort, but it has the great merit of being free from vulgarity, and tingles with life and spirit from first to last. Apart from its elaborate scenic effects and wonderland pictures, which carry the mind of the old theatre-goer back several decades to the days of the so-called "transformation scenes" that so delighted the youthful eye of other times, the extravaganza is notable for the opportunity it gives two excellent vaudeville artists, Messrs. Montgomery and Stone, to display their talents in rich measure. New York has not for many years seen anything quite so exquisitely droll as the antics of these two individuals in the rôles of the *Scarecrow* and the *Tin Woodman*. To be sure, it is horse-play, but it is horse-play of the finest type, and he would be indeed a dull-pated, morose creature who could not be moved to laughter by it. The *Amiable Calf* and the *Cowardly Lion* also add materially to the swift-running current of fun which never for an instant flags or palls upon the audience. It has been the lament of certain observers of stage conditions that the race of clowns of the artistic sort has passed into history, but "The Wizard of Oz," with its uproarious quintet of fun-makers, proves the happy falsity of such a contention. The "Wizard" is certainly an entertainment amply able to chase away the most persistent of blue devils, and as a purveyor of delight for the children should be heartily welcomed in every home that is blessed with a nursery.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending March 7, 1903

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COMMENT

THE commemoration of Washington's birthday this year was distinguished by the remarkable address which Dr. S. Weir Mitchell delivered before the University of Pennsylvania in the Philadelphia Academy of Music. Dr. Mitchell did not profess to have acquired any new information concerning Washington; what he undertook to do was to place the old facts in a new light, and to draw sound and just deductions from data already known. In the case of the men who have played illustrious parts in American history, it is needful from time to time to recur to broad generalizations. The microscope must be laid aside, lest, by fixing our eyes too intently on minute details, we fail to appreciate character in the round and achievement as a whole. Dr. Mitchell gave us the right perspective. It is refreshing to turn to his judicial summing up after a perusal of such books as *The True George Washington*, *The True Benjamin Franklin*, and *The True Thomas Jefferson*, which purport to give us more correct conceptions of the men by revealing to us their minor shortcomings. We are told, for instance, that Washington could not spell. Neither could the Duke of Marlborough. Accurate spelling was not characteristic of British generals in the eighteenth century. The best speller was Burgoyne, but perfection in orthography was not the accomplishment most needed at Saratoga in 1777. It is also true that Washington received only a common-school education, and that what tuition he had, ceased when he was fifteen. As Dr. Mitchell reminds us, he was self-taught, and his self-teaching went on, as it did in the case of Lincoln, all his life. He never stopped growing. He was continually assimilating knowledge and, what was of infinitely more moment to him and to others, wisdom, from books, from men, and from events.

Of the many questions discussed by Washington's innumerable biographers, there are few which Dr. Mitchell did not illuminate, and two of them he is the first to answer in a satisfactory way. Was Washington a reserved, cold, self-contained, unsympathetic man? Reticent he unquestionably was. Like the great Prince of Orange, to whom he presents other points of likeness, he was a silent man. Not easily did his thoughts or feelings find oral expression. On the other hand, no soldier ever lived who was so communicative with the pen. Of all American writers, George Washington was the most productive. He has left about 10,000 letters, not one of which is a mere note; this although the letters which would have been most interesting because most confidential, those to his wife, were destroyed. That among a myriad letters penned under the most various conditions many should show signs of haste was to be expected. What is less seldom noticed is a fact upon which Dr. Mitchell lays due stress, namely, that some of the letters are examples of virile English not surpassed in quality and force by any of the writer's contemporaries, although these included Johnson, Burke, and "Junius." Dr. Mitchell directs special attention to the page or two of satire on General Conway contained in a letter to General Gates. As for his alleged incapacity for friendship, we are reminded that Hamilton called him a kind and unchanging friend. His letters bear witness that he was not only kindly, but affectionate. Benedict Arnold was one of the generals for whom he seems to have felt a warm affection, the remembrance of which stung him when he learned of Arnold's treason. Another question that has puzzled biographers is, How did it happen that a man who, in his youth, had been exceptionally robust and vigorous, succumbed at the age of sixty-eight to a disorder which, even in the absence of proper medical treatment, ought not to have been fatal. Dr. Mitchell considers this question from the view-point of a physician, and he arrives at the conclusion that not even the massive frame of Washington could be subjected with impunity to exposure and privation through the long years of the Revolutionary contest. It is his belief that, when the war ended, Washington was a breaking man, and older than his years.

President Roosevelt in his latest utterance, the address delivered by him on February 21 at the laying of the corner-stone of the Army War College, reaffirmed the truth which events are driving home to the American mind, the truth, namely, that readiness for war is the only guarantee of peace. By war, of course, Mr. Roosevelt means, not aggressive, but defensive war. The war against Mexico was the only one ever undertaken by this country for spoliative purposes. The resolutions which, in April, 1898, committed us to the contest with Spain, would never have been passed by Congress—as every one present at the time in Washington is well aware—but for the self-denying ordinance with regard to Cuba which they embodied. If we need to make our navy at least as large as Germany's, if not as large as that of France, and if we need to place our military resources and preparations on such a footing that a sudden augmentation of our regular army and a skilled direction of it would be practicable, it is obviously because those weapons may be at any hour required for the protection of our sister American commonwealths, which would be unable to defend themselves against any first-rate European power. The creation of a great navy or of an efficient military system is the work of many years, during which there must be no interval of relaxation or indifference. It is fortunate for the country that Mr. Roosevelt's personal experience has made him keenly alive to our naval and military shortcomings. When he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, adequate measures were taken to improve the gunnery practice on our ships, with results that were memorably attested at Manila and at Santiago. He has been quick to observe that at present our naval gunnery is not what it was in 1898, and he has taken the requisite steps to restore its efficiency. It is well known that the whole influence of the Administration was employed to secure the passage of the bill creating a General Staff, and laying at least the basis for a better organization of the National Guard, from which the regular army must be recruited in the hour of danger. It will have been noticed that

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Mr. Roosevelt in his speech on February 21 frankly admitted it to be undesirable that the standing military force of the United States should be other than small in proportion to the country's population. On the other hand, it is indispensable that the force, while relatively small, should attain to the very highest point of efficiency reached by an army in the civilized world.

It is to be hoped that the Fifty-eighth, if not the Fifty-seventh, Congress will adopt the naval-construction programme recommended by the General Board of the navy headed by Admiral Dewey. The programme is warmly advocated, not only by Secretary Moody, but by President Roosevelt. Before marking the proposed additions to our naval strength, we should recall the fact that we now have in commission, or under construction, nineteen battle-ships and eleven armored cruisers. One of these vessels, however, the *Texas*, was originally a second-class battle-ship, and is now out-of-date, while three others, the *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, and *Oregon*, will soon need to be modernized. Although we have more seacoast to defend than any other country except Great Britain, we are behind Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, and Italy as regards the number of our war-vessels. Moreover, the German navy is increasing at such a rate that in 1906 it will comprise thirty-eight battle-ships and twenty-six armored cruisers. What the General Board of the navy advises is that naval construction shall be forthwith authorized, and begun on such a scale as to give us by 1909 forty-eight effective battle-ships and twenty-four armored cruisers, besides forty-eight protected or unprotected cruisers, and forty-eight torpedo-boat destroyers, together with torpedo-boats, submarines, colliers, and supply ships. The completion of such a programme would make us the second naval power in the world, and would enable us, in conjunction with Great Britain, to enforce peace upon the ocean. There is no doubt that the programme could easily be carried out, so far as the resources of our Federal exchequer are concerned, for it is computed that the cost would not exceed $40,000,000 a year for eight years. When we consider the enormous amount of money lavished yearly upon pensions, we cannot reasonably object to devoting about a fourth as much to the increase of our navy, without which the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine against a European coalition would be plainly impossible.

The negro problem having been forced into the foreground of discussion by Secretary Root's admission, in his speech at the Union League Club of New York city, that the blacks had failed to profit by the ballot to the extent expected, we naturally hear very different opinions expressed in the Northern press regarding the practical disfranchisement of the negro in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, North and South Carolina, and Virginia. As to the constitutional consequences of the disfranchising measures, there is a great deal of misconception current. Since not one of those measures disfranchises negroes as such, the result being reached indirectly, it is for the Supreme Court of the United States to decide whether the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution is violated or evaded. That Amendment undoubtedly declares that the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by *any State* on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. It is obvious that this Amendment does not prohibit a State from enacting a property qualification for the franchise such as recently existed in Rhode Island, or an educational qualification such as exists in Massachusetts to-day. There is, on the other hand, no doubt that even an educational or a property qualification for the franchise is prohibited by the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment, which declares that all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside; and, moreover, that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States. What penalty is provided for the violation of the Fourteenth Amendment? It is a mistake to suppose that the penalty attaches only to the withholding of the right to vote for President and Vice-President and for representatives in Congress. On the contrary, the second section of the Fourteenth Amendment expressly states that, when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, representatives in Congress, *the executive and judicial officers of a State or the members of a Legislature thereof*, is denied to the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crimes, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of male citizens thus excluded shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State. How is the proportion to be determined?

It does not follow, because in the six Southern States that we have named very few negroes go to the ballot-box, that all of the abstainers are disfranchised by the State laws. It is probable that the proportion could be ascertained with a close approach to accuracy by a census taken for the purpose, and the fifth section of the Amendment authorizes Congress to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of the second section just recalled. But there will be no such legislation on the part of Congress until public opinion in the Northern States demands it, and, up to the present time, Northern opinion has not been favorable to the infliction of penalties on the Southern States enumerated by reducing their representation in the House of Representatives proportionally to the number of negroes practically disfranchised. It is evident, from the reception given to Secretary Root's speech, that the infliction of the penalty prescribed in the second section of the Fourteenth Amendment would not now be favored by a majority of white citizens at the North. So long as this state of feeling lasts, the Fourteenth Amendment will be practically a dead letter.

Since we last referred to the disgraceful state of things in Delaware, the so-called Regular Republicans have tried to give their State its just representation in the Senate, by proposing to vote for any one of the Union Republicans (except Addicks), providing the latter would in their turn vote for the candidate of the Regulars. The offer was refused, the Union Republicans adhering to their original declaration that, if the Regulars would agree to be bound by the outcome of a Republican caucus, Mr. Addicks would not be a candidate. As the whole number of Republicans in the Legislature is thirty-one, to which the Regulars contribute but ten, it is obvious that the result of a caucus would be the nomination of two friends of Addicks. As we go to press, the signs are that the Regulars will combine with the Democrats for the purpose of sending one Democrat and one Regular to the United States Senate. To such a course there can be no reasonable objection, though there are Republican partisans who would rather see the State of Delaware unrepresented in the Federal Senate than represented, even partially, by a Democrat. It is believed that the strength of Mr. Addicks at the ballot-box will be materially lessened if his opponents in the Legislature succeed in repealing the law which has permitted an illiterate voter to have an attendant at the voting-place. The purpose of the existing law is said to have been to give assurance that a bribed voter would stay bribed. Colonel William J. Bryan is perfectly right in saying that the discreditable political methods imputed to Mr. Addicks cannot be condemned with a good grace by those Republicans who have nothing to say about the means whereby certain Republican Senators are believed to have obtained their seats. We have heard no outcry on the part of the Regular Republicans of Delaware against Senator Quay or Senator Hanna.

Whether the Panama Canal treaty will be ratified by the Senate before the expiration of the Fifty-seventh Congress is still, at the hour when we write, uncertain. Nobody disputes the purity of the motives which have impelled Senator Morgan of Alabama to oppose the treaty. He honestly believes that the Nicaragua route is preferable to the Panama route; and, also, that terms more favorable to the United States can be procured from Nicaragua and Costa Rica than from Colombia. It is questionable, as he says, whether the hundred-year lease given by the treaty, even when coupled with the option of renewal, is technically equivalent to the "perpetual control" which the Spooner act appropriating the money needed for the purchase of the property of the French Canal Company required the President to secure. There is no doubt, however, that a lease renewable at the lessee's option for an

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indefinite number of centuries is substantially tantamount to perpetual control. Some of the amendments proposed by Senator Morgan are, as we formerly said, unobjectionable, and even desirable, in themselves; but, if the treaty be amended in the slightest particular, the whole subject might be reopened at Bogota, and nobody can predict with confidence what the Marroquin government would do. There are two parties to a bargain, and concessions on both sides are unavoidable. Nobody pretends that the Panama Canal treaty is ideally perfect from our point of view. It is simply the best that our State Department could obtain at the time. Moreover, time presses. The option given to our government by the French Canal Company is about to expire, and at the hour when we write we have no reason to assume that the company will extend it. As for Senator Quay's opposition to the canal treaty, it has been attributed to the influence of the transcontinental railways, but for the present we prefer to think that he is desirous of coercing his Republican colleagues into the support of his Statehood bill in some form.

According to the latest reports from Washington, the advocates and the opponents of the Statehood bill have agreed upon a compromise. It is said that almost all the Republican Senators, including Mr. Quay, are willing that New Mexico and Arizona shall be admitted as a single State under the name of Montezuma, with a proviso that, when that part of the new commonwealth contributed by the present Territory of Arizona shall have 300,000 inhabitants, and when a majority of the voters in that population shall have expressed a wish to be set off from Montezuma, the President shall, by proclamation, declare Arizona a separate State. If the Democrats, some of whom are unfavorable to this proposal, see fit to filibuster against it, the passage of a Statehood bill in any form will be impracticable in this Congress. One of the Democratic objections, however, that, namely, that Arizona would have to wait until after 1910 before a test of the number and wishes of her inhabitants could be made, might be met by a provision for a special census of the area interested, to be taken at an earlier date. To the admission of Oklahoma there has never been any serious opposition, but some weighty objections have been urged to the inclusion of Indian Territory in the new State. In the first place, we have contracted treaty obligations toward the Indians, and, in the second place, there are in Indian Territory no school lands from the sale of which a school fund might be created. It is suggested that both of these objections may be parried by a proviso that Indian Territory shall not be added to Oklahoma until 1906, when our treaty obligations will be no longer binding, and by a stipulation in the bill that a trust fund applicable to public schools in Indian Territory shall be created by the Federal government. From a party point of view the Statehood bill as reconstructed is, of course, a disappointment to the Democrats, who had hoped eventually to gain four United States Senators, if Arizona and New Mexico were admitted as separate States.

There is no backward movement toward bimetallism in the amendment to the Philippines Coinage bill which was accepted by the Senate, and which authorizes the President to propose to Great Britain, France, and Germany some arrangement by which a fixed rate of exchange between gold and silver might be established for the benefit of Mexico, China, and other silver-standard countries. The proposal will not be received favorably in England, if we may judge from the opinions expressed in newspapers which are regarded as authorities on economical and monetary questions. The *Economist* points out the failure of previous attempts to create by law a stable ratio between the yellow and white metals, and insists that silver must be left to find its market level, disastrous as the results of the process may be to the few countries which still have a silver currency. The *Statist* thinks that Mexico, should she undertake to redeem her old silver coinage, even at the invariable rate of 32 to 1, would risk ruin; and the paper is quite convinced that England should not attempt to force any given ratio between the two precious metals upon the Strait Settlements and other British possessions in the East which have not yet adopted the gold standard. So far as the Philippines are concerned, it is to be hoped that the Senate Coinage bill will become a law. The present chaotic state of the currency in the archipelago presents an insuperable obstacle to that inflow of capital which is indispensable for the development of the islands.

As we have indicated more than once, the labor question in the Philippines is scarcely second in importance to the coinage question. The Filipino will not work steadily at any kind of labor indoors, and he cannot even be trusted to work continuously in the open air. He tills the soil as little as possible; only a small fraction of the land is under cultivation in even the most densely peopled islands. Significant is the fact that in the rural districts the houses of the peasants seldom have garden plots attached to them. What market gardening is done is done by the Chinese. They alone can be relied upon for hard, persistent labor. For example, they are stevedores in the seaports; they are the lumbermen, woodsawyers, ship-builders, and carriage-makers. They are the merchants, tailors, and domestic servants. If the insular government hesitates to recommend the wholesale admission of Chinese, it is for the same reason which has led the Dutch government to exclude them from Java, the knowledge, namely, that natives of Malayan stock could not stand the competition. The Javanese, however, are less averse to manual labor than the Filipinos. It looks as if a certain amount of Chinese labor would prove indispensable, and it has been suggested that the dangers apprehended from immigration on a large scale might be lessened if no individual Chinese were permitted to remain in the islands for more than a definite term of years.

We are reluctant to believe that the Dominion of Canada intends to protest to the Imperial government against the appointment of Senator Lodge and Senator Turner on the Alaska Boundary Commission. The pretext for such a protest, if any is made, will be, we presume, that the two Senators named have formed, and have repeatedly expressed, definite opinions regarding the boundary. It would be difficult, we imagine, to find any eminent American citizen interested in public questions to whom a like objection may not be made. Nor would it be easy, on the other hand, to pick out for the Canadian members of the commission men who are known to have a perfectly open mind upon the subject. We have no reason to doubt, however, that both the American and Canadian commissioners will attach due weight to new and conclusive testimony, if any such can be produced. The fact that at least one of the British commissioners is expected to be a native of Great Britain constitutes, of course, the basis for the hope that, even on the old and familiar evidence, a majority of the commissioners will be able to arrive at a decision. It is a significant fact that Chart No. 787 of the British Admiralty—a chart drawn in 1901, three years after the Quebec conference on the subject—marks the Alaskan frontier so as to concede the whole of the claim of the United States. Nor have we ever seen it asserted on the part of Canada that previous to 1884, when the Canadian claim was first put forward, there were any maps or charts in existence which did not give the United States a continuous strip of territory along the mainland above fifty-four degrees, forty minutes.

Will Canada have a navy of her own? It will be remembered that Canada, alone of all the colonies represented at the London Conference of Colonial Premiers, declined to make any contribution to Imperial naval defence. The ground for the refusal was that the Dominion did not desire to be entangled in the mother-country's naval wars; a position which would have been reasonable enough but for the aid given to England in her contest against the Boer republics. It was also announced by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in London that Canada did not purpose to rely for the defence of her own shores exclusively upon the British navy, but intended to create a naval organization of her own. As a first step in that direction the Ottawa government has sent the British Naval Commander in charge of her fisheries-protection squadron to St. John's, Newfoundland, with a view of modelling the proposed Canadian naval battalion on the Newfoundland Naval Reserve. The Newfoundland force, it should be noted, is not a provincial, but an Imperial, body, and is intended to augment the number of thoroughly trained seamen at the disposal of the British Admiralty in certain exigencies. There is in Newfoundland a seafaring population of about 75,000, and the intention of

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the British Admiralty is to train 600 men a year, which, at the end of ten years, will produce a thoroughly drilled body of 6000 men, from which the British navy may at any hour secure recruits. The Dominion of Canada also has a good many men that might be recruited for the navy in time of need; more, probably, than New England, though not so many as Newfoundland. That is to say, there are about 20,000 deep-sea fishermen in the maritime provinces, and some 20,000 other men employed in the coast fisheries. The Naval Battalion, however, which the Ottawa government thinks of recruiting from this source will not be an Imperial, but a domestic, organization, like Canada's militia. As a matter of fact, Canada already possesses the nucleus of a navy in a flotilla of sixteen fishery cruisers, twelve of which are stationed on the Atlantic, two on the lakes, and two on the Pacific. They are all steamers, and collectively carry not far from 800 officers and men. The plan is to increase this number to about ten thousand, who will constitute a naval reserve. The existence of such a force of well-trained seamen would be useful to Great Britain, because, although Canada declined to make any stated contribution to the Imperial defence fund, there is no doubt that the mother-country would, in case of need, easily procure recruits from the Canadian Naval Reserve.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has not accomplished the impossible in South Africa, but he has done quite enough to justify his visit, and to commend his example to successors in the Colonial Office. When Canada had a grave problem to solve after the suppression of the Papineau rebellion, the Ministry of the day sent an agent, Lord Durham, who, however open-minded and far-sighted he might be, did not possess the influence at home that belongs to a member of the cabinet. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, being next to the Premier, Mr. A. J. Balfour, the strongest man in the Union government, went to South Africa clothed with more than the authority of a Roman proconsul. He was absolutely certain that whatever solutions of South-African problems might seem to his mind desirable would meet with the approval of his colleague. The knowledge of that fact placed upon him a tremendous responsibility. Even his enemies must admit that his self-imposed task has been performed up to the farthest limit of practicability. He has declined to remove Lord Milner from the posts of Governor-General of Cape Colony and Lord High Commissioner. He has declined to make to the Boers of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony any material concessions in the way of amnesty or self-government beyond those which were agreed upon when the Boer generals surrendered. Consequently, he has not won over the more implacable burghers of the conquered republics, and it is probable that no concession, however dangerous, would have sufficed to do so. Neither has he made much impression on the Afrikander element in the Cape Colony, for the obvious reason that the Afrikanders are already politically preponderant there, and have nothing to gain from the Colonial Secretary, except the dismissal of Lord Milner. It must also be admitted that Mr. Chamberlain has not yet found a solution for the labor problem. He will not, and dare not, sanction the reduction of the Kaffirs to a state of peonage; he does not know how to attract white laborers, and he hesitates to authorize the importation of Chinese labor on a large scale. On the other hand, he has induced the mine-owners of Johannesburg to pay $150,000,000 towards the cost of the war, and also to pay their share of the interest and sinking-fund needed for a second loan of $150,000,000, the proceeds of which are to be applied for the benefit of the conquered republics. That was by no means an easy thing to do.

Since the reassembling of the British Parliament the spokesmen of the Foreign Office have evinced a disposition to return quibbling answers to two interesting questions, namely, Was it England or Germany that proposed the joint blockade of Venezuelan seaports, and, secondly, was our State Department informed beforehand that such a demonstration was intended? As to the former question, it is now asserted in the House of Commons by the political Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs that the first *formal* proposal of a joint blockade came from Germany in the last week of July, 1902. The word which we have italicized betrays an attempt to disguise the truth, for, as we have formerly pointed out, the recently published Blue Book shows that early in July Lord Lansdowne made known to the German ambassador in London England's purpose to blockade Venezuelan seaports, and invited the co-operation of the German Empire. It is useless to palter with the words *formal* and *informal*, for the dates prove that the communication received from Berlin late in July was a reply to the overture made by Lord Lansdowne early in the month. As to the second question, the British Premier, Mr. A. J. Balfour, declared in a public speech delivered just before Parliament met that our State Department was consulted by Great Britain at every stage of the Venezuela affair. To the American people it is entirely immaterial whether the consultation was technically formal or informal. What we want to know is whether our State Department, having been consulted, signified approval of the blockade which was to have deplorable results, and which wrought American citizens to a pitch of excitement scarcely less intense than that produced by the destruction of the battle-ship *Maine* in the harbor of Havana. After the Venezuela gunboats had been sunk and Fort San Carlos had been bombarded, there were but few men in the United States who would not have rejoiced to see the fleet under Admiral Dewey ordered to La Guayra. It is well known that only with the utmost difficulty was Congress restrained from giving expression to the public feeling, and it is certain that the development of cordial relations between the United States and England has experienced a decided check. In Washington there are many indications of a desire to suppress the truth with regard to the position taken by our State Department when it was informed in advance of the Anglo-German intention to browbeat Venezuela. If it be true that Secretary Hay told the representatives of Great Britain and Germany, or either of them, to go ahead and do what they liked with a Latin-American republic, so long as they stopped short of the permanent occupation of territory, he should have the courage of his convictions, and boldly avow the fact.

One great piece of luck has fallen to the Balfour cabinet, in the probable solution of the Irish land question. For the first time in centuries, all parties in Ireland, and, what is more important, both the great English parties, are of one mind on this central question of Irish politics. As we shall hear much of this during the coming weeks, it may be well to get the first principles clear in our minds, as a clue to much that will otherwise be obscure. The beginning of the difficulty arose under the Stuarts, for whom many Irishmen most foolishly fought in later years. These worthies confiscated nearly all the estates in Ireland, and bestowed them on all sorts of persons who had no wish to settle down as a resident nobility, but were determined to get the most out of their property, and to give the least in return. Hence came the worst land-laws in the world, under which leases were renewed from year to year, so that whenever the tenant improved his holding even a little, he was compelled either to pay a higher rent or to get out at the year's end; the most perfect expedient for destroying initiative and progress ever devised. The result was that it ceased to be the interest of any Irish tenant to improve his land, so that he naturally sank to the margin of starvation, and ended by cultivating only a single crop. With a temporary failure of the crop, he was confronted by the historic famine which started the great tide of Irish immigrants towards this country, and gave us the nucleus of one of the brightest and most gifted elements of our heterogeneous population. The twenty or more millions of Irish birth and race in this country are one side of the Irish land question. Then came the Land League agitation under Parnell, who used to say that when they made the landlords as eager to go as the tenants were to get rid of them his goal would be reached. It is reached now, though Parnell has not lived to see it. For the great confiscation of the Stuarts, which began while Shakespeare was finishing "The Tempest," is being reversed, and the Irish cultivators are once more being put into possession of their native soil. As that same poet said, "'Tis thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges."

It seems to be now pretty well understood that Mr. Wyndham, the chief secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, will adhere to the main lines of the scheme which has been agreed upon in advance by the representatives of the Irish landlords, as well as by those of the tenants. We say representatives of the landlords because, although at first the

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association of land-owners, headed by the Duke of Abercorn, would not accept the plan sanctioned by Lord Mayo and Lord Dunraven, they have since given it their hearty approval. The new Land Purchase bill will not be compulsory, nor does it need to be, because it is framed upon the principle that the landlords shall receive considerably more, and the tenants pay considerably less, than the market price of landed property. That is to say, if a given estate is worth in the open market sixteen times the rental last fixed by the Land Commission Court, the land-owner shall receive twenty times the rental, whereas less than sixteen times the rental will be paid by the tenant converted into a peasant proprietor. Who pays the difference? The Imperial Exchequer. Mr. John E. Redmond has calculated, however, that the annual interest on the sum needed for the purpose will not exceed $1,500,000, and the Duke of Abercorn does not put it above $3,000,000. Part of this outlay would be counterbalanced by the saving that could be effected in the cost of the Irish constabulary if the country were tranquil. It should further be borne in mind that, according to the almost unanimous report of a royal commission, Ireland has for many years been paying much more than her due proportion of the taxes levied for Imperial purposes. Even if there were no offsets to the disbursements required for permanent land settlement, it would be well worth England's while to spend two or three million dollars a year for the purpose of putting an end to the troubles that have made Ireland the scourge of the United Kingdom.

While his Imperial Majesty the Kaiser is still seated on the cathedra of ecclesiastical authority, or perhaps we should say remains astride the Delphic tripod, there are a great many questions we should like to have settled. Having established the point that not only the three great Hebrews Abraham, Moses, and David were inspired, but that the same inspiration extended to the three great Germans Luther, Goethe, and Kant, and even to two men who were neither Hebrew nor German, to wit, Homer and Shakespeare, we should dearly like to know whether all the works of these latter are strictly canonical, or whether we should, for each, draw up a list of apocrypha, and even of controverted and perhaps spurious works. For instance, in the case of Luther, the inspiration of the celebrated Declarations is undoubted; but are we to include under the same canon the famous saying: Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib, und Gesang, Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang? And, if "Faust" is wholly inspired, how comes it that there is so little coherence and general savvy in the second part; and what are we to say about "The Sorrows of Werther"? Personally, we admire the latter work immensely, as the most eloquent expression of a certain mood; but our view is caviare to the general; which brings us to the other recipient of inspiration, the bard of Avon. How about "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and a certain line of jokes in the Falstaff plays; and how does the dogmato-theological position of the Kaiser as to the great English poet agree with the researches of the Shakespeare Society, on the doubtful plays? Furnivale used to tell a good story in this connection: one day he was telling Tennyson about the new instrument of research into Shakespearean authorship afforded by the weak and light endings, the end-stopped lines, and so on; Tennyson declared that by ear alone he could tell the genuine passages in the collaborated plays. They turned to "Pericles," and Tennyson declared that only the Marina passages were Shakespeare's, exactly the conclusion Furnivale had already reached by his algebraic formula. Can the Kaiser see that and raise it? The worst of it is that, before we can submit these queries, his Majesty will be off at a tangent, designing a new automatic sight for big guns, or solving the problem of trisecting any angle, or something else, —Heaven only knows what.

We are tempted at times to think that Mr. James Bryce, the author of the *American Commonwealth,* and Professor Goldwin Smith, the author of an admirable political history of the United States, are the only Englishmen alive who have ever read understandingly our Federal Constitution, and who have remembered what they read. On February 21 the Right Hon. Leonard Henry Courtney, who has been Chairman or Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons, declared in a public speech that the difficulty of arranging permanent arbitration with the United States lies in the extremely democratic character of our Constitution. There is nobody in our country, the speaker said, who can bind anybody to anything. The history of the relations between the United States and Great Britain should have taught Mr. Courtney better. It is just as easy to bind the United States as it is to bind Great Britain. In the first half of the sixth decade of the nineteenth century we entered into a treaty with Great Britain whereby we made large tariff concessions to Canada. That treaty was obligatory on both parties for ten years, after which either party was at liberty to denounce it. Odious as the treaty became to us, after England's desire to witness the disruption of our Union became evident we never dreamed of violating the compact, but adhered to it for the prescribed term. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty contained no denunciation clause, and, therefore, seemed upon its face to be perpetually binding. Although England took advantage of our civil war to violate the treaty by erecting the Woodcutter's Settlement in the Belize into a crown colony, on our part we never repudiated the agreement, but submitted to it for half a century, and we resorted to diplomatic negotiations in order to procure the supersession of that most objectionable convention. Mr. Courtney should look nearer home for countries that cannot be bound by treaties. Within fifteen years after the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris, which, ostensibly, was to be perpetual, for it contained no denunciation clause, Russia announced that she would repudiate one of its most important provisions, that, namely, which forbade her to maintain a war fleet in the Black Sea. As for England's fidelity to treaties, how many years elapsed before she carried out the promise contained in the treaty of 1783 to evacuate the forts on the American side of her Canadian frontier?

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, who was Miss Jennie Jerome, and who first married Lord Randolph Churchill, directs attention in the last *Pall Mall* magazine to the number of American women who have married in England during the last thirty years. For more than half of the nineteenth century the record of the three Caton girls, granddaughters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, remained unapproached. It will be remembered that those young ladies married, respectively, the Duke of Leeds, the Marquis Wellesley, and Lord Stafford. Since then two Dukes of Marlborough, two Dukes of Manchester, and the present Marquis of Dufferin and Ava have married American women, to say nothing of earls, viscounts, and barons. Nor is it by riches alone that coronets have been acquired. The present Duchess of Manchester had by no means a great fortune. Lady Dufferin's dowry was not large, and Lady Essex had scarcely any money. It is largely, though, of course, not wholly, by wit, attractiveness, and charm, that American women have challenged and acquired the influence which they now undoubtedly possess in English smart society. At least two American girls have married French dukes, namely, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld and the Duc Decazes. From the view-point of the *Almanach de Gotha,* however, none has made quite so brilliant a match as Miss Lee, the daughter of a New York grocer, who married, first the Duke of Augustenburg, and, secondly, the General Count von Waldersee, who was the Generalissimo of the allied forces in China during the Boxer rebellion. We may mention, also, that a high place in the Golden Book of the Roman and Neapolitan aristocracies belongs to the Prince Colonna, who married an adopted daughter of Mr. John W. Mackay. Whether, as Mrs. Cornwallis-West opines, such marriages have a tendency to promote international friendship may be doubted, for American women married to foreign nobles are apt to adopt in manners, sentiment, and sympathy the country of their husbands.

The post of private secretary to a prime minister, or even to one of the latter's colleagues, is looked upon in England as a guarantee of political advancement. The private secretaries of both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield attained high positions. Mr. John Hay, who began his public career as an assistant private secretary to President Lincoln, subsequently held minor positions in the diplomatic service, and, finally, on Mr. McKinley's accession to the Presidency, he became ambassador to the Court of St. James, and Secretary of State. Mr. George B. Cortelyou, also, has moved con-

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tinuously upward since 1889, when he was a stenographer out of work. At the date named, however, he became private secretary to the inspector in charge at the New York Post-office, and was afterwards transferred to the White House as stenographer to President Cleveland. Three months later he became executive clerk, and discharged the functions of that office until he succeeded John Addison Porter as secretary to President McKinley. Meanwhile, he found leisure for studying law, and has been admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia. He is now the first Secretary of Commerce and Labor. His experience shows what may be done in less than fourteen years by an intelligent, faithful, and efficient man starting in a modest capacity.

They passed a law in Iowa last year permitting the confinement of confirmed drunkards in lunatic asylums. It made little stir, but within eight months three hundred alcoholic patients were under restraint and treatment. An Iowa despatch says that inebriates continue to flow into the State asylums at the rate of about fifty a month, and that an Iowa court has just ruled that their constitutional rights are not violated by their detention. Some of the inebriates don't like to be shut up, but the treatment they get seems to be humane and salutary. Their liquor is stopped, and they have to work on farms, and are encouraged to improve their habits. When they seem to be cured they are discharged, and report says that, so far, about seventy-five per cent. of the cases have so resulted. This seems like excellent management of drunkards. Men who cannot, or will not, control their thirst ought not to be left at large to get themselves and others into mischief. Neither should they be sent to jail. If they are irresponsible because of their propensities, they should be shut up and looked after until they are cured, and while under restraint they should be made to work for their living. The Iowa method seems a good deal more enlightened than the New York plan of keeping up an endless chain of dipsomaniacs between Manhattan and "the Island." An easy, legal method of securing timely periods of seclusion for unmanageable drunkards ought to make for the peace of families and the diminution of drunkenness. Men have no moral right to be drunken. If they have demonstrated a dangerous and continuous lack of self-restraint, some other sort of restraint should be substituted for it. The Iowa idea seems pretty sound.

A gentleman's gardener came to him one day last month and desired audience. Said he: "You use me well, sir; I have nothing to complain of; but the under-gardener bought a house two years ago, expecting to be able to make payments on it. He did make some payments, but subsistence—coal, meat, rent, and the like—has come to be so dear, that he has fallen behind and is like to lose his house and all that he has paid on it. I think perhaps, sir, you would think it well to give him some help." The gentleman assented, and agreed to increase the under-gardener's pay by a sum which the gardener thought would be sufficient. Then said he: "How does it go with yourself, James? Do you get along well?" "Oh, I get along, sir; I have been able until lately to put aside part of my wages. I cannot do that just now, but I am hoping for better times." The obvious moral of this true tale from real life is that the times are not equally good for all persons, and that those whose incomes have long been fixed are not embarrassed by the riches which are advertised to be inundating the country. The better times which the gardener hopes for are likely to come by the automatic working of processes now operative. The general rise in the cost of labor and all products of labor must work in time the restriction of all constructive enterprise, until prices, declining to meet a lessening demand, makes it feasible again for a thrifty gardener who has a good job to save something out of his pay.

When Colonel Bingham told Congress that there was more entertaining than usual in the White House this year, he spoke what was true, though it did not explain the increase of $35,000 in the appropriation asked for. That increase, for maintenance of the White House, seems to have been chiefly a consequence of alterations and refurnishing. Presidents from New York have usually set a pace in hospitality. Mr. Van Buren entertained generously and handsomely; so did Mr. Arthur; and President Roosevelt has lived up to, and somewhat beyond, their traditions. There is every reason why a President should keep a hospitable house if it accords with his taste. More people that are worth seeing come to the White House in a given season than come to any other house in the country. They make a society that is varied, distinguished, and prodigiously interesting. The temptation to seat a constant stream of guests at the White House table is quite comprehensible, and Mr. Roosevelt, having a liking for company, has yielded to it. But it is an expensive pleasure. Taken by itself the President's salary looks large: taken in connection with such hospitalities as the White House has seen this winter and last winter, it looks small. The government by no means pays for the President's hospitalities. It defrays some expenses of maintenance and service, but the wages of nearly all of his household servants, and the checks for the butcher, the baker, the grocer (wet and dry), the caterer, the confectioner, and the other purveyors of entertainment, come out of the President's own bank account. If a President is going to save money he must restrict his household expenses. That should not be so. The way Mr. Roosevelt lives in the White House is a very good way for a President to live if he likes it. The President of the United States should not have to economize. He should be able to live generously and without undue thought about the cost of it, and at the same time to lay aside a good part of his income. When the present salary of the President has been doubled, it will not be a bit too large. Even then no President will be able to save too much out of it, even in eight years.

The typhoid epidemic at Ithaca is attributed to the unsanitary condition of the watersheds which supply the creeks which provide the city with water. With a population of 14,000, Ithaca has had between 400 and 500 cases of typhoid. The effect of the epidemic on Cornell University gets attention from all parts of the country. There were about 2700 students at Cornell this year. About one-third of them left town. Among those who remained in Ithaca seventy-five were reported on February 24 as ill with the fever, and fourteen had died. Other students are sick at their homes. The epidemic is extremely serious, but it is thought at this writing that the worst of it is over. In the matter of typhoid, as in most other troubles, it is easier to be wise after the event than before. But Ithaca is a centre of scientific knowledge, and it seems astonishing that it should have required so fatal a scourge to warn it that its water-supply needed looking after. There are cases of water-poisoning which no reasonable foresight could have prevented. Ithaca's case may be of that sort, but it does not appear so.

Mr. Newell has drawn for this number of the WEEKLY the Kaiser, Unafraid. It is a characteristic attitude of the Kaiser. He is a man of courage, bold even in the face of bogies. Witness the resolution with which he has spoken his mind on the subject of the Scriptures and religion. These are days when the Bible is being weighed, scrutinized, and discussed with zealous candor by the wise men of science. Explorers keep digging in the superannuated parts of the world and turning up documents thousands of years old, from which they get such information as they may. There is much new knowledge of very old times, and some of it seems to have a bearing on some of the Bible stories. But the Kaiser is not disposed to sit quietly and see the Bible's prestige undermined. He has cautioned the German Oriental Society that Professor Delitzsch is unwisely polemical in his discussions of the Bible's origin. The professor, one of the most learned of contemporary Germans, seems to doubt the need of using the theory of a special divine revelation to account for the books of Scripture, and sees a prospect of being able to trace them all back to historical sources. "Step lightly!" says the Emperor. "If we upset the Old Testament too rudely, we shall lack a form to use in teaching our children about God. The Old Testament will be substantially modified under the influence of research, but it will always remain the great record of God and His works." That is moderate, and it is interesting to know the state of the Kaiser's mind on such a subject. If he has views on "race suicide" and the comparative capacities of the various races, it would be interesting to us Americans to have him speak on those subjects also.

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The Democratic Tendency

DEMOCRATIC politicians of the more serious kind are manifesting a good deal of interest in the forthcoming Presidential campaign, and there is much talk of both candidates and policies. Moreover, there are manifested signs of wisdom and of a certain sense of responsibility which are gratifying and encouraging. The talk of candidates is directed toward conservative men, and that touching policies indicates that there is a general disposition on the part of Western and Southern men to turn their backs upon the past, to accept realities, and to cease flying after shadows. How deeply this change of mind reaches down among the masses of the party time alone can reveal, but the outlook now is that the next Democratic national convention will be controlled by a very different sentiment from that which was manifested at Chicago in 1896 and at Kansas City in 1900.

It seems to be apparent to the Democrats who are expressing themselves on the policy which their party ought to pursue, that they must win the confidence of the conservative people of the country. This in itself is an enormous advance for the good of the country, for it betokens at least the release of the old party of conservatism from an unnatural alliance with the radicalism of unrest and of despair. Events have crowded upon one another so rapidly since the panic year 1893, and changes in political theories have come with such marvellous swiftness, that the slow tendency of Democratic leaders back to sane conservatism has hardly been noticed. Even if the movement had been more definite than it has been, it would have been obscured by the counter movement of the Republican party, or at least of that small but obvious part of it represented by the President, toward radicalism. Nevertheless, from time to time, we have had evidences of this changing Democratic sentiment, until this winter we have seen the party which for a moment advocated fiat money and declaimed against banks, the sounder party of the two on financial legislation.

The lesson of defeat has been learned by some of the most influential of the Democrats who followed Mr. Bryan away from old party traditions and against old party principles. From the Western States which went for Cleveland in 1892, and from the Southern States, one story is borne upon the wind. It is, that the Democratic party should put itself in position to carry the next election, by deserving success, and, in order to deserve success, it must accept the verdicts of 1896 and 1900 as a final judgment of the country. The mere desire for victory, however, is not the motive for this change of opinion. Recent defeats, expressive as they were of the country's utter disapproval of Mr. Bryan and his platform, called a halt and compelled reflection. The result was the conviction that, in dropping the tariff issue on which it carried the country in 1892, the party had sinned against its own traditions and against light. Thus the leaders are pulled back naturally to their old beliefs, while the movement is aided by the instinct for a real opposition party. Any effective opposition to the President's policy must be conservative, and opposition to his party's policy must be anti-paternalism. So we have the basis for the change, and for the rehabilitation of the Democratic party.

If we can judge of the future by the opinions expressed to-day, the Democratic party will go into the Presidential campaign with an Eastern State candidate on the tariff question. From leaders of the South and those who are talking seriously on the subject, we hear only of Judge Parker, or Mr. Olney, or Mr. Gorman. That the tariff is to be the main issue, and that the lowering of duties on trust and other products is to be urged as the best instrumentality for the curbing of what are called trust evils, were plainly set forth in Mr. De Armond's speech on the Littlefield bill. Only one hostile voice breaks in upon the apparent harmony, and that is the voice of Mr. Bryan insisting that no one shall be nominated in 1904 who was not openly for the platforms and the candidate in 1896 and 1900. In other words, Mr. Bryan has apparently become one of those unfortunate beings known as irreconcilables. His obsession is unfortunate for the country and for the party. His personal attractions have given him a large following. Although not large enough to control the next Democratic convention as to its platform, which can be adopted by a majority, it may be that he can prevent the nomination of any individual whom he especially dislikes, for, in choosing a candidate, the two-thirds rule continues to govern in Democratic national conventions. Mr. Bryan, however, will doubtless find it impossible to dictate the nomination or the character of the nominee. The Democratic party might just as well go frankly out of business for good and all as to yield any essential point to the man who seduced it from its principles and led it to humiliating defeat. There is much kindness still felt among Democratic leaders for Mr. Bryan. When Mr. Bryan reflects upon the consideration which has been shown him, despite the injury he has done the party, despite the valley of the shadow of death through which he has led it, he might well pause before dictating to it, now that it seems to behold a gleam of hope. He is treading on ground that is dangerous. Some of his closest followers differ with him. Most of them are for "sweet reconciliation" with those Democrats who could not follow with them. They say that if the leaders of 1896 and 1900 are to call upon these men to repent, or if they are to humiliate them, or to deny them leadership commensurate with their ability, their character, and their standing before the country, the hope of Democracy is a delusion. The Democratic party is on its way back to its old camp; all that Mr. Bryan can do is to weaken the forces, and thus aid its and his ancient enemy, the Republican party.

Has the Monroe Doctrine Been Weakened?

WE have several times expressed the opinion that the American people have been deluded in the matter of the joint blockade of Venezuela, and that, by the solution of the affair, the Monroe Doctrine has not been strengthened, but weakened. We pointed out, in other words, that the original pronouncement of President Monroe, that the United States could not permit a European power to *oppress* a Latin-American republic, or *in any way control its destiny*, was a much broader declaration than that made by Mr. Roosevelt in his second annual message, to the effect that a European power might do anything it liked to a Latin-American republic, provided it refrained from a *permanent* occupation of territory. It will have been observed that Mr. Roosevelt did not even define the word *permanent*. The British government has repeatedly declared that it has not contemplated a permanent occupation of Egypt; but there it is, and there, apparently, it purposes to remain forever. But let that pass. The outcome of the Venezuela affair has been to establish a principle, which, if applied to a heavily indebted commonwealth like Argentina, would involve the sequestration of most, if not all, of its customs revenue for an indefinite period. Inasmuch as all the Latin-American republics depend for the most part, if not solely, upon customs duties for the maintenance of order and the support of their civil and military administrations, it is obvious that, if their customs revenue were wholly or largely confiscated, anarchy and chaos would result, and, ultimately, the inhabitants of the mortgaged commonwealth would implore the creditor nation to annex them outright, so that at least a portion of the confiscated revenue might be expended for their benefit, as is the case in Egypt. With what show of decency could we oppose such a demand?

While this probable, if not inevitable, result of the Roosevelt definition of the Monroe Doctrine has been repeatedly pointed out by HARPER'S WEEKLY, we did not expect a native of Great Britain to take at the outset a similar view of the situation. As a matter of fact, Sir Robert Giffen, who, beyond dispute, is the greatest statistician and economist in the United Kingdom, addressed, on February 23, a letter to the London *Times* in which he condemned the British government's co-operation with Germany in the Venezuela business, on the express ground that the effect of the arrangement extorted for the payment of foreign claims (including ordinary debts as well as the redress of grievances) is to put Venezuela into the hands of a receiver, the security for the payment of the claims to be liquidated by mixed commissions being an international mortgage on the customs duties levied at the principal seaports. It is a timely and just criticism that Sir Robert makes when he says that an arrangement more skilfully calculated to entangle European nations in South-American politics, and to bring them into collision with the United States, could not be devised. It is perfectly true, as Sir Robert says, that soon or late Venezuela, or Argentina, or some other mortgaged South-American commonwealth will fail, owing to internal troubles, to keep its engagements with the mortgagee. Then, under the precedent established by the Venezuela protocols, it will be lawful for some European power to take possession of the debtor's custom-houses and appropriate the duties there collected to the mortgagees. Should the American people consider themselves bound by the dangerous definition of the Monroe Doctrine announced in Mr. Roosevelt's second annual message, they will remain passive spectators of the reduction of Latin-American republics to the position of vassalage now occupied by Egypt. No clear-headed man will deny that Sir Robert Giffen is entirely right when he asserts that the Monroe Doctrine has been seriously weakened, if not nullified, by our approval of Venezuela's agreement to put its customs into commission. This mortgaging of customs duties is to all intents and purposes a partial occupation by foreign states, and is, therefore, indistinguishable in fact, though it may be in name, from the foreign occupation forbidden by Mr. Roosevelt.

Sir Robert Giffen concurs with Professor Goldwin Smith in thinking that, as regards debts accruing under absolute freedom of contract, and alleged to be due from the government or citizens of a Latin-American republic to the subjects of a European power, the latter must be relegated for their remedies to the courts of the debtor country, and must in no case be permitted to collect ordinary debts by acts of war.

All this has for some time been plain enough to sharp-sighted Americans, but we did not expect to see the truth so quickly discerned and published by an Englishman of weight and influence.

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The United States Supreme Court Decision in the Lottery Cases

A QUESTION of tremendous importance was temporarily answered in the decision announced on February 23 by the Supreme Court of the United States in the so-called lottery cases, which have thrice been argued in the course of the last two years. That question is, Does the power to regulate commerce among the several States, which is given to Congress by the third clause of the eighth section of the First Article of the Federal Constitution, involve the power entirely to prohibit inter-State commerce in a particular commodity? The lottery and express companies immediately concerned have contended that the question must be answered in the negative, and their position was defended by some of the ablest lawyers in the country, including ex-Senator George F. Edmunds, ex-Secretary John G. Carlisle, and Mr. James C. Carter. Nevertheless, the highest Federal tribunal, by a majority of one, has decided that the question must be answered in the affirmative. The opinion of the majority was delivered by Justice Harlan, and Justices Brown, White, McKenna, and Holmes concurred with him.

On the other hand, Chief-Justice Fuller and Justices Brewer, Peckham, and Shiras dissented in an opinion, the earnestness of which presents a striking contrast to the cold, dispassionate tenor of most decisions rendered by the court; an earnestness that shows how keenly alive were the judges composing the minority to the magnitude of the issues dependent on the construction of the clause of the Constitution above named. It is now the law, and will remain the law until and unless the Supreme Court itself shall reverse its decision, that the power of regulating inter-State commerce given to Congress is plenary, and carries with it the right utterly to prohibit such commerce in a particular commodity. We need not point out what a stupendous instrument of control over all industrial corporations engaged in inter-State commerce is vested in Congress by this decision. So long as this decision shall stand upon the statute-book, Congress will be absolute master of the trusts. Endowed henceforth with a giant's strength, it remains to be seen whether Congress will use it like a giant.

That efforts will be made to convince the Supreme Court, as the composition of that tribunal shall from time to time be modified, that this decision ought to be reversed is as certain as it is that the earth revolves upon its axis. It is, therefore, a matter, not of academic, but of urgent, interest, to mark, on the one hand, the principal grounds on which the decision is based, and, on the other hand, the reasons which have impelled four of the nine justices to take a very different view of the constitutional power of Congress.

Justice Harlan, who read the opinion of the majority of the court, admits that the Constitution does not define what is to be deemed a legitimate regulation of inter-State commerce, but he holds that the power to regulate logically involves the power to prohibit, since otherwise in many cases regulation would prove futile. Can it be possible, asks Judge Harlan, that, if the lottery traffic is carried on through inter-State commerce, and is, therefore, a matter of which Congress may take cognizance, and over which it may exert regulative power,—can it be possible that Congress is helpless to suppress such traffic altogether, so far as it is carried on through inter-State commerce? Congress, of course, would not presume to prohibit the sale of lottery tickets within the boundaries of the State wherein such tickets were printed; but the moment an attempt is made by independent carriers, like express companies, to convey such tickets from one State to another, then, according to Justice Harlan, the power of Congress over the tickets so conveyed across State boundaries must amount to prohibition, for, otherwise, its regulative faculty would be a farce. Elsewhere in his opinion, Justice Harlan pointed out that the Supreme Court had previously held in other cases that the power to regulate inter-State commerce involves the power to prohibit. For example, the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of July 2, 1890, which, of course, was founded on the power of Congress to regulate inter-State commerce, had for its object the protection of such commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies. To attain that end Congress declared certain contracts to be illegal, and the effect of that declaration was to prohibit the doing of certain things. Now those prohibitory clauses have been sustained by the United States Supreme Court in several cases as valid under the power of Congress to regulate inter-State commerce. We take for granted, however, that the four justices who now dissent from Justice Harlan's opinion would hold that the prohibitory clauses of the Anti-Trust Act are unconstitutional.

It is to be observed that even Justice Harlan seems appalled by the possible consequences of the decision rendered by the majority of the Supreme Court, for he undertakes to draw a distinction between plenary and arbitrary power. He denies that the present declaration of the court, that Congress may exclude lottery tickets altogether from inter-State commerce, leads necessarily to the conclusion that Congress may arbitrarily exclude from commerce among States any article, commodity, or thing, of whatever kind or nature, or however useful or valuable, which it may choose, no matter with what motive, to say shall not be carried from one State to another. The lottery cases did not require the court, Justice Harlan thought, to define the full extent of the power that Congress may exercise in the regulation of inter-State commerce; nevertheless, he and the four concurring justices deemed it expedient to assert that the power of Congress to regulate commerce among the States, although plenary, cannot be arbitrary, since it is subject to such limitations or restrictions as are prescribed by the Constitution. In other words, the validity of every statute that may be enacted under the commerce clause of the Constitution must be separately examined and separately decided by the court.

Justice Fuller, who read the dissenting opinion, insisted that the suppression of lotteries, considered as a harmful business, fell within the police powers reserved by the States to themselves, and never surrendered to the Federal government. It is with profound solemnity that he condemns the decision reached by the majority, as inconsistent with the views not only of the framers of the Constitution, but also, and even, of John Marshall, its great Federalist expounder. He evidently regards the principle, now temporarily established, that the regulative power of Congress over inter-State commerce may be carried to the extent of prohibition as a fatal solvent of State rights and of the liberties and privileges of individual citizens. He would not, of course, assert that the outward forms of Republican government may not survive the most dangerous legislation or judicial decision, but he reminds us that it is with governments as with religions — the form may long outlive the substance.

A Personal Question

THE Family Man came in where the Higher Journalist was trying to think of something to write, and began at once: "I don't know whether I should like to be called, even potentially, 'a criminal against the race,' or 'an object of contemptuous abhorrence.'" Then the higher journalist knew what the family man was talking about, and began to listen with interest. "It seems to me that this is not a civic question, or a social question, but a personal question. It is not a question between a man and his chief magistrate, but between a man and his Maker. As I understand the case, we are not here to perpetuate races or nationalities, but to save our souls alive, and one way to do that is not to take responsibilities that we are afterwards tempted to shirk."

The higher journalist went so far as to assent, warily, "There seems to be something in what you say."

"Thank you! There is a good deal. Nobody *denies* that 'the greatest of all joys spring from home life, from the having and bringing up of many healthy children.' But suppose they are many and *not* healthy? Suppose they are most of them sickly? Their health is something you can't forecast. I won't go so far as to ask what about the highest of all joys when you hang over the little bed where a small sufferer lies gasping out his last breaths; but that is not an impossible case, and if it happens in your experience, you probably don't plume yourself so much on having put aside 'mere ease, mere vapid pleasure, mere avoidance of toil and worry'; on the contrary, you probably ask yourself some questions that you don't get ready answers to. But we'll leave that, and take the case of a father who walks the floor most of the night in the interest of a simple colic, with a hard day's work behind him, and a hard day's work before him, tossing the colic up and down, waving it to and fro, cooing to it, cursing to it, and trying to keep his patience with his poor wife, who is crying in bed, and pitying him, and advising him, and generally driving him mad. She has been up the night before with one of the other children which has overeaten itself, or hurt itself, or has the measles or chicken-pox, and he doesn't blame her. Oh, I know you'll say that I mustn't be so squalid, but that is what the thing comes down to in cold facts. It isn't an abstraction, it isn't a matter of public duty, it isn't an affair of 'racial qualities.' It's concrete, it's private, it's inalienably personal. It's whether you want to chance all those things that go with having a large family of children, whose health you can't insure. It's whether you want to face the inexorably recurrent bills for rent, and coal, and groceries, and butcher's meat, and gas, and clothes, and the other contingencies of the highest of all joys. If you have unlimited leisure, so that all your next days are days of rest; or if you can afford nurses enough, trained and untrained, to take the work and worry of the highest of all joys off your hands and your wife's, go ahead. But if you are the average middle and lower-middle class American father,—the best father in the world, and the kindest husband,—and have your way and your children's way to make, well, wait!

"I don't resent the President's attitude, though I wish he wouldn't call names. I don't think it's undignified for him to turn aside from the trusts, and the Venezuela question, and the rest of them, and talk to us face to face about our duties as husbands and wives. I like to have him do it. It shows that he feels the Americans to be one family, and that he knows he can talk openly to the whole nation and not

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be misunderstood. It's the kind of thing that makes the people believe in him, and love him, but I wish he would measure his words a little, and measure his thoughts too. There is a good deal to be said on the other side, and I should like to say it."

"What is to hinder?" the higher journalist suggested.

"A great deal: delicacy, Anglo-Saxon shyness, misgivings about what it is best for young people to hear."

"Ah, there is that!" the higher journalist admitted.

"The man with a small family may be reasonably sure of weathering a storm, and not be such a bad fellow, either, but the man with a large family can't see any port ahead, and yet he may not be worthy of any particular praise. Suppose, in addition to the small colic that you are carrying up and down the room half the night, you are carrying a note that comes due in the morning, and you have nothing to meet it with? Or suppose that you have been laid off your job, if you are one of those poor hand-to-mouth fellows who are so mindful of their race obligations, and do more than any other sort to swell the census? Is the President prepared to advise some sort of legislation that will support the large family which is coming to want, and still save the self-respect of the patriotic parent?" In the silence of the higher journalist the family man went on: "I suppose you think that was a very witty answer Napoleon made to Madame de Staël, when he told her the greatest woman in France was the one that had borne the most children?"

"Not necessarily," the higher journalist temporized.

"Ah, you don't! Then I needn't remind you that Napoleon also sometimes spoke of that sort of mother's children as cannon's meat — as *chair à canon*. I don't associate him with the President in their ideals; I was thinking of those economists who regard wars and pestilences as the providential means of reducing the redundant populations which are the concomitants of large families. A man who avoids marriage, and the woman who shrinks from having children, may be criminals against the race, or they *may* be people whose sober second thought is too much for their inebriate emotions. It will not do to defend them, however, even to those who are like them, for a large family is an old American ideal, like taxation based on representation, and government by the consent of the governed, and brotherly equality, and some other things that seem to have gone by the board. There are some queasy-minded people so awed by the dreadfulness of life's mysteries, that they have not the courage to bring beings into life, even for the sake of continuing their particular race. But I leave them out. I prefer to consider only those who are anxious to secure the future for their children before they launch them into the present. This anxiety is now the American ideal. Our conscientious fathers and mothers would rather deny themselves the highest of all joys than foresee privation or destitution for their little ones, or blindly shut their eyes to the possibilities. I know that the large families struggle through somehow, and get there, but it is a bitter struggle, and we seem to have so often seen the righteous forsaken, that we cannot very gayly trust ourselves to Providence in the matter. I suppose this is rather shocking to you?"

"I feel that it ought to be," the higher journalist said. "I am sure that it will be to our readers."

"Well, I prefer to clear my mind of cant, and I am at the point of chucking the superstition that the children you cannot take care of will be mystically looked after by the moral government of the universe. They won't. They will suffer on and up, or they will suffer on and down. If you regard this life as a school of experience, in which we shall be made wise and good enough for another, very well. But that is not clear. What is clear is that we are here on earth, to do the best and kindest that we can; and we ought to think twice before we go in for the highest of all joys for ourselves, which may be the lowest of all miseries for others. Until the state is prepared to say that it will look after the large families which the parents cannot support, and rear them in comfort, and educate them so that they can earn a living for themselves, and then give them the chance to earn it, the state has no right to demand large families from parents. It had better leave that matter between them and their consciences, their God. No doubt He will look to it which race had best survive, and if the other old American ideals have gone—"

"Oh, oh!" the higher journalist interrupted, thinking it best to check the family man at this point.

"I don't say they have hopelessly," he hedged. "But I will ask you whether this aggregation of millionaires, this riot of luxury, this ambition for foreign titles among our women, and this love of sport and indolence among our men; this aristocratic society; these palaces and villas, and steam-yachts and private cars, are the vision of republican simplicity which the fathers beheld when they founded the republic?"

"Come now," the higher journalist said, "you are getting off the track." Then the higher journalist mused a little space, and came out of his muse with an inspiration which he thought would rather get the family man. "How many children have you yourself?" he asked.

"Eleven," said the family man, with dismaying promptness.

"Ah!" the higher journalist breathed, as if this were not quite what he had expected. Then after some time he asked, "Why not an even dozen?"

The family man went out without replying, but he came back directly, so far as to put his head in at the door, and to say: "When some society leader, or some prominent club woman, or some average American wife who keeps one girl and has the wash done at home, or has the wash done at home without keeping the girl, comes forward and declares for a large family of children, with the chance that they shall be healthy or unhealthy, it will be time for the men to accuse themselves of contemptible criminality and race suicide. Till then, I think they can possess their souls in peace."

"But that," the higher journalist retorted, "is just what you don't seem able to do. Like all our cowardly sex, you want to put the blame on the women." Then, with the family man's final going out, the higher journalist thought of something at last, and he wrote a scathing and ringing article on the cowardly behavior of Adam in attempting to throw the responsibility on Eve in that affair of the apple.

Some Sensible and Pleasing Praise

We Americans are accustomed to adulation, and the people of New York especially are fairly sure not to lose sight of their disposition toward rich splendor, so much is it talked about by foreign visitors. There is a kind of praise-to-one's-face which brings not only the blush and awakens a longing for a hiding-place, but also leads to doubt as to whether the compliment be generous flattery or subtle irony. In the *Metropolitan Magazine* for March, however, Edouard de Reszke treats us to commendation with genuine good taste, liberally, but not too profusely, for virtues which we are glad to possess, and our possession of which we are glad this admirable gentleman recognizes.

When the usual traveller from Europe talks about our wonderful millionaires, their achievements, and their bank accounts, we inevitably want to send for Mark Twain and give him another Bourget to skin. We are always quite sure that Mark could make the most bedazzled European see that our millions have a good side, or, failing that, could silence the critic. Here, however, is a commentator who needs no silencing, and to whom we listen with pleasure.

That which interests Edouard de Reszke among the many characteristics of our country leads us to think the more of him. He is not caught by our glitter; he is not under the influence of our stupendous power; here is a foreigner who realizes that we have something besides material prosperity and grandeur. First, he rejoices in the uplifting of the people of his own Poland, who have come here. "I rejoice to know," he says, "that they are in this great free country, where they learn to carry their heads like aristocrats, and look every man straight in the eye. . . . I compare them with the poor peasants in my own country, and I thrill with gratitude toward this new country, that has transformed in a few years the senile peasant to the thinking man."

Next he is pleased with our "self-supporting woman," with her appearance, her manners, her intelligence, her character, and her home, which he has visited. Americans who are proud of their virtues more than of their splendor will rejoice that this visitor and friend, who has so inspired us with his art and so enchanted us with his beautiful voice, takes us seriously. For he loves his kind, both his countrymen and the rest of humanity, and he feels that in America people are able to achieve for themselves social altitudes to which, in Continental Europe, men and women are usually born.

This little article in the *Metropolitan* is full of suggestions of the differences between the New World and the Old, differences which have appeared to Mr. de Reszke in more ways than one. The story of his own struggle, told in all simplicity, is a fine tribute to the democracy of our wealth; to the far-reaching blessings which are carried by its generous distribution. After fifteen years of a successful career in all the art centres of Europe, Mr. de Reszke rebelled against his fate. With all his toil and all his fame, he had not saved a penny. He had barely earned what he calls "the living of a gentleman." The education of his children had been paid for from the private fortune which had been left him by his parents.

"Much has been said," he continues, "of the great fortunes foreign artists make in this country. As a matter of fact, there is exaggeration in this matter. But America is generous and just—to both the native and the foreign artist. I have found a welcome here, and a recompense for the effort it has cost to come and the work that I have been able to do. When I return to my own country and my family it will be mine to show, not a great fortune, but a result—a fair return for my labor. In America the artist as well as the artisan works, but both work with hope and assurance of reward, and therein lie the glory and the prosperity of the country." There was never a finer tribute than this paid to the country, nor could there be to any country.

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The Motor-Car in England

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *February 11, 1903.*

ENORMOUS crowds are travelling daily to the Crystal Palace to see the Automobile Show. It is a good exhibition, not perhaps quite up to the standard of the Paris exhibition of 1901, when 637 varieties of cars were on view, but still very good. It proves that England is at last beginning to make up for lost time in the motor-car industry. Manufacturers here have not yet reached the American and Continental level of excellence, but they are approaching it. They have had to fight their way through obstacles unknown in other lands. The history of this great new industry, if properly analyzed, would be found to contain the secret of England's commercial decline. Here was an industry that had obviously come to stay, that promised enormous profits and a world-wide trade—already there are motors in Bulawayo and the Malay States—and that sprang up so suddenly as to place practically all countries on an equality in engaging in it. How has England borne the trial? Roughly speaking, she is still behind both France and the United States, and very little, if at all, in advance of Germany. The causes of her inferiority are both public and private. English manufacturers will tell you they are wholly public, due to the local government board, the hostility of rural authorities, the state of the law, and so on. But this is not quite correct. It is true that before 1896 the law did make it virtually impossible for Englishmen to turn out horseless carriages on the same scale as the French. As lately as 1895 inventors were being prosecuted for driving their cars at a speed of four miles an hour and for daring to appear on the high roads unheralded by a man with a red flag. But after the law was altered a good deal of time and money was wasted in experimenting with models that had already been discarded on the Continent. Parliament can hardly be held responsible for this. Legislative conservatism and the national preference for profiting by English mistakes rather than by French and American successes combined to give the industry a poor start. English cars got a bad name to begin with, and they are still engaged in living it down. A few years ago every smooth-running, compact, and efficient machine was suspected at once of a non-British origin. Even to-day England imports from abroad over $6,000,000 worth of motor-cars a year, and all the foreign firms that have established themselves in London are working overtime. That does not mean that English firms are slack. On the contrary, they are doing an enormous business. It is almost impossible to get a car delivered in less than eight months. All the leading English firms have already closed their order-books for 1903, and except through an agent who may happen to have a supply on hand, there is practically no chance of obtaining a first-class English-made car in under a year. The supply, in short, is not equal to the demand.

Within the last twelve months the general public attitude towards motors has turned a complete somersault. Not that all prejudices have vanished. You may still in all parts of England be forced to listen to heated harangues on the smell, noise, dust, recklessness, and unreliability of motor-cars and their drivers. But, on the whole, as the crowds at the Crystal Palace prove, the average man is converted. The motor has successfully weathered the toy stage, and is now regarded by the majority of Englishmen with positive sympathy, as a pleasant and permanent addition to the world's means of locomotion. The business man, too, is being rapidly won over. Light delivery wagons, run by petrol, are making their way, slowly but surely. Several of the largest firms in London have joined with the manufacturers, and the Automobile Club is promoting a series of trials for thoroughly testing this class of machine. Mr. Hanbury, the president of the Board of Agriculture, rarely makes a speech in which he does not urge the importance of a motor-car service to farmers, and especially fruit-growers, dairymen, florists, and market-gardeners.

An agricultural motor has been lately invented that can be used for mowing, reaping, binding, ploughing, chaff-cutting, grinding, and hauling loads along the highway. I have seen it plough nine inches deep on heavy land with two ten-inch furrows—and that without imbedding the land in the slightest degree. In London there are three public services of motor-cars now running, and if they were to succeed in driving the diabolical omnibuses off the streets, Londoners would not grumble. At present there seems little hope of that. A really dependable and comfortable vehicle for this class of work has not yet been devised, and though the cars are well patronized, there is not nearly enough of them. The battle between the horse-drawn 'bus and the motor-car can hardly, therefore, be said to have really begun. So far as I know, Eastbourne, a watering-place on the south coast, is the only town in England that has a well-organized motor service, and deliberately and officially prefers it to cable or electric cars. A syndicate is being formed, though with what prospect of success I do not know, for the purpose of linking up towns and villages with the main trunk lines of railroad by means of motors. This is an idea which has taken healthy root in Ireland. Lord Dudley, the Lord-Lieutenant, who is himself an ardent and experienced motorist, came out strongly a few days ago in favor of motor-cars as being better suited to Ireland's industrial and agricultural needs than even light railways. One or two of the county councils in England have placed motors at the disposal of their surveyors. The Post-Office has also taken them up. A motor postal service between Liverpool and Manchester is in running order, and in London alone there are over fifty motors in Post-Office employment. Several of the London borough councils use steam-lorries for the conveyance of building materials and other mechanically propelled vehicles for the removal of street refuse. There are nearly a dozen towns where motor fire-engines are operated. In South Lancashire a company has shown that with skilful organization heavy loads can be transported by road more cheaply and more expeditiously than by either railway or canal. It is now handling at a profit over 2000 tons of merchandise a month.

With all this, Parliament remains immovable. The Act of 1896 remains on the statute-book unamended. That Act did away with some of the most absurd restrictions on the building-up of the motor industry; but it had one cardinal, vitiating fault. It tried to lay down the lines on which motor-cars were to develop. It is a sound rule that legislation should follow an industry and not precede it. If the Act of 1896 had been content to prescribe only broad conditions, perhaps the fact that it was attempting to regulate something that had hardly come into existence might not have mattered so much. But instead of that, it went into details, and concerned itself with a number of technical minutiæ, such as the limit of the "tare" weight, the width of the wheels, the number of brakes, and the speed of travel. Being a non-expert body legislating for a new industry, in which fresh inventions were being made daily, Parliament naturally failed to achieve finality. It fixed, for instance, the maximum of speed at twelve miles an hour. Nobody from the King downwards takes the trouble to observe this rule, and unless policemen are detailed off to line every hedgerow in the country, it can never be enforced. In some parts of the provinces, on the road, for example, between London and Brighton, this practically is what is done. Rural magistrates are whimsically conservative, and the village police force is converted into a band of motor-car hunters. Automobilists argue that the real object of legislation should be to protect the public from the "scorcher": and that this can best be done by abolishing the legal speed limit, but at the same time enforcing responsibility by issuing licenses and having all motor-cars properly numbered and registered. If this were done, a conviction for furious driving would involve the loss, or suspension, or "magisterial endorsement" of the license; and drivers, it is urged, would become as prudent as captains of yachts. Bills proposing these and other reforms have been introduced into Parliament, but without result, and the Act of 1896 remains in the anomalous condition of a deterrent that does not deter.

It is of course in the country that the development of the motor can best be seen. Practically no country house is now complete without one. The rural doctor uses it on his rounds, the country surveyor on his tours of inspection, the sportsman to convey his shooting parties and beaters to the covertside, the huntsman to attend a distant meet. For the country gentleman it has enormously widened the area within which he can "get about." For the City man it means that he can live away from the smoke and grime of London and yet be within easy reach of his office. Indeed, since the rise of the motor-car, the value of property along the highroads leading out of London has advanced twenty per cent. It is even possible that the dastardly condition of country and provincial hotels in England may in time be reformed under the pressure of motorists. The Touring Club de France has done excellent work in improving French inns, and the Automobile Club of Great Britain, with its 3000 members, is devoting itself to the same task not unhopefully. Lamp-makers, furriers, tailors, and opticians are all profiting by the "motor boom." But its greatest surprise has been the revelation of the exceeding badness of English roads. As a system they have remained practically untouched for the last sixty or seventy years, ever since the railways dispossessed them. No new main thoroughfares have been built, and even the maintenance and repair of existing ones have fallen far short not only of the French and Italian, but even of the German, standards. It is one of the prime results of the extension of motors and motor-cycles that public attention is being called to the whole subject of highway administration. A roads improvement association has come into active life, and is vigorously preaching the necessity of reform. Whether it will move the government remains to be seen. The work needed is work that only the government can undertake. The local authorities are too scattered and too ill connected to be able to evolve anything in the nature of a systematic plan of road construction; and without good roads and plenty of them, the social revolution of which the advent of the motor was supposed to be the prelude, must remain, so far as England is concerned, very largely a dream.

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Raising the Venezuelan Blockade

(With Sketches made on the Ground by our Correspondent)

La Guayra, *February 15, 1903.*

The harbor of La Guayra is an open roadstead of crescent shape. Perpendicularly almost from its water's edge rise mountains, some of them 8000 feet high. What little room there is left between the deep sea and, if not the devil, the deadly fever-laden clouds



The Main Street in La Guayra

that hang and float around the mountainsides, is occupied by the town of La Guayra.

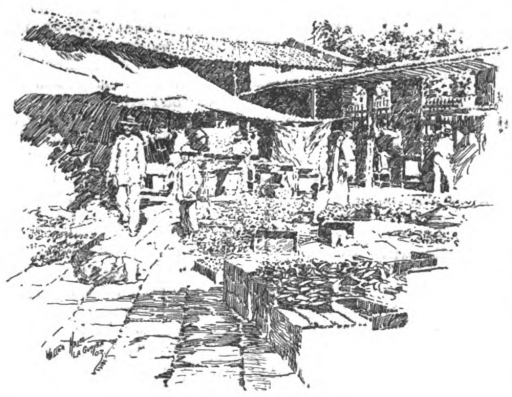
Some five hundred houses are here scattered along the water-front in shape of half a "frankfurter," a few dozen more are clustered about on rocks and crags above. Today at sunrise, as every morning for five long and weary blockade-weeks, half-starved fishermen come down from these old stone houses of sixteenth-century pattern. Stick and rod in hand, they wander lazily to the water-front, bent upon fishing to provide for a noon meal.

Negroes, mulattoes, mestizos, and zambos they are. Some show a complete mixture of all these varieties, strongly reminding the observer of Darwin's "missing link." But different as may be their hair and skin, common is to all these children of a mongrel race the same careless, aimless, shiftless way. Shoulder by shoulder and elbow by elbow they sit slowly down on the long stone wall built as a breakwater to shelter the harbor from the swell of the sea. Lighting the cigarette, without which the picture of no Venezuelan would be complete, they begin to discuss the political situation before they drop the bait. "Un momento!"

The big British cruiser *Tribune* is still there at the end of the mole, but, as everybody assures his neighbor, the blockade will be raised to-day, for—such is the general view among them — the German war-ships have been wrecked by the guns of Fort San Carlos, and the kings of Italy and Great Britain have, terror-stricken, appealed to the United States to arrange for peace at any cost.

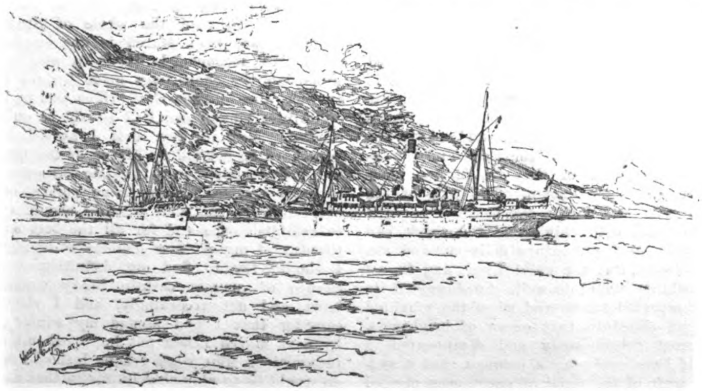
Is there any news from the revolutionary camp? Of course there is! Fighting has been going on all night near Macuto. It is a habit here, adhered to even by the foreign merchants, to tell you in the morning that battles raged while you slept. Venezuelan politeness thus expresses itself.

By seven o'clock the general desire for information seems to be gratified. Everybody lights a fresh cigarette, gathers his rags about himself, and drops the bait. Patiently waiting sits the long line of men. Soon all seem to doze, some yawn, a few even snore; few of the small white fish are caught. Thus they will sit all forenoon in burning sun and blinding light, their silence only interrupted by an occasional splash in the water when a dizzied or sleepy black



La Guayra's Market-Place

head, followed by a scantily clad darky who has lost his balance, drops or rolls into the deep. The others don't even laugh while he paddles ashore. They only yawn longer.



The American Merchant-Ship "Maracaibo" entering La Guayra Harbor with a Cargo of Flour and Provisions



A Landmark—the Tower of El Carmen

Next time it may be their turn to swim. Business is completely at a standstill.

Eight o'clock sounds the bell from the church tower, and one of the daily star performances of this merry war-operetta begins. The consuls, including those of the nations at war with Venezuela, enter a shore-boat, are rowed into the harbor, and meet a steam-launch from the *Tribune*. A lieutenant from the cruiser receives telegrams arrived overnight for the captain, and exchanges with the gentlemen in the row-boat news, letters, and perchance a cigar.

A "peaceful" blockade it is indeed! One day the Prefect, a man with a fine sense of humor, asked the consuls bent on this daily errand if they would not beg the captain of one of the men-of-war to send the band ashore to play on the plaza. He might return the favor by sending the sorely missed fresh vegetables for the officers' mess. In the cable-office the telephone is kept ringing all day, and "not yet!" is the reply to all inquiries.

Six o'clock finds stores and warehouses closed and all hopes deferred for the following day. Night falls, and unhappy-looking men retire to their homes, while mosquitoes begin to enjoy life. Now and then the moonless darkness is lit up by the search-light of the *Tribune* sweeping around the horizon, playing on the harbor, and fastening its rays on the half-destroyed torpedo-boat *Ossun* in the inner bay.

Eleven o'clock! At last! The steam-launch of the *Tribune* rounds the cruiser and makes straight for the shore, a lieutenant mounts the few stone steps and hands a letter to the British consul, who soon turns to the Prefect and announces in Spanish, "The blockade is raised!"

Wild shouts go up, the darkies dance, the foreigners shake hands, the Venezuelans embrace each other. Then the Prefect hastens to the cable-office, writes out two messages, one of thanks to Mr. Bowen in Washington, the next congratulating Castro "upon his splendid success and victory!"

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The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

OCTOBER

I AM back again to the level uneventfulness of these pleasant days, with a great sense of having "come home" continually with me. This little stuccoed house, with its little garden, has become to me my "angulus terræ"; the deep vibration of "home," incommunicable and to many unmeaning, is here; I can no longer imagine myself permanently anywhere else. All day long I continually find, as it were, intimate glances. The line of the downs, a group of trees, or a corner of my own room catches my eye as one catches the eye of a friend across a roomful of acquaintances. That glance says nothing in particular; it only means "I am I, you are you," but it is only between friends that such a glance can ever pass. Soul beckons to soul, with gesture invisible to others, and a smile answers it, For it is friends who are our anchor in this swift rushing stream of days and years; secure there, though time eddies in froth and flying spray about our bows, it does not whirl us away, straw and flotsam, down the racing flood. And above us, when we look up from our anchorage through the flying wrack of storm-cloud and torn fringes of wind-swept vapor, there glimmer the steadfast and immutable stars.

I left Capri, as you will have guessed, somewhat in a hurry; in fact, I firmly and speedily ran away as hard as I could. All September, so I see now, I had been living in the flimsiest paradise of a fool. I had thought it was possible to detach oneself so utterly from the joys and frailties of the human race that one could take any liberties one chose, look at and live in beauty and cease to be man. Then suddenly the flesh twitched me, and like the flowers of Klingsor's garden my sexless paradise fell in red ruin of autumn leaf about my ears. For me anyhow such a Paradise was not possible, and I had—only just—the sense to see that it was better to live decently and dully than—otherwise.

So I took ship at Naples and came home by sea; for why one should shut oneself up in a grilling-box of scarlet velvet and grind along a steel path to the din of rolling wheels, when the divine waterways are at the door, is more than I ever could imagine. Two moments of the voyage I shall never forget. Out in the Bay of Biscay we had a couple of days of heavy gale, the wind blowing from the west like a solid thing. The sea, which till then had been calm, gradually began to get up. There was no sun, and from a gray and infinite flatness it grew streaked and wrinkled. Then the wrinkles began to amalgamate, every two or three wrinkles turning themselves into one definite furrow, and the streaks formed themselves into sprayed wave-caps. When I went to bed the ship was still fairly steady, but full of wandering creaks and groans, and clothes hanging up on my cabin walls whispered against the woodwork and oscillated backwards and forwards. During the night, however, we began to pitch and roll in earnest, and waking once, I heard the scream of the screw whirling impotently out of water, and the jar of straining wood and rivets. All next day the riot of the skies and din of the seas grew greater, until coming on to deck after dinner one had to dash at suitable moments over the open to gain handhold before the next lurch. Eventually I found a corner sheltered from the wind behind the smoking-room, and sat there with the gale thundering madly above my head and yelling and thrumming in the quivering rigging. The sky was quite clear and cloudless, and though there was no moon, the stars made a gray twilight overhead. As the ship labored on with reeling gait the mast near above me would strike wildly right and left through a hundred stars, scoring a black line through the Pleiades and the Bear. For a moment Orion's Belt would be framed between the yard-arms; the next it would plunge out of sight behind me. Then Cassiopeia's Chair would waver over the bulwarks, tremulously perched, and in a second, as if it was roped to some celestial swing, would soar high to the zenith. Then the bulwarks themselves would rise a black blot into the sky; the next moment they reeled giddily downwards; and at my feet, almost, then raced by huge dimnesses of gray sea and flying foam, with veiled and luminous specks of phosphorescent light glimmering like marine glowworms.

Then suddenly from the deck came a cry I have heard only once, "Man overboard," and in a moment, coming it seemed from nowhere, the deck was alive with hurrying figures. The thump of the screw grew slow and ceased, women screamed, and from a big chest near me three sailors got out a flare-buoy, a wooden frame with a light attached to it. In a few seconds it was lit and flung overboard, and flaring high it rose and fell, a veritable dance of death, among the hills and valleys of the sea. It was impossible at the pace we were going to reverse the engines at once, for the strain would have endangered the lives of all on the ship, but gradually as we slowed down this was done, and the churned water from the screws hissed past us. The buoy was already far behind us, but gradually we got nearer to it, and a boat was launched with infinite difficulty and danger, and we lay there, the ship's company hanging on the lee bulwarks while it put out into the night and the storm. There we waited, rolling and bowing to the waves for an hour maybe, watching the flare and the light from the boat, now riding high against the horizon, now completely vanishing in the trough of some wave. Then the flare burned out, and the boat returned. The search had been fruitless. And slowly the tramp of the screw worked its way to its accustomed speed, the identity of the man was established, an entry was made, and we went on again ever faster through the yellow twilight of the stars and the big pitiless sea.

The second moment was next morning. The wind had *gone* down, though the sea still ran high, and all heaven and earth were one incredible blue. A sun of transcendent brilliance flamed overhead, and not a cloud flecked the huge azure dome. Below, the great translucent waves were at play in jovial boisterousness; the blue monsters flung themselves against the black side of the ship and were shattered into a cloud of dazzling white, which, as it rose into the air, was momently iridescent with rainbow, a high-day of light. About eleven of the morning a sudden whisper and rumor ran round the ship, and by degrees the sequel of that tragic hour last night was made known. The wife of the man who had fallen overboard the night before was with child, and the shock had brought on a premature delivery, and she had died. But the child lived, and in all probability would do well. So *June* had its tale repeated again, and when the weighted shroud slid into that ocean of brightness, wavered subaqueously and disappeared, I could have sworn for a moment that a sudden waft of the smell of sweet peas pierced the pungency of the sea.

So both lie there in the depths of the unquiet bay, though leagues apart. Will those two poor tabernacles of mortality, I cannot but wonder, find some subtle mode of telegraphy in their green sea caves and speak to each other, or go to each other across the ooze of the depths, moved by some thresh of current? Or will they have to wait there patiently in their crystal tombs till the sea gives up its dead, and they float up as the chrysalis of the dragon-fly floats up through the water, to find that the new heaven and the new earth are fair, at the dawning of the supreme day? Such was the incident of my home-coming: in the midst of life there was death, and in the midst of death, life. It is always so.

The long dark evenings are beginning, but day after day unclouded October weather, with its brisk air and its exquisite clarity and luminousness, prevails. It reminds one of nothing in the world so much as a boy's soprano; nothing else in the world gives a sense of such absolute perfection and purity of vehicle, the one expressed in terms of light, the other of sound. And as the boy's voice rises and fills the great spaces of some sunlit cathedral, so this light pervades these aisles of yellowing trees and spaces of swelling downland. About each there is an utter absence of all passion or emotion. A woman's voice, it seems to me, is like the mature light of summer, broad, full of feeling, full of the tenderness of sex. But in this October weather you have mere brightness: in the air there is a certain chill which gives the precision that the warm flower-blurred light of summer lacks. It promises nothing like the languors and brightnesses of spring, it gives no fulfilment like the noons of summer, it is just itself, exquisite, meaningless, and at times horribly sad. For the year has turned; we have had our bright and our beautiful times and they are over, and soon will be the season of long dark evenings, and the blear-eyed peerings of the remote sun through the fogs of November. In the winter, too, there is something of the hibernating spirit about us; we dream and doze, and vitality sometimes burns a little low, and age looks over our shoulder, and we tend to be possessed with the Spirit of the falling leaf.

What one sets oneself to do, I think, matters nothing in comparison of the main point, namely, that we set ourselves to do something; for any employment, so long as it is not harmful, is essentially good. Many of us have our ordinary work to do, which takes most of the day, now days are short. In the summer, perhaps, we were accustomed when the day's work was over to be out-of-doors, but now in these lengthening nights we have to seek our employment inside. The great thing, then, is to do something definite and to do it seriously. To read the whole of Shakespeare before next March is one employment that recommends itself to me; but supposing the choice was made for me by another, who told me that bridge was to be my winter employment? I should be quite content. But in that case I should try very hard to get rid by March of the fatal indecision which prompts one sometimes to make spades, sometimes no-trumps, out of practically the same hand; I should try to establish once and for all the best suit to play if my partner doubles no-trumps; I should try to find out definitely what chance of success certain heavy *finesses* have, and act accordingly, and I should consider that I had wasted my winter if by next March I had not improved out of recognition. But what I hope I should not do would be to play slackly, for in that case one might as well talk to the Spirit of the falling leaf at once.

To be Continued.

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Lady Rose's Daughter

THERE is nobody damned in Mrs. Ward's new book; all the good people keep on being good, the bad become repentant, and the doubtful ones grow in grace and promise finally to come out on the Lord's side. It is a very nice book,—"nice" in any sense you like; pleasing, discriminating, fine. This time Mrs. Ward has written a novel of entertainment, and done it with admirable art. Whether it was art for art's sake or art for the reader's sake doesn't much signify, but certainly the reader has been very gently and benevolently used. When one considers the people and situations and dispositions used, and considers what a cloth-bound nightmare of a book might have been made of them, mere gratitude seems insufficient recognition of so different an outcome. When the juggler keeps balls in the air it is edifying; much more so when he uses knives — sharp ones — with points. Mrs. Ward has played with edged tools, and to the beholder's delight, and there has been nobody hurt.

When you have finished a good novel, turn back to the beginning, and notice how it has been put together, and especially how the characters have been constructed. Behold, good friends; a bottle of oil, a jug of vinegar, salt, pepper, this and that. Watch the compounder sitting in a cool place with the great bowl in her lap! Some oil, a few drops of vinegar; *beat! beat! beat!* sweeps the shining fork! A little more oil, a few more drops of vinegar, a pinch of salt, a shake of the pepper-box, and ever swiftly and easily sweeps the fork, mixing the incongruous, bringing form and substance out of chaos, compounding under our incredulous eyes the mayonnaise Le Breton with which the cold Delafield is to be served.

It is a great dish, and we like it. Dear! dear! How near the Warkworth flame came to spoiling the salad! How impossible seemed the reconciliation of the warring elements! But it was done; made, not mixed; compounded, not confused.

Since Becky Sharp threw the memorial of the great lexicographer out of the coach window at Miss Pinkerton and her academy, there has been no girl in English literature quite fit to compare with Julie Le Breton. The editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE calls her "the most appealing type of heroine ever presented in fiction." She is different from Becky in such vital particulars that the reader's reluctant and disapproving sympathy never leaves her, from her first appearance at the top of the stairs at Lady Henry's Wednesday night, till the little Duchess takes her abroad to repair her shattered energies after a great peril and a great escape. Even then the reader's sympathy does not leave her, but only his disapproval. She is superlatively interesting to the very end. Even the process of rearing a new edifice of affection on the ruins of a conflagration does not try the infatuated reader's patience. That perilous attempt is successfully worked out. It does come about that the woman who would have run away with Warkworth does finally, and without violence to human nature, seem likely to make Jacob a truly helpful wife. After all, Jacob had crotchets. His virtues were in some measure the virtues of his defects. His preposterous fidelity was a fruit of self-abnegation, and that was characteristic of a nature noble but not quite normal. And Julie's defects — her propensity to weave a tangled web—if not defects of her virtues, were compensated by great virtues and notable talents and charm. Warrington found himself drawn to Pendennis as a youth who had shown himself capable of a great, unreasonable, affection. Julie, a woman of wiles and designs, could fall in love, most inopportunely and ill-advisedly, with Warkworth. Count it to her for a virtue, but, oh! tell it not in the girls' schools, or in households where there are growing daughters, that a capacity for loving a detrimental and engaged man is to be put down on the credit side of a maiden's account. Let us waste no pity on Jacob. He got a charming wife who will evidently put her mind on being devoted to him, and to whose devotion he will evidently owe a large part of whatever satisfaction he finds in living in the sphere of usefulness to which fate has called him.

Mrs. Ward always takes us into good society in her books. In this one there is a better company of dukes, duchesses, ministers of state, and makers of history than we wistful republicans have sat down with since the days of Trollope. Dukes, if not good company, are good accessories to company, and as for duchesses, they can be pleasantly, humanly agreeable. We think we have had a turn at high life in London. If we haven't—if it wasn't real high life—then so much the worse for high life, for where we have been the talk was lively; the matters discussed were interesting and sometimes important; the lords had brains, and the editors learning; the houses were handsome, and the paintings on the walls were Gainsboroughs or better. There is no objection to high life if it is lighted up, and Mrs. Ward snuffs all the candles in her great houses. Lady Henry is a distinct and distinguished person whom it is profitable to have met. Lord Larkington, who served as a midshipman in 1812, died at the age of seventy-five or thereabouts, so the time of the story is early in the seventies, and it is years now since the Duchess of Chudleigh put on mourning for Lady Henry. She was a loss to London, and she is a gain to literature. And the book she figures in is a great gain to literature. Merely as a story it is extremely successful, and has held our interest intensely for a year, as it has come out in monthly instalments. In the development of character, in the clear delineation of many interesting personalities, and in occasional passages of wise and penetrating discourse, it is a book of distinction, charming and edifying.

England was still decidedly English in the seventies, and this book is British to the back stitching—all except its illustrations; they are Mr. Christy's, and therefore American. Probably they would fit better into contemporary London than into the London of twenty years since. They are variable. The best of them are felicitous, and some of them are charming. The worst of them, towards the end, are very shattering to one's ideals. These were du Maurier's people in this book. Of Mr. Christy's very last effort —Julie on her knees by the distressed Jacob —it is not too harsh to say that if Jacob looked like that, that sort of a Julie was a fair match for him.

The Real Value of the Rhodes Bequest

THERE has been quite a lot of talk in the American press of late about the Oxford scholarships bequeathed to Germany and to this country by the late Cecil Rhodes, and it seems to us that many of our journals have laid themselves open to a charge of narrowness and churlishness in the attitude and spirit they have assumed in relation to the question. We quite understand the feeling that an American boy can get a more practical and probably a better all-round education at an American university than he could at Oxford; but we do not share the opinion of the eminent New York daily which disdainfully says that Cecil Rhodes "evidently regarded Oxford from the viewpoint of . . . a poor boy and a remote colonist; that is to say, as a focus of dazzling social radiance, a fountain of aristocratic and pan-Anglican influence which no colonial, American, or Teuton youth would be able to resist. In fine, the Rhodes bequest was based upon a flagrant misconception of facts, and inspired by an ill-considered purpose."

Now Cecil Rhodes may have had many defects, but no one who knew him well would accuse him of having any special regard for "dazzling social radiance," or for "fountains of aristocratic influence." Moreover, whatever else he was, he was a man of brains, the sort of brains America knows and likes, a man not much given to "flagrant misconception of facts," or often "inspired by ill-considered purposes," and it is more than likely that he knew just what he was doing when he made the scholarship bequests. His aim was to further the cause of international amity and mutual understanding by bringing about the intimate contact and prolonged close relationship of highly endowed young personalities from countries which he thought ought to be fast friends.

It is just this spirit of Mr. Rhodes's intentions which the protesters to whom we have referred seem to miss. They can see no further than this, that American universities are the best equipped and most efficient in the world, and that to send some of our best young minds to Oxford is not only to cast a slur on our own fine institutions, but also to commit the almost criminal error of sending those young minds away to feed on the second-best when the best lies right at their hand. This view, we repeat, we believe to be short-sighted. To begin with, Oxford is surely not such a hopelessly antediluvian and stupid place as some would make it out to be. It has developed some very respectable minds in its time, and a really vigorous young intellect can probably get almost as much of what it needs there at the present time as it could, say, at Yale or Harvard. Character and discipline and manliness, for instance, are things that may be had there, and character and discipline are not to be despised.

Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that the education a young man can get at Oxford is inferior to that to be had at an American university, we still think there is a lot to be said for the Rhodes bequest. The young fellows who take up the scholarships will be old enough when they go to England to have acquired a thoroughly American spirit which nothing can afterwards extinguish. There will always be enough of them at Oxford simultaneously to enable them to manifest that spirit to a certain extent. If they are receptive and adaptable—and receptivity and adaptability are eminently American traits — they will blend into their own native spirit the best of what Oxford life has to give. They will have some chance of getting to know intimately much that is admirable in English character and custom. They will doubtless acquire a true sympathy with the elder branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. They will gain the breadth and culture that residence in a foreign land always gives to superior minds. They will come to see their own land and its institutions and customs, its virtues and its defects, with surer vision and with deeper understanding when they return to it after absence abroad. In any case, if bright representative young Americans take up the scholarships, there is little doubt that the results will be highly favorable to Anglo-American friendship, understanding, sympathy, and good-will.

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Books and Bookmen

MR. WILL N. HARBEN, of whom a camera interview is given on another page of this number of the WEEKLY, is an author whose name is destined to become familiar to every American household. As one has said, "He has an eye for the home virtues, the ties of neighborhood, the adventure of the commonplace. He writes of common things only to make you wonder at the homespun beauty and true worth at the heart of them." The author who can weave humor and imagination about the common everyday things of life, and lift them out of their dull monotonous routine, is always welcome. He imparts to the unseeing that attribute of genius which has been called the sixth sense, the sight of the unseen wonder and beauty that lie in the rut of the ordinary. It was Coleridge who said that genius was the power of glorifying the commonplace. Certainly this definition fits Mr. Harben's claim to write himself novelist, and as he is also a born story-teller, the reasons for his growing popularity are obviously apparent.

Mr. Harben is a native of Georgia, and was born at Dalton about forty-five years ago. He has been described as a typical Southerner possessing all the enterprise of a Westerner. Amongst his ancestors he numbers Daniel Boone. He began his literary career by making translations, and for two years he was one of the editors of the *Youth's Companion*. He then went to London, and for another year applied himself to study in the British Museum. It was with some timidity he attempted his first short story, but the effort was successful, and Mr. Joel Chandler Harris welcomed his work as that of a coming novelist. His first novel appeared in 1889, and was followed at intervals by several stories which seem to have reached a culmination in *Northern Georgia Sketches*. In these sketches the author had at last found himself, and at the instigation of Mr. Howells he decided to concentrate his fiction on his own region of northern Georgia. His next novel was *Westerfelt*, published about two years ago. This book was begun in the British Museum, continued at Oxford, and completed, in its first draft, at Paris. Afterward, it was largely rewritten between the intervals of superintending the building of two business houses. There is no doubt that Mr. Harben struck a new vein in *Westerfelt*. He wrote like one who was at home among his scenes and characters: so much so that he was accused of having taken some of his characters from life. Mr. Harben denied the charge, but admitted that the characters were none the less real to him for that. "I have lived the greater part of my life among these humble types, and I have simply absorbed their general characteristics. When I am with them I am one of them in every possible way. I am not spying on them, and making notes for future use, but just enjoying it all as if it were a delicious book which only I could read and understand."

Mr. Harben's next book was *Abner Daniel*—aptly called "the *David Harum* of the South," with more regard for truth than such analogies usually imply. It was a triumph for Mr. Harben as a humorist. Humor, when you come to think of it, is the most individual gift of an author, as well as the rarest in fiction. It is the most striking quality in *Abner Daniel*—the quality of humor that is blent with humanity, the sunlight that catches the smile with a tear in it and makes it glisten. Oftentimes the smile breaks into laughter, as the humor becomes pure fun, for Mr. Harben knows a good story, and how to tell it. But it never broadens into farce: Mr. Harben is instinctively too careful an artist for that. It is not claiming too much to say that few of last year's novels were at once so human and so humorous; and to this may be attributed the fact that no other novel of Mr. Harben's has enjoyed so wide a circulation. Some authors have popularity thrust upon them, some achieve it, some are born to it. Mr. Harben, we should say, is of the deserving class who achieve popularity. The reading public may be slow in recognizing an author's merit, but once they do, they are not slow in appreciation, and the reward of the author is sure if he continue to prove worthy of their affection and esteem. Mr. Harben has won this favor by unremitting labor and care in developing a fresh field, and by impregnating his work with a wholesome, sane personality. He writes from a fulness of knowledge, and a varied experience among his own people. He is fertile in resources, and never at a loss for a good story. He reminds us of a remark of Mrs. Hillyer's—a humorous character in his forthcoming novel, *The Substitute*. Mrs. Hillyer has some great news with which she is bursting. "I thought at fust," she reflects, "that I'd not let Mrs. Dugan in on this, but I mought as well. That's about all the pleasure the lone woman gits out o' life, an' she's entitled to this morsel." Mr. Harben enjoys his own story so keenly that he tells it as if he were bursting with its great secret, he chuckles over the delight it will give his readers, and he takes you into his confidence with much the same happy condescension with which Mrs. Hillyer treated Mrs. Dugan. The result is one of deep satisfaction in the personal relationship set up betwixt author and reader.

Mr. Harben's fidelity to the type as well as his truth to nature, which is something more than being merely true to life, has frequently got him into a tight place. We have already stated that on more than one occasion he has been charged with transferring his originals direct to the page. One day a mountaineer and ex-moonshiner called on Mr. Harben in his office in Dalton, Georgia. The author saw, by the angry fire in the man's eye and the imprint of a big revolver under his short coat, that serious trouble was brewing. "Look y' heer," said his unwelcome visitor, "folks says you've been pokin' fun at me in a book. I don't know whether it's so or not, but I'm heer to say ef it is, me 'n you'll hitch in short order." The man, the prototype of Mr. Harben's Pole Baker, in *Abner Daniel*, was a powerful fellow, who had had as many shooting scrapes as he had fingers and toes, and the worst part of the affair was that the author had really drawn his portrait in the novel. Harben deliberated, and then said: "Mr. ——, I know you are a fair man, and will do what is right. Here is a copy of the book. Sit down and read it, and then, if you desire it, I will give you satisfaction." The man flushed under the singular proposition, but finally consented, and sat down beside the author's desk. All the afternoon he bent over the book. Mr. Harben went in and out of the office several times without causing the reader to raise his head. Once he heard him laughing heartily, and at another time there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes. Finally he laid the book down and said, sheepishly: "I don't think I kin kick. I was a little afeerd you'd made me show the white-feather, but that feller they say is like me 's got a sight more grit 'an I have. Huh!" admiringly, "he'd fight a circular saw barehanded. No, I don't think I kin kick." Mr. Harben breathed freely once more, and felt duly thankful.

In his rambles among the people of northern Georgia, many of them primitive types and simple specimens of humanity, Mr. Harben has met with many rare experiences which have yielded him rich material for his novels. He was benighted once in a mountain cabin where a family of five daughters and a mountaineer and his wife ate and slept in the only room the house contained. With characteristic hospitality the farmer said the stranger was welcome if he would put up with things as they were. It was late, and as there was no other cabin in sight, Mr. Harben accepted the kind offer with what grace he could summon. There were four beds in the room and no curtains, and the visitor wondered what they would do with him. They all sat cheerfully around the fire after supper, and about nine o'clock the mountaineer said, "I reckon me 'n' you'd better go down to the spring an' git us a drink." At the spring the host obviously detained his guest for a few minutes, and on returning to the cabin they found it wrapped in darkness. The two men went in and slept in a bed together. The next morning, before dawn, the author was awakened from the most delightful sleep he had ever experienced. It was the mountaineer bending over him. "I reckon," the man said, "that me 'n' you'd better crawl out an' give the women folks a chance to git up an' cook breakfast."

Some American Music

NOT many years ago one of the most acute and clairvoyant Englishmen of his generation, Mr. George Meredith, observed that it would not surprise him if, within fifty years, the centre of creative literary art were in America. For those of us who would modify this prophecy so that it should accord with a conviction that the American genius will find its most potent expression in music, rather than in that art of which Mr. Meredith himself is so consummate a master, the immediate past has yielded surety and confirmation of a very definite sort.

One of the younger group of contemporary American composers, Mr. Arthur Farwell, recently established at Newton Center, Massachusetts, a press which is devoted wholly to the publication of the best of this new music that he can procure,—considering it solely on its artistic merits, and entirely aside from the question of a profitable popularity. It is an altogether admirable enterprise—probably the most determined, courageous, and enlightened endeavor to assist the cause of American music that has yet been made. Already it has begun to justify itself through its results: for within the month there was produced, at a concert given in this city under private auspices, certain of the music discovered and published by Mr. Farwell. We remember with a very keen pleasure Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis's exquisite arrangements of two Verlaine poems, "On the Terrace" and "In the Moon Shower,"—the last contrived, curiously but with haunting effect, as a spoken recitation, with obbligato of piano, violin, and voice; a movement from a piano sonata by Mr. Farwell, Mr. Henry F. Gilbert's ardent and colorful scene for dramatic soprano, "Salammbô's Invocation to Tänith" (the text from the novel of Flaubert); and his superb setting—still in manuscript—of the Lament of Deirdre from Ferguson's "The Death of the Children of Usnach": music saturated with the sense of that "heart-break over fallen things," that wildness of passionate regret, that tragic and piercing melancholy, which are Celtic—and overwhelming.

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Finance

THE course of the securities markets of ...te has taxed to the utmost the ingenuity ...f those persons who are forever demanding ... reason for fluctuations, and even for the ...sence of fluctuations, and who, when such ...asons are not forthcoming, promptly in...nt them. Many speculators, particularly ...e professional, really seek what may be ...illed a working explanation, even while ...ey imagine they are asking for an accurate ...alysis of basic conditions. At this writing ... is not easy to account for the market's ...ovements, or, rather, for the absence of a ...onounced tendency in either direction. ...ne day the stock-market is weak, and the ...ofessional speculators are bearish, with ...guments galore to show that a decline is ...evitable. On the next there is a recovery, ...id the "temper" of the former bears is ...stinctly bullish, with a few dozen reasons ... prove conclusively that the market's next ...big move" must be toward the sky. As ...ight be expected from speculation in which ...e professional element alone takes the in...ative, the market hesitates, advances, and ...cedes, all within that narrow range of ...ctuation which is so exasperating to the ...veterate trader. From time to time a pool, ...r reasons known only to its managers, ...arks up the price of its specialties, and ...cidentally lets loose a flood of rumors of ... ...als and misdeals, or a clique of the more ...werful "traders" indulges in a sharp lit... raid on values. And meanwhile the real ...iders of the Street give no evidence of ...king the slightest interest in the course ... stock values, and the general public does ...t so much as think of such a thing as the ...ock-ticker. In point of fact, many of the ...ancial powers are absent from the city—... Florida, on their yachts, in Europe, any...ere save in Wall Street, which is where ...ey would be if they had any reason to be...ve that a bull market, or, for the matter ... that, a bear market, was liable to develop ... a sudden.

The trouble is that for some time past ... speculative forces have been in a state ... almost perfect equilibrium. There is no ...at reason at the moment why prices ...uld fall, and none why they should ...e. The future is full of promise, but ... present has some uncertainties, though ... the keenest-sighted and most highly ...aginative bear can discern disaster at ...d. But the most promising source of ...r ammunition for some time to come ...l probably be found in the money-market. ...e reserves of the associated banks of New ...rk are at the lowest point at which they ...e been at this season of the year in a ...ade or more. Not only that, but since ... last bank statement, which reported a ...y substantial decrease in the reserve, the ...nks have been losing cash at a great rate, ... only to the government on their Sub-...asury operations, but by direct shipments ... currency to Chicago and the West. The ...ter movement is not devoid of interest. ...ly last autumn, when many bank presi...ts permitted themselves to predict that ... West would not draw on this centre for ...ch money for crop-moving purposes, at...tion was called in this column to sundry ...sons why the West would take money ...y from New York.

...or one or another reason, Wall Street ... utterly failed to realize the extent ... magnitude of the speculation in land. ...igations incurred through those real-es...e operations are now maturing. Hence ... shipments of currency to Chicago banks, ... latter to send them onward to the ...ious rural institutions. Money rates, ...ugh not yet higher, are beginning to show ...ardening tendency, though this has been ...imized by the fact that even as the ...k reserves were dwindling, sterling rates ... in New York and rose in Paris.

Financial

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Consult any Bank or Trust Company, or address

EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller City of New York
280 Broadway, New York

HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week: The New South—its recent commercial and industrial developments; Reading the Articles of War; Art in the Middle West; the First Presentation this Year of an American Woman at the Court of St. James; a Phase of New York Life—the new Hotel for Women; the Dramatization of Tolstoy's "Resurrection"; the Part Americans will Play in the World Drama a Hundred Years hence.

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of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(*CONDENSED*)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

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You can, by joining with them to develop this mine, become the owner of gold mine stock that will pay you dividends as long as you live. That is what the other mines that have been developed in the same way are doing.

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THE CITY OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS MAIN OFFICE, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN
NO. 280 BROADWAY, STEWART BUILDING

January 15, 1902.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE Greater New York Charter, that the books called "The Annual Record of the Assessed Valuation of Real and Personal Estate of the Boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond," comprising The City of New York, will be open for examination and correction on the second Monday in January, and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1902.

During the time that the books are open to public inspection application may be made by any person or corporation assessed to be aggrieved by the assessed valuation of real or personal estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 280 Broadway.

In the Borough of The Bronx, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building, One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh Street and Third Avenue.

In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.

In the Borough of Queens, at the office of the Department, Hackett Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City.

In the Borough of Richmond, at the office of the Department, Masonic Building, Stapleton.

Corporations in all the Boroughs must make applications only at the main office in the Borough of Manhattan.

Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of personal estate must be made by the person assessed at the office of the Department in the Borough where such person resides, and in the case of a non-resident carrying on business in The City of New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough where such place of business is located, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., except on Saturday, when all applications must be made between 10 A. M. and 12 noon.

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GEORGE J. GILLESPIE,
SAMUEL STRASBOURGER,
RUFUS L. SCOTT,
Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.

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38 NASSAU STREET

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Drawn by John S. Sargent

MISS ETHYL M. SMYTH

This portrait of Miss Smyth, whose opera "Der Wald" is soon to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, is from a sketch by John S. Sargent made while the composer was singing at the piano. Miss Smyth is well known abroad, and her work will have the distinction of being the first opera by a woman ever produced in America

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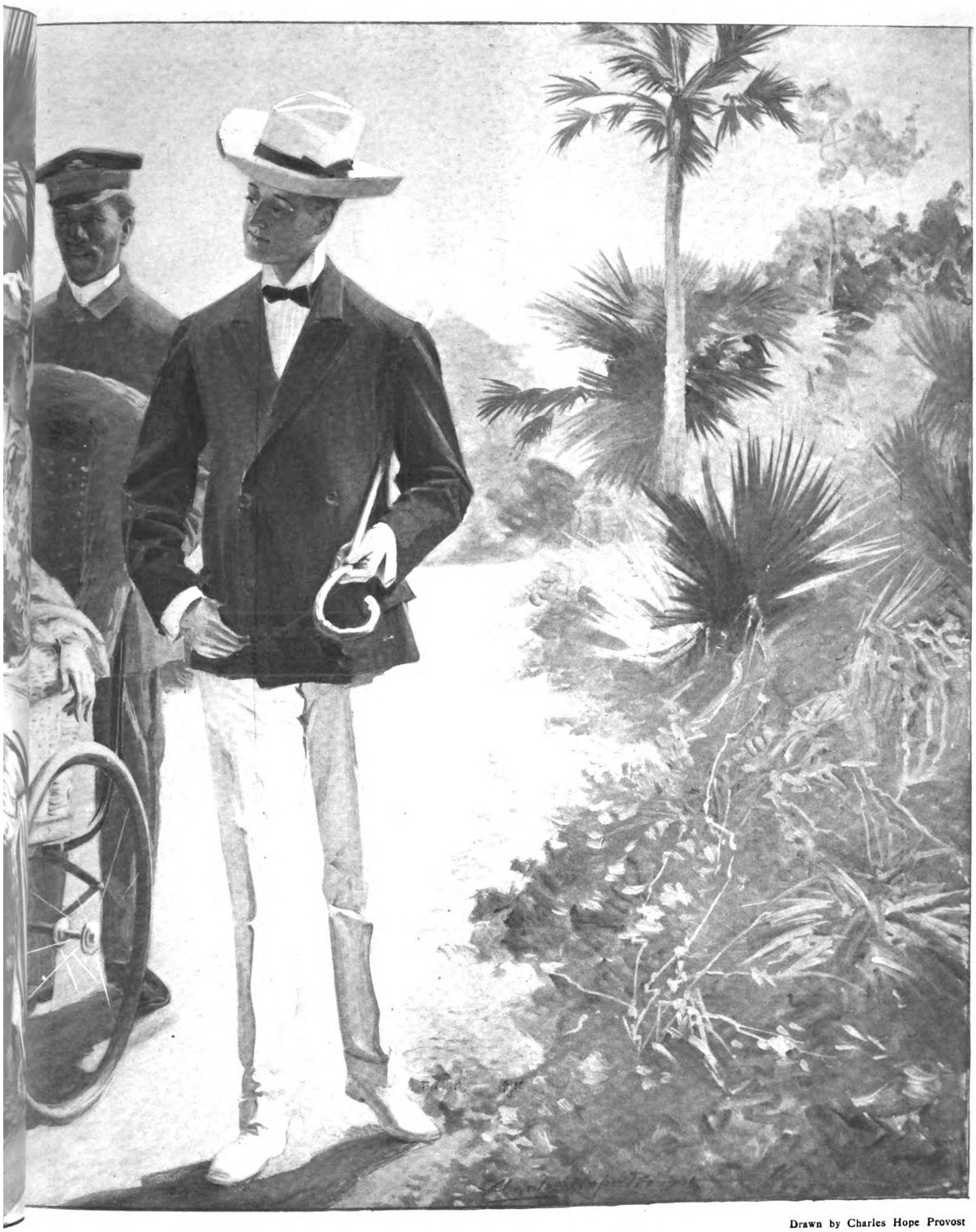


THE LOT

In which it

Palm Beach, St. Augustine, and other Florida winter resorts are now in the full swing of their season
the South early in the winter, and stay until the close of

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Drawn by Charles Hope Provost

-EATERS

unto a land,
ays afternoon"

ry year there seems to be a larger number of American pleasure and comfort seekers who migrate to
ison, which comes about the first or second week in April

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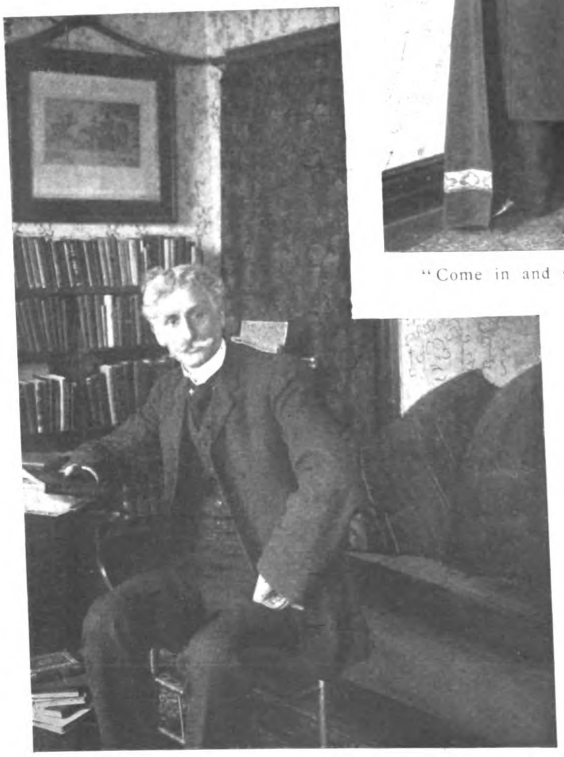
"Any place is big enough for me to use as a desk"



"I keep few books, and those for reference"



"Come in and see my rooms"



"In spite of some contemporary reading, I get most of my material from observation"



"I may live in the North, but my heart is in Dixie"

WILL N. HARBEN

An exponent of the South of to-day in fiction

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I [Demosthenes] have been careful to retain as much idiom as I could, often at the peril of being called ordinary and vulgar. Nations in a state of decay lose their idiom, which loss is always precursory to that of freedom. What your father and your grandfather used as an elegance in conversation is now abandoned to the populace, and every day we miss a little of our own, and collect a little from strangers: this prepares us for a more intimate union with them, in which we merge at last altogether. Every good writer has much idiom; it is the life and spirit of language; and none such ever entertained a fear or apprehension that strength and sublimity were to be lowered and weakened by it.—*Landor.*

Humanity ought to wish and to will that youth be happy: not, assuredly, through idleness and luxury—which are the sources of the worst unhappiness, ennui—but through the development of the faculties, through a strong and healthy growth.

J. H. Rosny.

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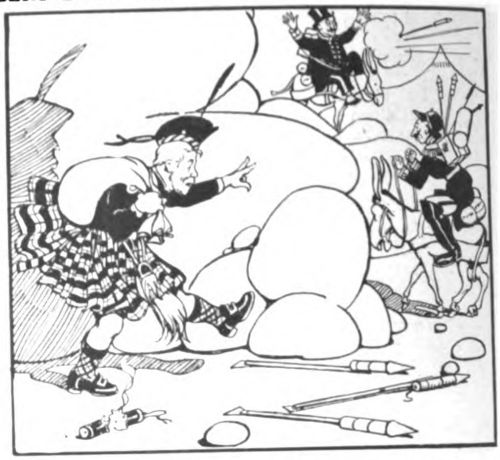
THE BAFFLED MILLIONAIRE

A MELODRAMA RECENTLY PRODUCED AT THE MUNDANE THEATRE WITH THE HERO OF THE PLAY A PHILANTHROPIC WEALTHY AMERICAN

REVIEWED BY ALBERT LEVERING



William. "We're goin' to git dot 140,000 tollars. See?"
Edward. "Yah, mine hare."
Andrew. "Hoot, mon! will ye bide a wee?"



William. "Shoot some more uff dem red fires. Dot's expensive; but we gotta haff der 140."
Edward. "Yah, mine hare."
Andrew. "Hoot, mon! will ye only bide a wee?"



William. "Let off a hunnert er dem two-tousan-tollar rockets; we moost vake him up."
Edward. "Yah mine hare."
Andrew. "Hoot, mon! but will ye no bide a wee?"



William. "Bust off dose million and haff canning-crackers, Eddie; it ain't loud already yet."
Edward. "Yah, mine hare."
Andrew. "Hoot, mon! but they'll no bide a wee!"



William. "Dot red fire unt rockets costed a million tollars."
Edward. "Yah, mine— Donnervetter!"
Andrew. "Hoot, mon! now ye'll bide; I hae the siller fer ye!"



William and Edward (silently exit.)
Andrew. "Hoot, mon! could I only spend my siller, willingly would I buy the nations o' the earth."

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CHARTREUSE
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BROWN'S Bronchial Troches
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The First Asiatic Collection

By Waldemar Jochelson

See page 376

THE chief purpose of the expedition sent out in 1900 by the president of the American Museum of Natural History, Mr. Morris K. Jesup, to the extreme northeast of Asia, was to study the tribes whose culture is similar to or identical with that of the aboriginal tribes of America. The scientific results of the expedition are being worked out by Mr. W. Bogoras and myself, under the auspices of the museum.

Besides this, the museum requested me to make a study of the Yakut,—a tribe which belongs to the Uralo-Altaic peoples, and whose culture is of a pure Asiatic type.

The Yakut collections, comprising the whole of the material and spiritual life of the tribe, and consisting of more than a thousand specimens, have now reached the museum, after a very long and difficult journey; and in a short time they will be open for the inspection of visitors. They have had to travel from the banks of the Kolyma River, fifteen thousand miles, through all Siberia and Europe, and across the Atlantic Ocean, before reaching their destination in New York. On their journey they have been carried by dogs, reindeer, and horses; have utilized the larger portion of the Siberian Railroad from Irkutsk to Moscow; in short, they have been in almost every kind of conveyance that exists in the world.

When travelling from the northern shores of the Pacific overland, I met, in the Yakut, the first tribe which has nothing in common with Indian or Eskimo culture, if we except the Tungus, who form a sort of transition between the Uralo-Altaic group and the Americanized tribes of the northeastern shores of Asia.

Thus the Yakut culture, which is purely Asiatic, makes more striking, by its very contrast, the similarity between the whole northeastern group and the early tribes of America.

The history of the Yakut is of peculiar interest. Their primary territory must be sought on the vast plains of western Asia. Their life, character, and language are not similar to those of the Buriats, their nearest Mongolian neighbors, who drove them northward, but all their characteristics are very near to those of the Turko-Tartarian tribes of western Siberia and southern Europe, though they are at the present time separated from all the latter peoples by very considerable distances.

The language of the Turks from the evergreen shores of the Mediterranean is almost identical with that of the Yakut in arctic Siberia. A Turk would be able to make himself easily understood by the Yakut.

Likewise, Tartars from the banks of the Volga, deported for various crimes to the province of Yakutsk, are able to learn the Yakut tongue in a very short time, as I have witnessed in many instances. Together with most Turko-Tartarian tribes, the Yakut are good horsemen and cattle-breeders. They were the first to bring cattle and horses to the extreme northeast of Siberia, when up to that time only reindeer and dogs were known; and they have pushed on with their herds as far as the neighborhood of the meteorological pole, where the temperature drops in the winter to seventy degrees below zero, centigrade.

The Yakut brought with them to the far northeast the art of preparing various kinds of food and drink from the milk of cows and mares. They consider the kumiss (fermented mare's milk) to be a celestial drink, and a ceremonial is arranged every spring in honor of its consumption. We have in our collection huge birchwood goblets embellished with carvings and silver and brass ornaments. In the ceremonials nine innocent youths and nine pure maidens have to make libations with kumiss from these goblets, after which the goblets are used in drinking by the elders of each clan.

The tubs in which the kumiss is prepared are made of ox-hide tanned in a certain peculiar manner. This latter art is evidently a remnant of their former nomadic life on the treeless southwestern plains.

In contrast with the scarcity of individ-

(Continued on page 403.)

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Coaching in the South

WITH a good plain brake, a good team (not of the Horse Show prize-winner type), and a good man to care for them, we started one afternoon recently from Harrisburg for a hunting and coaching trip through the South. We swung out of the slippery brick-paved streets, across the long bridge over the Susquehanna (where Lee was to water his horses and never did, being detained by an important engagement with a Mr. Meade at Gettysburg), and came out into, not the free world of Nature yet, for a most objectionable trolley has seized that end of the once glorious Cumberland pike, and made a wreck of it, but into a region that was at least part country. Even here the old-time rapacity of the toll gate asserted itself, and endangered passengers, trap, and, most of all, horses, to pay tribute to this archaic trust in the very centre of a narrow road with two lines of trolley and no perceptible width on either side. Beyond, we thought must lie the great old pike; that faultless limestone road from the Susquehanna to the Potomac, of which so much has been said and written. We found a ruin, rough and unkept, with miserable patches and unknown ways that would shame a country lane, first on one side and then on the other, of that monument of waste—a fine road spoilt by neglect.



The Start

Nineteen miles or so of this and we reached Carlisle and a comfortable inn. From there, through the quaint town, it is a pull of twenty-two miles to Shippensburg, and then eleven miles to Chambersburg. Greencastle, a quaint and beautiful little town, with colonial doorways and ancient white stucco houses with green blinds, recalling "the days of long ago," lies just beyond, and presently the whip says that Mason and Dixon's line and good weather are only four miles out of town. Across the line "Maryland, my Maryland," is about the same as Pennsylvania to look at, but the roads are better. On the way to Antietam and Burnside's Bridge one can trace the ebb and flow of McClellan and Lee's great fight by the tablets along the well-kept road. Bloody Lane to-day seems as peaceful as a dove. The government has built a broad, well-planted boulevard from the battle-field through Sharpsburg to the station a mile beyond, and along this we bowled with the glorious Indian summer haze hiding the rugged outlines of the Blue Ridge on our left and of the North Mountain on the right. From Sharpsburg station to the Potomac is the only dirt road of the journey. Although the South is called the bridgeless country, there is a good bridge over the Potomac at Shepherdstown. When we drove out of Charlestown we for once realized what real Indian summer was. The Blue Ridge almost overshadowed our road with its inimitable coloring—soft, indescribable, dreamlike. Daisy and dandelion bloomed by the roadside, every thicket was warm with the scarlet of the creeper and the deep madder-red of the sumac.

We come at last to the quaint white-brick house where our hunting trips begin. The days followed each other quickly, the men off one day with guns and dogs to rest the horses, and with the brake the next to rest the dogs; across the Shenandoah to the top of the Blue Ridge; to Winchester or to a meet of fox hounds, where pink coats and silk hats are at a discount, but where all hands, men and women, ride straight over stone walls and stiff fences with knees well in and hands low down on the withers. We have one woman in the party who does not fear an early start nor barbed-wire fences. *She* has a chaperon, too—a blue-blooded one—for "Queen" shows the lemon-and-white coloring and the long clean head characteristic of the old "Sensation" blood, and in her own doggy way is the respectable mother of a large family. So that day and others are spent. Every evening hears the tale of the wizard covey in the new ground that always gets away to the oak saplings without giving a shot, and who when followed there can discount the dogs. Then there is the ruffed grouse (he has grown to the dignity of a pheasant in Virginia) who flushed from the wild grapevine in the big woods and got away unhurt, and the woodcock which we saw sail away to the farther shore and safety, despite the fourfold call of our twelve bores. Country wagons are commandeered for this work, and our own team rests and fattens, while the whip wonders whether they will prosper on a corn diet.

As we turn North again the whip draws a sigh and confides to his companion on the box that he does not expect to taste anything like that fresh sausage until he can get down there again next year. Then he turns to business, for he wants to make the "clustered spires of Frederick town" that night, which will give the horses a forty-five mile pull. A rest at Harpers Ferry, with its narrow, crooked streets, rich in memories of the war, and then on in the hazy autumn afternoon to the home of Barbara Frietchie.

We got off early next morning, and rested that noon at Union Bridge, twenty-five miles away. Here again the whip had a triumph, for the inn, though small and unpretentious, was neat and the food excellent. That afternoon we drove for fifteen miles over a rolling country to Westminster. Here again a good inn, but modern and improved, a reminder that we were leaving the old, free, half-wild life of the country and nearing a land of dress-suits, straight fronts, and stock quotations.

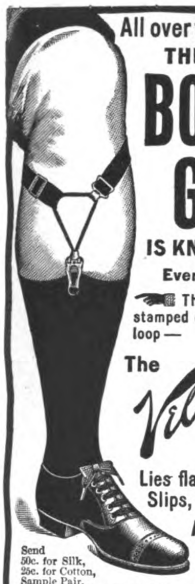


The Meet



Waiting for the Hounds

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(Continued from page 401.)

uals in every one of the northeastern Americanized group, the Yakut are next to the Buriats the most numerous tribe of Siberia. They count at present about 270,000 souls. Least of all could they be called a vanishing tribe. On the contrary, they are tenacious of their national existence, and susceptible of culture to a considerable degree.

In contrast with the other Turko-Tartarian tribes, which in early times adopted the Islam, the Yakut were converted to Christianity by their Russian rulers, but at the same time they have kept their old religion of primitive shamanism. We have in the collection six ancient shamanistic dresses which are put on by the shamans when going to sacrifice to the spirits, practise witchcraft, or attend to sick people or animals.

The Yakut knew the art of working iron ore independently of the Russians. Objects manufactured of brass and copper were current among them from very remote times. We have in our collection a great number of silver and brass necklaces and bracelets of ancient shape, belts, breast-plates, and back ornaments covered with relief-work of a middle-Asiatic type, also silver saddles, silver-ornamented horse-gear, horse-cloths, and saddle-covers. It is very remarkable that the shape and pattern of those breast-plates and necklaces are quite identical with those unearthed in southern Russia from well-known Scythian mounds of the bronze epoch.

Not less interesting are the handsome garments made of expensive furs,—coats, richly embroidered with silver and trimmed with the much prized sea-otter, or fur seal; large turret-like caps of black fox-skins adorned with silver disks finely carved; and boots and mittens of the same material and workmanship.

The Yakut collection of the Jesup expedition is the first of the kind brought from the province of Yakutsk in a complete state. The ethnographical museums of Russia have nothing that can compare with it. The Museum of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg has a few dozen Yakut specimens, and the Museum of Moscow only two figures representing Yakut people. Of the museums of Europe, only that of Leipzig has a small Yakut collection, which was bought for R. 2000 at the Paris Exposition of 1900. That collection was sent by the governor of Yakutsk, and had only eighty-seven specimens.

The Yakut, who belonged originally to southern latitudes, and were driven northward by the Mongolian tribes, in the course of time have acquired some of the culture of northern tribes. This fact is also to a certain degree represented in the collection. On the whole, however, the Yakut collection is the beginning of an Asiatic section in the ethnological department of the museum. From one side, through the Mongolian Buriats, who mixed with the Yakuts on the latter's way northward, it is connected with the Buddhist civilization of middle Asia; from the other side, through the Turko-Tartarian peoples, it leads to the Mussulman world of western Asia and southeastern Europe.

Employees as Partners

WHEN the United States Steel Corporation, commonly known as the Steel Trust, announced, at the beginning of the present year, an elaborate profit-sharing plan for its employees, making partners, practically, of its workmen and all other employees, there were many who boldly asserted that the plan would not be a success. Some said the plan was too elaborate to be understood. Others said it was a sop thrown to labor. Still others said it was merely a plan to unload stock.

The time for subscriptions expired on February 1, and the result is known. The corporation set aside 25,000 shares of preferred stock at the price of $82 50. It has since gone up. The employees were divided into six grades, A, B, C, and so on, according to the amount of salaries they draw. Class A was formed of men earning $20,000 or more a year. Class F was composed of men who earn $800 or less a year. Class E was composed of men whose salaries are be-



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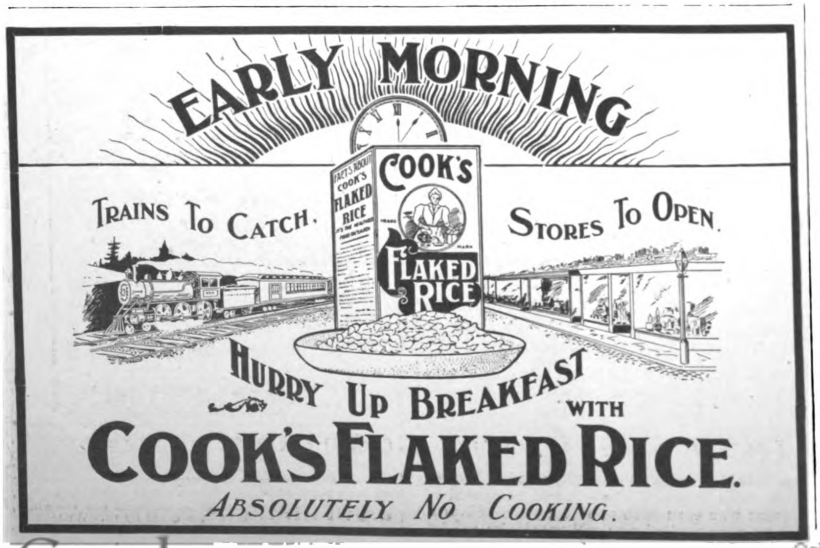
Pure beer contains no germs.

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Ask for the Brewery Bottling.



tween $800 and $2000. The stock was subscribed for twice over, 27,633 men subscribing for 51,125 shares.

It was felt by the Steel Corporation managers that not only should the workmen be made as prosperous as possible, but that the personal interest of the managers of each subsidiary concern must be continued, and it was to secure both of these ends that Mr. Perkins drew up his elaborate plan. The plan had two parts. The first was the purchase of 25,000 shares of preferred stock for which the employees of all kinds might subscribe, the shares to be carried on the books for them by a system of easy payments, the employee receiving the seven-per-cent. dividends and paying five per cent. interest on the amount not paid for. The dividends will keep up constantly, and the interest will gradually dwindle until the employee owns the stock outright, and is at liberty to do with it as he pleases.

The second profit-sharing plan is exclusively for salaried men, and is devised to secure the constant personal interest of those who formerly acted as managers and superintendents and the like. Whenever more than $80,000,000, the amount necessary for dividends, betterments, etc., is earned by the corporation, one per cent. is set aside, and so on, by a sliding scale, until $150,000,000 a year is earned, when two and one-half per cent. is set aside, for distribution *pro rata* among the men entitled to share in it. One-half of these bonuses is to be paid in cash to the men, and one-half is to be invested in stock. Of this stock one-half is to be given to each man and the one-half is to be retained by the corporation, to be paid to the salaried man if he remains five years in its employ. If he does not so remain, he loses this stock, and those who do stay benefit by the lapses.

Mr. Perkins the other day illustrated the effect of the profit-sharing plan upon the working-men. "Suppose," he said, "a man buys one share of this stock at $82 50. He gets seven per cent. in dividends and pays five per cent. interest on it until he owns it outright. Now suppose he gets $5 a year for two years as a bonus. Then he leaves the company. Not counting his two-per-cent.-interest profit while the stock was being paid for, he has had $10 in addition. In other words, the net cost to him of his stock is $72 50, and, besides, he has had his investment profits, which will lower the sum considerably. If he wishes to sell, he has already a wide margin of profit upon which to base the transaction."

Former Judge E. H. Gary, chairman of the executive committee of the Steel Corporation, says of the profit-sharing plan: "The proposition seems to have been thoroughly understood from the outset; and it is recognized by every one that our people were actuated by a desire to benefit the employees, and expected no benefit in return except such as naturally results from a friendly and loyal feeling on the part of the employed. While the United States Steel Corporation will expend several million dollars in furtherance of the plan, the advantages indirectly resulting will more than offset the cost. The employees will receive stock at less than its value, and secure the same on very favorable terms, but continuous and faithful service will fully compensate; and the interests of capital and labor will be drawn more closely and permanently together.

"Two features of the profit-sharing plan are important. First, distributions are made from a percentage of profits over and above $80,000,000, or a sum sufficient to pay interest and dividends on both classes of stock, besides a large sum for maintenance of properties, so that every reasonable effort will be used by the employees to reach and pass the necessary total; and, secondly, the money is distributed by the United States Steel Corporation, and this necessarily eliminates any disposition to manage the business or appropriate the money of any subsidiary company to the prejudice of the combined interests of all."

The primary purpose of any organization like the Steel Trust is to secure profitable co-operation, instead of destructive competition. To do this there must be economies of administration, resulting in a lower cost of manufacture, and ultimately in a lower cost of material for the consumer.

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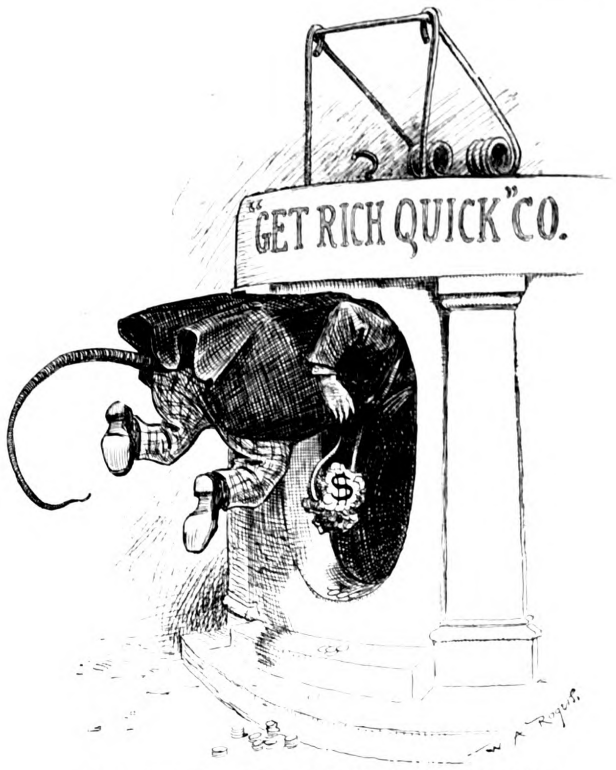
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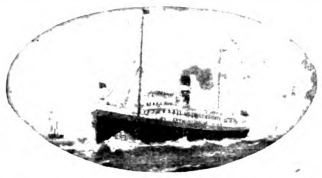
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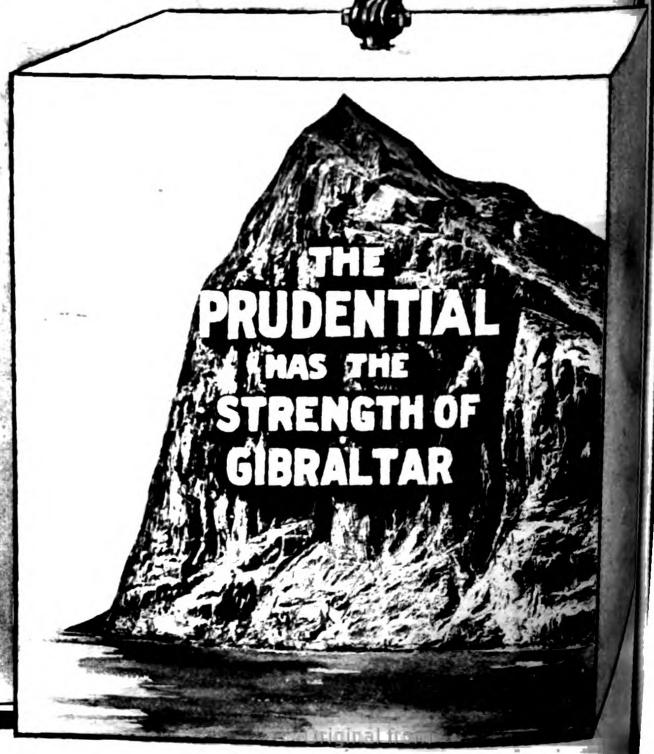
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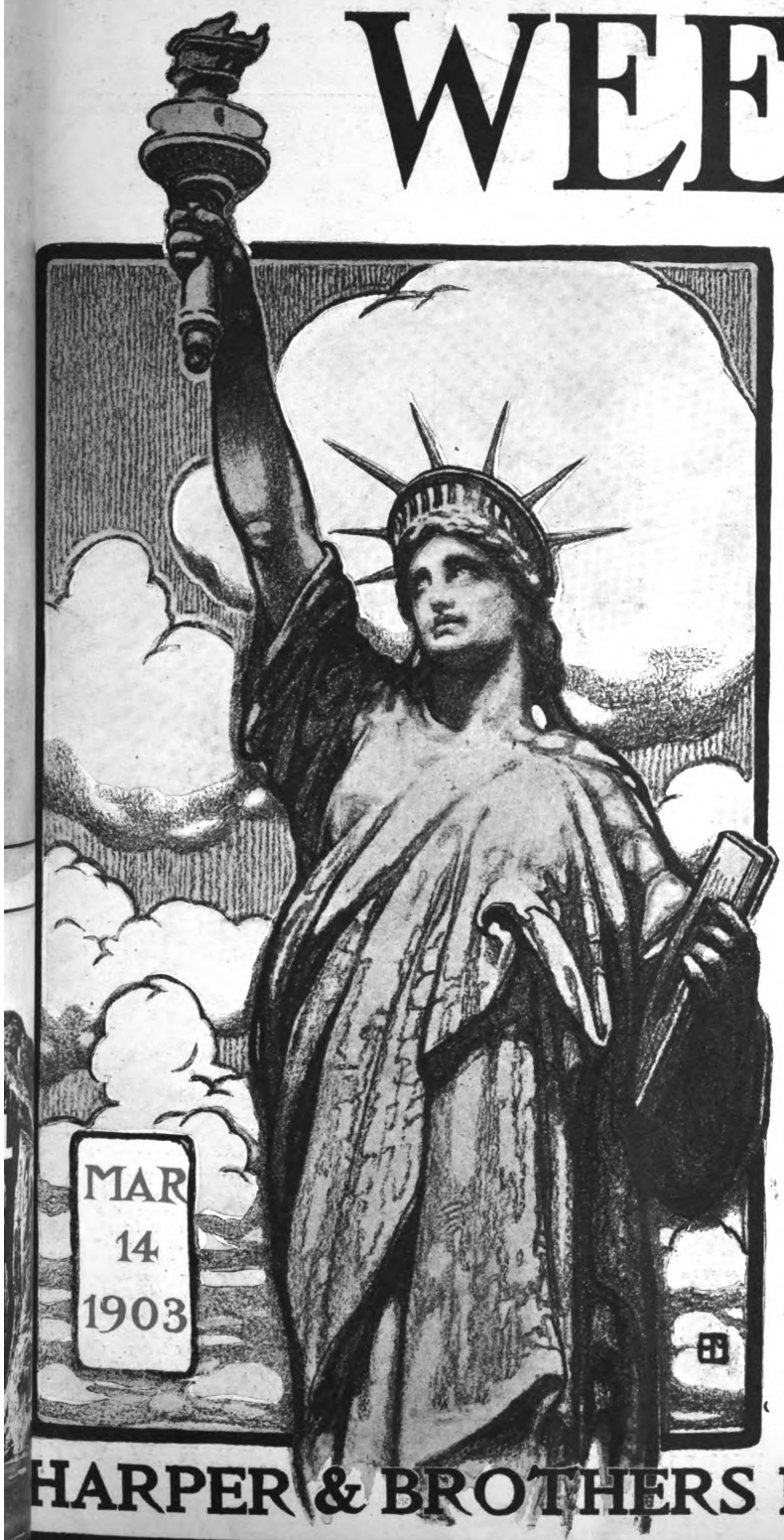
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STATE NORMAL SCHO
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY



EDITED BY
GEORGE HARVEY

REVIEW OF
THE 57TH
CONGRESS

A
SINFUL PECK
STORY
BY MORGAN
ROBERTSON

AMERICANS
OF
TO-MORROW
GEORGE ADE

PRICE 10 CTS

HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

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HARPERS BOOK NEWS

THE PRIDE OF TELLFAIR

Every one likes a story in which the characters seem to be real people — people such as one meets. In Elmore Elliott Peake's new novel, "The Pride of Tellfair," there is a young woman and young man who are real average Americans. Their love story, cleverly as it is managed by the young lawyer, is a possible one. It is the reality of the whole thing that makes it appeal so strongly to every one.

PUTNAM PLACE

This, the new book of a new author, deals with a neighborhood where the dwellers are intimately acquainted and live in a rather exclusive circle. Everybody knows everything that happens in Putnam Place, and these small happenings become significant in the skilful hands of the author, Grace Lathrop Collin. For instance, the quarrel between Mrs. Hooper and Miss Latimer, although the only victim was a speckled hen, is a momentous affair to the participants; and when it is over, and they are reconciled, the satisfaction is keenly shared by the reader. It is all in the way it is written.

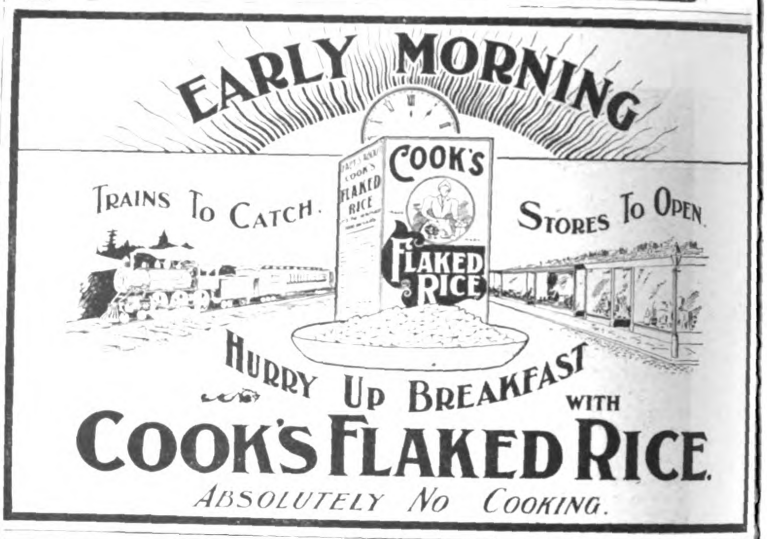
THE MAID-AT-ARMS

That the author of "Cardigan" is a clever writer was attested not only by the sale of that well-known story, but also upon the publication of "The Maid-at-Arms," his latest novel. This romantic and rapidly moving story of American life in 1778 gives a picture of the luxurious families who owned great manor houses in New York State.

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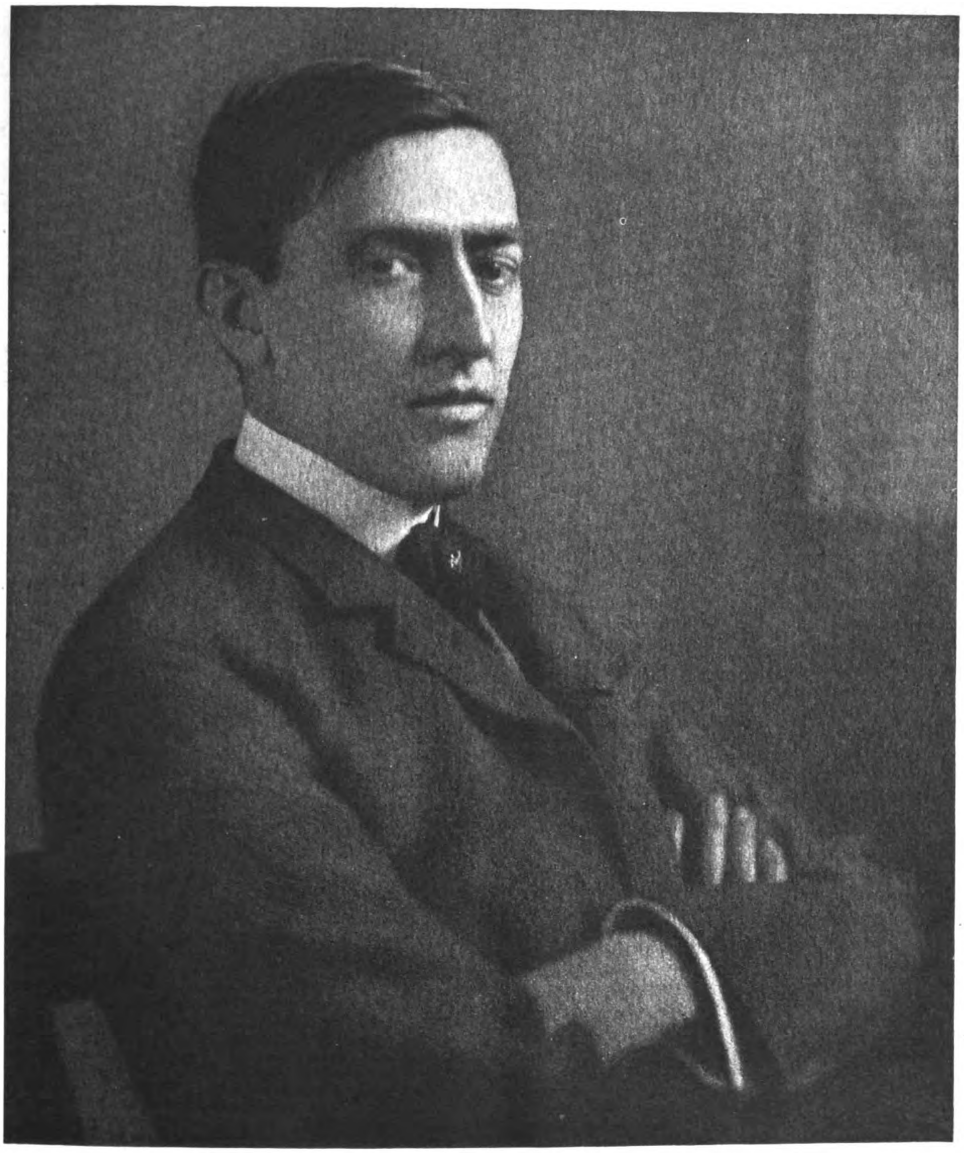
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXIX.—GEORGE ADE, *AET. 37*

See page 426—Editorial Section

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Drawn by Granville Smith

A Mid-Lent Diversion in Society—From a Drawing made by our Special Artist of a Bridge-Whist Party at the Waldorf

The Keeping of Lent

NOT all Lenten exercises are immediately pious, but many are more pious than they seem at first sight. Consider the ladies in the picture above. They are members of a sodality which devotes certain Lenten afternoons to bridge whist at the Waldorf Hotel. Bridge whist has no marked spiritual quality. It gives opportunities for patience, good humor, forbearance, and other virtues, but it is neither better nor worse than other games of cards, except when it is played for money, and then it is worse. Presumably, the ladies above don't play for money. It would not be prudent, with Mr. Jerome's subpœnas invading family life as they do. But is it a proper Lenten exercise to play bridge whist in the afternoon, even when you play for love? Some people consider card-playing rather wasteful of time at the best, and have no patience at all with folks who play cards by daylight. They would consider afternoon bridge whist a frivolous indulgence, and quite unfit for Lent. But that is an intolerant attitude. Works of benevolence are proper for Lent, and three out of every four of these depicted ladies may claim, with a fair show of reason, that they are engaged in a work of benevolence. They are providing occupation for the unemployed. Certainly that is a good work. So long as

> Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do,

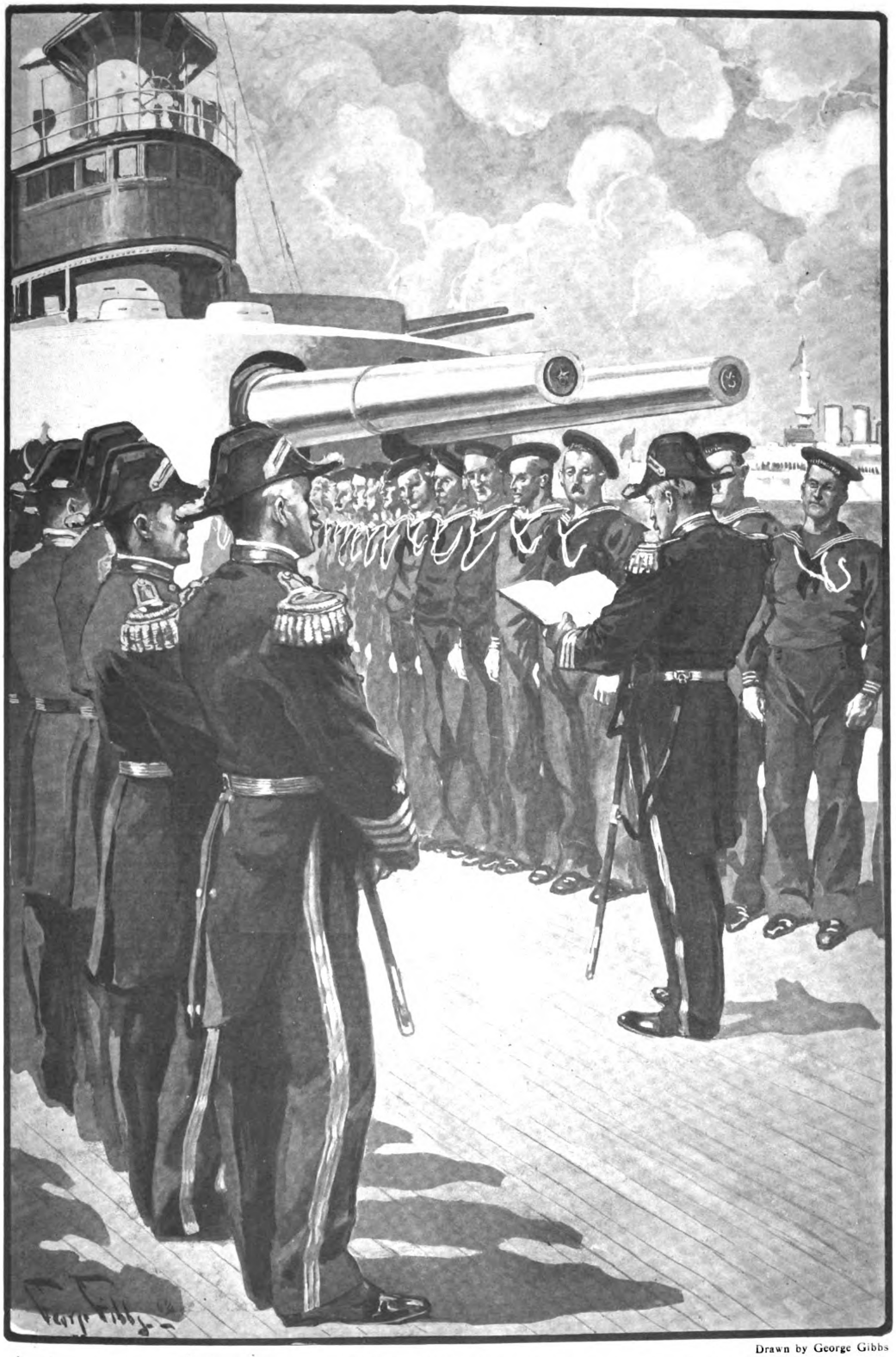
it is a defiance of the Adversary to purvey innocuous employment for hands that would otherwise be idle.

What sort of employments are meet for Lent? Any competent clergyman who recognizes the penitential season has definite views of how it should be spent, and is ready to expound them, but in a general way we all know that the weeks now passing are suitable to devote to works of piety, benevolence, and self-improvement. All these exercises get attention. Protestants do not concern themselves much with the mortification of the flesh which the Roman Catholic Church prescribes, but church-going Protestant women go freely to Lenten services, the industries included under the general head of "church work" are prosecuted with special energy, and self-improvement is conscientiously advanced. This last exercise takes many forms. Some women try to improve their minds, others their health, and many attempt to do both. Forehanded women in New York get all their formal calls made and done with before Ash Wednesday, so that they may have the more leisure and peace of mind for their lenten employments. Then some of them spend a good part of Lent in bed, for in New York at least, the early spring is a treacherous time when the grip lurks around every corner, and pneumonia lies low for the unready. People who can, go South, and from Palm Beach to Lakewood hotels are populous with penitents who take their Lent as cheerfully as they may. Easter this year falls on the 12th of April. By that time the spring has fairly established itself in New York, and mothers who bring their families as far along as that in good condition, may fairly hope to bring them through successfully to the threshold of summer.

Our generation is not irreligious, but the prevailing tendency is to be more concerned about the conduct of life than about salvation. Perhaps we are rashly and ill-advisedly calm about salvation, but our interest in it tends to be indirect. We incline to the feeling that our immediate concern is to make the most and the best of our lives, and that if we do that, whatever follows will take care of itself. Our use of Lent is determined by this general sentiment. We don't so much try to square accounts and make direct and special progress towards Heaven, as to fit ourselves for the recurring duties of earth. And, of course, Lent gets observance chiefly from women. Our leisure class is nine-tenths women, and even the busiest women are better able to adapt their daily tasks the Lenten duties they undertake than most men are. Business does not stop for Lent, though when old Trinity calls Wall Street to prayers, many a man lays down his muck-rake, and heeds the invitation to his soul. The usual concerns of life go on, the children go forth to school, the bread-winner goes to his desk or his bench, the bread-maker to her dough. The fixed employments and engagements do not budge, but the mistress of the house and the grown-up daughters can adapt their occupations somewhat to the season. When a Lenten service comes in the morning, they can get to it if they choose, and when Professor Darley lectures on the Outlook for Civilization, their morning engagements can be arranged to include him also. Reading clubs are particularly active in Lent. So are all other women's clubs, and what with the increased diffusion of ideas, and the moderate slackening of the social pace that gives more time for sleep and reflection, such social intercourse as is left is not unlikely to be exceptionally remunerative.

If all this does not seem like very strict Lent-keeping, it must be remembered that this is in the main a Protestant country, and that not more than one-fifth of our population belongs to either of the two churches that recognize Lent as a season which brings religious obligations. With the other four-fifths Lenten observances are a matter of taste, to be taken for what they are worth, and borrowed or declined, as convenience dictates.

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Drawn by George Gibbs

READING THE ARTICLES OF WAR IN THE NAVY

The first Sunday of every month, in spring, the articles for the better government of the navy are read by the executive officers on our battle-ships. The officers and crew assemble on the deck, and the occasion is one of great ceremony and solemnity. The Articles of War contain all the rules—such, for example, as the duties of the men, penalties for unbecoming conduct, and so on—which are in force in our naval discipline

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The Art Institute Building in Chicago

CHANCES FOR THE ART STUDENT IN THE MIDDLE WEST

THE largest art school in America — doubtless the largest in the world—is in Chicago, and is the school of the Chicago Art Institute. The institute includes the school, an art museum, galleries of paintings, an art library, the remarkable collection of architectural reproductions made by the French government for the Chicago Fair, and a large collection of reproductions of sculpture. The institute manages frequent loan exhibitions, and keeps up what is practically a continuous exhibition of the work of American painters and sculptors. It is the art centre of the Middle West. Its home, shown above, is the building in which the Congress of Religions met at the time of the Chicago Fair. It was built with funds of the institute on land belonging to the city. The institute, though fostered by individuals, is owned by the city. It is managed by a board of trustees, of which the Mayor and Comptroller are members. It has 250 governing members, 200 life members, and 2000 annual members. Mr. W. M. R. French (Harvard '64) has been its director ever since it was established.



Mother and Child—An Example of the Students' Work

Its art school, quartered in its building, has nearly 2500 students. The school is self-supporting, its annual expenses of $50,000 being defrayed by students' fees. It gives full courses in academic drawing and painting, sculpture, decorative designing, illustrating, normal training, and architecture. In its drawing and painting courses there are progressive sections—elementary, intermediate, antique, and life. Its nude life classes—an important factor in art education—are in session in the evening, as well as by daylight. The school has three travelling scholarships, which will be awarded for the first time next June. An important change just made in its method of teaching is the introduction of the atelier system in the courses in drawing and painting, whereby each student chooses his own atelier and master.

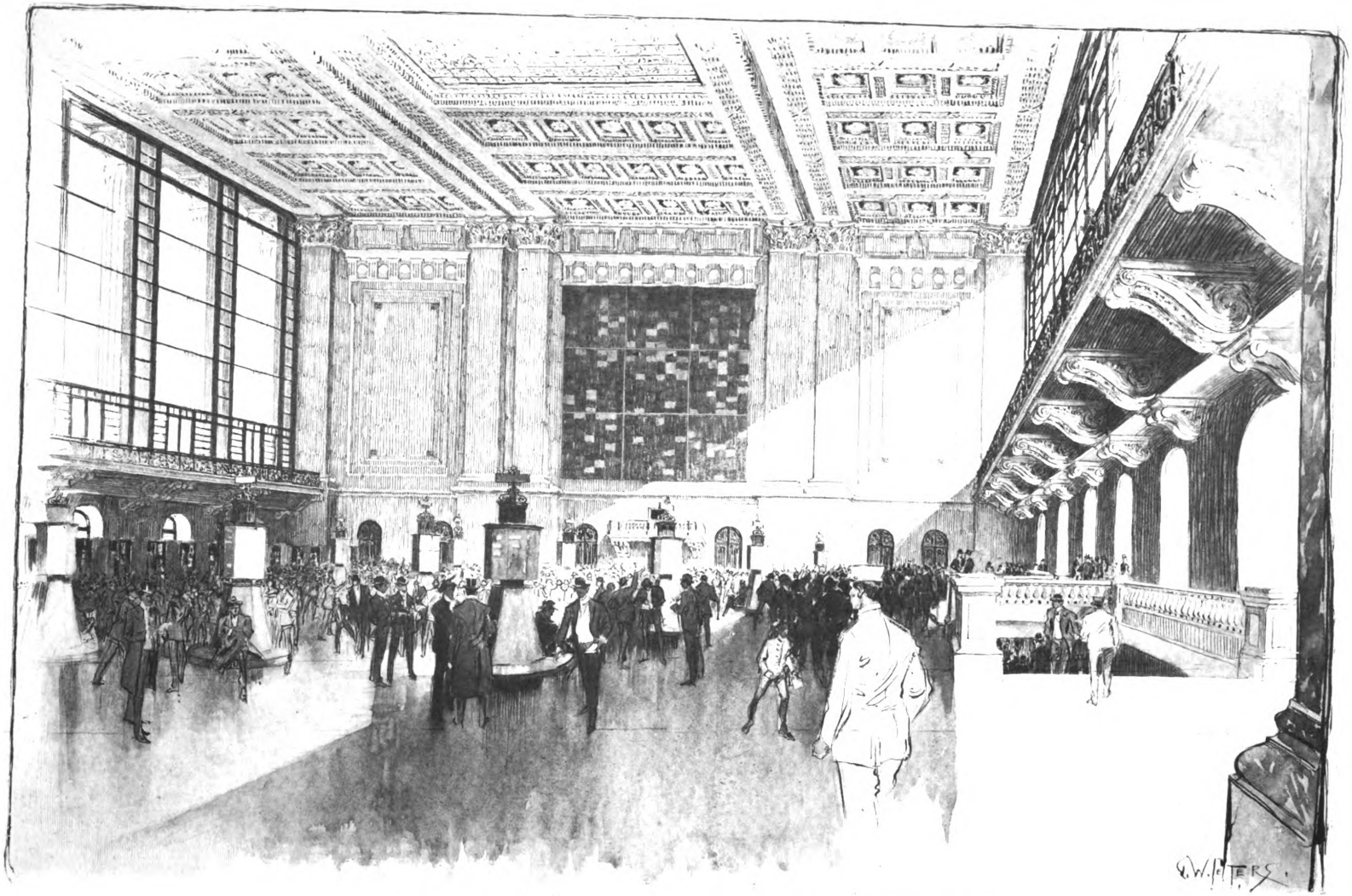
Other departments of the Art School include a school of architecture, which is connected with the Armour School of Technology, a normal school of art in which teachers are trained for work in the public schools, a summer school for teachers who cannot take the full normal course, a three-year course in designing, and classes for children, in which there are now four hundred pupils.

Evidently this great school must exercise a great and growing influence in the development of artistic sense and taste in this country. The reputation of a school of art will finally be measured by the best work of its best pupils. It is too soon, yet, to judge this Chicago school by the work of its pupils, for its earliest pupils can hardly be mature enough yet to do their best. But it is not too soon to recognize the importance of its work, and to foresee the great results that are sure to come of it. A school of art may be big without being great. The Chicago school is big already. The promise of its greatness lies in the strength of its foundation and the enthusiasm that supports it.



Art Students at Work in the Modelling-room

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Drawn by G. W. Peters

THE NEW STOCK EXCHANGE IN NEW YORK

This drawing is the first picture published of the interior of the room that will soon become the centre of financial operations of the world. In a short time the eleven hundred members of the Exchange,—which is, in reality, only a private association or club in which membership costs to-day $80,000,—will meet here daily and carry through transactions which will, in large measure, direct the movements of the wealth of two continents

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SINFUL PECK: THE MEDDLER

BY

MORGAN ROBERTSON

PICTURES BY

GEORGE GIBBS

THE same detail from the American war-ship that had escorted the mutineers to jail brought them aboard when the ship was ready for sea, and with them came an official from the consulate—a deputy, a brisk, middle-aged gentleman in a warm overcoat—Shanghai is cold in winter—who immediately entered the cabin with Captain Jackson, while the ensign in charge of the detail, after lining his men around the prisoners at the gangway, sought the society of the three mates waiting near the mizzen hatch.

"Pretty hard lot of men, I hear," he remarked to Mr. Becker.

"Rather," answered the first mate, scowling toward the "hard lot." "Worst I ever seen. This is their second mutiny, an' there's been gunplay and scrappin' all the voyage."

"Which is Sinful Peck," asked the ensign, as he eyed the group.

"Guess you must mean Mr. Peck, here," answered the mate, with a grin, nodding toward the small, fat, and smiling third officer. "He shipped 'fore the mast with 'em, but was taken aft."

"I really beg pardon," said the young ensign. "But there is so much indefinite gossip ashore concerning this crew, and—well, the name Sinful Peck stands out strongest."

"Oh, that's all right, sir," said Sinful. "It's a pet name they gave me; but they've got worse themselves. See that big porker near the rail? He's Bigpig Monahan. That's Seldom Helward next him, the one with grizzled red hair and hook nose."

"What was the cause of the mutiny?" asked the ensign.

"Pure cussedness," answered Mr. Becker. "They couldn't keep their hands off Mr. Peck, and we put the whole thirteen in leg-irons below decks. But that wasn't what jailed them. The skipper'd ha' let 'em out and paid 'em off here, only they captured and disarmed the three of us, one after another—hands were free, you see—and wouldn't let us go. Well, the skipper was squeamish 'bout shootin' men in irons, so, all he could do was to starve 'em—and us, too—" Mr. Becker's face took on a grieved expression—"and after two weeks of it they hadn't strength to untie us if they wanted to."

"They are good American citizens," said the second mate, derisively, speaking for the first time. "Wealthy business men who respect the law. Townsmen of Mr. Peck."

"Dock rats and hoodlums," responded Sinful. "I've known them forty years."

The appearance of the captain and deputy consul interrupted the talk. The latter held two large sheets of paper in his hand, and said to the ensign, "Mr. Belknap, will you bring those men here?"

The ensign marshaled his charges aft to the hatch, where the deputy faced them with the papers unfolded in his hands.

"Men," he said, in his brisk voice, "I am directed by the consul-general to investigate this petition sent by you from the jail, in which you complain of cruel and unjust punishment on board this ship. It seems to be in the handwriting of the one who signs the name Captain John Monahan. Who is this Captain Monahan?"

"Me," growled the big man designated as a porker by Sinful. "I'm Captain Monahan on the Lakes—Bigpig Monahan aboard this hell ship. Is this the way you investigate?—after the ship's ready for sea, and we're hauled aboard under guard, like so many convicts?"

"You have been properly investigated. You may be captains at home—"

"We're not—except for three of us; but we've money and pull enough to make some one walk the floor over this business."

"Don't threaten," answered the deputy, stepping back a pace, however. "Whatever grievance you may have against Captain Jackson for, as you say here"—he glanced at the petition—"taking you forcibly to sea from New York, is nullified by the fact that you signed articles at Singapore for the passage home, stopping at intermediate ports. You are sailors before the mast."

"We're not putting that issue to the front. What we insist upon is that it'll pay you and your boss to consider our standing at home. Sinful"—the big man's voice sounded husky and broken—"aren't you satisfied with your work? We want to get home. You know there is money in this crowd. Tell the truth."

Sinful's face became grave, and he raised his hand dramatically.

"Bigpig, I will speak the truth," he said, and he turned to the deputy. "I also come from their parts, sir, and in my professional capacity have known these men for years. I can confidently assure you, sir, that, at home among customary surroundings, there is not a man of them who could not at any time stick his hand into any pocket he's got and—scratch himself."

They all turned their eyes upon him; their feet shuffled nervously, and their fingers twitched, as though they longed to reach for him. But none moved; the presence of the armed man-of-war's men was restraining.

"This is something over which the consular service has no jurisdiction," said the deputy, folding the papers and handing the articles to the captain. "You have been properly punished for your mutinous conduct, and should feel thankful that you are under a kind and merciful captain, who, instead of demanding the full enforcement of the penalty prescribed for your offence, has consented to take you to an American port. Remember, that you are under the Stars and Stripes, the flag of the free, homeward bound to a land whose laws deny justice to no man, no matter how humble—"

"Rats," interrupted Seldom Helward, explosively, his scowl deeper than usual.

"Well," said the deputy, in some confusion, "I'm through. You know your position."

"Rats, I say," continued Seldom. "Now, Captain Jackson," he said, turning to the quiescent skipper, "we're responsible American citizens, shanghaied in your ship by your third mate, and you know it. You've denied our statements, enslaved us, shot at us, ironed us, starved us, and jailed us—all under cover of the law. And through it all you've encouraged your mates to devil us into resistance that you call mutiny. It won't be the law you'll deal with at home; it'll be the men who make the law. Do you care to discharge us now, so we can go home by steamer, and so save trouble for yourself and loss to your owners?"

The captain's gray eyes grew serious, and he did not answer at once; the first and second mate looked interested, as though they might have welcomed such a solution to the problem. But Sinful Peck, with a face perceptibly lengthened, drew near the wavering captain, offering silent admonition to be true to himself and his dignity.

"If I should do so," said the captain at last, "I should not be influenced by your threats. I neither believe nor disbelieve your statements. Your standing at home cannot conflict with your present position—sailors before the mast who signed my articles at Singapore. You are powerless to make trouble for me at home. Also do I remember that I have always conquered you, and have not failed to punish you as you deserve."

"Hurrah for you, Capt'n," shouted Bigpig, with a smile of amnesty on his rugged face. "We'll call it off." Then others joined in: "Must be plenty o' men ashore. We want to get home. Keep Sinful with you; we don't want him. We can fix him up later."

"Will you sign a quitclaim for damages against my owners, and will promise never to sign in my ship again? Frankly, I am sick of you. If you can quit my ship without another fight you can go." The captain finished with a smile.

"Yes, yes," they shouted. "Of course—we want to get home." The last came from several of them.

The captain looked from one to another, with a little of uncertainty showing in his face. "If you discharge them, sir," said Sinful, "they'll consider it weakness, and follow you up. Plenty of cheap shysters would take up their case, just to force a compromise."

"No," said the captain, firmly. "If they are dock rats and hoboes, they can't trouble me; if they are responsible men they will keep their word."

"We're responsible enough, captain," they chorused. "We'll stand by what we agreed. We waive all claims. Call off these dogs and let us go ashore."

"I think, Capt'n," said Mr. Belknap, lifting his eyes from the petition, "that their story may be true—that they may be re-

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sponsible men. I see two names here in brackets, and written against them a firm name which I recognize — Galvin & Company."

"Do you, sir?" asked Bigpig, joyously. "You may know some of us. Step out here, Tosser, and be identified." Tosser Galvin emerged from the group.

"I'm John Galvin, sir," he said. "Know me, sir?"

"I am satisfied," said the ensign, turning to the captain, "that this man is an influential citizen. I know the firm name well."

"Now, I beg of you, sir," said Sinful, coming forward with a deprecating shake of his head, "not to be taken in so easily. John Galvin is my best friend. This man was there, too, but as a poor relation of Galvin's; his job in the firm was to open the door. He cleaned the mud from my shoes and I tipped him a dollar. He made a pile that night, and was drunk for a week."

"You d——d liar!" yelled Tosser. "You tipped me? I cleaned your shoes?" In an instant he had Sinful by the throat, and the two rolled on the deck together.

All might have been well — the friction confined to these two, for the state of mind induced by mutual concession tends to leniency and condonence—but there was one man there immune to such influences, whose mind could only grasp that an officer was assaulted by a sailor. With his ready brass knuckles clinched on his fingers, Mr. Becker sprang toward the combatants just in time to collide with another peacemaker — Bigpig Monahan — who, with more amicable intent, and cautionary words to Tosser on his lips, sprang from the opposite direction. Mr. Becker's bull-terrier instincts responded to the collision; he struck Bigpig in the face; then, with a furious imprecation, the big sailor struck back, and another battle was on. Others surrounded the struggling pair on the deck, bent only upon separating them; the deputy sped up the top poop steps; the captain drew his revolver, but for some reason—perhaps the presence of a navy and consular officer — put it away, and armed himself with a belaying-pin from the rail. Then the captain's belaying-pin began operations, crashing down indiscriminately on head and arms; the victims, if able, secured similar clubs, and the fight became general. And over the sound of oaths and shouts rang the ensign's orders to his men: "Don't shoot—don't injure a man. Overpower them, and stop it."

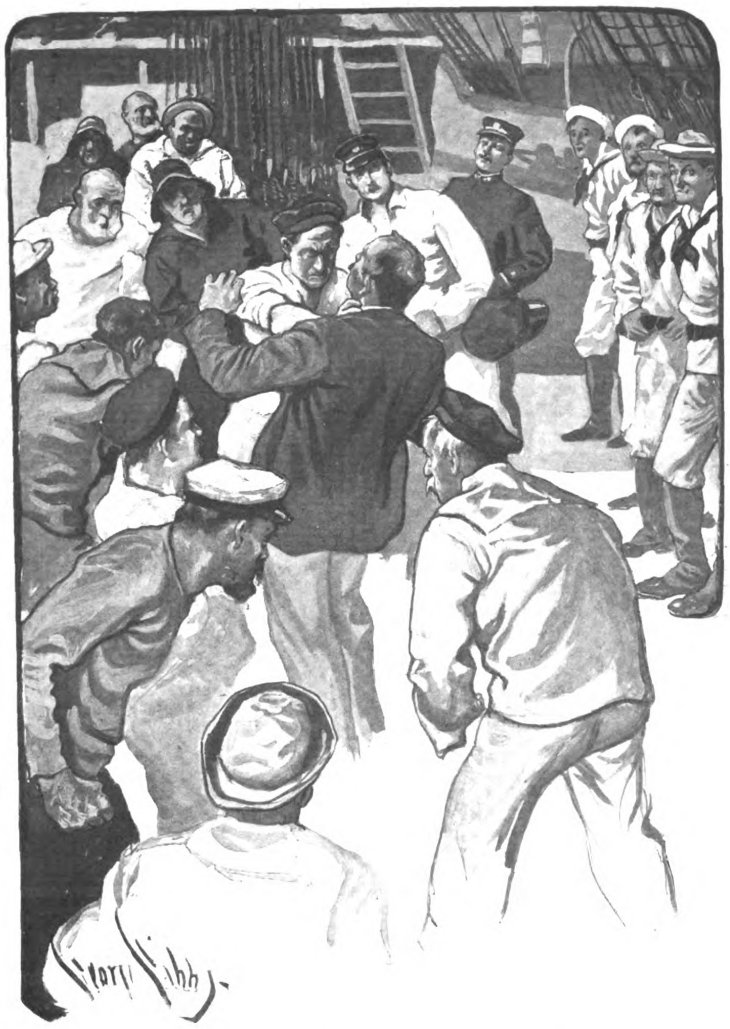
There were ten heavily built, muscular, and active navy sailors in that detail, and they were trained to fight with fists as well as with weapons. Man after man went down under their blows—and to the credit of their seamanly sympathy be it said that two were Mr. Becker and Mr. Brown—until the last responsible citizen was put out of commission.

Then they stood up — or sat up, as they could — and looked around ruefully. All were more or less disfigured, a great many were bleeding from cuts in their heads and faces; Sinful Peck, nearly purple in the face, was breathing heavily, and the two mates could barely see through their puffed and blackened eyelids, while the captain was feeling of loosened front teeth and spitting blood upon the deck. It was not time for frivolous comment, but the uninjured though pale-faced deputy above must speak.

"By George, Captain Jackson," he said, "I'd pay that crowd off, if I were you—discharge them without characters."

"Pay them off," sputtered the captain. "Not by a d——d sight. I'll land them at 'Frisco in irons, by Gawd. Mr. Becker, get that mooring chain down to the 'tween decks this time, and stretch it fore and aft on the midship's stanchions. Iron every d——d one o' them by the legs, where we can watch them. D——n a fool, anyhow, that'll trust to a sailor's promise."

Expostulations began, but soon subsided, and in twenty minutes they were confined as the captain directed—nearly beneath the mizzen hatch, yet far enough from the notched stanchion used for descent to give a visitor to the 'tween deck immunity from capture. And as a further precaution, when the last man was ironed, the keys went somewhat ostentatiously into the pocket of the captain, of all on board the man least likely to visit them.



"In an instant he had Sinful by the throat"

But it was Sinful Peck who had snapped the irons on the ankles of the turbulent thirteen, and this he did with an earnest, serious expression of face, impressed either with the painfulness of the duty, or the possible danger of his proximity to those long arms and powerful fingers—more probably the latter: for when the other victors had climbed to the deck above he lingered behind, and smiled at the line of scowling faces, sweetly, benignly, and triumphantly. A few cursed him, but he answered not, and, still smiling, ascended the stanchion.

As he approached the gangway his superiors were bidding good-by to the deputy consul and the ensign, and thanking the latter for his assistance — which assistance the young officer was deprecating.

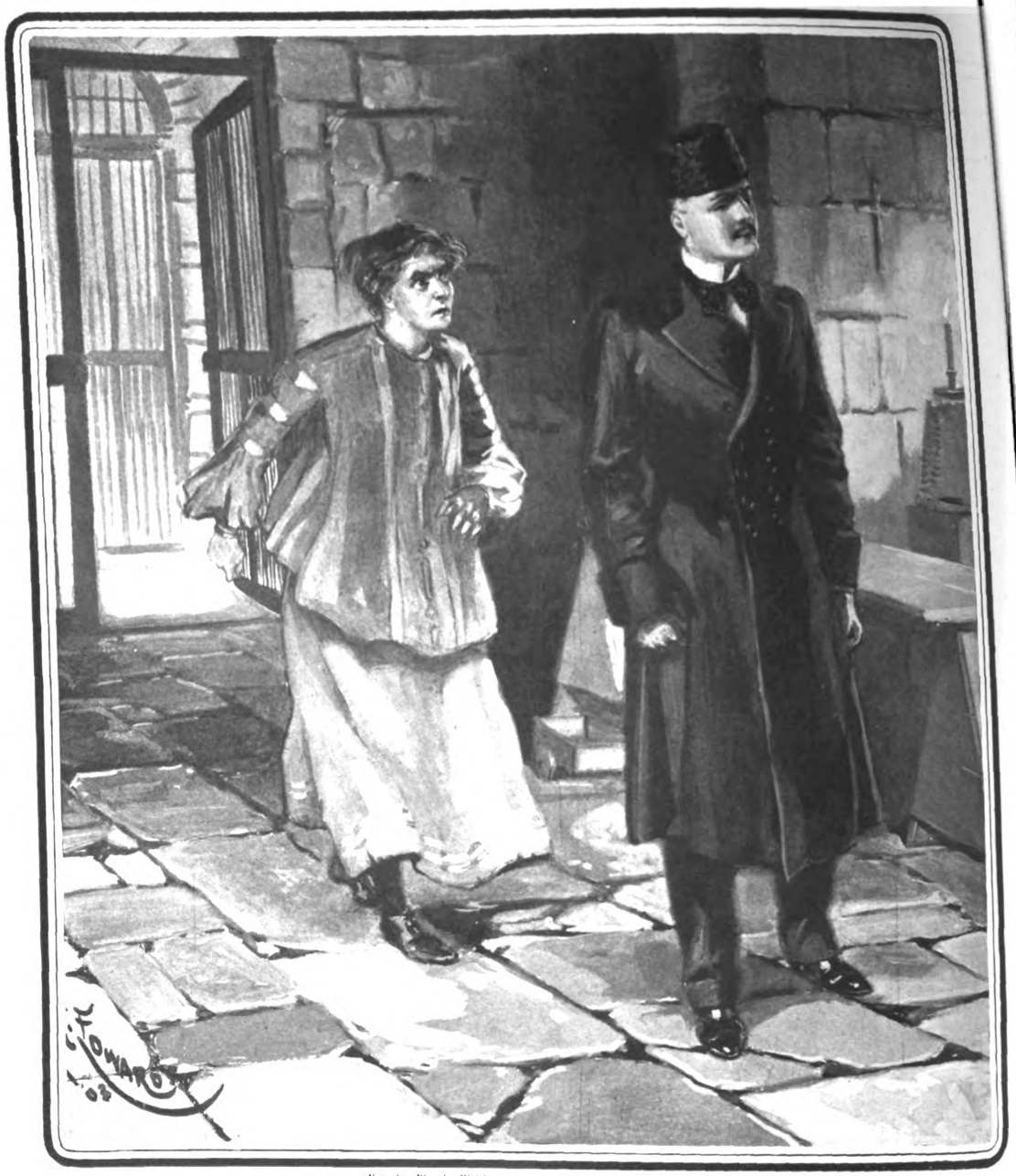
"I feel my position," he said, embarrassedly. "I was bound to deliver them to you, but have meddled too much. Now, that you have them in irons, of course it is the wisest thing to keep them there; but, seriously, captain, I think you are overharsh with them. They may be what they say."

"Not at all, Mr. Belknap," said the deputy. "They are mutineers, pirates, murderers. I was a witness, captain, and I am going home by the next steamer. I will probably be in San Francisco when you arrive, and will gladly testify. Keep them in irons, by all means, captain."

"I certainly shall," said the captain. "They have made it an object with me—a matter of pride"—he felt of his loosened teeth. "I shall hand them over to the harbor police at 'Frisco." And though the condition of his teeth made it painful, he joined Sinful in his smile. Then he bowed them over the side, and two hours later, when his remnant of a crew had cleared a troublesome "foul hawse," he tripped his anchors, and with a Shanghai tug at the end of his line, began the long tow down the river.

Sinful took his position where he could command a fair view of the prisoners, and wondered how far the ankle-irons would hold.

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Katusha (Blanche Walsh) Prince Neckludoff (Joseph Haworth)

Act II. Katusha: "Your offer is an insult. Any one but you!"

Tolstoy's "Resurrection"

THE appearance of Tolstoy's "Resurrection" in our theatres is in many ways a portent, the significance of which we should do well to ponder over. In the first place, in this century, in which Russia and the United States are destined to emerge, as the two great world powers, Tolstoy's "Resurrection" is the first serious and sincere attempt to present Russian life and the Russian genius to an audience of Americans. And, if we consider the matter, we shall see that no happier choice could have been made for a beginning than this gloomy and heart-rending tragedy of "Resurrection." Its high seriousness shows us, at the very outset, the profound significance which the Slav attaches to art, as a part of life. For the Slav, art is not an amusement, an entertainment, a recreation; it is a revelation, an unveiling of the human heart, to the end that our own hearts may be touched. It means a deepening of our sense of life. If we think of the themes that occupy our own theatres, while this great Russian tragedy is being performed, we may well feel a sense of shame at the levity, the flippancy, cheapness, and vulgarity of our own "art," which is rapidly becoming "the dramatization of noise," and can arouse no human emotion more profound than a giggle and a grin. This is the first lesson we should learn from our revelation of the Slav genius, with the tremendous earnestness, the deep humanity, that go to make it. In "Resurrection" the aim of the dramatist is not, as many of the critics have fancied, a solution of some single problem in life; as, say, the "social evil," or the question of anarchy against despotism. The real issue is far deeper, and goes to the very roots of our life. Let us approach it in this way: After the material furnishing of our lives is completed, what is our main concern? It is the realization of our living humanity, through the intuition of other human souls. On this feeling of other human souls all our truly human life is based, and has always been based, from the beginning. All our passion and ambition, our hate as well as our love, bear testimony to our sense of the kindred soul in the other person, to be loved or hated. And the great awakening, the "resurrection," is the realizing of this; the direct and fully conscious intuition of other human souls. The Russian, and, in general, the Slav, sees in this intuition of other human souls the real purpose of life, underneath all our material and social energies; and this is the mainspring of all Slav art, and pre-eminently of the art of the great Russians, like Tolstoy.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

THE President's proclamation convoking the Senate in extra session at noon on the 5th of March affords conclusive proof of his determination to secure the ratification of the canal treaty with Colombia and of the reciprocity treaty with Cuba. Should either of those treaties now fail to be ratified, the American people will know on whom to fix responsibility. Public opinion will justify Mr. Roosevelt in keeping the Senate in session all summer sooner than acquiesce in the rejection of either convention. The admission of Cuban sugar to our markets on terms that will assure to the planters a reasonable profit, and thus avert the extinction of a branch of agriculture upon which the prosperity of the island depends, has been recognized as a sacred duty not only by Mr. McKinley and Mr. Roosevelt, but by every right-minded American. It has never been opposed by anybody except the representatives of the beet-sugar industry and of the Louisiana cane-growers, who have seemed to care more for their selfish interests than for the national honor. It is not by the President, but by the peremptory dictates of the popular heart and conscience, that the Senate will be coerced into pursuing a righteous course in this matter. The Legislatures of many States in which the sugar beet is extensively cultivated have unmistakably indicated their wish to see justice done to Cuba. We did not emancipate the island in order to condemn it to destitution. As to the canal treaty, there is not a doubt that more than two-thirds of the Senators are ready and eager to sanction it whenever they are permitted to vote.

The long and discreditable failure of the State of Delaware to secure any representation in the Senate of the United States was brought to an end on Monday, March 2, by the twenty-one Union Republicans who accepted the proposal of the ten Regular Republicans (of whom only eight had proved steadfast in their opposition to Addicks) that each faction should designate a candidate for Senator other than Addicks, the long term naturally being conceded to the majority. The designated candidates, who were, of course, elected, were, for the long term, James Frank Allee, a firm friend of Addicks: and, for the short term, Dr. Louis Heisler Ball, a stanch Regular, and the present Representative of Delaware in the Lower House of Congress. It will be remembered that, some time ago, the Union Republicans offered to go into caucus with the Regulars, and to stipulate that neither of the candidates selected by the caucus should be Addicks. This offer was refused by the Regulars, on the ground that they were as much opposed to Addicksism as to Addicks himself, and would not vote for any of his friends. Subsequently, most of the Regulars, and almost all of the Democrats, seemed to be on the verge of an agreement to elect a Regular Republican for the long term, and to leave the short term vacant. Could that agreement have been carried out, it seems to onlookers that the Regulars would have been placed in a position stronger than that which they now occupy. As a matter of fact, to what extent can the actual outcome of the protracted contest be regarded by them as a triumph? Unquestionably they have succeeded in keeping Addicks out of the Federal Senate for a time, but they have had to swallow Addicksism, since they have co-operated in giving the long-term Senatorship to an Addicks man.

It will have been observed that the National Republican Editorial Association, which held a meeting at Washington the other day, refrained from commending the course pursued by the President toward the "Lily White" Republicans in the Southern States. It will also have been noticed that the editors greeted Senator Hanna with enthusiastic applause. We presume it to be well-nigh certain that Mr. Roosevelt will get very few, if any, of the delegates from the Southern States to the next Republican national convention. It was those delegates, it will be remembered, who enabled Harrison to beat Blaine in the convention of 1892. The delegates from most of the States on which the Republicans rely for electoral votes were disposed to favor Blaine. It is reported that Mr. Roosevelt does not desire a nomination unless it comes to him from delegates representing the States that the Republicans are sure, or have a fair chance, of carrying. A nomination given under such conditions he would deem almost equivalent to an election, but he would look with grave misgiving on the result of a nomination bestowed under other circumstances. It is probable that some Republican statesmen would be less squeamish, and would accept a nomination, no matter from what sections it might come. That Mr. Roosevelt can get the delegates from almost all of the States west of the Mississippi seems at the present hour to be assured. It is by no means so certain that he can get the delegates of Ohio and other States of the Central West, and there may be a fight for the delegates of New York. It is conceivable that the opposition to Mr. Roosevelt may be so strong that the delegates from Pennsylvania would turn the scale. What would Senator Quay do then? Probably he does not know himself, although he has hitherto professed to be a zealous supporter of the President. The truth unquestionably is, with regard to Republican delegates from most of the Southern States, that they possess altogether too much power over nominations in Republican national conventions. But for Senator Hanna, who resisted the demand for a reduction of that power in 1896 and again in 1900, the demand would have been granted by a Republican national convention.

Mr. Bryan in his *Commoner* has served notice on Chief-Judge Parker of New York that the latter may as well save himself the worry of a campaign if his acceptance of a nomination depends on the adoption of a platform that repudiates the Kansas City platform. The words do not imply a threat to bolt on the part of Mr. Bryan and his friends, for, as the context shows, the word campaign, as used in the *Com-*

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moner, means a campaign for the nomination, and not a campaign for election. Mr. Bryan assumes that Chief-Judge Parker will not accept a nomination, for the reason that the Kansas City platform will be reaffirmed by the next Democratic national convention. That platform will be reaffirmed, he says, because the Kansas City platform Democrats will attend the next national convention. We have never doubted that Mr. Bryan will have a following in the next convention, but why should he take for granted that it will constitute a majority? Nobody knows better than Mr. Bryan that the believers in that platform did not constitute a genuine majority at Kansas City. Senator Money of Mississippi, who had been a strong supporter of free silver in 1896, told the platform committee at Kansas City that a canvass of the convention made by the chairman of each State delegation showed that less than one-fifth of the delegates favored the insertion of a sixteen-to-one plank. It is well known that, after a twelve hours' discussion, the insertion of the plank was carried in the platform committee by the vote of the delegate from Hawaii, a newly acquired Territory unrepresented in the electoral colleges. Nor is this all. Four other votes for the silver plank were cast in the platform committee by delegates from Territories that could give no electoral votes for President. On the other hand, of the thirteen Southern States that constitute the backbone of the Democratic party, nine voted against the free-silver plank. It is further to be borne in mind that even the ultimate majority of one in the platform committee would not have been obtained but for Mr. Bryan's threat that he would not accept the nomination unless the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one were distinctly called for.

In view of these facts, one is led to ask what Mr. Bryan means when he says that the Kansas City platform Democrats will attend the next national convention. Does he mean that the convention will be attended by those who heartily approved of free silver at Kansas City, and who needed no threat on Mr. Bryan's part to induce them to vote for the insertion of the silver plank? This he must mean, for he well knows that a threat on his part to decline a renomination would be futile, since nobody intends to renominate him in 1904, and he has himself repeatedly declared that he is not a candidate. Does he think, then, that the convinced free-silver men will be more numerous in the convention next year than they were at Kansas City? This he cannot believe. He knows that free silver is incomparably weaker, even in the silver-producing States, than it was four years ago. He knows that he has not the slightest chance of procuring the insertion of a free-silver plank in the next platform framed by a Democratic national convention. Why, then, does he assert the contrary? Why does he virtually tell Chief-Judge Parker that the next convention will adopt the Kansas City platform? Two motives for the wild declaration are conceivable. He may desire to encourage his following, which is dwindling rapidly, and he may wish to intimate to Chief-Judge Parker and other possible candidates of the conservative element in the Democracy that he (Bryan) must not be left altogether out of the reckoning, but that he must be treated with the consideration due to a man who has twice been the nominee of a great political party for the highest national office. We ourselves think that now and hereafter Mr. Bryan should be treated with deference in all ways except as regards the formation of the Democratic platform, as to which his views, unfortunately, seem irreconcilable with those who now constitute a very large majority of the organization. There is no reason, however, why Mr. Bryan should not adhere to the Democratic party even if some planks in the next platform should meet with his disapproval. In supporting the candidate of the convention under such conditions, he would be doing precisely what Chief-Judge Parker did in 1896 and 1900, and what Mr. Bryan himself has repeatedly declared it to be the duty of all Democrats to do. No sane Democrat desires to drive Mr. Bryan out of the party, and Mr. Bryan on his part is too young and has too bright a future before him to pursue the rule-or-ruin policy adopted by the aged Van Buren in 1848.

Of the $35,000,000 which the Cuban Congress has authorized the Executive Department of the insular government to borrow, all but $4,000,000 is to be applied to the payment of officers and soldiers who took part in the late insurrection, and to the discharge of debts contracted by the chiefs of the revolutionary army between February 24 and September 19, 1895, and all the subsequent debts contracted by the revolutionary government of which Señor Palma was the head. Not more than $4,000,000 can be assigned to the discharge of the last-named classes of obligations. In other words, if we assume that the bonds are sold at par, $26,000,000 will be distributed among the officers and men who profess to have taken part in the last uprising against Spain. That is to say, provided there were 26,000 of them, they would get on an average $1000 apiece. There is no reason to believe that from February, 1895, up to the evacuation of Cuba by the Spanish troops, there were 26,000 Cubans under arms, or anything like that number. We tried in vain to obtain an authentic list of the officers and enlisted men when, soon after our provisional occupation of the island, we made Cuba a present of $3,000,000 for the purpose of preventing the transformation of the alleged patriot-heroes into brigands. Under the so-called Platt amendment to the Cuban constitution, our government would have a right to protest against the issue of the bonds, if it were improbable that interest and sinking-funds could be provided without crippling the resources needed for the proper administration of the island's affairs. As a matter of fact, the interest and sinking-fund required for the bonds are to be obtained from new sources of revenue, namely, from taxes on liquors and matches, on cigars for export at the rate of two dollars per thousand, and on cigars for domestic consumption at one dollar a thousand, and on sugar, which will be taxed five cents a bag containing 350 pounds. It is computed that these taxes will yield an annual income of $2,500,000. If this expectation is realized, there will be no need of trenching on the customs revenue, most of which is needed for the ordinary expenses of administration. There is, moreover, but little doubt that, when the Cuban Reciprocity Treaty is confirmed, the purchasing power of the island will be much increased, and that, consequently, the customs revenue will be expanded, notwithstanding the diminished duties leviable upon imports from the United States.

The Pennsylvania House of Representatives has rejected a resolution asking Congress to call a convention to propose an amendment to the Federal Constitution making United States Senators elective by the direct vote of the people of each State. There are, it will be remembered, two methods of amending the Constitution provided by the fifth article of that document. In the first place, the Congress, whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary, may propose specific amendments, which shall be valid when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by Congress. Experience has shown, what might have been foreseen, that this method of amending the Constitution can never be made operative as regards the mode of choosing United States Senators, for the reason that two-thirds of the Senate will never accede to the proposal. Those, therefore, who desire the election of Senators by the people of their respective States have been compelled to fall back on the alternative mode of amending the Constitution. The fifth article of that document further provides that, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States, Congress shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, as in the former case, will become valid when ratified by the Legislatures or conventions of three-fourths of the States. In other words, this method of amending the Constitution is mandatory, and cannot be thwarted or evaded by the United States Senate.

It is extremely doubtful, however, whether two-thirds of the State Legislatures will ever insist upon the convocation of a constitutional convention. For two reasons. In the first place, there is no ground for believing that Senators chosen by the popular vote would be men of higher character than Senators chosen by a Legislature. In the former case, a candidate for Senator would be nominated by a State convention, and experience has shown that it is just as easy for wire-pullers to manipulate a State convention as it is to manipulate a State Legislature. In the second place, the fifth article of the Constitution does not limit the constitutional convention which Congress is bound to call on the application of two-thirds of the State Legislatures to any particular amendments. On the contrary, the convention

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would be at liberty to propose such amendments as it chose, and it might use its plenary powers as sweepingly as did the Philadelphia Convention in 1787, which, having been brought together for the purpose of amending the Articles of Confederation in some particulars, swept them out of existence. The small States have everything to dread from a constitutional convention which would have plenary powers; for the convention, holding that it could no more be bound by the text of an old instrument which it was authorized to reconstruct from top to bottom than was the Philadelphia Convention, which had no such authority, would probably proceed to extinguish the last clause of the fifth article, which provides that no State without its consent shall be deprived of its equal suffrage in the Senate. The only safeguard for the rotten boroughs is to avert the convocation of a constitutional convention, and to insist that all changes in the Constitution shall be specific amendments proposed by Congress.

Although the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the lottery cases has been differently interpreted, according to the varying interests and wishes of the interpreter, its significance can hardly be mistaken by any clear-headed man who carefully examines the majority and minority opinions. Following the custom of the highest Federal tribunal, the five members whose views were expressed by Justice Harlan confined themselves to the particular question before them, which was, Does the power to regulate inter-State commerce give Congress the power to prohibit the conveyance of lottery tickets by independent carriers from one State to another? They refrained from saying in so many words that the power to regulate includes the power to prohibit in all cases. It is true that, in order to decide the particular question before it, the court had to lay down the principle that the power given to Congress by the Constitution to regulate inter-State commerce is *unlimited*. At the same time, Justice Harlan declared that the exercise of that power could not be *arbitrary*.

That is to say, the United States Supreme Court may inquire, in any case where the power to regulate is extended to prohibition of commerce in a given commodity, whether the exercise of the power is arbitrary, or has a reason assigned for it. But has the court a right to say whether the reason is valid, or, in other words, whether it is good or bad? Can a bad reason be described as a *reason* at all? Here is where eminent lawyers differ. Some say that the court must have power to determine the soundness of a reason assigned, otherwise the attempt to draw a distinction between *unlimited* and *arbitrary* would be futile. Others insist that the validity of the reasons given for the extension of the regulative power to prohibition must be determined by Congress alone. Otherwise the regulative power of Congress would be limited by the right of another body to repudiate its reasons and reject its conclusions. The four members of the court who concurred in the minority opinion read by Chief-Justice Fuller evidently thought that no distinction can be drawn between unlimited and arbitrary, and that the principle adopted by the majority would practically give Congress absolute power to prohibit inter-State commerce in any commodity. No doubt a reason for the prohibition would be set forth by Congress, but the soundness of the reason could not be made the subject of inquiry by any other body. This is the view of the meaning of the decision which the administration is understood to take, and we believe that events will justify it, unless, of course, the composition of the United States Supreme Court shall hereafter be materially changed. It is well known that, owing to a change in its composition, the court has several times reversed itself.

The question as to who was to blame for the failure of the Aldrich bill has become academic, perhaps, but it is worth while noting. The bill undertook to meet a real public necessity. It was a hopeful effort to take the government out of the money-market, and to leave the currency of the country in the channels of trade. It clearly had the support of a majority of the Senate, and this support was non-partisan. It was killed for two reasons,—one was that it did not occur to Mr. Aldrich early enough in the session, and the other was that some Democratic Senators were willing to sacrifice the public interests because Mr. Aldrich had, very properly, been opposed to the wretched Statehood bill. Now if the Democratic party ever comes back into power, it must make up its mind that its lease of life will be disgracefully short if it does not drive out the leaders who are capable of this kind of pettiness and partisanship, and replace them with men of larger minds and of finer patriotism. There is one very strong reason for driving the Republican party out of power, and that is its attention to the private interests of its own leaders and its own beneficiaries and supporters, at the expense of the country. There are some Democrats who would better this state of affairs, and who would devote themselves unselfishly to the general welfare. They are not leaders in Washington, unhappily, and it is unfortunate for them and for the country that this is so. Unpopular as the Republican party may be, or as it may become, this country will not intrust its government to the small-minded politicians who are willing to defeat a sound currency measure, which, among other things, will cause our annual dearth of money and bank notes, because Republican leaders have been unwilling to admit four new Senators from silver-mines and alkali deserts.

The Berlin Foreign Office has announced that it has no desire to protest against the Monroe Doctrine so long as that principle of American policy bears the definition given to it by Mr. Roosevelt in his second annual message. In that message the President practically said that a European power might go to any lengths against a Latin-American republic for the redress of grievances or for the collection of ordinary debts, provided she stopped short of a permanent occupation of territory. There are many ways of killing a cat, and none of them is unknown in Germany. One of the most efficient methods of strangling a Latin-American commonwealth would be the confiscation of all or most of the customs revenue on which it depends for the maintenance of civil and military government. Another method, slower, but, in the end, scarcely less effective, would be the promotion of colonization on a great scale, so as to infuse a strong German element in the social, industrial, and political system of the American republic which Berlin desires to influence. To what an extent this process may be carried is shown in Argentina, where the Italian element is increasing so fast that it will soon be numerically preponderant, and seems certain, ultimately, to thrust the Spanish element to the wall. What has been done by Italians in Argentina can be done by Germans in the southern province of Brazil, and especially in the province of Rio Grande do Sul, which repeatedly during the last eighty years has tried to acquire a separate political existence, and which at any moment may repeat the endeavor. The United States never protested against the disruption of the old Colombian confederation founded by Bolivar, nor against the disruption of the old Central-American confederacy; how, then, could we object to the secession of a province or two from Brazil? It is certain that at this moment a good deal of literature referring to the Germanization of southern Brazil is circulated in Germany. Herr Wiegand, for instance, at one time manager of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company at Bremen, and afterwards director of the colonial section of the German Foreign Office, is the author of a glowing description of the position and progress of the German element in Brazil. Certain portions of Brazil also figure in the ethnographic maps published by the Hansiatic Colonization Society for the purpose of indicating the territories in which the German element already is, or may easily become predominant.

There is still another way in which the Monroe Doctrine, as defined by Mr. Roosevelt, may be evaded. Admitting that a Latin-American confederation in an exhaustive sense of the word is impracticable, because the interests of certain states, such as Chile and Peru, for example, are irreconcilable, we must still recognize that, since their boundary dispute has been virtually settled, there is no insuperable bar to a confederation of Chile and Argentina, which powers might be joined by Uruguay. Such a confederacy once formed, and strengthened by the annexation of the southern provinces of Brazil, in which the Germans and Spanish greatly outnumber the Portuguese, might enter into very close international relations with Germany, relations which, on the one hand, might assure exceptional commercial privileges to Germany, and which, on the other hand, might promise military and naval support in certain exigencies. Germany might say, for instance, that she would not permit any European power to confiscate the customs revenues of the friendly confederacy

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for the payment of ordinary debts. How could we protest against such a transaction? Mr. Roosevelt, for his part, has declined to safeguard the customs revenues of American republics against confiscation. How, then, with any show of regard for our Latin-American brethren, could we object to Germany's playing the part of savior which he himself has refused? This is no academic suggestion. The project of a partial Latin-American confederacy, to which Germany should play the part of next friend or patron, has been seriously and favorably discussed in German newspapers.

The world in general, and the great European powers in particular, are to be congratulated on the partial solution of the Macedonian question. The Balkan storm-cloud is perceptibly lightened, and, while there is still considerable menace in the air, it is felt on all sides that, granted the smooth working of certain forces, a permanent peace for the Balkans may be in sight; a new era of well-being for the long-suffering Slavs of the three Macedonian provinces may be at hand. This pacific settlement is chiefly due to the same sentiment in the Russian Czar which inspired the proposal for the Hague court, and the success of Count Lamsdorff in carrying to a certain finality the Czar's policy of humanity and mercy is by far the greatest achievement as yet to the credit of the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs. The main point, diplomatically, was, to gain the friendship and sincere co-operation of Austria; and, partly as a result of the ripe experience of Kaiser Franz-Josef and the Slavonic leanings of Count Goluchovski, and in part as a result of the growing insight into Russia's real political motives, this good understanding with Austria has been made possible and actual. It is by far the strongest factor for good in the future of the Balkan problem.

It was not to be expected that Germany would acquiesce willingly in this new state of things. Germany's jealousy of Russia, and the uneasiness of Prussia over the Slavonic problem within her own boundaries, were sufficient causes for her present attitude; as they were sufficient causes for the Kaiser's parade of brotherly love for Abdul the Damned a few years ago, and for the present visit of the Prussian Crown-Prince and Prince Eitel Frederick to the Sultan, with gifts in their hands. Germany has persistently opposed Russia, rather from an instinct of fear than from any reasoned policy, and the Macedonians have suffered a quarter-century of oppression as the result of the Berlin treaty, which destroyed Russia's work of liberation in the last Turkish war. The present pretext for Germany's opposition and jealousy is contained in certain sentences in the Russian note to the Porte, the real motive of which was to tranquilize the Macedonians, and to check the revolutionary movements emanating from Servia and Bulgaria. Russia reminded the Balkan States that they owe their independent existence to her, which is, of course, the mere statement of a self-evident fact, and then asks them to argue from the past to the future, and to rest assured that their welfare and the material and moral interests of the Christian populations would be watched over by Russia with unceasing solicitude, and finally assuring them that they could depend on the considerable and powerful protection of the Russian imperial government.

Our own recent experience of German methods and aspirations will enable us to rate at their true value Germany's present opposition to Russia, and the suspicion of Russia's motives so openly expressed in the German press. The *Morgen Post*, for instance, tells us that "no one will be deceived by the paternal assurances of Russia," and the German press generally sings in the same strain. It may be answered that no one outside Germany will be deceived by the Kaiser's fraternal advances to Abdul the Damned, or by the insinuations against Russia which will find their way into the German-inspired press.

The action of Russia and Austria follows a clearly conceived plan: to remove the trouble in Macedonia by taking away those evils of maladministration which are its perennial cause. These evils fall under two heads—the assaults on the persons of Macedonian Christians, both men and women, by Turkish gendarmes and soldiers; and the abuses due to extortion and robbery accompanying the collection of taxes. To remedy the first of these evils, the Russo-Austrian note requires the appointment of an Inspector-General of Gendarmerie for Macedonia, who will almost certainly be a Christian, and whose nomination must be confirmed by Russia, Austria, and the other protesting powers. Further, in all Christian districts, a proportionate number of gendarmes must be drawn from the Christian—that is, Slavonic—population; while the appointment of all the subordinate officers of gendarmerie will obviously lie with the Inspector-General, and therefore with Russia and Austria. It can easily be seen that in this admirable plan lies a hope for the speedy elimination of those "Turkish atrocities" which have horrified Europe and devastated the Balkans for generations. An equally sound principle is introduced to alleviate the evils which hang round the collection of taxes by Turkish troops and the endless extortions therefrom resulting. Safeguards are suggested, and it is required that all local taxes shall, in the first instance, be applied to local needs; and only after these are supplied shall any surplus be forwarded to Constantinople. This is a very effectual measure of home rule, and will certainly be extended in future, so soon as the first footing of the new measures is secured. Measures are also aimed against the cutthroat lawlessness of the Mohammedan Albanians, whose armed clansmen out-herod Herod in the Macedonian villages. The fact that one of these Albanian bands has recently carried out a threat, made months ago, to murder the Russian consul at Mitrovitsa and to destroy the consulate, shows sufficiently the temper of these Albanian anarchists, and, incidentally, greatly strengthens the hands of Russia in the present negotiations.

Lord Rosebery was quite right when, on March 2, he denounced in the Upper House of the British Parliament the co-operation of the Balfour government with Germany in the blockade and bombardment of Venezuelan seaports. If Englishmen really desire to secure the friendship of the United States, they will do well hereafter to avoid implication in transactions that, as experience has shown, are almost certain to lead to outrages which cannot be viewed by the American people without indignation and resentment. For the second time Lord Lansdowne, in defending the course pursued by him in the Venezuela affair, declared that his Majesty's government had excellent reasons for knowing how the United States was likely to regard the action taken. Is he making the mistake of confounding a particular Federal official with the American people? Does he or does he not mean to say that our State Department, having been formally or informally consulted, approved in advance of the Anglo-German demonstration against an American republic, although the deplorable incidents attending the demonstration might easily have been foreseen? Ultimately, no doubt, we shall learn the whole truth about this business. Meanwhile Lord Rosebery is justified in saying that the Venezuelan Blue Book is singularly meagre and reticent, throwing as it does no light at all upon the steps taken by the British Foreign Office to secure the assent of our State Department to the projected acts of hostility. Lord Tweedmouth, also, on March 2, pointed out that the despatches published in the Blue Book do not support the statements publicly made by Premier Balfour and Lord Lansdowne that our State Department was practically an accessory before the fact.

We do not know what immediate purpose, beyond giving the Canadian newspapers something to worry about, could have inspired the concurrent resolution introduced by Representative De Armond of Missouri in the last days of the dying Congress. The resolution provided that the President be requested to learn upon what terms, honorable to both nations, and satisfactory to the inhabitants of the territory primarily affected, Great Britain would consent to cede to the United States all or any part of the territory lying north of and adjoining the United States. The resolution went on to say that the territory when ceded should be formed in due time into one or more States, and admitted into the Union upon an equality with the other States; and that in the mean time the inhabitants thereof should enjoy all the privileges and immunities guaranteed by the Federal Constitution. No impartial onlooker can doubt that the cession contemplated by Judge De Armond would be expedient for Great Britain and for the Canadians themselves. What Great Britain would gain by the transaction is evident. She would no longer be obliged to protect Canada, which, on her part, has refused to make any contribution to the cost of maintaining the imperial navy. Moreover, she would free herself

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from a dependency which has long been a source of annoyance and provocation to the United States, and would thus signally promote the establishment of the most intimate international relations with the great American republic. With Canada annexed to the American Union, and with the discontent of Ireland permanently allayed, as it seems likely to be by the projected Land Purchase Bill, there would be no serious obstacle to the formation of a close political alliance between all sections of the English-speaking world. Hitherto Canada and Ireland have blocked the attainment of such solidarity. What the Canadians would gain is almost too obvious to mention. The provinces of the Dominion, transformed into States, would retain absolute control of their religious arrangements—a point of vital moment to Quebec—and they would acquire the inestimable privilege of absolute free trade in the vast and constantly expanding market south of the Canadian border. The one great impediment to Canadian prosperity would be levelled at a stroke. We observe, finally, that, had the concurrent resolution introduced by Representative De Armond been passed by Congress, we do not doubt that the President would have signed it, and promptly taken steps to elicit the views of the United Kingdom with regard to the cession proposed.

It is well known that in France the government monopolizes the manufacture and sale of cigars, cigarettes, smoking-tobacco, and snuff. That is to say, France is one of the countries that is safeguarded against the invasion of American monopolies. The Chamber of Deputies, on February 28, took another long step in the same direction, incorporating with a law imposing a tax of twenty-five cents per one hundred kilos on petroleum, a provision that a government monopoly of kerosene oil should be established with the least possible delay. M. Rouvier, the Finance Minister, willingly accepted the provision, which was adopted by 349 votes to 188. Of course, the Socialists were delighted, for they desire to see all branches of manufacture undertaken by the State. Few persons realize how much further many European governments have gone in the way of accepting and applying Socialist doctrines than has our Federal government, or the government of any of our States. Our Federal government carries the mails, but it has not yet gone so far as to assume control over even the telegraph business. As regards municipal ownership, we are a hundred years behind Great Britain. It is true that most of our cities and towns control their water supply, which cannot be said of London. On the other hand, most of our cities are supplied with light by private corporations, and very few of them own and operate their own street railways. In English and Scotch cities, on the other hand, municipal ownership has been extended over many of the necessaries of life. It is true that the political conditions differ. There is no city in Great Britain, not even London, which can approach New York as regards the proportion of the alien element of the population. It would be a very dangerous experiment to place the gas and electric lighting, and the elevated, underground, and surface railway systems of the Greater New York in the hands of a municipal council which any year might fall under the control of Tammany Hall. The last state of that city would be incomparably worse than the first.

When Kipling called the Kaiser a Goth and a Hun, apropos of the storming of Fort San Carlos, we foresaw that the matter would not end there, and advised Rudyard to get behind something. Our warning has been made good. The formal reply for the Kaiser was, of course, made by the serviceable von Bülow, who handed Kipling the epithet "savage," but the real reply has just materialized, with Max Beerbohm as spirit medium. And a delicious reply it undoubtedly is. He begins by telling Rudyard that that warlike person has an essentially feminine mind, because he writes of men as he thinks they ought to be, not as they really are, for all the world like our own lady novelists, whether from Boston or from the Old Dominion. Max Beerbohm says Rudyard loses his heart to a red coat, like a very nursemaid. But farther his femininity does not go. For your lady novelist, while she idealizes man, at least understands the workings of woman, and here Rudyard is hopelessly at sea. And then comes the unkindest cut of all. The critic reminds us of a *bon mot* of our own Mr. Howells, who said that, while George Sand was to all intents a man, she was yet "no gentleman." Max Beerbohm says that, while Rudyard is in the same sense to all intents a woman, he is no lady. After that the Goth can rage, and the Hun imagine a vain thing, but Kipling certainly "has it," in the old gladiatorial sense. We trust that he will read this, or that one of those kind friends who always rise to this sort of occasion, will send him a copy of the Max Beerbohm piece, marked with red ink; for we may confidently predict a permanent addition to the literature of objurgation when Rudyard begins to talk back. By the way, what an admirable thing it would be if Kipling and Swinburne, duly loaded up, should fall foul of each other about imperial destiny or any old thing! An admiring world would pause to hearken to the melodious caterwauling that most assuredly would supervene. Life would have a new value thereafter.

Professor Alfred Russell Wallace, the eminent scientist, has an article in the *Fortnightly Review,* which persons who accept the theories it expounds will find not a little flattering to human self-conceit. Elsewhere we have commented more fully on his discovery. Dr. Wallace reminds us that the early astronomers considered the earth the centre of the universe, but that, gradually, as telescopes improved and astronomical science was perfected, the conviction grew that there were an infinite number of worlds, and that ours was probably one of comparatively small consequence in the multitude. Dr. Wallace thinks that there are not so many worlds (or stars) as has appeared. He finds that the great telescopes which reach the remoter depths of space find the stars much less numerous in those distant regions. From this he argues that the number of the stars is definitely limited. That being so, they have a centre, and he suggests that the cluster of stars to which earth belongs, being near the centre of the plane of the Milky Way, is really at the centre of the universe, as the early astronomers supposed. The probability that earth occupies this remarkable position he finds helpful to the belief that the Creator had extraordinary intentions with regard to it, and planned, in making it the home of man, that on earth the ultimate purpose of creation should be worked out. So Dr. Wallace doubts that any other planets than ours are inhabited, and that anywhere else than near the centre of the universe could an orderly development of living souls have been attained. It is a consoling theory. Only astronomers are qualified to weigh or discuss the assumption on which it is based, but we can all hope that it is true and that man is, after all, the one pebble of consummate consequence on the vast starry beach. Dr. Parkhurst doesn't think Dr. Wallace is right. To him it seems wasteful to have made so many worlds and only peopled one. What would you think, he says, if you saw a city with accommodations for a million inhabitants, and only one house with people in it? But, after all, that is the point of view of a mind busied with municipal economies. Dr. Parkhurst and the Almighty may have different conceptions of waste. Dr. Wallace's theory is encouraging and therefore welcome.

One of the stones which the builders of physiological theories had rejected bids fair to become the head of the corner. Dr. Sajous of Philadelphia has disclosed to his medical brethren some surprising theories about the ductless glands in the human body. There are two small organs called the suprarenal glands (placed just above the kidneys) which have been thought to be useless, but Dr. Sajous avers, as a result of fourteen years of investigation, that they are of vital consequence. They secrete a substance which, carried to the lungs, takes up oxygen, and forms another substance which becomes mixed with the blood. It is this last substance, called adrenoxin, which does the work of supplying the tissues with oxygen which has so long been credited to the red corpuscles. The suprarenal glands are connected by nerves with a small organ in the brain (the use of which has not been known) which governs them and regulates their absorption of oxygen. Dr. Sajous says that it is on this organ of the brain, called the anterior pituitary body, that all poisons work, and it fights them by stirring up the glands to take up more oxygen. More oxygen means more combustion, the burning up of poisons,—of which the symptom is fever. A strong pituitary enables a man to lay in a good supply of oxygen and destroy disease germs, and now that the use of pituitaries is understood, they can be stimulated on occasion by drugs, so that folks with weak ones may make a better fight against germs. Dr. Sajous considers that what we have been used to call vitality is

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simply pituitary efficiency. All this is good for the doctors to know, if it is so, and it is interesting anyway. It is always a satisfaction, when a job is found for an organ that has been held to be useless. Some day it may be discovered that the vermiform appendix is a valuable anatomical asset, and that no man who has lost his may reasonably aspire to be President. That the body should contain an organ the sole use of which is the enrichment of the surgeons who remove it is not reasonable.

The relation of music to mastication has never received the attention which appears to be due to a conjunction of such important arts. In the last quarter of a century the presence of music, or at least orchestras, in public dining-rooms, has become so common that we have neglected to comment upon it. Proprietors of restaurants and hotels have found that there is some subtle relation between a fugue and a fricassee, and between a scherzo and soup, and that after introducing an orchestra into their *salles à manger* people ate who, apparently, never ate before. The orchestras more than paid for the extra expense, and the music not only aided mastication, but digestion as well, for dyspepsia rapidly disappeared when accelerated by the art of Brahms and Chopin. There has arisen but one protestant against this combination of gastronomy and music. But it is no less a personage than Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the distinguished actress. At the Russell House in Detroit last week, she demanded that the orchestra which was discoursing digestive music in the dining-room cease playing. She said, "Such vulgar rasping disturbs my desire for a restful atmosphere." On the refusal of the manager to stop the music, Mrs. Campbell took herself away to a hotel where no orchestra played. Of course one would have to hear this particular band before judging whether Mrs. Campbell is right or wrong, but as a general proposition it must be admitted that if the music in a restaurant is good, one can forgive the *chef* for a steak which is in the worst sense of the word a *pièce de résistance*.

Boston has a new and valid claim to distinction in the palace art museum of Mrs. John L. Gardner. Every newspaper reader knows more or less about Mrs. Gardner of Boston, and the Venetian palace that she imported, and set up with intelligent variations in the made-to-order end of the town, called the Fenway. The construction of this edifice was carried on with careful privacy. Outside it was simple and unattractive. How it was inside very few people knew, but many hoped to know. When the building was nearly finished it was incorporated as a museum, and its inventor has since moved into it the remarkable collection of pictures which she had spent many years and much money in acquiring. On February 22, the museum was opened to the public. It was not opened very wide. The advertisement says that two hundred persons will be admitted on two days of each week if they will buy tickets beforehand at a dollar a ticket. But since Mrs. Gardner lives in her museum some limitation of attendance was inevitable. The place and its contents are described as exceedingly interesting. The interior of the building is a bit of Italy set down on the shore of New England; the pictures include many paintings of extraordinary merit and value, and the effect of the whole is reported to be altogether admirable and charming. Many Americans nowadays have more money than they need, but few have found so interesting a use for their surplus as this Boston lady. Unlike most American benefactors, she has spent her fortune and her strength not for the promotion of utilities, but of beauty. There is no doubt that it has been a very successful expenditure, and one that will have its effect upon the development of the artistic sense in America.

An old Congressman told the story of his constituent who asked for a collection of Congressional memorial addresses, giving as a reason for the unusual request that he "always read them with a great deal of satisfaction"—a naïve expression which may mean much more or much less than it says. It is not probable that many persons delve into the literature of Congressional funeral eloquence, and yet a glance at almost any collection reveals many interesting side-lights on the Congressional nature. At almost the close of the recent session of Congress, a Sunday afternoon was set apart for the delivery of eulogies on members who had died during the session, and an issue of the *Congressional Record* is devoted to their reproduction. Now the *Record*, as a rule, merits the name it has acquired of being dry; but there was clearly nothing dry in the soil from which grew the vines of luxurious phrase and the blossoms of exuberant encomium. Your average Congressman may be a creature of the caucus, a being of election tables, a seeker for plums and appropriations; yet when he comes to the duty of funebrial speech, he is a man of unexpected capacities. One of these capacities is for quotation—and perhaps that is the most apparent to the casual glance over the printed page, dotted with verse in fine type. On that Sunday afternoon, three of the orators quoted the whole of the passage from "Thanatopsis" beginning,

> So live that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan,

while another quoted a part of it. "Lives of great men all remind us," "None knew him but to love him," "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks," "Our lives are rivers gliding free," "We live in deeds, not years," "There is no death, what seems so is transition," "Art is long and time is fleeting," "The fathers, where are they?" and "Leaves have their time to fall," are a few of the familiar strains which fell from the speaker's lips, though they by no means exhaust the list. And beyond these the prose quotations are all but uncountable. Perhaps there is a significance, which may be assuring to those who mourn the eclipse of the English Bible in popular regard, in the fact that most of these quotations are from this same Bible. If it may be permitted to harbor the suspicion that the Congressmen crammed for the occasion, it is still evident that they knew where to go for their material. Naturally, there are queer and incongruous passages in these speeches—as, for example, one in which the orator could think of no finer tribute to the dead than that "he bred and raised some of the best trotting stock" in his State—a service more useful to horsemen than adaptable to eloquence. To a serious mind, however, there is under all the forced and tawdry eulogium, even in addresses which are too plainly manufactured with more thought of the orator than love for the dead, a current of sincerity which is a saving grace. Apparently there is not too much heart in the proceeding, but still there is heart.

A report of the Department of Agriculture tells of an interesting and profitable innovation in tobacco-growing in the Connecticut Valley. Last year, at the instigation of the department, thirteen Connecticut farmers put forty-one acres of land under shade and planted it, at a total expense of $657 an acre. Most of this land was planted with Sumatra tobacco. The department estimates that the crop cost, baled and ready for market, 51½ cents a pound. It brought an average price of $1 20 a pound. The yield of baled tobacco was about 1144 pounds an acre, worth $1372, leaving a profit of $715 an acre. This sounds like pretty good farming, and the department is proud of the results of its suggestions. Ordinary out-of-doors Connecticut tobacco raised without artificial shade brings about twenty cents a pound. The shade-grown tobacco is used for wrappers for cigars. The cigar-makers say it does wonderfully well, and the next crop promises to bring higher prices than the last. It will be a much bigger crop than last year's, for this year the Connecticut Valley has had about 700 acres under shade, which are expected to produce 800,000 pounds of baled tobacco, worth nearly a million dollars, and yield a profit of more than half a million.

George Ade has achieved something that falls to few of us in this life. He has hit upon something new. He has presented to the American public and to the world in general a new kind of humor—American humor—Middle-Western humor; but that may not be so new. His achievement has been to draw with wit and humor the characteristics that belong to every American family, but that belong especially to the man, woman, boy, or girl who was born and has lived always in the central part of this republic. These people are strong Americans, but they have never existed until this generation. They are a new, creative, vigorous people, with an admirable sense of humor, and it was necessary to wait until one of them should arrive before their story could be told. That was what George Ade did. And he promises so much for the future that he is eminently an American of To-morrow. He was born in Indiana, and has lived and worked most of his life in Chicago. He is thirty-seven years old.

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The Session

When the session of Congress which came to an end on the 4th of this month was young, we ventured the suggestion that the President would be disappointed in its results. The opening was certainly auspicious. Senators were silent, perhaps cynically silent, but the members of the House of Representatives were bubbling over with gratitude. Many of them were convinced that the President had saved the party, consequently the country. They assured him that he was the party leader; that the country was with him; that whatever he desired must be popular,—whether it was right or not,—and that he could command their votes. It looked as if the President would have easy sailing. It was to be a Roosevelt winter, if promises of Congressmen go for anything; and yet the Weekly thought even then that it was quite probable that the usual conditions would prevail, and that Mr. Roosevelt would find once more how very little a President can accomplish, unless, indeed, he be the skilful negotiator that Mr. McKinley was.

The session is ended, and the President can take account of stock. He started out with the determination to secure important anti-trust legislation. He did not outline any definite plan in his message, but he permitted it to be understood that the policy set forth in Mr. Knox's Pittsburg speech was that of the Administration. This plan included not only improvements of the Inter-State Commerce Law with the view of more surely preventing discriminations and rebates, but the exclusion of the products of monopolies and of so-called trusts from the channels of inter-State and foreign commerce. Publicity, naturally, was one of the remedies to be applied, in order that no corporation should be able to market shares representing what is vaguely known as over-capitalization. The President had assumed, in his own campaign speeches, that the Federal government could not reach State corporations under the Constitution as it stands; he therefore framed a constitutional amendment. Mr. Knox, however, pointed out a way for the evasion of the Constitution which the President gladly accepted. In effect, it was determined that the Federal government might declare that a corporation which was sinless under the laws of the State creating it, and who under the laws of the State to which its goods might be consigned, was not good enough to engage in inter-State and foreign commerce. The position of the Administration was clear, and it added greatly to the tenor of business. Radical measures were introduced in both Houses, but, finally, the Attorney-General was heard from, and his suggestions were embodied in the Littlefield bill. This bill spoke the mind of the President as it was at the beginning of the session. It was passed by the House of Representatives unanimously. It was killed in the Senate, whose leaders had never any idea of permitting the President's notions to be incorporated into a law. Mr. Roosevent can, indeed, say that his excitation resulted in some legislation, but it is legislation which does not bear the faintest resemblance to the plan with which he threatened the country, or, at least, it is but the shadow of a name. In other words, Mr. Roosevelt has happily failed to effectuate the dangerous features of his attack on corporations and their business, although the law relating to publicity may become dangerous in other hands than his or Mr. Garfield's.

Another scheme which he urged was the creation of a tariff commission. Not a step has been taken in the direction of carrying out his recommendations in this respect. Both of these subjects involve the dearest interests of the Republican party, and, in taking them up for consideration, the President strained his influence to the utmost. He was in reality, questioning institutions which stand for the essential policy of his party. The intelligent Republican leadership in the Senate, at the head of which is easily Mr. Aldrich, took alarm at once on the mention of trusts and the tariff as subjects for reformatory legislation. Mr. Roosevelt doubtless believes that trusts should be curbed and that the tariff should be changed, and doubtless, too, he disbelieves the assertion, made by Mr. Havemeyer, that the tariff is the mother of trusts, but the tariff leaders of his party know better, know that the two hang together, and it was therefore natural, when the President made his proclamation against trusts, that these tariff leaders should come to the rescue. At any rate, they did come to the rescue, and the session has come to a conclusion to the satisfaction of the business interests of the country. All of which were endangered by the character of the outcry against combinations, and of the protected interests who have received renewed assurances of the distinguished consideration in which they are held by the Republican party.

The President was especially assured that his Cuban reciprocity plan would certainly go through at this session. The beet sugar law-makers were exceedingly humble. They had prevented the passage of the President's bill through the Senate at the last session, and they had heard from the country. It was clear to them now that they had been guilty of a serious blunder, and that the people, even those who dwelt in beet States and some who raised the beet itself, believed with the President and not with the rebellious law-makers. The latter, therefore, were willing to do anything the President demanded, for all the beet sugar-makers held their annual convention in Washington, and passed a resolution in which they assented that the United States government might keep its faith and preserve its honor even at the expense of refined beet sugar. Never was a treaty negotiated with such gayety, and with such seeming certitude of ratification. The Senators were consulted in advance, and, having received Mr. Oxnard's permission, they assented to the treaty.

Another treaty in which the President was deeply interested was with Colombia touching the Panama Canal, its purchase and its construction. There was difficulty attending the negotiation of this treaty, for Colombia was exacting and insisted upon extravagant terms. Threats were made to buy out the French Company without a treaty—and regardless of the clause of the company's concession forbidding its purchase by a foreign government. Other threats were made to the effect that we would go to Nicaragua and make terms with the two governments owning the territory through which that route passes. At length Colombia came to terms, but the Senate would not, although the President endeavored to hasten matters by cabling to Paris an acceptance of the French Company's offer which expired by limitation on the 4th of March, although an acceptance implied necessary ratification by the Senate.

The President has been obliged to call an extraordinary session of the Senate in order to procure ratification of these two treaties. It is fair to say that their failure at the regular session was not due to the refusal of the President's party to act, or to its hostility to these two policies. It was due, in one instance, to Mr. Quay's futile insistence on his Statehood bill, and, in the other, to Mr. Morgan's obsession in favor of Nicaragua. At the same time, the two treaties, which was surely counted on, fell with the session.

The President also undertook to secure lower tariff duties on Philippine products imported into this country. Backed strenuously by Governor Tafft he urged upon Congress the necessity of granting this relief to the Filipinos, because, as he said, they actually needed it. Governor Tafft and the President even made a second appeal for a seventy-five-per-cent. cut, but the Republican party once more declined to accept the President as a leader on any question affecting its sacred tariff policy. He procured $3,000,000 to be distributed in charity among the suffering people, but he could not secure a relief which would have greatly increased our trade with the islands, and would have made for the permanent welfare of their people. Congress will follow the lead of any one who desires to give away the public money. The man who induces the Republican majority to make a tariff concession must be a leader of very high order.

Mr. Roosevelt himself made no effort to secure reform of our banking and currency system. What was done in this direction was by Senator Aldrich, who is a real party leader when questions of finance or taxation are under consideration.

The President, aided by Mr. Root, secured the adoption of the general staff proposition for the army, and provision has been made for important addition to the strength of the navy. For the latter legislation, Mr. Moody is entitled to a large share of credit. Possibly the President does not care to share, with Congress, the responsibility for the latter's extravagance in respect of new public buildings.

The session, to sum up, shows that, on questions of economic, industrial, and commercial policies—the policies which lie nearer to the President's heart—the party is not with the President, and that he escaped open defeat on these subjects, partly because the Senate leaders slightly yielded, or seemed to yield, to the public sentiment which he had aroused, and partly because they desired to preserve outward harmony in the party.

The President's Doctrine and the Facts of History

In his letter to Mr. Clark Howell, the President recurs to the policy which governs him in naming negroes for office, and he declares that he has been "surprised and somewhat pained at what seems to me the incomprehensible outcry in the South about my actions—an outcry apparently started in New York for reasons wholly unconnected with the question nominally at issue."

It is, indeed, the fact that the South is seemingly more sensitive on the negro question than it has been for several years,—since the political race question was settled by acquiescence. There is a reason for this state of mind, however, which, as one who loves to look facts squarely in the face, Mr. Roosevelt ought to recognize. It is not necessary, in seeking this reason, to take into account either the personal factor or the suspicion which the President entertains of some of his New York antagonists. The South did not like the Booker Washington incident, which is regrettable, but that alone a few years ago would not have created the storm of indignation which has swept over that section of the country. Nor would the appointment of Dr. Crum then have moved the city of Charleston and the State of South Carolina so deeply as it has. The President must go beyond himself, beyond his own conduct, for his explanation.

His policy is in fine contrast to that of

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his party. It is true that even his theory as to the negro in public place is distasteful to the South, but differences of opinion on this subject between men of the two sections are inevitable. Mr. Roosevelt says that, with him, color is to be no bar to appointment to office, and, just as little, is it to be counted as conferring a right. This, however, does not fully set forth nor precisely define the President's attitude toward the negro. As the New York *Sun* justly points out, Mr. Roosevelt, in a letter published last November, then announced his intention "to let the colored man know that if he shows in a marked degree the qualities of good-citizenship—the qualities which in a white man we feel entitled to reward—then he will not be cut off from all hope of similar reward." The President, in other words, will welcome opportunities to reward exceptional black men with public office. While, other things being equal, this is a commendable spirit, it has given occasion for the outburst which has "surprised and somewhat pained" the President.

The President's attitude is the proverbial last feather. He is reaping the whirlwind sown by his party and his predecessors. If the Roosevelt policy had been consistently and constantly applied by the Republican party, the negro, or race, question might never have arisen. Certainly it would not have disrupted social conditions in the Southern States, made their partisan solidity inevitable, and set them apart, politically, from the other sections of the Union. Such a policy would have had the support of the best Southern public men, who, in their time, possessed enormous influence over their neighbors. The *Tribune's* extracts from the speeches of the late Justice Lamar clearly show this, although they are quoted for the purpose of illustrating Southern inconsistency. In fact, the extracts prove nothing of the kind, but they do prove, on the contrary, a disposition to help the negro upward, and if the Republican party, which charged itself with the tutelage of the enfranchised race, had co-operated with the best element of the South, Mr. Roosevelt would not now be stirred by a desire to do something political to show the exceptional negro that the white man is ready to treat him on his individual merits. Such treatment would have long since been accorded to him naturally, both in the North and in the South. As it is, he does not stand on equal terms in either section with white men who may be intellectually his inferiors.

The history of the negro in politics has changed the attitude of the South toward him, and Republican leaders, North and South, are responsible for that history. Without inquiring into the motives of those who gave the suffrage to the negro, it is true that the gift has been made the instrument of his corruption from the very first. Unscrupulous politicians first used the overwhelming negro vote for the purpose of enabling them to plunder and debauch the Southern States. In carrying out their criminal intentions, they developed the most depraved of the black race, and transformed them into the basest of politicians. They taught the negro the vilest of their own arts. When the South had stood the reign of thieves and outcasts as long as white communities could be expected to endure outrage of this kind, the sustaining arm of the Federal government was taken away from the criminals, and the rule of the blacks and their corrupt white leaders tumbled to the ground. The end of black rule was brought about by a Republican President, and, for years, there was universal acquiescence in the practical exclusion of the negro from the exercise of the right which he had abused, and which, in turn, had actually defiled his race. Attempts by Republican leaders to gain advantages in Northern States, where there is a black vote, by the passage of force bills, reacted on their authors, until it was finally accepted as a stubborn fact by Republican leaders that coercive measures were not popular in the North.

Matters ran along in this way until Southern States undertook to make black voting impossible by the adoption of constitutional amendments which excluded the negro without apparently offending against the Fifteenth Amendment. Consequently, there had grown up a vicious black Republican organization in the Southern States. For a time, the Southern whites, in their turn, seemed to acquiesce in a plan which left them in possession of their State and local governments, and which left to the black and to his white Republican associates the Federal offices. It was, however, an unnatural state of affairs, and was bound to come to an end. Since 1896, the South has felt that it has been treated by the Republican party as a "conquered province," to use the striking expression of Hon. John R. Procter, chairman of the National Civil Service Commission. The Federal offices in the South have been filled by men of the worst character. Dive-keepers, forgers, embezzlers, smugglers, violators of the local excise laws, professional gamblers, burglars, murderers, black and white, have been appointed to collectorships, postmasterships, and other offices. The black voters, no longer useful for the purpose of plundering the local and State governments, have been employed to debauch the Republican organization itself. The Republicans of the Southern States, under the present rule, elect about one-third of the delegates to the national convention of their party. Their organizations have been put into the hands of men who will sell them to the highest bidder, and part of the price of corruption consists of Federal offices.

Therefore it has naturally come about that the uses made of the black vote by Northern politicians have taught the Southern whites to regard the negro in politics as the fruitful source and the instrument of corruption and of political debauchery. The black man in office stands for all that is base and oppressive. His presence in the custom-houses and the post-offices is a constant reminder to the Southerner of what might happen if the negro returned, by force or fraud, to local power. It so happens that the exposition of black corruption in Southern politics has been especially evident since Mr. Roosevelt's administration began. This is not only due to the fact that the actual corruption of the Republican party in the South is now greater than it ever has been since the sorrowful days of reconstruction, but Mr. Roosevelt himself has done much to lay it bare by some vigorous efforts which he made at the outset to work reforms that are impossible so long as his party remains under its present leadership.

Here is an explanation of the reason for the unusual sensitiveness of the South at the present moment. Every effort which Mr. Roosevelt makes, under these conditions, to bestow political honors upon the black man, exceptional or not, is sure to be received in the South as an attempt to promote black politics, than which, as the whole country knows, nothing is more corrupt. It is a pity that this should be so—a pity for the exceptional black man, who frankly accepts the situation, a pity for the South, and a pity for the country. But, as the President says, facts are what we ought to reckon with, and facts teach us that nothing but havoc can come to the exceptional black man by pushing him in among the degraded of his race, as a Federal office-holder.

Our Own and the German Navies

THE report of Chief-Constructor Bowles to Secretary Moody, forwarded by the latter to the President, is an enlightening, if somewhat disturbing, document. The facts narrated in it justify the impatience which both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Moody have exhibited touching the delays in the construction of our battle-ships and other war vessels. The subject is very serious, especially when we consider the relative strength of our navy to that of Germany, the navy nearest our own in size, and, consequently, that with which comparison is most natural. Seven battle-ships are in various stages of completion, the degree of completion of the *Nebraska* being 15 per cent., that of the *Missouri* 84 per cent.; that of the *Virginia* 18 per cent.; and that of the *Ohio* 69 per cent. The time already elapsed beyond the contract period ranges from 13 to 30.6 months. The *Missouri*, for example, should have been in the hands of the government nearly two years ago; the *Ohio* should have been delivered more than two and a half years ago. Six armored cruisers are from seven to sixteen months behind time, and the same tale is true of every class of war vessel now in process of construction for our navy. The longest delays have occurred in the building of the torpedo-boats, which are from forty to forty-eight months behind the contract time.

The reasons given for these delays are not encouraging. No one seems to be to blame, in the opinion of Mr. Bowles, although the hasty plans of which he speaks, which have had to be altered at a large expense of time, would seem to be avoidable. Apparently, also, the government has no power to compel the delivery of armor, and does not possess sufficient facilities for the manufacture of ordnance. Steel-makers find it more profitable to supply the demand for structural material for domestic purposes than to meet the orders of the ship-builders for the higher grades of steel demanded for ship-building. There ought to be a way found for remedying all this, and perhaps one will be found. It is evident, however, that *no method* has yet been discovered by Mr. Bowles, and it is fair to say that much of the trouble is caused by the unprecedented demand for steel in this country, and, perhaps, to the further fact that it is impossible, here, to bring imperial pressure to bear upon private firms and corporations.

In view of the revelation thus made by Mr. Bowles's letter, a comparison between our own and the German navies will be interesting. It is made from authoritative statistics never before published. We have ten battle-ships in commission, three of which, the *Indiana*, *Massachusetts*, and *Oregon*, launched in 1893, must be modernized. But for the delays which have occurred in the construction of the others, we might have afloat at least five more, or, altogether, twelve first-class modern battle-ships, instead of seven, or fifteen with the three mentioned as needing modernizing. The newest of our battle-ships in commission is the *Maine*, launched in 1902. Next to her, in age, come five which were launched in 1898. Since 1896, Germany has launched at least one battle-ship a year, with the exception of the years 1898 and 1902. In 1899 two were launched; in 1900, two more; and in 1901, four were launched. Since 1896, the year when our *Iowa* was floated, we have added six battle-ships to our navy. During the same time Germany has increased her navy by nine battle-ships. The *Maine* is the only American battle-ship of more than 11,500 tons; she is of 12,500

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tons. Germany has five battle-ships of 12,000 tons each. The speed of the *Maine*, our swiftest battle-ship, is 18 knots; that of the others ranges from 16.2 to 17.1. Five of the German ships have a speed of 19 knots, and five more a speed of 18 knots. The ten German ships are armed alike, each carrying four 9.4 inch and eighteen 6-inch guns. All told, our ten battle-ships carry 184 guns; thirty-two of these are 13-inch, and eight are 12-inch. The Germans have no guns of a larger calibre than 11-inch, but they greatly excel us in rapid-fire guns, having 180 6-inch guns in their fleet of nineteen battle-ships to our 70. Here is a mooted question. The important point, in respect to our tardy building, being that Germany has nineteen first-class battle-ships to our ten, and ten thoroughly modern battle-ships to our six, while five of the ten are as swift as the *Maine*, and the five others are swifter.

Of second-class battle-ships, including monitors, we have nine, and the Germans have eleven. Besides these eleven, Germany has thirteen armored gunboats for coast defence. In this class we excel in speed and armament, and, besides, two of our nine were launched in 1900 and 1901, respectively, while the newest of the German ships of the class was launched in 1895. Some of the German vessels date back to the sixties, whilst the *Miantonomah*, our oldest, took the water in 1876. The second-class battle-ship, however, is practically abandoned.

The armored cruisers constitute the most important class after the first-class battle-ship. Of these we have two, the *Brooklyn* and *New York*, and are building eleven. Germany has seven, three of which are pretty old and slow, dating back to 1868 and 1874, and rated at 15 knots. Four, however, are much more modern than our two, about as fast, and more heavily armed. We have fourteen protected cruisers, and Germany has eighteen. Our oldest were launched in 1884 and 1885. Germany has one ship of this class launched as far back as 1887. Our newest, the *Albany*, was launched in 1899. Germany launched four in 1900, and two in 1902.

Germany has thirty-four torpedo-boat destroyers to our four, and eighty torpedo-boats to our thirty, the grand result being that the German navy consists of 182 vessels, while that of the United States consists of sixty-nine. Not taking into account the different methods of armament, which raise a controversial question, Germany possesses a much larger number of very recently built good and serviceable warships than we have afloat.

When we take into consideration the vessels in construction for the two navies, we get some notion of what the delay revealed means to this country. We are building seven battle-ships and the Germans are building five. Of our seven five are from 1600 to 2000 tons larger than the German ships, all of which are of 13,000 tons. For these new ships both countries are using the 12-inch gun. Five new battle-ships are also appropriated for, three of which at least are to be of 16,000 tons. The Germans have projected six, the last to be completed in 1908. If the two countries complete their battle-ship programme by 1908, the United States will have twenty-one first-class battle-ships and Germany will have thirty. Of these thirty we can count perhaps five as of little value except as commerce-destroyers. We are building and contemplating more armored cruisers than is Germany, and in 1908, unless the delays continue, we should have thirteen first-class cruisers of from 9000 to 14,000 tons, and with a speed ranging from 21 to 22 knots, as against Germany's nine of from 7391 to 9000 tons, and with a speed ranging from 15 to 21 knots.

Omitting torpedo-boats and destroyers, and counting first-class cruisers as superior fighting-ships in 1908, the United States would possess fifty, while Germany would have fifty-three. The Emperor, however, would still have an advantage over us in his fleet of thirteen coast-defenders, while we would quite match him in protected, but not first-class, cruisers.

These statistics are not offered by way of promoting alarm, but merely to show how much more energetically the Emperor is able to carry out his naval programme than our authorities have been. As long as we have a programme of ship-building, ought it not to be carried out in a businesslike way? Ought the government to permit itself to be outstripped in enterprise by Germany or by any other power?

The Spread of the Hook-Bug

UNTIL we read Mr. Harvey Sutherland's delightful *Book of Bugs* we never believed that entomology could be recognized as a gay science, but that charming treatise taught us to see the fun of a great deal of sound information. It will be remembered with joy by his readers how Mr. Sutherland takes up the common house-fly, the mosquito, the wicked flea, the cockroach, the moth, the wasp, the ant, the bee, and even the unnamable insect

> Which has no wings at all
> But gets there just the same,

and studies them with equal parts of wit and wisdom, so that you have such a good time you hardly realize how much you are learning. The unalloyed scientist might say that you are not learning a great deal, but if you are honest, you have to allow that you have learnt more than you knew before, or ever expected to know, of the insects in question, and Mr. Sutherland does not claim to speak the last word concerning them. As the satirist corrects manners with a smile, so he chastises ignorance, and leaves his reader fitted to pour out facts and jokes that he had not dreamt of before. He even suggests defences against the insect foes of human comfort, and in respect to some, notably the mosquito, he cherishes a hardy hope of their destruction.

Mr. Sutherland's mental and moral attitude throughout his book is such that we have thought he might very well come forward with his information and diversion, and treat in some of the popular scientific publications of the newly discovered microbe whose haunts the excavations for our rapid-transit lines have laid bare. This bacillus was at first recognized as the microbe of malaria; afterwards it was declared to be specifically the microbe of indolence; and it has since become generally known as the hook-bug, in which jocose and familiar guise it might well commend itself to Mr. Sutherland's inquiry. The various sorts of journalism prevalent in the metropolis have failed, both high and low, to deal with it philosophically. Even journalistic art, beyond representing the imaginable effects of the hook-bug in such ready victims as policemen and district messengers, has done little to throw light upon its nature, and we know practically nothing of the dangers to be feared from it. In fact, an insidious indifference, which may be one of the subtler effects of the hook-bug's ravage in the race, has crept over the guardians of the common welfare, and we have seen nothing about it in the public prints for wellnigh a fortnight. It may be that the newspapers, with their habitual modesty, are waiting the results of scientific investigation, just as they sometimes attend the verdicts of the courts before pronouncing some prominent defendant guilty or innocent. But there is much reason to believe that in the mean time the hook-bug, liberated from the rapid-transit tunnels, may spread over the country, and get in its work in quarters where its presence has not been suspected.

As in many other cases, the successive steps by which the microbe of malaria came to be known as the bacillus of indolence, and finally as the hook-bug, are now lost, and it is not clear why hook-bug should have been finally accepted as its popular name. Possibly some sufferer from it may have been able to get at it with a microscope, and identify it by its curved antennæ, but this is mere conjecture. "If a buff bacillus," says one of Mr. George Ade's fabulous characters, who are the realest Americans going, "with a blue stinger, gets into you, it means lumbago. If one of the six-legged fellows with a plaid husk starts a hatchery somewhere in your preserves, then you may consider yourself elected for spinal meningitis." From its effects, probably, the bacillus of indolence is identified as the popular hook-bug; but before proposing to extirpate it during the coming summer, when the newspapers can give it their full attention, it may be well to inquire whether it is an unmixed evil. The mosquito was hardly detected in the act of scattering broadcast the malaria germ which has now been identified, than it was observed that cancer was unknown in regions where malaria prevails, and if the hook-bug and the malaria germ are really one and the same we ought to think twice before seeking or applying an antidote. Besides, it is very questionable whether on moral or social grounds the hook-bug is to be altogether condemned. It is notorious that the Americans are an overworked people; that the ambition of our men to make money and our women to get into society is resulting in widespread insanity and nervous prostration, as well as universal dyspepsia. We are spreading the terror of our arms and men, especially our business men, all over the earth, and our society women are everywhere marrying dukes, but in the mean while we are, as a nation, losing sleep and flesh, and may well pause and ask ourselves whether the hook-bug has not appeared just in time. We have seen a sort of instinctive effort on the part of the proletariat to protect itself by the legislation of holidays, but our plutocracy, till the rage for the automobile set in, was almost without the means of escape from work. Whether on his yacht or in his seaside or inland cottage, the hapless millionaire was still the victim of his desire for more, and of his study of the means of getting it, and the hook-bug has by no means come too soon to save him. Of course the hook-bug must not be allowed to spread at will among the masses. His diffusion would result in no end of strikes, and the mere endeavor to arbitrate these would annul his benefits in the better classes. But it is to be seriously considered whether a well-philosophized system of inoculation would not prove beneficial to our people at large. Possibly a secondary prophylactic, corresponding to vaccination, could be evolved, and a hook-bug which had been transmitted through some of the wholesomer lower animals might be used to produce a mild type of repose in the human subject, instead of the virulent laziness following its primary attacks. If this could be successfully thought out, the inoculation with the modified microbe of indolence might be made compulsory, especially in the public schools, with great advantage to our population in the future.

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King Edward VII.

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *March 2, 1903.*

KING EDWARD VII. has now been two years on the throne of England. What sort of a king has he made? The question is easier to ask than to answer. Indeed it embraces so much that within the limits of this page it is impossible to answer it at all adequately. There are two views of King Edward as of every monarch. There is the private view, the view you will hear expressed in the after-dinner confidences of politicians, diplomatists, naval and military men, the household officials, and so on; and there is the public view, the general opinion which the masses of the people, working of course from the outside and in a confusion of half-lights, come somehow to form. There is always a gap between these two views, but nowhere is the gap so pronounced as in England. Nowhere else is the difference between the way men speak of the King in private, and the way they speak of him in public so marked. The difference is not wholly due to the magnificently English turn for flunkeyism. If it were, monarchy in England, instead of being the most stable institution of the country, would be a mere bubble waiting for a hand to prick it. Flunkeyism, and the restraint of the proprieties, and the English worship of "good form," have no doubt much to do with it.

The atmosphere of a monarchy does not permit of much outspokenness. The few who know, and could speak from personal experience, pay tribute to *les convenances* by monastically holding their peace, in public at any rate. The many who do not know, and can only guess, arrive at a few general impressions which are more interesting than valuable. In spite of an overwhelming democracy and the "society" papers, the English monarchy is still a close concern; and those who have intimate access to it are but the smallest fraction of the people. This of course is as it should be. Given a monarchy, seclusion must be one of its attributes. It dare not make itself cheap. At all costs the illusion of dignity and ceremonial aloofness must be preserved. A thousand influences, not all of them, perhaps, of the most praiseworthy kind, combine in England to keep it up. And this is the real reason why the opinions of the man in the street on the subject of King Edward have so little in common with the opinions of those who are really inside the Court circle. Listen to the gossip of a London club about the King, and then question an average provincial Englishman — you would hardly guess they were talking of the same person. This is something that should always be borne in mind. London no more represents England than New York represents America, and the "talk of the town" is very far from being the voice of the country.

One of the warmest tributes to King Edward, as a monarch, that I have happened upon directly or indirectly, came from a cabinet minister. He is one of the three or four most powerful statesmen in the country. Many think him the most powerful statesman not only in the country but in the Empire. When she really got to know him, he became a particular favorite with Queen Victoria. He has been thrown into the closest relationship, both private and official, with King Edward for the last fifteen years. Personally he dislikes the King. He disliked him when he was Prince of Wales; he dislikes him now. He has been known to use some startlingly frank adjectives on the subject. His opinion of King Edward VII. as a king is not therefore influenced by any admiration for him as a man. That makes all the more remarkable his deliberately expressed judgment that "from the day of his accession the King has done perfectly." He went on to say that the King's shrewdness and tact and industry and extraordinary quickness in grasping the point of an argument or a situation, had astonished his ministers. He especially praised the King's "manageableness." His Majesty has proved far more docile, more willing to surrender his private wishes, less crotchety than was Queen Victoria. "He had not made a single mistake"; it was "a pleasure to work with him"; you could always rely "on the right thing being said or done at the right moment in the right way." Above all, he is "a man you can convince"; he gives way with imperturbable good humor when he is satisfied that reasons of State require the surrender of private schemes or inclinations. This is emphatic testimony, but a proof that it was not undeserved was forthcoming at the time of the coronation. There were two gentlemen who confidently expected to snaffle peerages from the shower of coronation honors. They were both warm personal friends of the King and, for reasons on which the gossip of the moment had a good deal to say, the King was most anxious to gratify their ambitions. On all such matters Lord Salisbury was usually the most complacent of Prime Ministers. He looked on with cynical detachment. "Oh, don't bother me about the matter!" he is reported to have said a few years ago when his private secretary came to consult him about the annual batch of honors. "Don't bother *me*. Settle it your own way. Make anybody anything you like." But on this occasion even Lord Salisbury was spurred to action and protest. The elevation of the two would-be peers was not acceptable to the bulk of the six hundred odd gentlemen who are qualified to sit in the House of Lords. Lord Salisbury, it was understood, put his foot down very firmly on the proposal. The result was that after a certain amount of feeling had been aroused, the King gave way. I have heard it constantly said by men who are in a position to know that this quality of reasonableness, so conspicuous in the King, is not shared in by the Queen. Ministers have had far more trouble with Queen Alexandra than with King Edward. The Queen has to a simply miraculous degree preserved all the outward charms and graces of a young woman; but she has the misfortune to be somewhat deaf and to fall very far below the King in quickness of comprehension. The ministers and officials who had to consult with her on the innumerable points of etiquette connected with the coronation did not have an easy time of it. There were some astonishing tales flying round London of her feminine obstinacy first in proposing and then in sticking to all sorts of impracticable schemes; and fresh anecdotes of the same kind crop up nearly every day. Indeed the Greville of to-day, if such a man lives, will have to record that for the past eighteen months more gossip has buzzed round the throne than since the time of the great baccarat scandal.

Very little of this reaches the masses, and when it does it is for the most part flatly disbelieved. King Edward's accession marked a time of amnesty. The past was put away and forgiven if not wholly forgotten. The indiscretions of his youth, which were neither few nor of little moment, were buried out of sight, and the country entered on the new reign with full confidence that King Edward would not prove a second Charles. "What is pardonable in a Prince of Wales cannot be condoned in a King," was the text of the many sermons with which the English press paved the new monarch's way. Whether the sermons were taken to heart and acted upon by their recipient is a point on which there are more opinions than one. London clubmen and "society leaders" will smile if you put it to them, and change the subject. The rest of England will answer with an indignant and unanimous "Yes!" What at any rate is certain is that a veil is drawn, and that the King is very much more tender of popular susceptibilities than he used to be. That perhaps is as much as one can expect of a King these days. It is certainly enough to satisfy England, which is not an exacting country below the surface, and will forgive a man almost anything if he will only take the precaution to attend church regularly. People generally have quite made up their minds that the wild-oats period is definitely over, and that nothing now remains to cause uneasiness. That there used to be uneasiness is undeniable. Indeed for many years Queen Alexandra, as Princess of Wales, had considerably more of the affections and esteem of the country than her husband. But now the King is completely re-established, and has a hold over his subjects that it would be difficult to exaggerate.

I was talking of this not long ago to an engine driver at a country railroad station. He was a good royalist. "The most popular man in the world — bar none," he said. "Bar none," he repeated with relish and conviction. That is literally how the enormous masses of Englishmen think of King Edward. One talks of the popularity of Lord Rosebery or Mr. Chamberlain. It is as nothing compared with the King's. In France he is claimed as *un bon Parisien*, and the phrase pretty accurately sums up the English attitude, too. The masses think and speak of him as "a good fellow"—tactful, experienced, hearty, and approachable. He has the instinct, which is always an attractive one, for combining pageantry, show, and ceremony, with the workings of a democratic system. The people like to think of their King "having a good time," attending the theatre, race-course, and polo-ground, without fuss or unnecessary display or any of the military precautions that on the Continent convert the simplest incident into a State event. They also like to think that when ceremony is necessary, no one can be more ceremonial.

On both accounts their opinion of the King would seem to be well justified. He gratifies them by being visible and public without cheapening the Crown, and by the apparent air of heartiness and good-fellowship he diffuses. At the same time he gives them the pomp and glitter and stateliness that no monarchy can safely dispense with. He did so, for instance, yesterday, when for the third time he opened Parliament in state. So far as weather went, it was one of those perfect days that New York sees oftener than this black-canopied capital. The people turned out in their hundreds of thousands, lined both sides of the route from ten to twenty deep, feasted on the flash and glitter of their beloved Guards, on the gorgeous State carriages—and went home jubilantly monarchical, feeling with justice that they were getting their money's worth. So they were, and so they always will while King Edward is on the throne. This year especially one will have a chance of gauging the effects on social London of the accession of a King and particularly of a King who is, above all things, a man of the world and fond of the good things of life. In 1901 the Court was in mourning; in 1902 the season was spoiled by the fiasco of the coronation. This year everything promises finely. The Court will be brilliantly resurrected.

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The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

NOVEMBER

When the service was over I waited by the west front watching the congregation stream out of the gray gloom inside into the primrose-colored lights of sunset. There were two big collies sitting patiently side by side on the edge of the grass, looking with liquid eager eyes at the people coming out. Suddenly two tails began to thump ecstatically, but neither dog moved. It was she. I think I knew from their eagerness it could be none else. With a smile twinking in her eyes she walked to them, and from where I was I could hear her say, "Dear angels, come along," and two tawny streaks fled over the grass.

I waited a little, then followed her. She turned southwards out of the close, over the bridge below which the big trout lie, and into the path through the water-meadows, the two tawny streaks cutting figures like a swallow's flight up and down the road, running at top speed just for the joy of the life that was in them. And once clear of the town, she looked furtively round, saw only one wayfarer a hundred yards behind, and ran too. The wayfarer quickened his pace, ready to drop into a sedate walk if she looked round. Then on the edge of the water she found a stick, and whistling to the dogs, threw it clean across the river, and a double plunge and splash of flying spray followed it. Then the streaks swam back, each holding one end of the beloved stick, dropped it at her feet, and on each side of her shook themselves, so that she was between the waters, and I heart a faint scream of dismay, and then a laugh. My house stands in the road close beyond the end of the meadows, but she went on, and still I followed, past the group of laborers' cottages, where lights were already springing up beneath the dark thatch, and out into the main road. And at that moment I guessed where she would go. Yes, to that house, no other,—the house where Margery lived, the house which was the scene of my dark dreams in August last. The collies rudely pushed their way in before her, after the manner of their impulsive kind, and the door was shut.

I was dining that evening with some people in the town, and met there an old friend of mine who lives a mile or two from here, who has usually some fault to find with me. She had this evening.

"You are a perfect disgrace," she said. "We consider you an old inhabitant of the town, and yet when new and charming people come you cannot find the civility even to leave a card."

"I am sorry," said I, penitently. "Who are they? You know I have been away."

"Well, they are coming here to-night."

"My dear lady, *who* are coming here to-night?"

Then the door opened, and they came, father and daughter.

This afternoon I went to call, up the dark road of my dreams. She had said they would not be in till nearly six, and it was already deep dusk when I reached the house, which stood a black blot against the gray sky. But the window over the porch was lit and open, and the blind drawn down over it, and from inside came a voice singing. I was admitted, but the hall was dark, and as the servant was feeling for the button of the electric light, a step passed along the passage at the head of the stairs, and began to descend, and it was a step that caught my ear with a strangely familiar sound. Then half-way down, even at the moment the light was turned up, it paused, and a voice said, "Oh, is there somebody—" and in the sudden blaze I saw her, and the passages were dark no longer.

"Ah, it's you," she said; "how nice of you to come. Oh, I've left the dogs shut up. Please go into the drawing-room; I'll be there in a moment."

So I turned up the hall to the right, and through the little sitting-room into the drawing-room beyond. She came in a moment afterwards.

"How did you know where the drawing-room was?" she said. "Isn't it the most inconveniently built house you ever saw?"

"The most," said I; "but I know it well. There was a great friend of mine who used to live here."

She looked up suddenly.

"Dick, do you mean?" she asked; "who was killed in South Africa? He was a distant cousin of mine."

"Then his wife was too," said I.

"Yes, I believe so. Why?"

"It partly accounts for it."

"Accounts for what?" she said.

"That you are absolutely the living image of her."

She laughed again.

"Oh dear, it is a terrible responsibility to be like an old acquaintance of somebody's. I shall have to live up to her. I do hope she wasn't very nice. It will be so difficult for me if she was."

"She and Dick were the greatest friends I ever had," said I.

Those beautiful gray eyes grew serious.

"Ah, how dreadful for you," she said. "It was all very sudden, was it not? The child, too."

"Yes, very sudden. I had been dining with her here, and she had gone up stairs when the telegram came. She heard the ring, and leaned over the bannister above the hall—and knew. Then the child was born. She died just at daybreak next morning. She asked me, I remember, to pull up the blind, and said, 'Let in the morning.' That was all."

"Ah, poor thing! poor thing!" she said. Then she looked at me. "Poor thing!" she repeated.

The tea was brought in, and before many minutes her father came in also. They are coming to lunch to-morrow.

That night I was out to dinner, but came home early, and sat for a long time in front of the fire, with work calling on me to do it, but simply incapable. What a strange, inexplicable coincidence it all is! How I long for and dread and love and fear the thoughts of these days that are coming! Surely this is meant to mean something! Think of the millions of little events and decisions which have gone to make up this particular conjuncture. Is it possible that they were all done in haphazard? Or is it another teasing problem that has been set me on this curious checker-board of life, ending in my checkmate,—just a piece of ingenious manœuvring of the pieces, all leading to nothing? I cannot believe that. Yet if it is not that, if love is the answer to it all.... I love to be with her; and since that afternoon in the cathedral I have thought of nothing but her. But love her? I know it is not that—yet. It is that by this curious trick which Nature has played, I feel, I am cheated into feeling that Margery is here with me again. It is as if there had been made an image of Margery, like in every respect, not only in externals, in voice, appearance, gesture, but in the deeper things as well, in her gayety and her tenderness, in that quick sympathy which sprang into being at the moment the call was made. Yet God never makes facsimiles; she too is a living soul, of her own identity, and none other's. Or—the wildest impossibilities riot in my brain to-night—is this some wraith of my Margery, Dick's Margery, sent God knows whence, to comfort me, or to drive me insane? Was there in my love for Margery, after she was Dick's wife, something which was evil, which kept suggesting, "If this had been otherwise, if Dick died?" . . . Yes, there was that. Day after day there was that. I tried to fight it; indeed, I tried. But I did not conquer it for a whole year. But in June, on the last evening of all, when she spoke to me in the garden of the dear event that was coming, it dropped dead, or so I hoped and believed. Yet for a whole year I let it live: is God going to punish me for that by these cruel means? To make me love again, and again go hungry?

It cannot be: again and again I tell myself it cannot be. But so I told myself when the telegram of Dick's death came, and, in spite of all my telling, it was true, and the tears of the whole world could not wash out a word of it. But if once more I am to go unrequited, I do not see how I can bear it. It would be wiser to see no more of this incarnation of Margery. At present I love seeing her because—because that pressed and withered flower I always carry with me has, so to speak, blushed again with the hues of life, and a living fragrance breathes from it. But Helen—I think I have not mentioned her name before—this incarnation of Margery, is also a living woman with an identity of her own. How if from loving her of whom she so sweetly and poignantly reminds me, I pass to loving herself? And if she does not care?

No, I will see her no more. My life is my own, and I will not risk that great stake again. I know the unutterable sweetness of loving. I know too the unutterable emptiness of love unrequited, even though from her who loved me not I had such a wealth of trust and womanly affection. I know also how good the world is, how full and brimming with things that are lovely and of good report. For two years, in spite of what went before, God knows how much happiness I have been allowed to enjoy, how rich I have been, levying my tax of joy on all created things, on all the strings of human emotions, except one only, love, definite love for one woman. It is strange if I cannot be content without it. True; often and often I have felt and shall feel again that this would crown all the rest; but if I again do my part in it, let myself love this girl, and nothing comes of it, how well I know with what a sense of dejection and impotence I shall have to begin again from the beginning, picking up the scattered pieces of the structure known as "I," fitting them together till some sort of coherent entity, a person of some kind, again pursues some sort of reasonable way through the world. And I distrust my own power of picking myself up again: I am afraid that this time I should let the pieces lie about, shrug shoulders at them, and drift, fossilize, vegetate, what you will.

Bitterness as black as sin and salt as the Dead Sea rises in my throat. What would I not give to see a mother with her child and my child at her breast? How unspeakably I long for that! Was it my fault that Margery loved Dick, not me? Very good; it was my fault: I have borne the punishment, and I bear it now, and I shall always bear it. And I will try to avoid the possibility of being punished for another such fault.

So I fall back again onto my life of little things. I will read the whole of Shakespeare through by next March; I will try to keep my temper; I will try to do a little honest work; I will try dancing here with the rest of the human race.

To be Continued.

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Correspondence

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE SOUTH

PARIS COMMERCIAL CLUB,
PARIS, TEXAS, *February 13, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have noted with pleasure your attitude toward different public questions, and among them the duties that lay before the two great political parties, and I am led to think that you will find something of interest in the enclosed copy of a letter written over a year ago to a Northern friend, who had asked me, in all sincerity, if the real reason of the non-growth of the Republican party in the South was not due to a feeling here of hostility to it as the party of the Union during the civil war:

"The mutations since the civil war have been many, but among them has not been any change in the disposition of the Republican party toward the South; it remains inimical, and yet there is wonder, such as you express, that it has not shown growth here.

"Have you and others ever considered this problem?

"Why a great party, guided by men of brains, pursuing a strong national policy, with issues upon which men would naturally divide, has found no respectable intelligent adherents in one-third of the Union?

"This is the fact. I can only give you a Southern man's reason for it, and the war or the attitude of the party during the war has nothing to do with it.

"First: The men who pose, and who are recognized, as your leaders in the South, do not want a party here other than as it is. They are mainly political adventurers who have formed a close corporation, farm out the negro vote in national Republican conventions, and divide the crop of Southern Federal patronage.

"If the Republican party became strong in the South, if it became a party of patriotism and intelligence, these adventurers would disappear, become 'statesmen out of jobs,' and their whole effort is to prevent this. Their whole aim has been to prevent the righteous people North and South from understanding each other, and as a means to this have used the negro as a cause of irritation to the North and of repulsion to the South: to a Southern man the Republican party means 'the negro'; to the Northern party the South means 'abuse of the negro.'

"Arising from this we have a constant hostility of the Republican party to the South, which has driven Southern men away from any consideration of its claims or policies as a broad national party. That the South is loyal to the Union and has proven it, that she is ready to respond to a generous deed or thought, that, impoverished by the war and under such burdens as few people have ever struggled with, her industrial development has been marvellous, and accompanied by other changes making it a field for the widest and wisest statesmanship—has been ignored; we have been isolated, and forced into one political alliance, and whatever we have achieved has been in spite of, and not with any aid or counsel of, the Republican party.

"To the negro 'as a negro' there is no enmity in the South. In every business relation he has an equal and exact show with his white neighbor. He can be, and is, lawyer, preacher, doctor, teacher, tradesman, craftsman, farmer, and laborer; in these relations he has the countenance and support of the white people and the protection of the courts, fully and fairly rendered. Out of our scant means we have provided for his children the same education we have provided for our own. But here we stop.

"No class of Southern people are willing to be ruled by the negro, or by the designing white men who have had him in hand as a political machine, and run him 'for what there was in it.'

"For the same reason that the decent people of New York fight the rule of Croker and the Tammany grafters do we fight the rule of the Southern wing of the Republican party as now constituted of an ignorant and often vicious mass, led by a few political plunderers. Their rule means the ascendency of ignorance and corruption. One experience we have had when 'the past and the present were plundered, and the future mortgaged,' and we want no more of it.

"If in the North there existed anywhere a negro element such as we have, of large enough vote and under leadership, to endanger what all Americans consider good government, you would have there the same close cohesion of all good people in opposition to negro rule.

"Further, the South is intensely American; nine-tenths of her people are of Revolutionary stock; it has had but slight foreign admixture; its characteristics, thoughts, and ideals are Saxon; it has all the Saxon's pride of race and race achievement, and any one who expects such a people to be ruled by other than their own kind has not read aright the history of the race. To us the negro is alien and inferior, and while he is welcome to live and earn, to all that goes into material welfare, socially and politically, he is alien and inferior and shall so remain; he is not of our race, and with it shall not commingle.

"The South is not naturally Democratic; prior to 1860 it was a strong Whig section, and the Republican party could have been a strong growing factor in Southern political life if it had not pandered to sectionalism and negrophilism.

"Take the free-silver craze. In Texas alone in 1900 140,000 absent Democratic votes simply because Bryan and free silver could not command their support. Many people in the South believe in an assured financial system, in the growth of the country, in our flag, and all it should stand for to the peoples of this world, and in many things not represented by our present style of leaders; but, deep as is our interest in these things, deeper yet is our feeling for a decent, honest, local administration, in the supremacy of our race and its supreme fitness to rule and govern.

"Statesmanship may be partisan, but should never be sectional: sectionalism, destroying the opportunity for growth in the rebuffed section, leaves the party entirely dependent upon the other, and it, quick to see its advantage, soon becomes dictator to the party for its own selfish ends, and today the Republican party is ridden by interests that can take away its strength in your section while its own conduct has barred it from recouping here. This is an evil for the country, and an evil for any great party that seeks to govern the country.

"During the sad days after the tragedy at Buffalo there was heard from the South no word of approval, even of extenuation. Only a deep, sincere sorrow for the President and his loved ones; an equally deep and sincere indignation for the deed.

"The sturdy Americanism of the South would under no conditions condone anarchy. But have you not at the North a large, and, under our loose emigration laws, a growing element that applauded as loudly as it dared the murder of the President? Is not this element a standing threat against a government of the people, against 'liberty under the law'? And is not the day coming when the American people will thank God for the strong, steadfast Americanism of the South as the best safeguard of this government of the Fathers?

"Let the negro go. Let him understand that, North or South, there is a white people who will not link their race to his coarser clay 'to drag them down.' That, politically and socially, the white man is the ruling man. Eliminate him as a national question, and you will nearly eliminate the negro question. Industrially, there is no question.

"When that is done? When North and South there arise statesmen who ignore sectional lines, and with wide and wise vision see that there is a great and united country awaiting their guidance to 'the shining hills of hopes fulfilled,' then will Republicanism, like Democracy, become the faith of a country, and not of a section."

I am, sir,

COLLEGES FOR GIRLS

PASADENA, CAL., *February 26, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of February 14, 1903, you had a fine bit of writing in résumé of gifts to education during the year 1902 (I believe it was so limited: the number is not by me) in which I was interested.

It occurred to me that you might be the means of a great service to the general educational facilities of the country if you chose to call attention to the rather remarkable fact that all the colleges of first rank for young women only are situated in the extreme East, *not one being west of the Alleghany Mountains.* This occurred to me some years ago (while I was visiting this section for the first time) as a strange thing. It also occurred to me that a college of like grade with Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, etc., would be finely located here in Pasadena, where pupils could study out-of-doors *all the year round*, giving to some, who are physically unable to take a college course where so much of the life must be in heated and partially ventilated rooms, a chance to do it in the sunny land, the sunniest good section of our whole United States, where doors and windows stand open (or may and should) all day, every day.

Subsequent residence here has confirmed me in the wisdom of a philanthropy which would found such a college, equal in grade to Stanford and Berkeley, in this choice city of homes. One year I ascertained that 141 young women from this coast were in attendance on the Eastern schools, while Stanford had nearly 300 from east of the Rockies. President Jordan tells me this is a regular thing, and said he believed that such a college here would be a godsend to Eastern girls and parents.

Smith began with less than $400,000. A foundation of that sum might be conditioned on the subscription of an equal amount by the residents of the Pacific coast, which *would be done*, the founder to name the college.

There are a good many on this coast who can't afford to go East, and don't like to go to a mixed college, who would thereby be able to add a college course to the high-school course, with which they now cease school-work.

I have crudely given some of the points. If you should care to put a brief note in the WEEKLY, it might find the founder.

I may add that I am interested in this only as an educator, being anchored *for life* to my Lasell.

I am, sir,
C. C. BRAGDON,
Principal Lasell Seminary, Auburndale, Massachusetts.

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The Last Work of Frank Norris

TIME will no doubt undo the effect of death in taking the gifted young novelist from his task, so far as to relieve his last book from the appearance of challenging the primacy of his earlier and more masterly achievements. It is the present misfortune of his fame that the second drama of the three which he imagined for his greatly designed trilogy of The Wheat should follow haltingly upon the first with a pace which the third shall never come to help it mend. But it will be all the more the care, as it should be the generous will, of those who read *The Pit* to remember that we have had *The Octopus*, and that we were to have had *The Wolf*, in which the story of the food and famine of the world was, and was to have been, fully told. The first of these three was adequate, and the second is not adequate, but it is more adequate than it seems in the incomplete perspective. One may fancy in it the faltering of the hand unconsciously prophetic of fate, the impatience of him who fights with numbered days; for as Lowell said of Keats, "as we turn the leaves, they seem to warm and thrill our fingers with the flush of his warm senses, and the flutter of his electrical nerves, and we do not wonder he felt that what he did was to be done swiftly."

The book has the pathos of this apparent haste, and yet looked at with due reflection it has not the effect of a hastily imagined thing. The material is less picturesque and less dramatic than that of the book dealing with the growth and garnering of the wheat in the fields which were robbed as well as reaped. There is no such episode as the struggle of the farmer, gun in hand, with the railroad, but the descent into the Pit of the great Bull who has been destroying himself in his reckless play with the suffering of millions of men and women and children, is no mean incident, and the novelist has wrought it into fiction both strong and fine. The pity of the thing is that so much of the book relates to the unimportant society side of the business, to the half-cultured, half-ignorant, wholly egotistical woman who stands for the heroine, when its sole heroine should have been The Wheat. The author has not sufficiently mastered her personality, though he has almost done it, to let us feel that he feels her essential vulgarity; he has not shown us a rich nature depraved by the reckless game of the man fighting and tricking the hapless unhungered for the bread in their mouths, but a cheap nature ready to betray him for the flatteries and caresses of another cheap nature. The tragedy is not in the domestic story of Laura and Curtis Jadwin, but in that of the poor old Cresslers, who are dragged down with their wreck, and are sacrificed against their wills and principles to the insensate ambition of Jadwin. Before the story is finished, one has quite ceased to care for either of the Jadwins, whether she was ruined through her greedy vanity or he through his ruthless lust of power. Let her go with the meretricious esthete who makes love to her; let him fall under the feet of his enemies in the Pit; we cannot care, and we are not interested to know that they really go to a new scene to rehabilitate their unessential lives.

Perhaps if the author had taken time to think out his material a little more thoroughly he would have found a hint in it of immense importance to our imperfect civilization, a truth known dimly and dumbly to those who suffer the worst harm from the facts. It is not alone the luxury of our Jadwins which is vulgar; it is the Jadwins themselves who are vulgar, by whatever other names they call themselves in Chicago or New York, or by whatever difference of social circumstance they distinguish themselves from one another. It is for such brute state as theirs that the earth groans with harvests and her children with hunger, and we have not quite an assurance from the novelist that he senses their vulgarity. He leaves us to fear that somehow the woman's beauty, and the man's courage have blinded him. Yet there are passages and touches throughout the book that testify to his insight and his ability to paint the make as the well as the manner of his people. There is excellent characterization in his work, and occasionally a robust and powerful dramatization. For him it is too late to inquire whether the savage mock-splendor of the Chicago which he portrays has not held for him the glamour that it may have worn for him in his earlier years, and whether he has not approached it with less detachment than he kept in dealing with the facts of his California story, which he saw with maturer eyes; but for the critic of his work, and for the student, the suggestion may have value.

The book wants balance, as we have hinted, and it is overweighted with fact of the less rather than the greater importance; it should have toppled, if at all, to the side of the wheat gambler—not the wheat gambler's wife. Where the work is with the scenes in the grain exchange, the Pit, it is always masterly, from that first glimpse of the Pit in the beginning, to that battle-piece at the last where Jadwin breaks with tradition and convention, and he, the great Bull, enters the arena in person, and fights the Bears to his death. In these moments, and such as these the book magnificently succeeds, but there are other moments when it is as true and still finer, such as those when it reveals the prim, pure, high nature of a girl like Page Dearborn; the gentle, motherly goodness of Mrs. Cressler; the flat, kind, commonplace of Mrs. Wessels. For the rest, one could have wished the material had been scanned by the severer eye of the author's later experience. It is on the society side that it is weak; it is not so weak on the social side; and on the human side it is worthy to stand with the author's greater work: not on the same level, indeed, and yet not fatally below it, as nine-tenths of our other fiction must. On what may be called the physical side, it is wonderful. You can see, hear, feel those people.

"Astronomy Invoked to aid Religion"

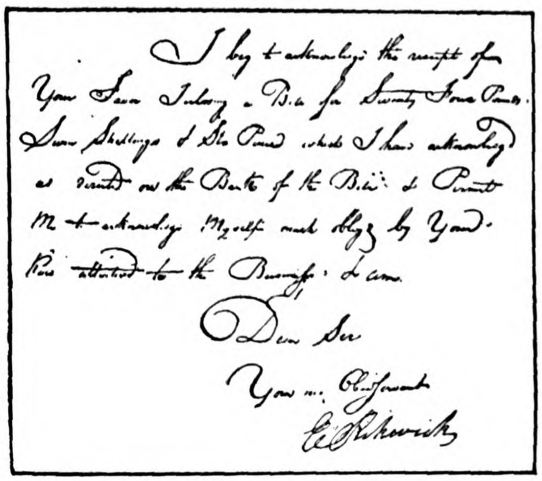
THE geocentric theory of the universe has been revived in a new form, and that by a scientist who, although not an astronomer, has, as a naturalist, acquired the highest reputation in his specific field of research. Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the author of the article in the *Fortnightly Review* for March entitled "Man's Place in the Universe"—the substance of which was cabled to the New York *Sun*—does not, of course, assert that the sun moves round the earth. What he undertakes to do is to advance a series of arguments in support of the hypothesis that the solar system is the physical centre of the stellar universe, and that the earth is the only member of the solar system in which life not dissimilar to that with which we are familiar could have been originated and evolved. If these premises are admitted, the conclusion deduced by Dr. Wallace would be that the supreme end and purpose of the vast universe was the production and development of the living soul in the perishable body of man. The arguments may be summed up in a few sentences. First, the stellar universe is limited, the number of stars made visible by telescopes of the highest powers approximating to the number of stars in existence. The proof of this assertion is the fact that while, as we proceed from stars of the first to those of the ninth magnitude, the number at each lesser magnitude is about three times that of the next higher, not only does this rate of increase fail to be maintained as we pierce further into the depths of space, but is replaced by a continuous diminution in the number of stars. An approach to the outer limits of the stellar universe is thereby indicated. To put the same fact in figures, there would be about 1,400,000,000 stars visible, if the rate of increase observed down to the ninth magnitude had been retained down to the seventeenth magnitude. As a matter of fact, the latest estimate does not exceed 100,000,000. The same conclusion as to the limited extent of the stellar universe is deduced from an analysis of the laws of light. Professor Newcomb and other physicists have affirmed that, if the number of stars were infinite, their combined light would be fully equal to that of the sun at midday, while, as a matter of fact, starlight is only one-fortieth as powerful as moonlight. This proof, viewed in connection with the continuous diminution of the number of stars remarked as we penetrate from those of the ninth to those of the seventeenth magnitude, is regarded by Dr. Wallace as conclusive evidence of the limited extent of the stellar universe. It is contended, in the second place, that the inference from the whole mass of facts accumulated by means of the best modern telescopes is that our sun occupies a position very near, if not actually at the centre, of the whole visible universe, and, therefore, in every probability, at the centre of the whole material universe. As for the third position, namely, that life, as we know it, could not have originated and evolved in any member of the solar system except the earth, there is no doubt that a large majority of astronomers and physicists would accept it.

It is obvious that Dr. Wallace's purpose is to overthrow the main objection to the Christian view of creation. The tendency of astronomical research up to the present time has been so to emphasize the vastness and complexity of the stellar universe as to reduce the importance of the relatively tiny spheroid that we call the earth almost to the vanishing-point. In the light of such knowledge, sceptics have pointed out the irrationality of supposing that the Creator of such a universe should have felt any special interest in so pitiful a creature as man, the imperfectly developed inhabitant of one of the smaller planets attached to a second or third rate sun. They have dwelt on the inconceivability of assuming that the Creator would have selected this tiny orb for the scene of the sacrifice of His Son, in order to save a portion of its inhabitants from the natural consequences of their sins. This objection to Christianity's conception of the cosmos would lose much, if not all, of its weight could we believe with Dr. Wallace that we occupy the central position in the universe, and that nowhere else could the orderly development of living souls be attained. What ground is there for assuming that the conditions would be more favorable on a planet belonging to a system at the centre of the universe than they would be on a planet belonging to a system remote from the centre? Does Dr. Wallace mean to assert that the heat generated by our sun is greater than that emitted by any other of the stars? That, certainly, is not the conclusion at which many of the foremost astronomers have arrived. This, at least, however, must be said for Dr. Wallace, that he has taken the bull by the horns.

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Books and Bookmen

THE anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens was celebrated at Bath, on February 7, by the unveiling of a tablet, and a Dickens dinner. Dickens never lived in Bath, but his intimate friendship with Walter Savage Landor, who lived there for many years, took him to the city often. On such visits he stayed at Landor's house in St. James's Square, and here he planned out the story of Little Nell. The tablet to Dickens has been placed on No. 35, St. James's Square. It was hoped that Dickens's only surviving son, Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., would have been able to unveil the tablet to the memory of his father, but he was unable to leave London, and the task was performed by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, President of the Dickens Fellowship. The ceremony was witnessed by a large gathering. In the evening a dinner was held in the Assembly Rooms, where a delightful Dickens *menu* was provided. The courses included "boiled mutton and caper sauce, with the usual trimmings," and "chops and tomato sauce," etc. Interesting letters were read at the meeting, from Lord Roberts, Lord Rosebery, the Dean of Rochester, and others. Lord Rosebery said: "I am glad to hear you are going to celebrate the birthday of Dickens at Bath, and trust that your celebration will be held in the room in which Mr. Pickwick played his immortal game of whist." Lord Roberts wrote: "The works of Charles Dickens always had a great fascination for me, and I well remember with what delight I used as a boy to look forward to the arrival of the monthly number of *David Copperfield*, and I have always retained my admiration for his works."

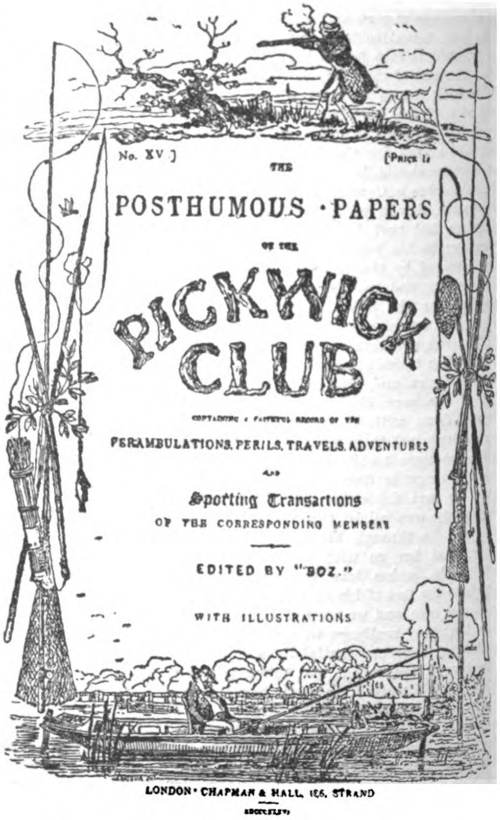


Facsimile of a Receipt signed by E. Pickwick

The accompanying facsimile of a receipt, signed by "E. Pickwick," which is dated Bath, January 5, 1802, is a curiosity inasmuch as it is the original document from the hand of a celebrated coach proprietor at Bath, from whom or from whose coaches Dickens derived the name of his hero in *The Pickwick Papers*. Another curiosity is the reproduction of the original cover design that was printed on the celebrated green covers of *Pickwick*, as it appeared in monthly numbers. The drawing was made by Seymour, and it is noticeable that the only figures in the design—Mr. Winkle with the gun, and Mr. Pickwick angling—are both engaged in sport. The fact is, as nearly every one knows, that Seymour's sketches were to be the chief feature of the work; the facetious drawings being intended as a joke at the expense of the Cockney sportsman, and as Dickens had made an impression as a facetious humorist in *Sketches by Boz*, the suggestion that he should write up to the drawings came about naturally. Observe that these papers are put down as being "edited by 'Boz.'" But the work, undertaken at first as a bit of hack writing, took hold of the writer's imagination, and very soon he insisted that the drawings should grow out of the text, and ultimately obtained permission to write in his own way. The design for the cover and four illustrations in the first number were all that Seymour executed. Dickens set out with only the vaguest scheme for the book, and even the personality of his central character was not clearly defined. The first type for Pickwick was a long, thin man. It was Mr. Chapman, the publisher, of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, who originated the figure of Pickwick as we know him, by a description which he gave Seymour of a friend of his at Richmond, who wore drab tights and gaiters.

The opera bouffe burlesque, "Mr. Pickwick," which is being played in this city has started several metropolitan pens writing on past performances of Dickens, and possible revivals and new versions in the future. So far as we have observed, none of these chroniclers has recalled the interesting fact that Dickens himself showed early theatrical proclivities. At the age of nineteen he had resolved upon a theatrical career, and while preparing himself to become a reporter in one of the offices in Doctors'-Commons, he applied to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre for an opportunity to show what he could do. Only the accident of illness prevented his keeping an appointment which was granted him, and, getting a start in journalism soon after, the application was not renewed. Plainly, as Mr. Gissing in his admirably written *Life of Dickens* points out, Dickens came very near indeed to entering upon an actor's life, and so close throughout was his connection with the theatrical world, that one cannot glance at this incident as a mere detail in the story of his youth. It declares a natural bent of mind, and he did in the end become, if not strictly an actor, at all events a public entertainer whose strongest efforts were produced by the exercise of melodramatic talent. As an amateur, he acted frequently throughout his life. As a dramatic author he might have succeeded had he bent his energies to the task with serious intent; but what attempts he made in "The Strange Gentleman," a farce played in 1836, in "The Village Coquettes," a libretto produced in the same year, and in "The Lamplighter," a farce written in 1838, but never acted, gave no great evidence of dramatic powers.

The recent news of the arrest at Budapest of a notorious gang of thieves, whose chief turned out to be a publisher, recalls the story of George Augustus Sala's presenting a Bible to a certain London publisher who had handled some of his books. The publisher was at a loss to understand just why he should have been singled out for this peculiar gift, until some time after he discovered a slight change in the wording of John xviii. 40, where the phrase, "Now, Barabbas was a robber," was made to read "Barabbas was a publisher." When Miss Corelli's *Barabbas* appeared with this text on the title-page, a reviewer, quoting the words in his review, evidently indistinctly written, received the proof with the amazing statement, "Barabbas was a ratter." Correcting it, he deemed it wise to see the review through to a finish in print, and asked for another proof. Either the proof-reader was not given to searching the Scriptures, or his zeal for truth led him to overconscientiousness, for the writer found his correction garbled to read, "*Barabbas* was a rotter!"



Facsimile of Original "Pickwick" Cover Design

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Finance

THE vision of financial reform and of a much-needed elasticity of currency, held out before American business men, has passed in a political wrangle in which jealousy and the spite of factions have unfortunately figured. It was hardly to be expected that a short session of Congress could have passed a measure of so much moment and one so radical in comparison with our own antiquated system. But the crisis of last fall demanded that legislative precedents be set aside in the universal clamor for ways and means of conducting the business of a constantly expanding nation. The opponents of the Aldrich bill in the Republican party, or rather those who silently condemned it while they attempted to substitute their own proposal for asset currency, are now considering the introduction of a bill at the next session of more popular form, and are likely to make concession to the demand for less liberality in banking convenience. With Congress adjourned and the currency system on the old basis, there is no loss and probably a good deal of gain, as the necessity for legislation that will improve the banking methods of the United States is more prominent to a larger number of persons than ever before. Recent years have produced a cumulative moral support to financial reform measures of sufficient strength to give authors of currency bills ever-increasing audiences. Eventually, some degree of success will be accomplished. But the question that is agitating bankers, who cannot act on promises or possibilities, is, What is to be done until a new Congress meets? What will the Secretary of the Treasury do to assist, now that he has bought all of the government bonds available, and with the necessity for withdrawing deposits in national banks to fulfil government obligations, rather than to augment those deposits, as he did last November? The municipal bond dealers, who have had an unmarketable mass of securities for several years, seem to think that the solution of the whole problem lies in the acceptance of their various issues as security, but the Treasurer withdrew his act of purchase as soon as the money stringency had been relieved. He may, however, renew it in emergency. It is emergency measures that will have to be appealed to until the statutes are changed. The situation will be more complicated and much more serious this year, inasmuch as $40,000,000 (estimated) of moneys will be withdrawn from circulation by the trust companies of New York city, who are required after June 1 to maintain a reserve of 5 per cent., gradually increasing to 10 or 15 per cent. Heretofore their moneys have been on deposit with the local banks, who have loaned them out on call.

The stock-market is without a leader; is likely to be for some time. No one wants the task of infusing the speculative spirit into a public that slowly accepts the current preachments on ways to secure material profit. And the men who might lead have no encouragement from the more powerful ones who really create the conditions. The lack of support given to syndicate operations, which two years ago would have yielded very handsome profits to subscribers, shows conclusively that even the largest banking interests have extended their credits to a point where they are approaching deadweight. The latest return of the associated banks of New York city gives the loans as $950,156,000, and the deposits as $956,206,000. A $75,000,000 expansion in loans in a month's time is quite too rapid an increase for safety measures. A vigorous Western money demand has started, and the South will soon be requiring her seasonal fund for planting. The enormous home consumption, which draws on the markets of foreign countries and adds to our customs receipts, while decreasing our balance of trade, puts money into an unyielding treasury to the country's exasperation. The money-market has started in to show these unsatisfactory conditions, with the result that mercantile accommodations for time periods have risen 1 per cent. in a comparatively short period. This is one of the most salient causes influencing the stagnation and the slight weakness in the stock-market.

The prospect of gold exports, which has been hanging over the market for some time, has passed into a somewhat remote contingency since the advance in money rates. It has been figured out that a very large sum would be sent to France to pay off the loans made during the past twelve months. As it is now, the shipments are likely to stop with small amounts sent to Argentina. As a matter of fact, the past week has seen the reappearance of loan bills on the New York market. There is not much likelihood of borrowing money in London, where the demand for domestic needs maintains a firm rate, but a 5-per-cent. time rate here will, if continued, send funds this way from French bankers, who, with large supplies, have not a very heavy home requirement. The New York bank reserves are down to the lowest point for this season for many years. There is still enormous business activity, and corporate enterprises are reaping a large proportion of profit from their activities. So the good and the bad features of the general financial situation are curiously intermingled, balancing, in some instances; again, the one outweighing the other. On the one hand are seen increased dividends, and, on the other, increased capital issues. And there are current examples of new capitalizations being spread over a very thin surface.

A PLAIN TALK ABOUT HARPER'S WEEKLY

NEARLY a year ago HARPER'S WEEKLY first appeared in its present form—an editorial comment section of sixteen pages and an illustrated section of twenty-four pages, forty pages in all, not counting the special numbers. From the start the New WEEKLY succeeded even beyond our own expectations. Its appeal is to every American of intelligence. If you have seen a copy of the WEEKLY during the past year, you know how its aims—the interesting exposition of American progress and of the vital questions of the day and hour—have been carried out. And if you are a reader of the WEEKLY, you know, also, that if you never saw another paper, daily or weekly, you would have every week from HARPER'S WEEKLY the complete news of the world in text and pictures, by the best writers and artists.

Every week there are, besides the editorial comment and special articles on the vital questions of the hour, complete articles on American progress, summing up fully the present situation and showing where we lead or will lead in art, science, industry, education, literature, the mechanical arts, etc. In a forthcoming number, now arranged for, William Dean Howells will write an article on the outlook in literature, and will, besides, be a regular contributor on current questions and events; Mark Twain, also, will write regularly for the WEEKLY. There will be special articles on the home—home life, the outlook in business and in the professions, and so on—which will be of special interest to every woman. This issue begins the series of new covers. There will be a different cover from now on every week.

Next week, among other features, there will be a character sketch of King Edward, drawn for the WEEKLY by Peter Newell; twenty years of American opera with the outlook apropos of the 20th anniversary of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York; the practical use of wireless telegraphy in actual war, etc.

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(*CONDENSED*)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

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January 12, 1903

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE Greater New York Charter, that the books called "The Annual Record of the Assessed Valuation of Real and Personal Estate of the Boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond, comprising The City of New York," will be open for examination and correction on the second Monday of January, and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1903.

During the time that the books are open to public inspection, application may be made by any person or corporation claiming to be aggrieved by the assessed valuation of real or personal estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan, at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 280 Broadway.

In the Borough of The Bronx, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building, One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh Street and Third Avenue.

In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.

In the Borough of Queens, at the office of the Department, Hackett Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City.

In the Borough of Richmond, at the office of the Department, Masonic Building, Stapleton.

Corporations in all the Boroughs must make applications only at the main office in the Borough of Manhattan.

Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of personal estate must be made by the person assessed at the office of the Department in the Borough where such person resides, and in the case of a non-resident carrying on business in The City of New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough where such place of business is located, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., except on Saturday, when all applications must be made between 10 A. M. and 12 noon.

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GEORGE J. GILLESPIE,
SAMUEL STRASBOURGER,
RUFUS L. SCOTT,
Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments.

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Illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn

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FASHION'S OUTLOOK FOR 1903, by A. T. Ashmore, with illustrations by Ethel and Guy Rose, of Paris.
THE SHIRT WAIST OF 1903, and SHIRT WAIST SUITS, illustrated.
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A brilliant paper in which one of the best American essayists pays her respects to that misunderstood and noble band.

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"THE EARTH CRY," a Poem, by Theodosia Garrison.
"THE ULTIMATE MOMENT," Chapter IV.; by Wm. R. Lighton.
"AN EASTER CANTICLE," By Clinton Scollard.
"SPRING RECIPES," By Maria Blay.
"HOUSEHOLD LACES."
"THE TAILOR FINISH."
"STORIES WITHOUT WORDS," Picture No. 4, by Florence Scovel Shinn.
"OLD BLUE CHINA," by J. W. Guthrie.
"THE RESIGNATION OF THE SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT," by Caroline Benedict Burrell; illustrated by J. K. Bryans.
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Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

WAITING

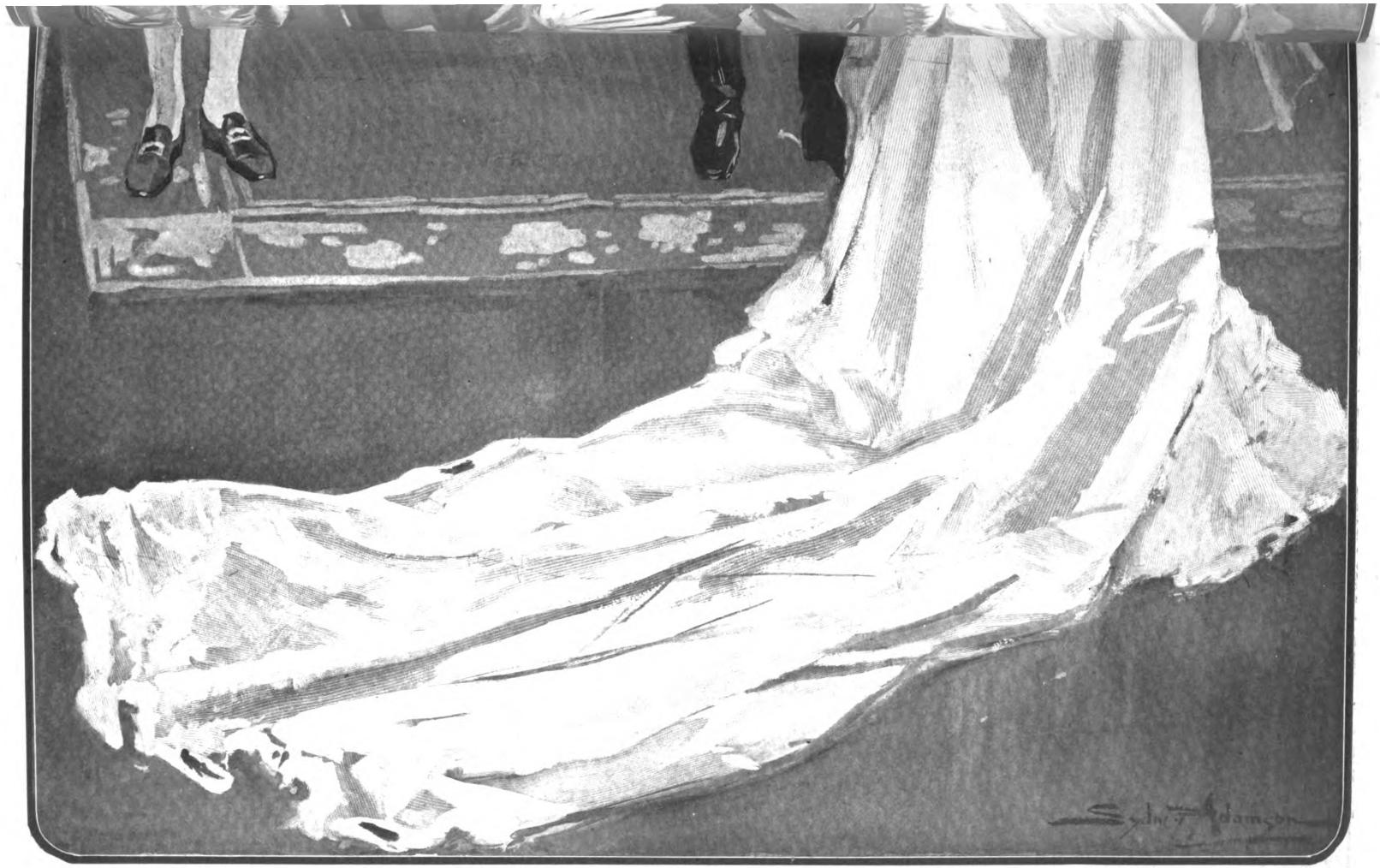
Here am I, but where is he?
What delays him? What beguiles?
Whose distracting words or wiles
Keeps my fated one from me?

I am I, but who is he?
Is he rich enough to spare
Hours and days that I might share,
Loitering unaware of me?

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THE AMERICAN GIRL AT THE COURT OF KING EDWARD

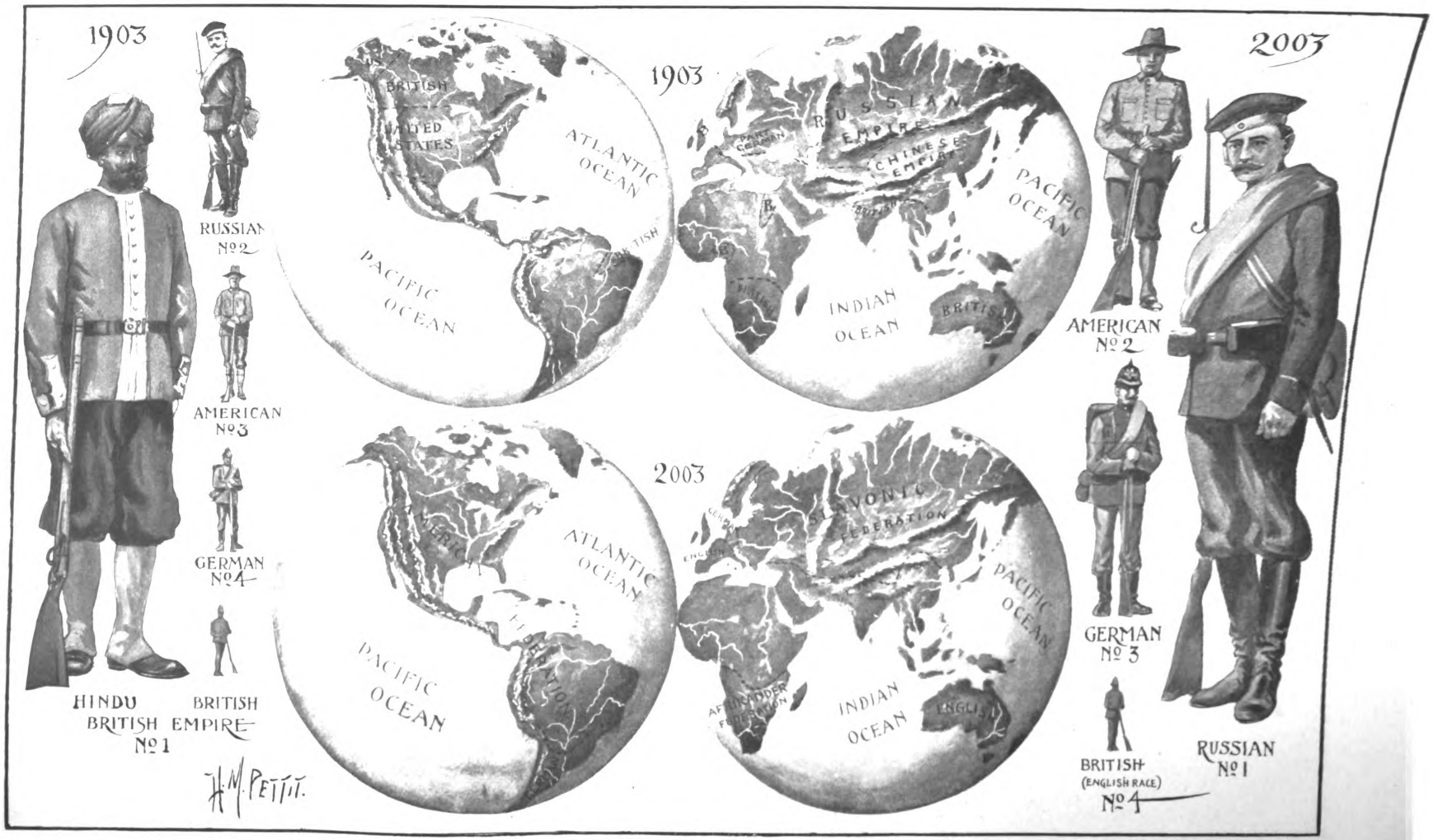
The presentation of the American girl at the English court gives her the entrée into the best social life of Europe. This year the first presentation took place on Friday of this week at the Drawing Room in Buckingham Palace. Miss Evans, the daughter of Henry Clay Evans, who has just been appointed Consul-General to London by the President, was the first American girl of the season to be formally received by the King and Queen

Drawn by Sydney Adamson

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See article on next page

WHO WILL CONTROL THE WORLD A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW?

To-day, in 1903, the British Empire leads the world in territory, power, and, exclusive of China, in population. To-morrow, in 2003, the prospects are that Russia, having absorbed China, will lead in population, while the United States, having absorbed North and South America, will be first in territory and power. The probable division of territory and the relative development of races in population are shown in the above drawing

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A Century Hence

By Charles Johnston

Bengal Civil Service (Retired)

In every community there are a few men ho count; the rest take their direction om these. In society, a small number of omen of originality and power take the ad in everything, while the rest are glad o follow suit. So in the greater society, ne greater community of the world, a few ations or races count, and the rest are uled by these; not only politically, but n thought, feeling, genius, and inspira- ion.

In looking forward to see what a cen- ury may bring forth, the first matter to et clear is which of the nations count, and hich are, as the Sanskrit proverb says, mere empty measures, filling up the gran- ry." One sound and practical way is to ee which races have succeeded in estab- ishing sovereignty over a large number of ndividuals; in other words, to begin with he largest empires, numerically, and to work down from these to the lesser powers. For to establish an imperium over a vast body of men is one of the very strongest symptoms of effectiveness in a race. The

(Continued on page 441.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP ould always be used for children teething. It soothes the ld, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and he best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

WHY MODIFY MILK

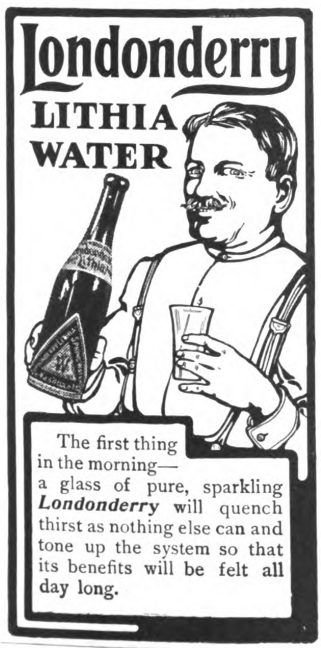
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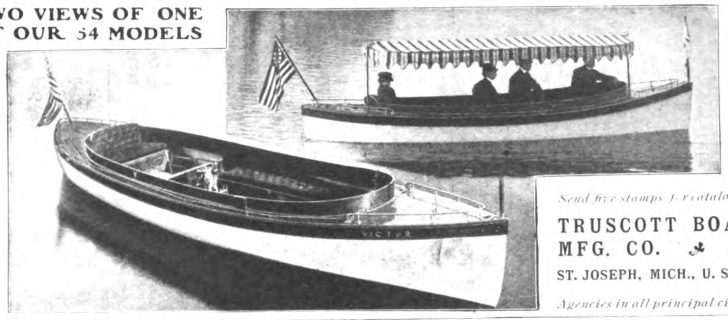
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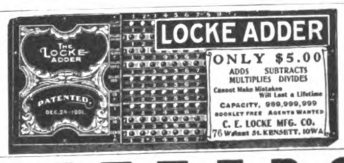












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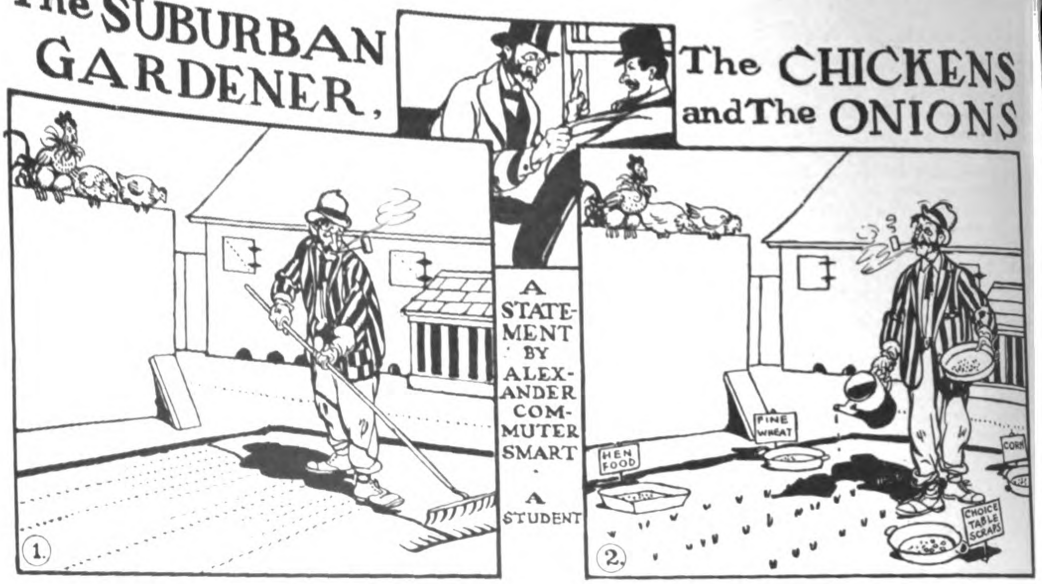
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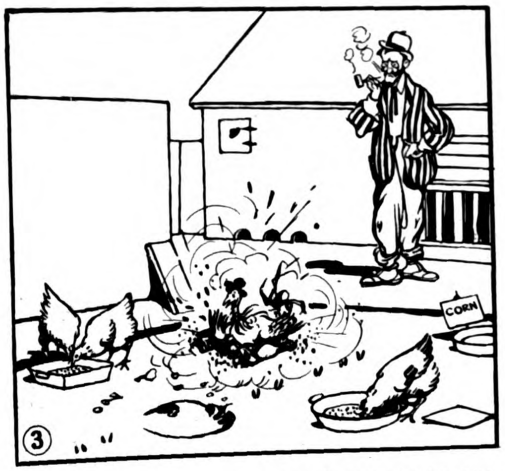
The SUBURBAN GARDENER, and The CHICKENS and The ONIONS

A STATEMENT BY ALEXANDER COMMUTER SMART · A STUDENT

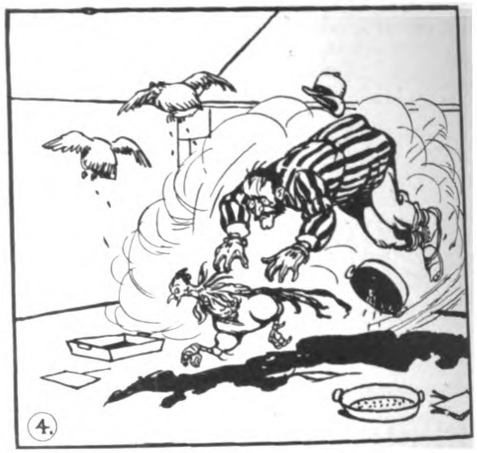


First of all, I must explain that the onion bed was not my idea. Moreover, I was fully aware of the intelligent surveillance which was being kept over my progress.

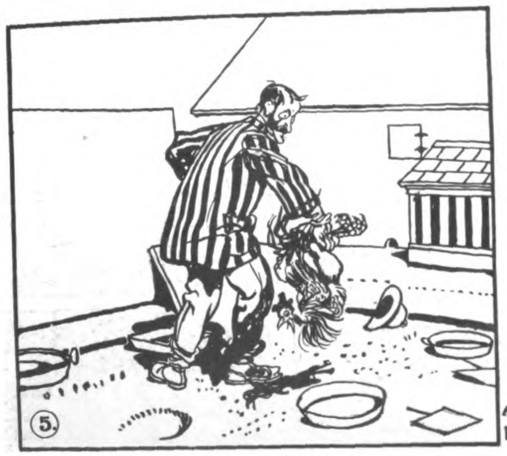
But since the preceding year I had perfected a sane and no less humane idea, with which I hoped to circumvent their customary depredations.



On a day I found the hens dining freely from my careful preparations. But that hybrid old buzzard was continuing his destructive efforts exclusively to my onion sprouts. Why?

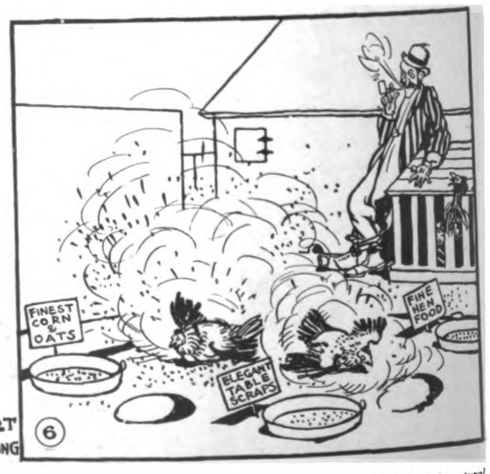


A new thought struck me, and to prove its correctness I determined thereupon the immediate capture of the male bird.



This somewhat difficult task assured I proceeded to incarcerate him in a disused coop of our own, and proceeded to study the hens—

BY ALBERT LEVERING



Who immediately flew to my onions. Thus, good sir, in this natural manner I have proven correct a theory I have long held—that women folk, if quite sure man is away, will indulge in onions.

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(Continued from page 439.)

most populous of all states is what our statisticians, most deceptively, call "the Chinese Empire." Let us, then, begin by facing the Yellow Peril. Where will it stand in a hundred years?

Our statistics are deceptive because, strictly speaking, there is no Chinese Empire—that is, the imperium, or sovereign power, is nowhere in Chinese hands. The Chinese cannot even rule themselves, much less do they rule any one else. The imperium among them is held by a handful of stiff-necked Manchu Tartars, men of much the same race as the great mediæval conquerors, Genghis Khan, and Timur the Lame, whom Dryden called Tamerlane, and Coleridge's friend, Kublai Khan, who did a stately pleasure dome decree. These Manchu Tartars undoubtedly had the gift of sovereignty, the genius of rule, the great binding power of collective will, without which even hundreds of millions can no more hold together than so many grains of dry sand. They also had the cementing quality that makes empires, the quality which the true Chinaman so conspicuously lacks.

The Chinamen are an immense heap of human grains of sand, without binding power, without collective will; therefore they have no political weight at all. And with a race so old, so definitely crystallized psychically, so to speak, there is no great chance of their gaining this quality within a hundred years, or thrice a hundred. They are no peril at all politically, so long as they try to stand by themselves. And the Chinese are the first to recognize it. Therefore they tolerated the Manchu Tartars these three hundred years, having already had a Mongol dynasty, cousins of the Tartars, for several centuries before. There was a brief interlude of Chinese rule between the true nomad Mongols and the Manchus, but it ended badly, with the last dynast hanging himself on an acacia-tree. So perished Chinese sovereignty.

Manchuria is in fact a Russian province, whatever it may be in law. Politically, therefore, the Chinese can never count. Commercially, however, they will count in an ever-increasing degree. The commercial growth of Japan will be a drop in the ocean compared with China. Our capitalists and laborers should agree with each other quickly, while they are in the way, lest they be delivered into the hands of the Chinaman. Let them ask the English merchants and officials of Singapore or Hong-kong what the Chinaman can do, economically, and be wise in time.

The so-called Chinese Empire is estimated to number just over four hundred millions. The British Empire is something under the same figure. The two together make up half mankind. We may now look more closely at the British Empire, to recognize the elements of which it really consists.

First comes India, with its three hundred millions of half-starved brown people, who for long centuries have not counted in the world's destinies, nor will they ever count again. There are a few millions of red or white race who do count, but we must pass over them now. Governing these three hundred millions stand some nine hundred inhabitants of the British Isles, many of the most gifted coming from Scotland or Ireland, just as all the soldiers of genius in the British army, the Wolseleys, Kitcheners, Robertses, and the like, are of Irish birth. A small army of English, Irish, and Scotch regiments backs up the nine hundred rulers of India—and, incidentally, consumes the revenues in "punitive expeditions" across the frontiers. Thus in world politics three-fourths of the British Empire does not count at all, or counts as a liability rather than as an asset.

(Continued on page 443.)

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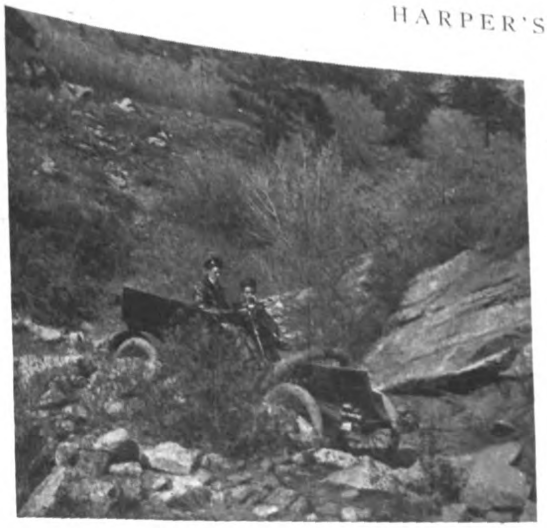
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Caught in a Tight Place



A Few Miles of "Flat" Country

Deer-hunting in Automobiles

THE idea of utilizing the automobile in deer-hunting has been introduced in the West. Mr. W. W. Price, of Colorado Springs, probably has the honor of being the first one to go after deer and other big game in a motor-car. Mr. Price has recently returned from a tour in which he was quite successful, and which covered several hundred miles through the wildest portion of the State. Accompanied by Dr. C. E. Smith, Mr. Price started in a Winton car of about fifteen horse-power, going through South Park and Buena Vista, and climbing Ute Pass, one of the most difficult passages in the Colorado Rockies. They entered the "Flat Top" country, as it is called, going directly to the deer ranges in the vehicle. Several fine specimens were shot, and the game "packed" on the front of the touring-car to be brought back to their headquarters at the camp of the Montgomery Land and Cattle Company.

During the trip the auto passed through a considerable portion of the country which has never before been visited by a chauffeur. Near the town of Meeker a band of deer actually followed the car some distance, apparently astonished at the strange animal. While within easy range of the rifles carried by Mr. Price and his companions, no attempt was made to shoot them, as it was not considered sportsmanlike.

The arrival of the huntsmen at Meeker caused a sensation, as few in the town had ever seen such a vehicle, and it was the first to make its appearance within the limits. The local paper, in commenting upon the arrival, said: "The first automobile to make its appearance in this valley arrived Tuesday evening, the distance between Rifle and Meeker having been covered in three and one-half hours, including stops and one slight breakdown. Mr. W. W. Price and Dr. C. E. Smith were the passengers. The machine was given a box-stall at Simp Harp's livery, and 'Salty' was on hand with a new fifty-foot rope and a pair of hobbles to secure the thing. All the horses in the barn talked it over that night, and concluded that when the roads were bad it would be the same old thing—double up and get up in the collar. It will not prove as destructive on the range as sheep."

Meeker is one of the principal cattle-markets of this section of the West, and cowboys are always riding about its streets. When the auto and its passengers came down the main street several of the "boys" got out their lassoes and tried to put the rope around one of the wheels. After Mr. Price had "put it up" at "Simp Harp's," a party of the range-riders entered the stable and went through the ceremony of branding it as a "maverick." The motor was the first of its kind to go through the Grand River Cañon, and for many miles passed over a "highway" which has been literally blasted out of solid rock by the State. The road is only wide enough to allow one vehicle to pass, and on either side the walls in some places reach a height of a thousand feet. Mr. Price states that for much of the way they passed over a solid bed of rock with not even an inch of earth for a top covering.



Returning Home with the Auto-load of Game

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102

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(Continued from page 441.)

Of the remaining hundred million or so, under British rule, forty millions are Africans, whether Kaffirs or negroes, and, politically, these also may be left out. Then there is an indeterminate fringe of some ten millions; then, and lastly, a residue of about fifty millions of white race, and these last alone count in the politics of the world. Seven or eight millions of these, being in Ireland or of Irish birth, are negatively electrified toward the empire, so to speak, and against them we may count off some seven or eight millions of Scotch birth or descent, leaving some thirty-five million Englishmen.

Here at last we have our British unit, for the purposes of prognostication. And we are instantly faced by one most significant and tremendous fact: that the rate of increase among these men of English race has been dwindling decade after decade, so that they are rapidly approaching the French standard, where births exactly equal deaths, and there is no increase in population at all. This is true not only in England, but also in Canada, Australia, and South Africa, and is, ethnically speaking, the most ominous and overshadowing fact in our whole inquiry.

It points to the eclipse of a race-stock which has played a very large part in recent centuries, and by which the nineteenth century was practically dominated. The pure English race-stock is dwindling and dying out, and will be a constantly diminishing factor in world politics throughout the twentieth century. And the great self-governing colonies like Canada and Australia are swiftly becoming sovereign states, rather than fractions of the empire; so that here all indications point the same way.

In a hundred years the pure English race will be nothing like the world factor that it is to-day. Perhaps Mr. Stead is right in thinking that, long before that, the British Isles will be added to the Insular Dependencies of the United States; in which case England will count about as much as Ohio and Illinois in the total counsels of the nations.

We come now to Russia, at present third among the states of the world, with a population of one hundred and thirty millions. Here the contrast to England is almost total. First of all, nearly all of these are of pure Slavonic race; and the rest are of transitional subraces, closely akin to the Russians, and willing to be absorbed in them. To-day Russia stands first among the white nations of the earth, with a population almost double that of her nearest competitor. More than this, and in striking contrast to the pure English race, Russia has the largest birth-rate in the world, being about fifty per thousand, as against something like twenty-three for France and thirty-three for England. But the Russian death-rate is also abnormally large, through causes which are being gradually eliminated by progress, such as bad food and unhealthy houses. So that Russia takes between fifty and sixty years to double in population, the pure Slavonic element being the most robust, vital, and prolific, and thus evidently destined to absorb and assimilate the whole mass.

Now for our significant fact: Within twenty-seven years, at the present rate of increase, we shall have two hundred millions of Russians. Within eighty years, we shall have four hundred millions; and within the century we shall have a half-billion of Russions, of nearly pure Slavonic

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blood. This becomes not a menace, but a promise, when we see that sympathy is the true key-note of the Slav, who is far more hopeful soil for the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount than in the self-assertive and dominating Teuton.

Nor will this exhaust the Slavonic area. Draw a line from Rügen on the Baltic to Venice; nearly everything to the east of this line is ethnically Slav. Hence the dire apprehensions of the Prussian and Austrian Pan-Germans, who feel and fear the rising tide. Count von Bülow recently expressed the matter in a nutshell, by comparing the Slavs to rabbits, and the Teutons to hares, for their power of reproduction; beginning with equal numbers, you will have a hundred rabbits before you have a score of hares. So it is with Slav and Teuton. Therefore all eastern Europe, as well as most of Asia, may be added to the Slavonic area.

We come now to the fourth of the great world powers, our worshipful selves. It is evidently impossible to do the subject justice in a paragraph or two. We can only express with the utmost brevity a series of conclusions slowly and laboriously reached.

We at present number some ninety millions, less than seventy millions being of white or nearly white race; a large influx of the inhabitants of southern Europe being amongst the nearly white, the olive races, like the Sicilians or Neapolitans.

We speak of these seventy millions as Anglo-Saxons, using this as a synonym of English-speaking. But even England was never Anglo-Saxon in race. We all nominally speak "English," but some of it is very queer English, from the standpoint of Mayfair, where the court tongue of England is most uniformly spoken. But Anglo-Saxon in race this country is not. And here, as everywhere else in the English area, the pure English race has a dwindling birth-rate, and is rapidly approximating the condition already reached by the French, where births just equal deaths. Mr. Roosevelt's recent letter suggests some of the causes of this; in any case, they are not occult.

At the present moment there are probably between twenty and twenty-five millions of Irish in this country, and, as they are recruited from the most vigorous portion of the Irish race, their birth-rate is unusually high, approaching the Russian standard. So that they will decidedly count in the larger world a century hence. We have also strong elements drawn from Germany, many of Slavonic race; and a large contingent from other Slavonic areas, like Austria and Poland; add to these our immigrants from the Latin countries, and it is evident that the American of a hundred years hence will be the quintessence, the final distillation, of all the European races. The Teutonic element, with its bullying proclivities, will be pretty well drilled out by that time; and the Celtic element will be greatly strengthened. We shall have a type more sympathetic, more psychic, very creative, and with a rich promise of good for the remainder of the world.

The German Empire stands next, and is a strong and vital factor. It cannot extend in Europe, yet extend it undoubtedly will. So we may logically apportion to it a population of a hundred and fifty millions, largely represented in the temperate zone of South America. A subtemperate zone may belong to the Latin races; while we may look to see the red race reassert itself, and dominate tropical South America, as well as most of Central America. But doubtless the whole of the New World will be in touch, joined in a loose confederacy, with this country as a very influential factor.

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and a century hence they will stand somewhat thus:

First, we shall have the Russian realm, with a population of not less than five hundred millions,—equal to a third of the whole human race at the present time. This population will be of almost pure Slavonic blood, and the small extraneous elements in it will be made up for by the strong kindred Slavonic element at present beyond the borders of Russia.

Second in numbers, we shall have the new American race, in extent about two hundred millions. The birth-rate in the United States tends to decrease, but the number of immigrants tends to increase; and this, of course, means an increasing departure from the first race-type. All evidence points to the thought that, while Russia will without doubt tend to become Americanized, by the devolution of responsibility to ever-widening circles of the population, the opposite course will prevail in America,—a more collective consciousness growing up, and gradually approaching the Slavonic moral standard, with its sympathetic general consciousness. Thus the two greatest world powers will approach each other, the one growing in individual responsibility, while the other increases in the power of sympathetic feeling.

Next in order we shall probably have a hundred and fifty millions of pure Teutons, divided between central Europe and temperate South America, a race whom we should look on as the intellectual heirs of Goethe and Wagner, of Kant and Schopenhauer, the masters of great realms of the noblest thought and art, and therefore a treasure-house of one of the great heritages of mankind.

The English race is evidently destined to dwindle, as did the Spanish power which overshadowed the world three centuries ago. Even now, India is an element of sheer weakness, a mass of magnificent misery; while the great self-governing commonwealths of Canada and Australia are only nominally subject to England, and with every year will more and more become sovereign states. The destiny of Canada evidently is a part of the general destiny of the New World; and, as the English type in Canada, as elsewhere, is dying out, we may add the Dominion to the area of the new American race. The present American invasion of the Northwest Territory shows how this will practically come about. Australia may be expected to remain more English in type.

To apply this to the map of the world: Russia, foremost of the white powers, will extend down to the borders of China proper, covering a vast tract in central Asia equal to about two million square miles. Russia will extend her influence over Slavonic Austria and the Balkan peninsula, down to the borders of Hellas, which will also depend on the greatest power in the Eastern Church.

The American states will doubtless reap, in a fuller and closer federation, that sowing of common interest and feeling which the Monroe Doctrine is bringing about, and which includes Canada just as much as it includes Venezuela. We may, therefore, confidently forecast a federation of the New World, with this country as preponderant member. In this federation, a great German state in South America will doubtless be included, and German political power will absorb a part of western Austria, gaining a port on the Adriatic, and stretching from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.

Whether India is destined to continue its present relation to England, or whether its poverty and distress will become a burden on some other land, is a question mainly interesting to the millions of India, but of no weight in world politics. The strictly English area may, therefore, be limited to England and Australia, with a joint population of under fifty millions.



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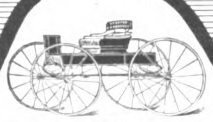
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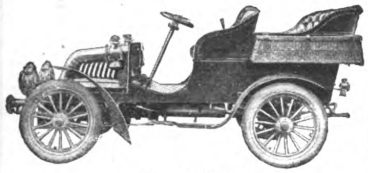
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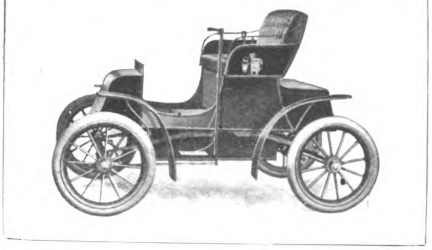
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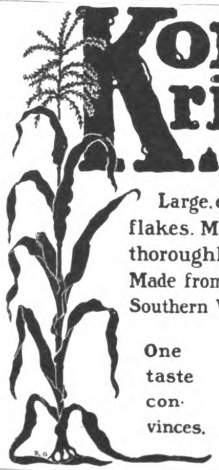
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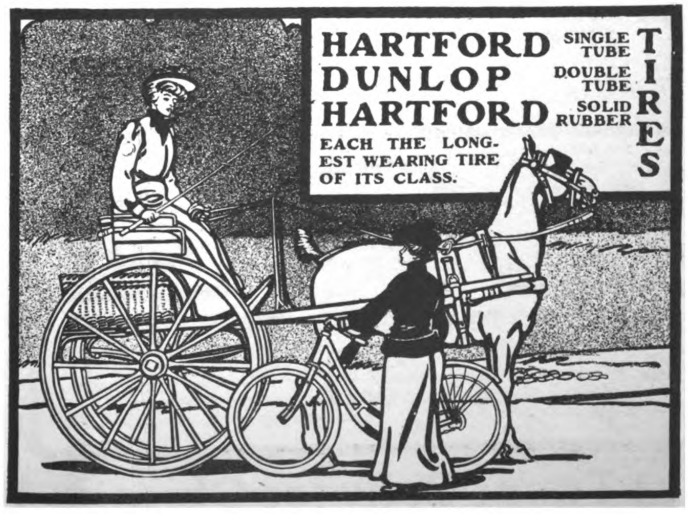
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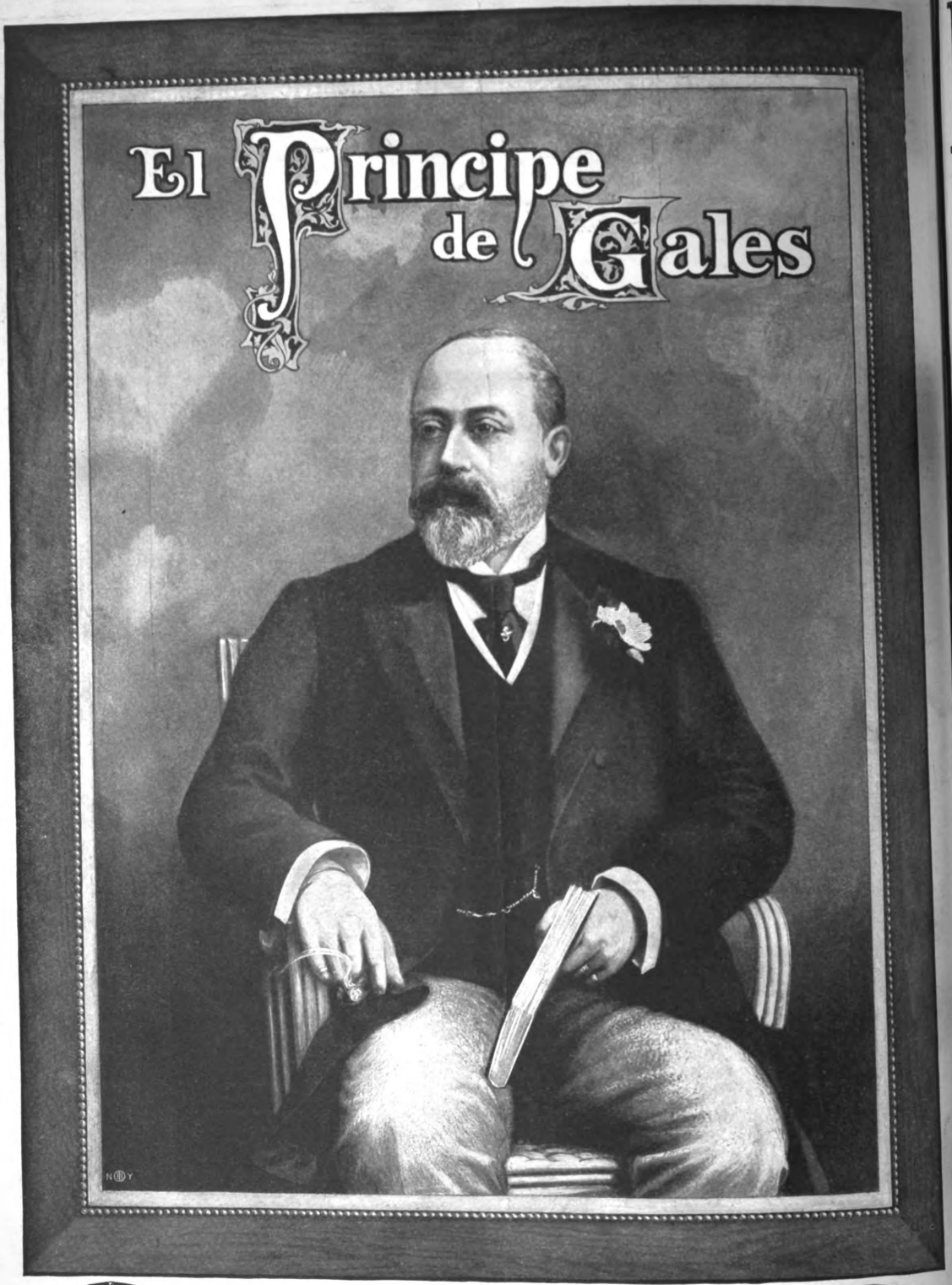
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ENGLISH
Professor **Brander Matthews,** of Columbia, has written a most interesting article on "Briticisms of All Sorts," in which he contrasts some English and American usages of words and discusses some new Briticisms.

TRAVEL
In the few months before his death **Julian Ralph** wrote for HARPER'S MAGAZINE a number of studies of people in various parts of our country. One of these, called "A Trip with a Tin-Peddler," appears in the April Magazine. **William Sharp,** the well-known English critic, writes poetically of "The Country of Theocritus."

PICTURES IN COLOR
There are fifteen pages of pictures in color and tint in the April Magazine, including paintings by **Louis Loeb, W. T. Smedley,** and **Charles King Wood.**

ECONOMIC MORMONISM
Professor **Richard T. Ely,** of the University of Wisconsin, who has been making a study of various communities for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, writes of the social and economic side of Mormonism as seen to-day in Salt Lake City.

SCIENCE
Carl Snyder, in his article on "Physiological Immunity," gives the latest scientific views on how the human body fights disease—a paper of intense practical interest to every one.

HISTORY
Thomas A. Janvier's story of "The Dutch Founding of New York" comes to a conclusion in the April number. It is a delightful study of the end of the Dutch regime.

SHORT STORIES
In addition to **Mr. Howells'** story, there are short stories by **Robert W. Chambers, Alice Caldwell Hegan, Mrs. Stepney Rawson, Candace Wheeler, Lily A. Long,** and **J. C. Troutman** in the April number—eight complete short stories in all.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII. *New York, Saturday, March 21, 1903—Illustrated Section* NO. 2413

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See page 485

Henrik Ibsen

The playwright, who with Bjornson shares in Norway the title of the Grand Old Man, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on March 20

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Humor and Life in La Guayra

Some Impressions from our Correspondent in Venezuela

IF not a gay town, La Guayra is a picturesque one in many ways. At the foot of the ravine shown in the sketch one forgets how viciously hot, close, and sickening the day is. Sunlight plays round the mountains, and shows clearly the quaint old convent and church-tower of "El Carmen," with its yellow walls washed to an orange tint, and blackened in spots with dampness. A fountain covered with green moss stands by its gate, around which picturesque groups of native girls and women gather with water-jars.

The white building that you remark across the ravine and up to the left higher in the mountains is a mausoleum. In the house behind its walls of finest marble lived and died old Dr. X——, who was a German student when old Heidelberg was young. For seventy years he carried with him the fear that one day he would be buried alive. To avoid this fate, which—sad to say—fell to the lot of one of his patients, he ordered this mausoleum built with the savings of half a century of practice. His last wish was to be laid at rest there in an open coffin, with a key for the mausoleum door in his right hand. Thus he slumbers, 1500 feet above the sea-level, ready to open the door that leads back to life.

Down where the ravine cuts through the long half-circle of oil lamp-posts that twinkle at night along the quay, you see the spot that mars La Guayra's beauty and romance — at least for the special correspondents who had news to send. It is the office of the Venezuelan censor of telegrams—a man of many, many meals. At least so he seemed necessarily to us, who many, many times hastened tired and perspiring to the cable-office, only to be informed, Call again later, for the censor has gone for his "almuerzo," for his "lunch," his "comida," or his "late supper."

However, there were some moments when the censor was not aiding the blockading fleet in reducing the food-supply. Then he would accept a telegram, gravely and sceptically look it over, giving himself an air of understanding English or German, and then forward the message (I suspect by mail) to Caracas. Experience soon taught us that it was useless to inquire before at least twenty-four hours had elapsed what the powers that be in Caracas had decided. Perchance on the following day one would get hold of the censor rushing through Main Street for a meal, and ask, "How about my telegram, Señor?"

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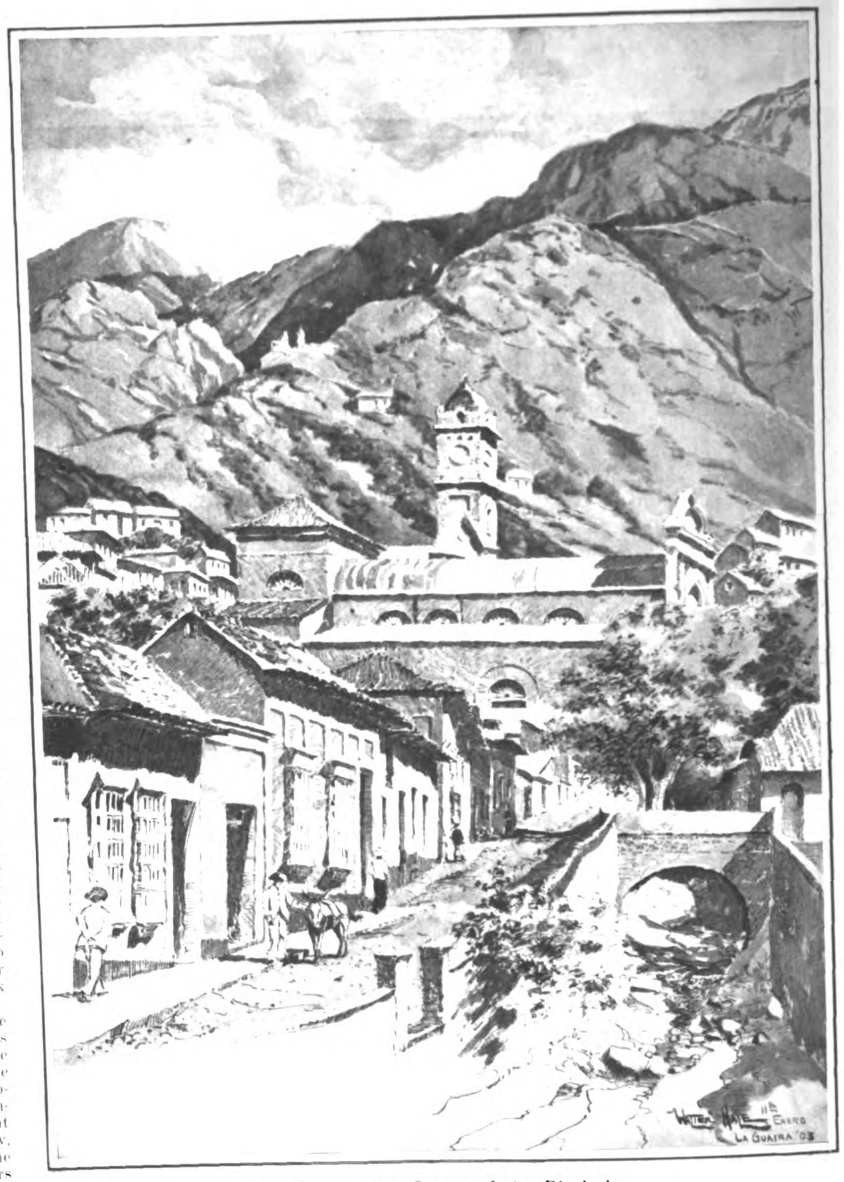
"Thanks, so much, Señor, and I hope you'll enjoy your lunch."

Again a day went by, and again the censor was met in the street, this time saunteringly. He came from a meal. He felt cheery and willing to chat. Taking the cigarette from his lips, raising his hat, and bowing with true Spanish-American grandezza, he would volunteer: "Your telegram has been passed upon favorably, and sent," or regret that "his government could not very well allow a message like the one filed to leave the country." No ill-feeling was shown in that case, but the censor, with equal politeness and ceremony, informed that by this time the captain of the *Carlo Alberto* had probably filed the message in Curaçao, whence it would leave without censorship.

For many reasons we thought it wise to avoid the latter, and to send our telegrams on board one of the allied war-ships to Curaçao. A telegram is apparently believed public property by the Venezuelan authorities.

An English correspondent, very young and very bright, was the first of us to find Castro in La Victoria, and obtain an interview. Sitting down to dinner with us that same night in Caracas, he found it difficult to keep his secret quite to himself, and hinted at some big and exclusive story that his paper would print the following day. You may imagine the look of mingled disgust, indignation, and amaze on his face when everybody at this table volunteered to tell him word by word what he had cabled. His interview had found its way through the doors of the censorial offices, and been offered to every newspaper correspondent for sale.

Of course nobody tried to deprive the winner of his laurels by making use of his property.

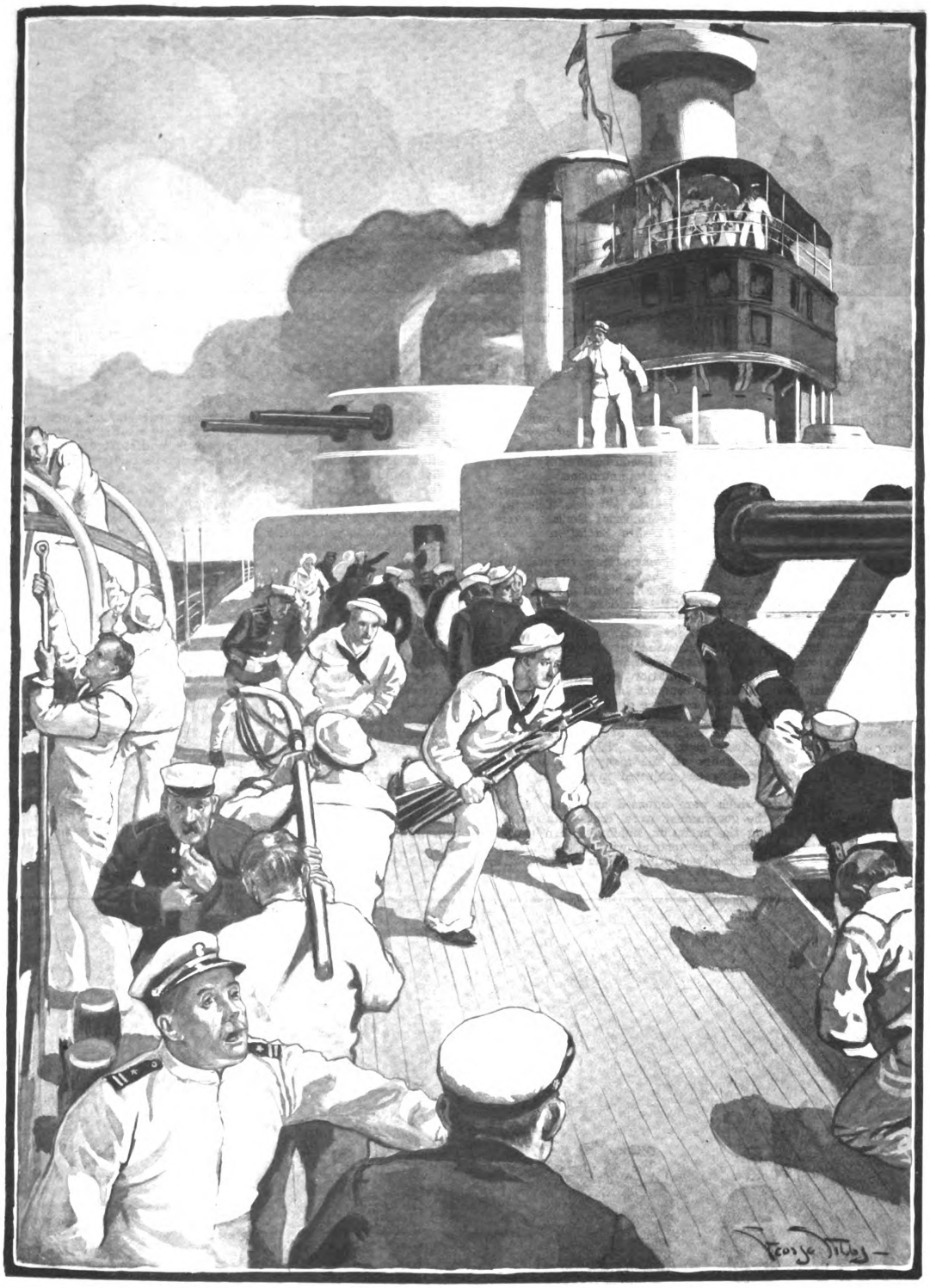


La Guayra—the Centre of the Blockade

From a drawing made on the spot by our artist, Mr. Walter Hale

This is the first authentic sketch published of the port of Caracas, which is built on a sea-wall at the foot of the Venezuelan mountains. The roadway represented in the drawing is the route to Caracas, which lies six miles over the mountains in the background. The railroad, which covers twenty-seven miles before it reaches the capital, can be seen in the upper right-hand corner climbing La Silla, the peak which guards La Guayra

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"CLEAR SHIP FOR ACTION!"

The home squadron of battle-ships and cruisers is in the Gulf of Mexico, in response to an order of the Navy Department. The object is to improve the efficiency of the men by putting them through the various manoeuvres of actual war. In the drawing Mr. George Gibbs has chosen the moment when all hands are called to quarters to prepare for action

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Wireless Manoeuvres in Germany, showing the Air ship Battalion in the Field

Wireless Telegraphy in the Next War

THE military and naval authorities of the world are equipping their respective armies and fleets with special wireless telegraphy apparatus, and the war power without this very modern accessory will soon be as badly handicapped as though it were without ammunition.

The illustrations here shown represent a type of apparatus manufactured by the Braun-Seimens and Halske Wireless Telegraph Company, especially for field use in the Imperial German army, and operated by the Royal Military Air-ship Battalion of Germany, under whose direction the tests were made.

The great difficulty experienced in transporting wireless stations overland has been largely due to the extreme sensibility of the coherer, or electric eye, in the wireless apparatus, and of the relay which indicates the message. With this idea well in mind, the manufacturers designed the accoutrements for military signalling without wires in a way that does away with the elements of danger from breakage or disarrangement which result from hard usage and from the heavy service demanded.

The apparatus is mounted on regulation gun-carriages, the whole arrangement being made as compact as possible. In the recent German manœuvres, there were three of these portable military wireless telegraph outfits, and two permanent station installations, using masts for the suspension of the sending and receiving air wires. The tests took place within an effective radius of thirty-five miles, under all the many varying conditions to which it could possibly be subjected in time of actual warfare.

Among the rigid tests which were imposed and made a condition of acceptance by the government were 'cross-country runs at breakneck speed, halting the battalion suddenly, then making ready the apparatus, elevating the vertical wire a few hundred feet by means of a kite, and finally clicking off the message. The results were as satisfactory as at permanent stations, and messages were received as easily and accurately as though the vital parts of the apparatus had been resting undisturbed on an air-cushion, and all this, it was found, could be easily accomplished in five minutes.

The portable equipments are supplied with kites and balloons of various sizes, in order to obtain for the air-wire the necessary height with the least possible weight. On days when there is no wind small hydrogen balloons are sent up, carrying the thin flexible strands of copper wires, and for this purpose a cylinder of compressed hydrogen is made a part of the outfit, but on days when there is a slight wind blowing, a form of tailless kite known in this country as an Eddy kite is sent up, and from its cord is suspended the air-wire.

Now a tailless kite of the type cited possesses very little stability in the teeth of a stiff breeze, and so recourse must be had to a kite of the cellular type—for example, those that are termed here, Blue Hill box-kites; these may be sent up in a veritable gale. In this way the difficulties due to stormy weather may be readily overcome. As batteries or any similar source of electricity are obviously unsuited for supplying current to operate the transmitter, since they are liable to breakage, leakage, and a hundred and one other little technical troubles, under such trying conditions, a small dynamo, directly connected with a gasoline engine is made to supply the current, and has been found well adapted to the purpose.

Besides the German army, the Danish and Austrian governments, are making thorough tests of its efficiency, and the United States navy is now trying it. The war departments of almost every government have equipped their vessels and their armies with the new mode of wireless transmission, and in the next war game it will play an important and lively rôle.



The German Air-ship Battalion sending Wireless Messages as in actual War

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Guarding Three Sea-Roads

The Strategy of the New Naval Stations recently Leased from Cuba

THE President recently signed an agreement providing for two new naval bases in Cuba for the protection of the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico. Against a direct dash of a hostile fleet from Europe the long line of the Atlantic coast is reasonably safe. The sole cover is the Bermuda Islands on a line with Hatteras, which is entirely inadequate to the demands of a battle fleet for supply after a quick run across the Atlantic. A fleet hurled directly against the Atlantic coast of the United States from Europe would be already half defeated.

A slight expansion of the United States to the north would eliminate the possibility of recruiting a fleet at Halifax, and there is only the question of protecting the southern coast-line.

A hostile fleet that would do the correct theoretical thing in attacking on the south would sweep south of the Bahamas, and would round in between Cuba and Haiti. It would establish a base in either republic or the latter island it chose without much regard to the protests of the variously colored peoples of the two republics which divide the area of San Domingo-Haiti, and when ready would run up through the Caribbean and the Yucatan Channel, through the Gulf of Mexico, and to New Orleans, the possession of the Mississippi, and so on.

But it might choose one of three "big roads" into the Gulf of Mexico. The Old Bahama Channel north of Cuba, leading into the St. Nicholas Channel, and so on into the Gulf; the Windward Passage between Cuba and Haiti; and the Mona Passage between San Domingo and Porto Rico. Good little reefs and good big reefs and banks abound elsewhere, and confine big, strange ships to these thoroughfares.

And because it might come on either of the three, Uncle Sam will keep a guard post on each, and seek trouble before trouble troubles him.

Just around the corner, as the ships come in the Windward Passage between Cape Maisi and Mole St. Nicolas, is good entertainment for ships and men at Guantanamo. It is the nearest other thing to Havana Harbor as a desirable port, and its lease to the United States simply closes the Windward Passage to ships to which the government at Washington objects.

Around on the north coast of Cuba, not a great way from Havana, is not a particularly desirable sort of a bay, but the best there is to be had in that locality. Bahia Honda is not another Havana Harbor, but it is near that desirable port, and is about in the right place strategically. It is on the road to the Gulf of Mexico *via* the Old Bahama Channel, and it is also just around the corner, this time with respect to the Yucatan Channel.

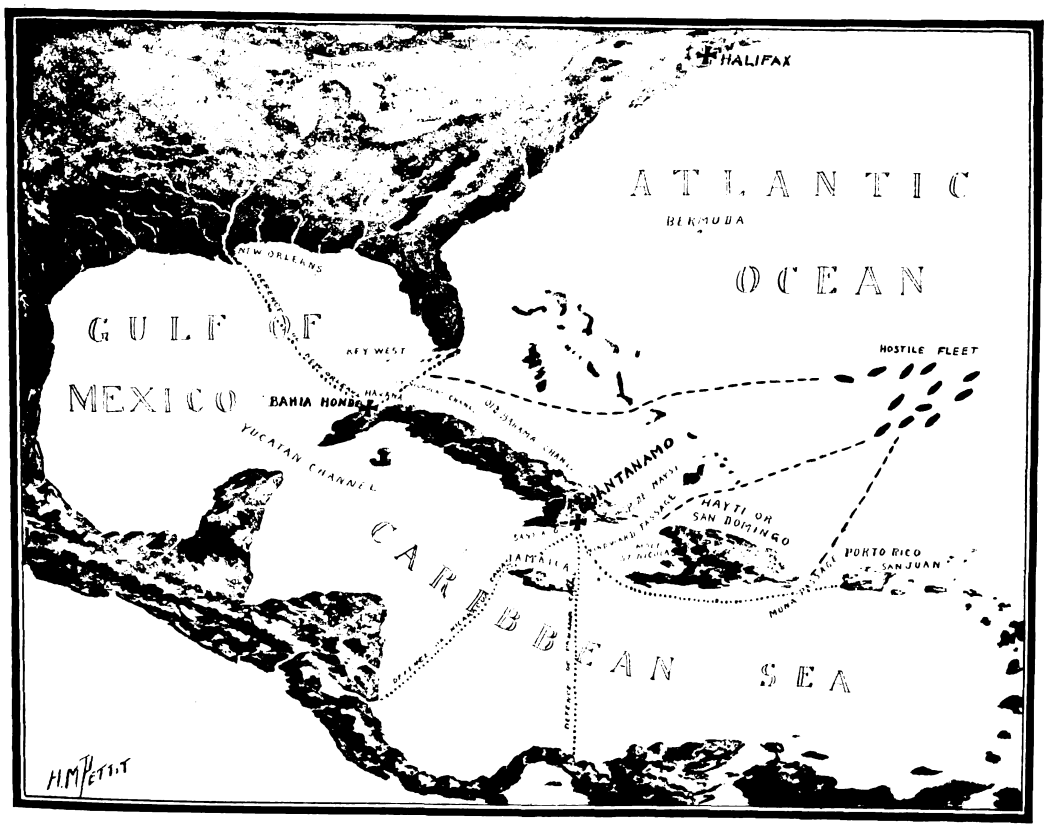
These two late accessions by lease to the possessions of the Navy Department make the trio of road-keeping stations that, in default of the exclusive control of the West Indies, will represent the right flank of the defences of the Atlantic seaboard. The third in the trio is the naval station at San Juan, Porto Rico, the base of the ships that will keep mischievous strangers from coming through the Mona Passage.

Assuming that the United States had a navy of sufficient size to give a respectable battle fleet to each of these stations, this is what might happen:

Granted that an attacking fleet had rendezvoused, coaled, and prepared at an outlying island, the fleet from Guantanamo pays its respects to it as it comes through the Windward Passage, and it goes along in such shape as it may after coming out of the fight. The attacking fleet gets along to the point where the waterway narrows between Cuba and Yucatan, the Yucatan Channel. There it meets the fleet that has run around from Bahia Honda, and while the fight is on, the fleet from San Juan comes smashing along. The defences of New Orleans or the control of the Mississippi will be little affected by what is left of the attacking fleet.

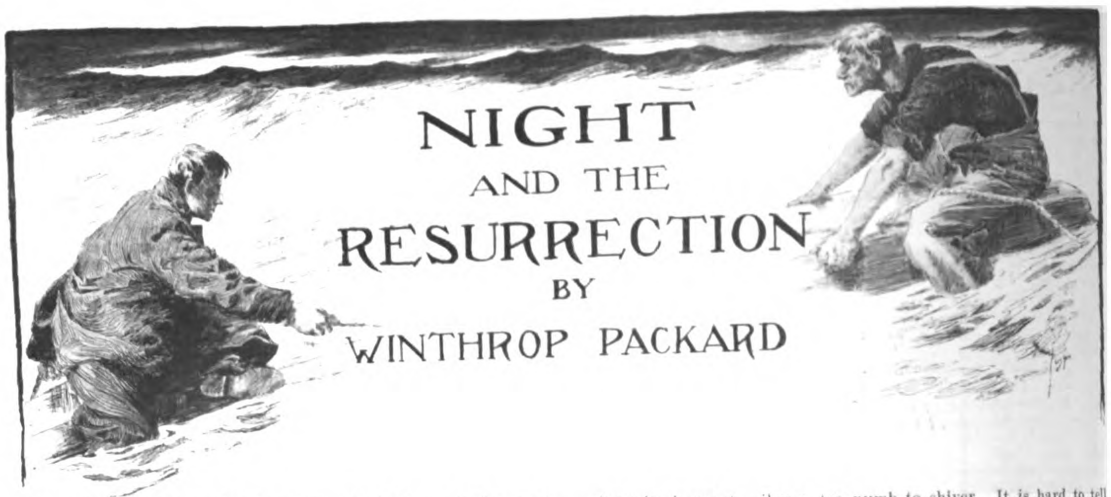
Or coming through the Mona Passage, the attacking fleet meets successively the fleet of San Juan, the fleet of Guantanamo, and the fleet of Bahia Honda; or, coming along the north coast of Cuba, the attacking fleet is held in check by the fleet from Bahia Honda until the San Juan and Guantanamo fleets, racing down inside, have run out through the Yucatan Channel into the Gulf of Mexico, and formed the first line of defence for the right flank.

This is the strategy of the new naval stations at Guantanamo and Bahia Honda, to make a line of defence where the United States is defenceless, to at least hold the roads that lead to the very heart of the nation, to have bases capable of provisioning, supplying, protecting each a fleet, and to have a fleet at each that, combined, will make an attack on the United States *via* the West Indies at least as hazardous as a straight dash at the Atlantic coast.



Map showing our two new naval stations—Bahia Honda and Guantanamo—in Cuba, and their strategic importance in the event of a possible war in defending, with our station at Porto Rico, the approaches to the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribbean Sea, and the Isthmian Canal

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NIGHT AND THE RESURRECTION

BY

WINTHROP PACKARD

"LUCKY GEORGE," leaning from the bottom of the dory, capsized and tossing in the white froth of the squall, reached my collar with one sinewy hand while he clung precariously to the painter with the other. Some mystery of Providence had cast the stout rope up across the bottom when we were overturned, else had this story never been told. He waited the swing of the waves, whose ways he knew as only a Georgesman can, and at the right moment lifted me, with the help of a toppling comber, and set me astride of the dory, facing him.

"Come in out of the wet, my son," he said, and though his face was ashy gray in the waning light, his manner was almost jovial. "Here, hang on to that painter. You did a wise thing when you chose Lucky George for a dorymate. This is what you call a snap. That bit of rope is as good as a life-line. It's all the life-line we'll ever need, I guess," he added, suddenly rueful.

I heard, though as one in a dream. Three minutes before, in the lash of the squall, I could have heard nothing, but the gust seemed to pass as quickly as it came, and the white spoondrift no longer sang like blown snow across the long hollows. Instead, the wind had almost ceased, and the wave-tops no longer curled in great cataracts, but toppled and sank lazily. Yet there was occasion for ruefulness. It was late February, and we were on the eastern end of Georges Bank. The schooner we could not see, hardly could expect to see again, and our chances of rescue in the growing winter twilight were slim indeed.

Somehow I did not seem to fear, yet I had a right to be frightened. I was only an amateur fisherman at best, braving the dangers of Georges in the winter that I might see the life, and understand it as did the fishermen themselves, having made up my mind to serve my trick at wheel and trawl as did my fellows. Now the sea was serving me the last trick of the Georgesman. The water was icy, though the Gulf Stream swings by the tip of Cape Cod, and bathes the eastern end of the fishing-banks, and it was only a question of time when the chill would creep into the marrow and leave us to slide off the dory's back into the dark oblivion of the sea.

Georges Bank stretches a hundred miles east of Cape Cod, and is the resort of the Boston and Gloucester fishermen during winter. They plan their trips in this wise: Starting from port in one of the northwest blows that sweep Massachusetts Bay they run down merrily before it with started sheets, and reach the banks just about as it blows itself out. Then often come two, three, or more days of calm, in which they set their trawls in comparatively mild temperature, for the still days in the Gulf Stream, even in midwinter, are idyllic. By the time they have a fare of fish the wind is likely to blow up again from the east, and take them home as merrily as they came.

This had been our plan. Two days we lay to on the eastern end of the bank, until the weather moderated, then made a set of trawls that morning, only to be caught in the last gust of the northwester and capsized, having, in our eagerness, taken too heavy a fare of fish from the lines. Of the fate of the other dories we could know nothing. The schooner was hull down on the horizon when the gust struck, and would lose us completely. Our one chance would lie in being picked up by some other vessel, and in the long winter night already coming on this would be slim indeed. Well, it was the common fate of the Georgesman. Their bones strew the bank from end to end, and a thousand New England widows mourn their loss to-day.

"It's a great pity to lose all those fish and that gear," said Lucky George, after a moment; "but we can't help it now. We hung on too long. That's the worst with the fishing business. When you can get fish you can't get 'em."

He tried to smile at his own epigram, but his teeth chattered. The dory rose and fell on the long sweeps of the lessening sea, and the twilight deepened into gray as we sat facing one another, chilling more and more as the light breeze blew on us. My clothes above water were already stiffening with the frost in the air, and no sign of rescue had appeared, yet I did not feel fear. In the face of the inevitable there is no room for fear. It is uncertain death that fills our souls with terror. By and by a haze spread over the blurring sky, a sort of frost fog rising from the winter sea, and darkness came upon us, unrelieved by moon or star. We clung in desperate silence, too numb to shiver. It is hard to tell the lapse of time under such circumstances; minutes may be hours, or hours minutes, told only by the horologe of eternity, ticked off by the swinging pendulum of an icy swell. I cannot say how much of the night had swung over our heads and still found us dumb, only it could not have been so very much, for, though very numb, I could still cling, when, coming out of a sort of dream, I heard my companion's voice again, and started to see that he gleamed from head to foot with phosphorescence, a luminous ghost in the black centre of endless night.

"Night and the resurrection," he said. "The sea is full of ghosts, and they come to meet those who go to them. Have you seen any yet?" His voice was strange and high pitched. It had the weird ring of those voices which the mind has no longer in perfect control. I, too, must have been phosphorescent, for, though I could not speak, he noted the shake of my head, and went on.

"I have. They come up and sit on top of the waves—trawlers that have lain on the bottom of Georges this many a year. Some of them I know. There are men, but that isn't all; there are ships too. Oh, we won't drown. Georgesmen don't. The ghost-ships come and take them off."

He sang a strange snatch of a forecastle song; then there was a long silence, followed by a moment in which sanity seemed to return to him in part, and he spoke in a natural tone.

"Pretty tough, isn't it, dorymate?" he said. "Well, we'll hang on as long as we can. I've been in worse scrapes than this, and got out of them all right. What was I telling you? Oh, I know; about the *Mary Blake*."

His voice was changing again, and though I could not see his face, I seemed to feel the stare of his eyes as he leaned forward and fixed them on me. He went on:

"She's waiting for us down below here, and she'll come cruising up by and by. Ho, but she sank pretty! One of the old clippers she was, captain's cabin fitted up with every sort of elegant convenience. That was why we could do it. She had a waste-pipe with a valve and a scupper-hole below the load-line, and all we had to do was open that one night, and no man could find the leak. We were three weeks up from Surinam with sugar in baskets, loaded down till she could stand no more, and every ton of ballast out of her. Nothing but the sugar to hold her down. Three hundred dollars was my share for the job, and my wages would only have been forty-five. The owners, blast them, they made well out of it. An old ship and big insurance. It's an old story. Only the poor devil that does the job, he gets his natty money, but the ship gets back at him. Her ghost sails round down below, and some day she comes up and carries him away. I ought to have known better than to have come winter fishing down here. She'll get me all right, this time. We opened that valve just below the South Shoal's lightship, and it was on this end of Georges she sank. She's below us now, cruising and waiting for me. I can feel it. It isn't the sea that will get us. It isn't the cold. It's the ghost of the *Mary Blake* that needs a crew of ghosts to man her.

"Come on; she's coming by now, and we've got to go aboard. Jump quick, or you'll miss her."

I could see his phosphorescent figure move numbly in the blur of the night, as if loosing its hold on the bit of floating planking that was to be our vanishing-point into eternity, and for the first time through the daze that was upon me a horror seemed to penetrate and move me to action. Hitherto it had been but a dumb waiting for the inevitable, a finish that could not long be deferred. Now there came fear of what my mate was about to do, and the thought of being alone in that bleakness of loneliness. Drowning. I clung to two straws, one the boat, the other my comrade's presence. With an effort I broke through the lethargy which oppressed me. It seemed that I moved like a palsied old man, yet I moved.

"Wait," I said, and my own voice seemed to have in it some of the crazy ring that his had: "wait until I help you."

Numb from the waist down with the wash of winter waves eased in frost armor from the waist up, it was no easy thing to keep secure hold on the single life-line, then twist the legs beneath it, and reach over and get my companion by the collar, but that was what I managed to do, and the little stir of blood in the stiffened veins sent sharp pains chasing in agony through them.

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Lucky George hesitated a moment, then clutched the life-line again, and it seemed as if once more I could feel the glare of his eyes on mine.

"Ho!" he shouted. "That's right, dorymate. We'll go together, shipmates all. Ho, ho!"

He loosed his hold on the life-line, and grasped me in turn, trying to spring from the dory bottom and take me with him. It was a clumsy struggle, for the cold had taken the strength and agility from both of us. How long it lasted I cannot tell, but this I know, that after the first frenzy I had rather the best of it. In the first few minutes it seemed as if my hold on the life-line would be wrenched away, and with the loosing of the clasp of my numb fingers I should vanish with the madman, a mere splash in the night. But little by little, as we struggled, strength seemed to come to me. The numbness went away with the violence of the exercise, and I began to feel that what had seemed certain destruction might be salvation instead. My companion struggled on, but with lessened vigor, now shouting disconnected bits of crazy utterance, now silent and grim, but always I could feel the glare of those fierce eyes through the dark, or thought I could.

There were moments when his strength seemed to suddenly revive, and in one of these a fatal thing happened. The knot which held the painter to the hoisting-tackle loop in the stern gave way, and with the swing of the rope to one side we went overboard into the icy blackness of the sea.

A moment I clung with one hand to the swaying rope, then the oblivion of a wave smote me, and all things disappeared. It seemed a long time that I was under water. I felt the grip of Lucky George's hand on me still, and realized that we two were sinking into effacement in this mutual grip of frenzy; then something hard and solid struck my feet. Could this be the bottom already? The next moment with a surge the waters fell away, and Lucky George and I were kneeling in the darkness and the open air on something solid. Again the waters engulfed us, and again receded as the solid substance beneath our feet swung up and out of them.

I felt my companion's grip tighten on my shoulder. "Ho, there!" he shouted; "we're aboard! We'll sail into glory in the ghost-ship. Shipmates ahoy!"

Half drowned, wholly dazed, as I was, it seemed as if my own reason had given away, as well as that of Lucky George; and then came a flash of blinding radiance from above and behind, a white glare that lighted a tossing circle of inky sea, and showed the deck of a dismantled vessel on which we clung, a wheel, a ship's cabin, and on the corner of this a name in black letters which read "*Mary Blake*."

The white glare painted rainbow edges on all things, and tipped the heaving black waves as with molten silver.

Lucky George stood erect. "Night and the resurrection!" he shouted, in a great voice. "Night and the resurrection, and God have mercy on me, a sinner!"

Then he sank in a motionless heap on the slimy deck. I turned my face in the other direction, and the white lightninglike glare blinded my eyes and seemed to sear my very brain. I, too, sank motionless and half unconscious.

When I revived I was in a man-of-war's boat, Lucky George lying motionless by my side, and six sturdy jackies rowing us to a great battle-ship that loomed near by. From this ship a vivid lane of search-light radiance marked a straight course over golden-tipped waves to a derelict which rose and fell soggily on the swell, her deck now lifted, now awash, as the seas shouldered by. As she lifted I could see the name *Mary Blake* on the stern, and knew that what had seemed to happen had really happened, and was not a figment of a brain crazed by night, exposure, and despair.



"Night and the resurrection!" he shouted

A half-hour later, standing on the forward deck of the battle-ship *Massachusetts*, I saw the last act in the strange life drama of the *Mary Blake*. Four bells and a jingle sounded in the engine-room. The great bulk of the battle-ship surged forward at race-horse speed. The ram prow struck the stern of the waterlogged craft, and sheared through to the stem, scattering timbers and planking to port and starboard with scarce a tremor to the great steel hull, and the fragments of the dangerous derelict, the once proud clipper, the ghost-ship of our terrible night, scattered from the radiance of the search-light, and vanished in the shuddering scud of the winter waves.

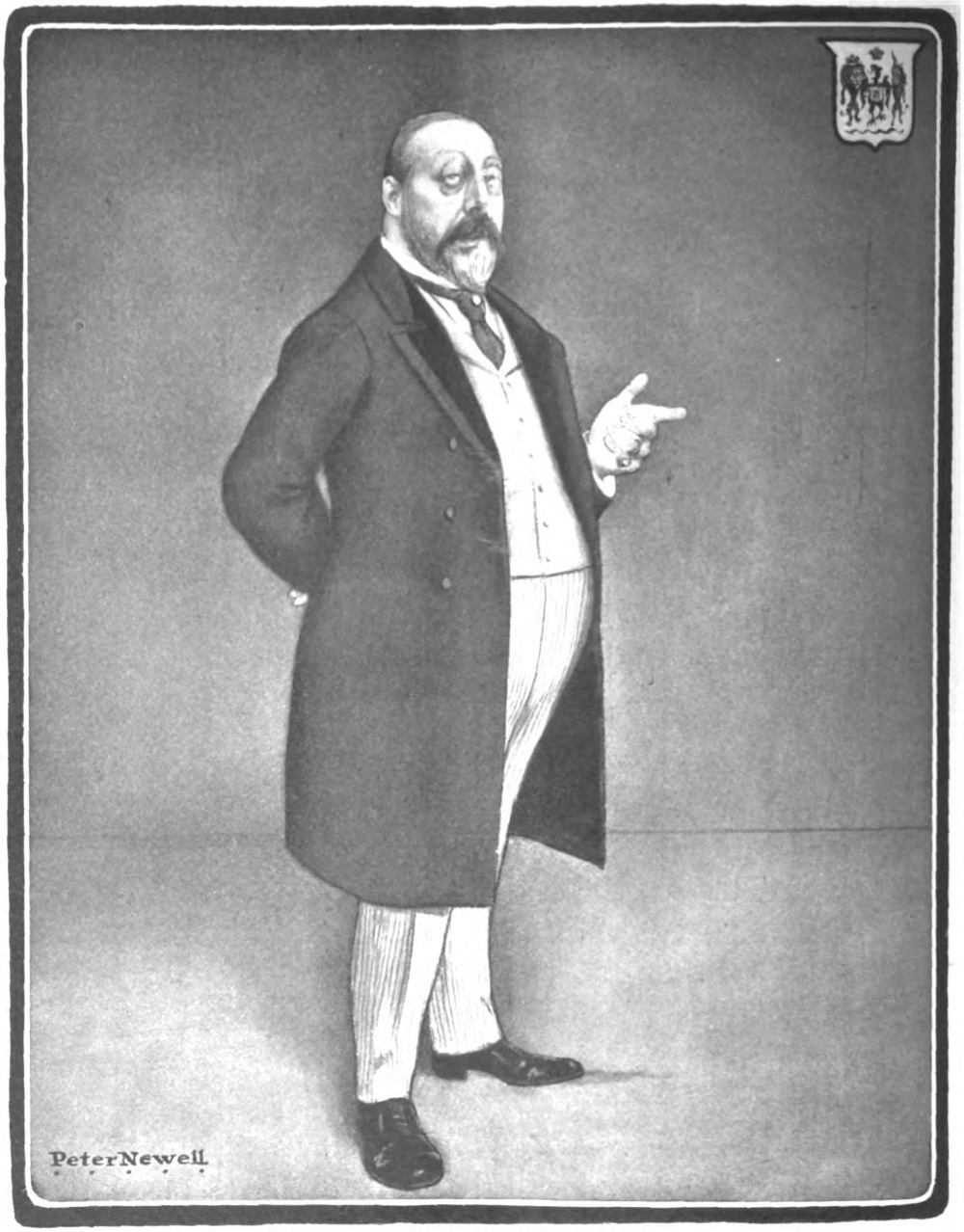
All the remainder of the night and part of the next day Lucky George lay unconscious in the sick-bay of the *Massachusetts*. Then he revived, and seemed little the worse for what had happened, except that his recollection of events ended on the morning of the day that he helped scuttle the *Mary Blake*. This fact took a great weight from my mind. Of what use to tell the authorities the story of the scuttling? I had only the unsupported evidence of what he had told me, or perhaps I had dreamt in the darkness and terror of that night struggle with death. Whatever harm had been done by the misdeed was already done, and could not be recalled. I decided, and I think wisely, to hold my tongue.

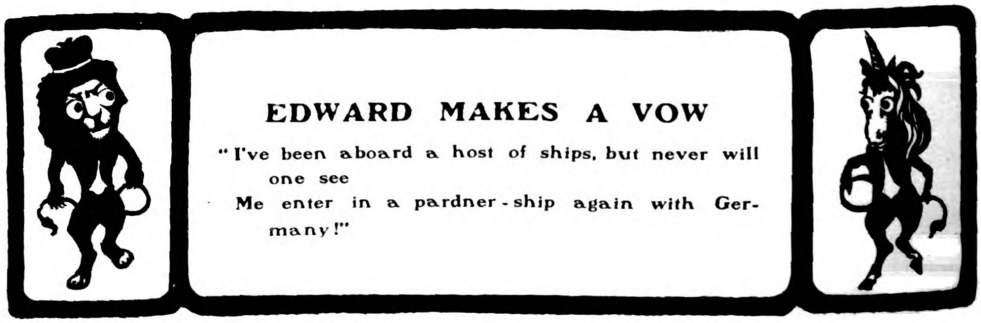
I did talk with the boatswain of the *Massachusetts* about the *Mary Blake*, however, and he, with a sailor-man's ready knowledge of ships and their mishaps, told me that the ship had indeed sunk on Georges about five months before. She had been from Surinam, loaded with sugar, as Lucky George had said.

"But why," he said, "she did not stay at the bottom after she sank? That's what sticks me."

It would have stuck him harder could he have known all the story. It would stick a wiser man. But there are queer things happen in the sea. One has but to go down to it in ships a few times to find that out.

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EDWARD MAKES A VOW

"I've been aboard a host of ships, but never will one see
Me enter in a pardner-ship again with Germany!"

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COMMENT

THE selection of Mr. Gorman as the leader of the Democratic minority in the Senate recalls old days and former struggles. No choice that might have been made could be so offensive to Mr. Bryan, and yet there is no reason in the world for supposing that Mr. Gorman was chosen for the purpose of hurting Mr. Bryan's feelings. Mr. Gorman's selection was unanimous, and, consequently, he received the votes of all of Mr. Bryan's personal friends in the Senate. The fact is probably that no thought was bestowed upon Mr. Bryan, and that no account was taken of his attitude toward Mr. Gorman. This may make the selection all the more galling to Mr. Bryan, for it implies forgetfulness and neglect on the part of those whom Mr. Bryan undoubtedly counts among his followers. It goes to show that, respectfully as Mr. Bryan is treated, and important as he is in some respects, he is becoming less and less a political figure. Mr. Gorman's selection was made for the reason that he is regarded as an astute and able leader, as one who can make the most of what there is of the minority. But he is not wholly confided in by other Democrats than Mr. Bryan. He was the leader in 1894 when the tariff-reform purposes of the Cleveland administration were brought to naught. Mr. Gorman, more than any one else, was responsible for this defeat, for the suppression of the majority of the party by its minority. If he is going to lead the party now, he must cease to be a protectionist, and must accept the party's opinion that the most effective step that can be taken against the trusts will be their divorce from government protection. He cannot, for example, help the Louisiana sugar interests kill the Cuban reciprocity treaty without, at the same time, killing his party. If he is to succeed in his restored old place, he must be a different Gorman from the Gorman of 1894.

Although it has been customary to recall appointments which the Senate has declined to confirm, Mr. Roosevelt has again sent to that body, in its extra session, the nomination of Crum, the negro, for the post of Collector of the Port of Charleston. Nobody disputes the correctness of the abstract principle propounded by Mr. Roosevelt in his recent letter to Mr. Clark Howell, the principle, namely, that mere color should no more be a bar to office-holding than creed or birthplace, provided, of course, that the applicant or incumbent is in other respects a worthy and well-behaved American citizen. Whether principles abstractly correct should be applied at all times and under all circumstances is, however, a question of expediency or opportuneness—that is to say, of statesmanship. To insist upon the appointment of a man of color to a given post against the vehement protest of almost all the white residents in the locality is an act calculated to aggravate rather than allay race hatred. It is, therefore, inopportune. It is perfectly true, as Mr. Roosevelt says, that the appointment of colored men to similar posts in other places has not provoked widespread and earnest remonstrance on the part of the white element of the population. The fact simply proves that an act may be expedient at one time and one place, yet inexpedient at another time and in another place.

The President seems to be less thoroughly alive than Secretary Root showed himself to be, in his speech at the Union League Club in New York, to the marked change which has recently taken place in the attitude of white men throughout the United States toward the colored race. The circumstance was recalled the other day that, at a dinner given in Paris shortly after the civil war, Mr. Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi, ex-Secretary of the Treasury and ex-Governor of Kansas, offered not the slightest objection to meeting a negro as a fellow-guest. No such tolerance would be exhibited by a Senator from Mississippi to-day. The change of sentiment is the outcome, as Secretary Root discerned, of a conviction that the colored man has not so used the opportunities afforded during the last thirty-eight years as to justify the belief in his intellectual and moral capacity that was once held by philanthropists. As this conclusion has been reached by many thoughtful men at the North, the Southern whites cannot be blamed for sharing it and acting upon it.

A remarkable letter has been addressed by a negro to the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia. The writer opposes the formation of colored men at the North into clubs of so-called "Roosevelt Invincibles," and describes as nonsensical the denunciation of Southern men for opposing the appointment of negroes to conspicuous political positions in the Southern States, positions which are never offered to them in the Northern States. He has no doubt that similar protests would be heard from Northern whites if such appointments were made in their section of the Union. He evidently does not approve of Crum's appointment, for he holds that nothing should be done to inflame the prejudices of the Southern whites against the colored people. The negro problem, he says, cannot be solved by engendering race prejudices and enmity. He goes so far as to maintain that men of color should regard as blessings in disguise the property and educational qualifications lately embodied by some of the Southern States in their State Constitutions. The colored race, he says, should meet these qualifications instead of denouncing them. Rightly viewed, they are incentives to the acquirement of education and of thrift. He believes that their stimulative effect will go farther toward solving the negro problem than any other agency. When the colored element of the population in Mississippi, for example, shall have gained education and property, no human power can debar them from voting or from office-holding. As Mr. R. W. Childs pointed out the other day, should the time ever come when the qualified voters of Mississippi shall elect a negro for their Governor, nothing can prevent his assumption of the office. Meanwhile, the

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negro correspondent of the *Ledger* contends that the Southern whites are justified in decreeing that ignorance and thriftlessness shall bar the colored man from the ballot-box.

The Fifty-seventh Congress did well when, in spite of the alleged attempt to bribe a member of the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives, it appropriated half a million dollars for the investigation of submarine and subsurface torpedo-boats. It is believed that some notable improvements on the boats hitherto constructed in the United States have been made by American inventors. There is no doubt that the French navy already possesses torpedo-boats capable of moving under water with great, if not irresistible, efficiency. We take for granted that the mechanical principles and methods embodied in these French craft will be made the subject of careful study by our Navy Department. It should be recognized that the French draw a sharp distinction between submarine and submersible vessels. The French submarine boat, properly so called, can only be used for surface navigation when the weather is fair and the sea is smooth. As, moreover, its radius of action is short and its speed low, the submarine boat is useful mainly for guarding the sheltered waters of harbors. It is also to be kept in view that as in France such boats are driven exclusively by electrical motors, they are useless when the batteries are exhausted, unless they are within reach of a recharging or storage station. None of these objections are applicable to the so-called submersible boat, which has a long radius of action, is capable of high speed, and commands two methods of propulsion, to wit, steam when the boat is on the surface, and an electrical motor when it is submerged, the steam power in the latter case being used to recharge the batteries.

The French submersibles do not dive by poking their noses beneath the surface and raising their sterns. They sink, on the contrary, beneath the surface on a level keel, and thus avoid the danger of thrusting their heads into the mud, or of turning a complete somersault. When the submersibles were tried during the French naval manœuvres in the British Channel last autumn, they achieved remarkable success. In spite of the sharp lookouts maintained by the battle-ships and torpedo-boat-destroyers, the submersibles repeatedly contrived to hit the hulls of war-vessels with blank torpedoes, which, had they been loaded, would have annihilated the objects struck. They also managed to pass under water from one harbor to a second harbor at a considerable distance from the first. On the whole, French naval experts are convinced that the submersibles will prove of inestimable value, not only for the defence of seaports, a function which can be adequately discharged by submarines, but also for the disablement of hostile battle-ships. It is the conclusion reached upon this point that has caused the present Ministry of Marine to decide that the future expansion of the French navy shall mainly take the form of additions to the number not of battle-ships, but of submersibles, and of swift armored cruisers which will play the part of commerce-destroyers. Before the Fifty-eighth Congress meets, our Navy Department should have made up its mind whether we also do not need submersibles of the French type.

For more than one reason we hope that there is no foundation for the report that Chief-Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, is thinking of retiring from the bench at an early day. It is generally believed that Justice Fuller's health is as good as it has been for some years; if so, he should have a long period of usefulness before him. There is no greater mistake than to assume that a man's fitness for judicial functions is a question of age; it is purely a question of intellectual qualifications. So long as the intellect remains unimpaired, in respect of breadth and penetration of vision, the more experience a judge has had, the better for the bench to which he belongs and for the community. That eminent services have been rendered by judges who have passed the age of threescore and ten can be proved by many examples, of which we mention but two: Lord Lyndhurst became, for the third time, Lord Chancellor of England in 1841 at the age of sixty-nine, and held the Great Seal till the defeat of the Peel government in 1846. John Marshall remained Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court from March, 1801, until his death in July, 1835, when he was within three months of eighty years of age. That he continued to dominate the Court up to the last may be inferred from the remark made by President Andrew Jackson in 1832, when, in the case of Worcester *vs.* Georgia, the Court declared it to be the President's duty to protect the Cherokees. "John Marshall," said Jackson, "has made his decision; now let him enforce it." It is not only, however, because they appreciate the services which Chief-Justice Fuller has rendered, and desire an extension of them, that thoughtful citizens would deplore his retirement at this time. Of the nine judges composing the United States Supreme Court only three are Democrats, to wit, Chief-Justice Fuller and Associate-Justices White and Peckham. In the interest of the country, and in that of the tribunal itself, it is expedient that the two great political parties should be more equally represented.

Prince Esper Ukhtomski confirms the darkest anticipations for China, which were recently put into concrete form by Dr. Robert Coltman, and endorsed by so great an authority as Count Cassini. Prince Ukhtomski's familiarity with China goes back for several years; at least as far as 1891, the year in which he accompanied the Tsar, who was then Tsarevitch, on his Eastern and Siberian tour. The prince for a long time fulfilled certain special duties, as founder of the Russo-Chinese bank, and showed signal ability in dealing with the Peking authorities, for whom he expresses the greatest sympathy, believing that the Chinese uprisings are an inevitable, almost a justifiable, reaction against the aggressions of the Western European powers. Prince Ukhtomski is singularly outspoken in his criticisms, and has more than once used the columns of the St. Petersburg *Gazette* to criticise the doings of Russia's agents in the Far East, when he believed them in danger of imitating the "predatory policy" of certain Western powers, to quote his own phrase. Recent events in South America have made it tolerably clear to us what a "predatory policy" means. Another Russian whose opinion carries weight is Colonel Verestchagin, brother of the celebrated artist. Colonel Verestchagin fought through the Russo-Turkish war as a member of Skobeleff's staff, and therefore in direct relation with the present Russian War Minister, General Kuropatkin, chief of the staff to Skobeleff, and he also accompanied Skobeleff in the expedition which added the Turcoman districts of Transcaspia to the territory of the Russian Empire. His experiences in these two wars were embodied in one of the best military records ever written, which might serve as a text for his brother's pictures. Colonel Verestchagin agrees with the authorities already mentioned that a new Chinese uprising against the foreigner is inevitable.

Reports of revolutionary successes are once more drifting in from Venezuela. News from the eastern districts tells us that Carupano and Barcelona are now in the hands of the Matos party, the latter city having been recently captured by the revolutionary generals Monagas and Pablo Guzman. General Rolando has once more assumed a strong position in the neighborhood of Guatire, where, it will be remembered, he suffered a defeat a few weeks ago, his army being broken up and scattered over the country. We are further told that the revolutionists are steadily drawing nearer to Caracas, maintaining what is something like a loose blockade of the capital on the land side, while all the western part of the republic, with the exception of the city of Cumana, is in the hands of the insurgents. From Caracas itself comes the assertion that President Castro has been unable to call a session of Congress, because not enough members to form a quorum are available. Finally, news reaches us from Willemstad, the port of the Dutch island of Curaçao, that a steamer from Maracaibo has just touched at that port with less than one-third of her usual cargo, amongst which there is no coffee. The reason for this is that the new export duties by which President Castro is trying to recoup himself for the customs dues which are to be paid to the powers are so heavy as to be prohibitive. Maracaibo merchants say they are more ruinous than the blockade, and it is evident that the probable result will be an entire cessation of Venezuela's export trade, a great curtailment of her imports, and the consequent dwindling of the revenue of the state to a point which will make any useful activities impossible. It becomes daily clearer that, while President Castro evidently

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excels his opponents in fighting power, his dictatorship is increasingly ruinous for Venezuela.

Reports from Macedonia are somewhat discouraging. It seems that the various revolutionary movements throughout the country, having made considerable preparations for an uprising against Turkey in the spring, are unwilling to be balked of their sport, so to speak, merely because Russia and Austria have prevailed upon Abdul Hamid to initiate or at least to promise certain reforms. We have several reports of hard fighting from the well-known centres of trouble in the three Turkish provinces which we group under the general and misleading name of Macedonia; misleading, because the name suggests Greek affinities, while the real relations of the country are Slavonic, and to that extent rather anti-Hellenic. The already famous Boris Saraffoff has scored a victory over the Turkish troops near the village of Vladinorovo, and the losses of the government troops appear to have been severe. Similar attacks on Turkish troops have taken place, or at least are reported to have taken place, in three other districts, and in each case the result has been a victory for the revolutionaries. This is in one sense very unfortunate for the ultimate welfare of their cause; for Russia has already declared that she will only bring pressure to bear on the Sultan so long as the Slav populations of the three provinces remain tranquil; and it is obvious that these guerilla fights will render the conversion of the gendarmerie into a Christian and Slavonic body, in the sense desired by Russia and Austria, doubly difficult. This is in the last degree to be regretted, for the peaceful influence of Russia, and the gradual melioration of local conditions resulting from this influence, are about the last hope of the maltreated peasants, as the feeling in Russia against any armed intervention is steadily gaining force.

By a very amusing coincidence, two distinguished European personages recently delivered opinions as to the general character, prospects, morals, and manners of our country, on the same day. These two opinions are diametrically opposite; the one being vinegar and the other milk and honey. The acetic criticism comes from Germany, the spokesman being Professor Adolf Wagner, of the Berlin University. He begins by asserting that the Monroe Doctrine is a colossal piece of assumption. Such a doctrine, he says, was never forced on a conquered nation. Neither England nor Russia nor Napoleon at the height of his power ever made a similar pretension. Neither geographical nor historical relations justify us in our wild undertaking, nor do the really dominant interests of the United States share the extreme temerity of our government. To this he adds an even sharper sting: it is only the divisions of European politics, he tells us, and the lack of solidarity of the interests of middle, western, and southern Europe, "which hitherto have been, and will remain, the chief seats of human civilization," that explains why Europe, why Germany even, takes this empty pretension into consideration. There is something very refreshing in this naïve egotism, this candid self-appreciation; and hardly less amusing is Professor Wagner's patronizing tolerance of the elements of culture which Italy and France and Spain have given so abundantly to the world. He tells us that he, as a member of the Germanic race, does not want to see the Romanic element pressed to the wall, because it is indispensable to the world's civilization, "and is a necessary complement to Germanic culture." He finally asks what the United States has yet done of importance for the real civilization of the world, apart from some technical and business spheres. What has the United States done that has deserved to be named in the same breath with the achievements of Italy and France? And Professor Wagner pauses for a reply.

At about the same hour, one of the Romanic representatives, to wit, the Marchese di Rudini, was trying to answer this very question; and, according to this distinguished personage, the answer is as follows: The United States has already attained the most advanced form of modern civilization, after having eliminated all the old forms by a process of Darwinian selection. The progress of this American civilization will not tend toward decadence, as is the case with the old civilizations of Europe. The Latin races, the Marchese tells us, "are petrified in a proletariat too ignorant to rise higher, a bourgeoisie crystallized in a parasitic bureaucratic mould, and an aristocracy falling into ruins through its own weakness." That is sufficiently crushing; almost as crushing as Matthew Arnold's famous epigram about his own country: "An upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, a lower class brutalized." The Marchese considers it natural that Americans should regard as immoral that European society of which the instruments are human passions and weaknesses, which is perishing in the struggle between individuals, and of which the ideal is victorious parasitism. He contrasts this decadent Europe with the United States, where all conflicts are exclusively economic, for the development of wealth, and where the democratic problem is continually being solved in its entire political economic complexity, "the result being a commonwealth composed of individuals all equally laborious, all prosperous, free, and strong." The Marchese has our best thanks. He and Professor Wagner should really know each other.

Without knowing it, this eminent German professor and others of his nation are rendering us a service by the frankness with which they divulge the convictions of their far-sighted and resolute countrymen. As they say, the Monroe Doctrine is a mere bugaboo, fit only to frighten children, unless we have behind it a naval force superior to that of any European power, with the exception of Great Britain and France. Great Britain has nothing to fear from the Monroe Doctrine; indeed, it operates indirectly as a safeguard of Canada and her other American possessions against conquest by any foreign power except the United States. As for France, we shall never again be brought so near to a collision as we were during our war with Spain, when the instinctive sympathy for a Latin-American neighbor was intensified by the fact that a very large part of the bonds issued by the Madrid government were owned in Paris. For the knowledge that the doctrine has no important enemy but Germany we have to thank the leaders of German opinion as we have named above. They build better than they know, but they build on the wrong side of the Atlantic. The Anglo-German demonstration against Venezuela, and the disclosure of the motives which prompted one of the allies, simply had the effect of causing the American Congress in the session just concluded to provide for the construction of five battle-ships instead of two. We could build ten, or even fifteen, battle-ships a year, and still leave a surplus of income over expenditure, whereas Germany has already overstrained her fiscal resources by her present naval programme. It is simply impossible for a poor country like Germany to keep pace with the United States, considered as a sea power, from the moment that the American people are awakened to the exigencies by which they are confronted. We ought to be grateful to the German professors for hastening the awakening.

The London *Spectator*, which has shown repeatedly that it understands the American people much better than any other English newspaper, explained the other day to its readers how and why Emperor William II. has failed to divert American good-will from England to Germany. We may here say, what the *Spectator* omits to state, that the late German ambassador, Dr. von Holleben, took the right course in one respect. That is to say, he sought the acquaintance and respect of men of light and leading. That he gained it is evident from the fact that Harvard University made him a Doctor of Laws, a distinction which, so far as we know, has never been conferred on any other foreign minister, and which certainly nobody would have dreamed of conferring upon Lord Pauncefote. It was no fault of Dr. von Holleben's that his sage and successful programme was interrupted and frustrated by silly and abortive overtures of the Emperor's own devising. The responsibility for these foolish and futile demonstrations should be placed where it belongs, on the shoulders of William II. himself, and not where the *Spectator* mistakenly puts it, on those of the high-minded and far-sighted representative of the German Empire. It is not Dr. von Holleben, but his imperial master, who must be credited, or discredited, with the fatuous attempts to influence American public opinion by the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia, and through the christening of a royal yacht by Miss Roosevelt. Nobody knew better than the late German ambassador

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that for royal princes, as such, the American people care not the snap of a finger, and that, in their judgment, as regards the christening of the yacht, Miss Roosevelt was the bestower, and not the recipient, of honor. All this, which is the A B C of knowledge concerning American sentiment, was familiar to Dr. von Holleben, but it seems to have been more inscrutable than the cuneiform characters of Chaldea to the Kaiser.

Especially is it an act of cruel injustice on the Emperor's part to make his diplomatic representative at Washington a scapegoat for the astounding blunder of offering a statue of Frederick the Great to the United States. As Mr. Moncure D. Conway has conclusively shown, the story about Frederick's sending a sword to Washington is a myth without an atom of foundation. As for the refusal to permit German mercenaries, hired by England for use against the American colonies, to traverse Prussian territory, Frederick was avowedly prompted, not by any sympathy for rebels, but by the feeling that if German blood were to be spilled at all, it had better be spilled in Europe. Once more: although repeatedly requested to follow the example of France, Spain, and Holland, and recognize the United States as an independent confederation, Frederick the Great declined to do anything of the kind, and persisted in his declination until some time after the independence of the colonies had been recognized by England herself. In other words, if priority of recognition is to be the test, a statue of George III. should precede one of Frederick the Great at Washington.

In the British Parliament, the most interesting thing is the possibility, the probability even, that Winston Churchill may form a fourth party, of Conservative malcontents, after the manner of his gifted and pugnacious sire, Lord Randolph. His attack on the government's war policy, or, to be accurate, the war policy of Mr. Brodrick, was the most inspiriting feature of the new session; and he has a fair following of young bloods of the Tory party, who will at least make the reports of the debates in the Commons somewhat more lively reading. It is doubtful if they will do much more, however; for the government has a strong majority, and, more important, it has a weak and nerveless Opposition. It seems likely, strange as it may seem, that the government will have more or less active support from the Irish Nationalists, who will probably receive a modified home-rule scheme from the very party which came into existence to defeat home rule. This will be a realization of one of Parnell's prophecies; for, in spite of the numerous measures favoring Ireland fathered by Gladstone, that venerable statesman never won the confidence of his Irish allies. Indeed, Parnell himself used to call him the "Grand Old Spider," a sufficiently satirical epithet, though not one altogether undeserved by that colossal spinner of webs. One would be interested to know what agreement was reached between Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Redmond as a condition precedent to the liberation of so many Irish members recently imprisoned in Ireland under the Crimes Act; but perhaps the voters of the next few divisions will give the secret away. So far, while the Nationalists have not in a body voted for the government, they have on several occasions abstained from voting against it, and have thereby done solid service to Mr. Balfour and his friends. Perhaps there is some highly occult relation between this and the new Irish Land Bill.

With the exception of the *Saturday Review* and two or three other newspapers unfriendly to the United States, the British press is exhibiting impatience at the dissatisfaction with which the Alaskan Boundary Treaty is received in Canada. The Canadians will soon discover that far-sighted Englishmen regard the good-will of the United States as of incomparably more importance to Great Britain than is the so-called loyalty of the Dominion, which declines to contribute a dollar to the support of the Imperial navy. It has come to be well understood in London that with the friendship of the United States the British Empire might defy the rest of the world, whereas our enmity would be a death-blow, because, in the event of war between the two countries, we should cut off not only the food supplies which England is accustomed to receive from us, but also those which she might hope to get from Canada. We should simply have to occupy the railways running from the Northwestern Territories of the Dominion to the seacoast. Thus it is evident that Canada, which will do nothing for the mother country in time of peace, could do nothing for her in time of war without the consent of the United States. It follows that while Imperialist sentiment would doubtless cause Great Britain to fight for the retention of all her other colonies, it is no longer to her interest to retain British North America. That may be a humiliating fact for the hyperfervid loyalists of Canada, but a fact it indisputably is. If the Canadian Liberals should now revert to the annexationist policy which at one time some of them were inclined to favor, they may be sure that the mother country would wish them Godspeed. It would be superfluous to point out what the Dominion would gain in wealth and population by free access to the markets of the great American republic.

We are now in the fifth year since the city of Manila was surrendered to American troops, and since the Philippines were cut off from free access to the Spanish market. What have we done since then to replace the market of which the Philippine products were by our own act deprived; or, in other words, what have we done to stimulate and sustain the industries of our insular possessions in the Far East which henceforward must look to us exclusively for prosperity and progress? The shameful truth must be acknowledged that we have done next to nothing. We have treated the products of the Philippines precisely as if they were the products of a foreign state, except that we have consented to make the derisory reduction of twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley rates in their favor. There is absolutely no excuse for this monstrous discrimination against a particular part of the American domain. The Philippines did not petition to be annexed to the United States; we annexed them against their will; and the least thing we can do with any show of decency is to give them a substitute for the Spanish market, from which, as belonging to a foreign country, they are now debarred. What possible reason can be advanced for treating the Philippines less generously and less justly than we have treated Porto Rico? Only for a very short time did we deny to Porto-Rican products freedom of access to our markets. The bar was quickly lifted, and with beneficent results to both parties. It turned out that justice, like mercy, is twice blessed, blessing him that gives no less abundantly than him who receives. It is true that the American market now takes five times as much of Porto-Rican products as it took in 1897, but our exports to the island exhibit a no less notable expansion. Last year we sent to Porto Rico commodities valued at nearly $12,200,000, our imports thence being $9,634,000.

We may be asked, why has Porto Rico not received a form of government substantially identical with that possessed by the Territories of Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona, a form which would entitle her to a Delegate in the House of Representatives? We answer that, for the moment, such a form of government would be too dearly purchased. If Porto Rico became a Territory in the technical sense of the word, all internal-revenue taxes and customs duties collected would have to be sent to Washington and turned into the Federal Treasury. Now the internal-revenue taxes alone represent about a third of the total revenue of the island, and they are at present needed for indispensable local expenditures. As soon as Porto Rico can afford it, she will be organized as a Territory, and will have a spokesman in the Lower House of Congress. We should add that it is no fault of our House of Representatives that the Filipinos have not been more liberally treated in the matter of customs duties. The House cut down the duties on Philippine products to twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley rates. It was the Senate which refused to reduce the rates on sugar and tobacco more than fifty per cent., and, at last, failed to pass the House bill, even in this mutilated condition.

How are we to account for the fact that the Elkins act, with its rigorous provisions against rebates, has provoked scarcely a word of protest on the part of the common carriers aimed at, that is to say, the railway systems engaged in the transportation of commodities from one State to another? Are we to assume that the common carriers have not been accustomed to violate the law against rebates which previously stood upon

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the statute-book? Or shall we rather draw the inference that railway-managers regard the detection of rebates or preferences as practically impossible? There is no doubt that railway presidents have repeatedly promised one another to prevent their agents from offering secret inducements for traffic. At the same time, the agents know perfectly well that the presidents, their employers, do not wish to see the business of their roads diminished. Consequently, they look upon the order to offer important shippers no inducement for their traffic as a counsel of perfection, obedience to which would be irreconcilable with the work expected of them. Touching this point, a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* has lately recalled an anecdote of Samuel Sloan, who, on one occasion, when he was president of a trunk line, called his traffic, or general, manager into his office, and informed him that the principal railway presidents had agreed upon a schedule of rates which was to be faithfully observed. The schedule was to be printed, exposed in public places, and to be punctiliously carried out. The general manager heard the words, but he also detected an undertone that might have been unnoticed by ears less expert, and he likewise thought that he saw a momentary twinkle in his employer's eye that seemed to intimate, "Observe these rules, but don't let any other railroad get our traffic away from us." As a matter of fact, no other railroad did, yet no breach of faith was ever brought home to the general manager by his employer.

It is a remarkable fact that of all the constitutional monarchs in Europe the most disreputable has the most power. We refer, of course, to King Leopold II. of Belgium, whose escapades have been for many years of a kind in comparison with which those of Louis XV. were conducted with discretion and enveloped in mystery. Strange to say, although, from one point of view, his life has been one which would debar him from any respectable middle-class household in England or the United States, the masses of his subjects could not if they were Moslems regard his sexual divagations with more indulgence. The recent attempt to assassinate him undoubtedly added to his popularity, and probably has prolonged the life of his dynasty. It is no longer true of Leopold II. that he reigns but does not govern. The Belgian sovereigns were figureheads years ago, when the old-fashioned Liberals were in power, under the leadership of M. Frère-Orban, but since the Conservatives, who are almost exclusively Catholics, have had no formidable rivals except the Socialists, the King's personal influence has become a political factor of the first magnitude. He is even more powerful today in Belgium than George III. was in England during the first twenty-four years of his reign. Not content with the exercise of indirect and surreptitious pressure through the responsible ministers, he has of late not hesitated to place himself in direct and open relation with the people and the people's representatives in the Lower House of the Belgian Parliament. In an address on New-Year's day to the presiding officer of the Brussels Chamber of Deputies, he even propounded the principle that it was the sovereign's duty when, in his judgment, the country's interests should demand it, to take the initiative in matters concerning which the Parliament could be consulted later. Nor was this a merely academic declaration intended to sound public sentiment. He has actually carried out the principle, having just announced his intention to develop the coal-mines, recently discovered in Belgium, at the expense of the state, without waiting for any authorization on the part of the national legislature.

Those Englishmen who imagine and assert that in the United States the dollar is almighty overlook the profound respect, amounting at times almost to reverence, with which Americans regard men, like Ralph Waldo Emerson, who believe in plain living and high thinking. Emerson has had many disciples in public as well as in private life, and the position which they occupy in the esteem and confidence of their fellow-citizens is one unapproached by any of our multi-millionaires. A few years ago the annual income of one member of the Federal Senate was reputed to exceed $14,000,000 from one source alone. So far as we know, that gentleman's voice has never been heard but twice in the Senate-Chamber, and were he to speak oftener he would be listened to with more surprise than respect. On the other hand, there is no Senator who deserves and commands so much attention when he rises to discuss a public question as does the Hon. George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts; indeed, we do not hesitate to say that, since the death of Daniel Webster, there has never been a Senator whose utterances bear so well the searching test of type. Yet this man, who for a quarter of a century has worthily represented the commonwealth of Massachusetts in the Upper House of the Federal Legislature, has never known what it is to possess so modest an income even as two thousand dollars a year, outside of his salary. Up to a twelvemonth ago, he had been unable to rent even a humble dwelling, but had lived in boarding-houses, some tolerable, some intolerable, during the whole of his useful and honorable career in Washington. Has the fact impaired his social dignity or his political weight? We reply, not an iota. That is a truth well known to men who have lived in the Federal capital, and it is a truth as creditable to the American people as it is to Senator Hoar himself.

We thoroughly understand the motives which prompted the Virginia Legislature to pass a bill providing for placing a statue of General Robert E. Lee in Statuary Hall at Washington. Of the many illustrious Virginians, it is doubtful whether Jefferson, or even the Father of his Country himself, is more beloved and honored by the inhabitants of the Old Dominion than is Robert E. Lee. Memorable was his service to Virginia, and never will she cease to cherish his memory. He was a great man and a good man. He did not wish to see his State secede from the Union, but, when she did, he followed her. The conviction that his State had a right to secede if she chose, and that, she having done so, it was his duty to uphold her, was shared, not only by almost all the contemporary statesmen in the Southern States, but also by Josiah Quincy and many New England statesmen in the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century. It will, therefore, be as impossible for the future American historian, however devoted to the Union he may be, to dispute the rectitude of Lee's motives as it will be to belittle his military abilities. The truth, however, is not always timely. There is some reason to apprehend that the hour has not yet come when the organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Republican majority in Congress, will welcome the erection in Statuary Hall of a statue of Robert E. Lee, or of any other eminent generals who fought for the right of secession. Congress has to act upon the acceptance of the statue, and it may heed the protest of the Grand Army of the Republic, should one be made.

In the *Almanach de Gotha* there is much suggestive reticence concerning the whereabouts and occupations of certain members of the families deemed sufficiently noble to figure in that classical compilation. The relatively modest annual *Perthes's Almanach*, which deals with the German nobility of all ranks, is much more outspoken. In the latest edition it acknowledges that thousands of waiters, coachmen, barkeepers, miners, and other workmen in the United States are recruited from the German nobility. Even in the fatherland itself, the names of the very oldest nobles appear not only in the highest ranks of the army, but in the lists of coachmen and common laborers. In France, under the *ancien régime*, there used to be a *noblesse de la robe*, composed entirely of judges and lawyers, but in Germany it seems that when a man of noble birth has to earn his living, he seldom has brains or education enough to succeed at the bar. In the great city of Berlin only a single lawyer is of noble birth, while, on the other hand, the urban directory enumerates hundreds of noble names in the lists of commercial agents, constables, skilled and unskilled laborers. In other words, the state of things in Berlin, as regards the *dégringolade* of many members of noble families, is rapidly approaching that which obtains in St. Petersburg, where the saying is current that if you fling a stone into a crowd of hackmen on the Nevski Prospekt you cannot fail to hit a prince. Of course, the cause of the phenomenon in both Germany and Russia is the custom of transmitting the father's title to all of his male descendants, instead of to his eldest son alone, as is the custom in Great Britain. Where the eldest son alone retains the title, together with most of the estate, the *prestige* of the family is kept up, and there is always somebody through whose influence the minor members of the clan may hope to secure advancement. In France, under the *ancien régime*, there

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existed a species of compromise between the German and the English systems. The eldest son, on his father's death, took the latter's highest title; the second son, the second title, if there was one, and so on; but even the youngest male member of a large noble family had the title of *chevalier*.

It seems to be practically impossible to convince some persons of what ought to be self-evident, namely, that the text of the Constitution of the United States cannot be altered or amended in the slightest particular except by the machinery for emendation expressly provided in the text of the document itself. A paragraph is going the rounds of the press to the effect that the question whether the "United States" should be regarded as a plural or as a singular noun has been definitely settled by the Committee on Revision of the Laws, which, it seems, in reviewing the Federal Statutes, has presumed to decide that the United States *is*. No committee of either House of Congress has the power to decide the question, nor would even an act of Congress possess the requisite authority. That question is settled by the Constitution itself. Thus, in Article I., Section IX., Clause 7, we read, "No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States, and no person holding any office of profit or trust under *them* shall," etc. Again, in Article II., Section I., Clause 7, we read, "He [the President] shall not receive within that period [the period for which he shall have been elected] any emolument from the United States or any of *them*." Once more: Article III., Section III., Clause 1, says, "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against *them*, or in adhering to *their* enemies." But, it may be said, the amendments made to the Constitution during the reconstruction period practically transformed the United States from a confederation into a nation, and thus the noun which had previously been plural was made singular. We answer, first, that no change in the number of the noun, or any other change in the *style* of the Constitution, can be made except by a constitutional amendment; and, secondly, that one of the amendments referred to itself recognizes "United States" as a plural noun.

The first section of the Thirteenth Amendment runs as follows: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to *their* jurisdiction." We have here said enough to prove that "United States" cannot be made a singular noun by any committee on revision of the laws, nor by Congress itself, nor by any power on earth, except the power embodied in the alternative methods of constitutional emendation prescribed by the Constitution itself. The last time when the diction of our Federal organic law could be changed in the minutest particular, except by a constitutional amendment, was when, in the last days of the Philadelphia Convention, the document was referred to the committee on style. In the text reported by that committee, and adopted by the convention, the term "United States" is a plural noun; and so it must remain until the Legislatures or State conventions of three-fourths of the States shall decree otherwise. We may add that had the committee on style ventured to make the "United States" a singular noun, the change would have forthwith provoked protest from the Philadelphia Convention, for the reason that the whole theory of State Rights would have been obviously involved. The Constitution would never have been adopted by the requisite majority—nine States—had the term descriptive of the proposed confederation, to-wit, the "United States," been made a singular noun.

Miss Gertrude Atherton, who has done more than any one else in recent years to call to the minds of Americans the fact that they have failed to acknowledge fitly the transcendent greatness of that marvellous man of genius in statecraft Alexander Hamilton, has now fallen afoul of some of Hamilton's admirers. She has admitted that the news that he was of illegitimate birth almost made her ill, and has added to this statement the words, "Both enthusiasm and imagination would shrivel were I obliged to accept as a fact that Alexander Hamilton had negro blood in him." Miss Atherton is pointedly rebuked for acknowledging this prejudice. Yet the confession certainly does not hurt her as a student, nor even as a eulogist and glorifier of Hamilton. The unfortunate prejudice itself would undoubtedly be entertained by a good many people who would not have the frankness to confess it; and if in the face of the suspicion Miss Atherton has been able to retain every shred of her sentiment for Hamilton, we are forced by her confession to entertain new respect for the compelling genius of the man and the power of his very wonderful story. A certain American Southerner, who was a warm partisan of the Cuban revolutionary cause, and who also entertained all the prejudices of his section against social contact with the African race, was asked what he would do if Antonio Maceo came to visit him. A little shiver passed over him, but he answered, "I would entertain him as an equal." One honored his Cuban enthusiasm all the more for that shiver of race pride. We like, in this conscious age, to have a biographer—even a biographer of romances—confess his prejudices, and then ride over them rough-shod. It is much better than to have him say nothing about them, and let them color everything he says and does. As for Hamilton, it is to be said that if he had negro blood it did not hurt him. He was one of the world's greatest men. His part in the making of the American republic was second only to Washington's, and he should be honored next to Washington. The rest of the world owes him a larger tribute than it supposes, for the triumph of the principles of constructive statesmanship which he conceived has affected the history of other lands than ours—notably, beyond all doubt, that of the new German Empire.

It may be asked if American domestic habits have not something to do with the frequent breakdown of American nerves. In perhaps the majority of cases, in cities at least, the day is admirably arranged so as to give the business man no rest whatever until he gets into bed. It has come within our observation that, in our civilization, there are three systems of living out the ordinary working-day. There is the French system, which is that of the continent of Europe in general; there is the English system; and there is the American system. The last combines the chief features of the other two. The Englishman goes to work late and comes away early; but during working-hours he works all the time. His luncheon is light, and eaten hastily—perhaps at his desk. For this he makes up by a leisurely breakfast and a leisurely dinner; while he has the early part of the morning and the latter part of the afternoon to himself. The Frenchman, on the other hand, goes to work early, and works hard till noon. The American is apt to underrate the energy with which the Frenchman works while he is working. But at noon work ceases, and he sits down to an abundant meal, well cooked, well served, and eaten with appetite and in peace.

After his *déjeuner* he has his *petit verre*, his smoke, and perhaps a game of dominoes or cards; while he discusses politics, the arts, or the topics of the day. He takes his two hours of refreshment as a matter of course; he has no prickings of conscience at wasting time, nor searchings of heart lest some one else should "get ahead of him." Even the laborer, who in America eats his cold midday meal in a ditch or behind a pile of boards, generally sits down in Europe to a decent table, deftly served, and, however coarse his food, has time to eat otherwise than as the lower animals. Then, with mind cleared and cheered, and body strengthened and refreshed, laboring-man and business man return to their tasks, to work hard and late. The American system, as we have said, combines the chief features of the other two. The American goes to work early, like the Frenchman; like the Frenchman, he works hard; like the Frenchman, he works late; but, like the Englishman, he takes no time to himself at midday. His luncheon is the merest "snack"; it is often cooked badly and served worse; it is oftener still, perhaps, drawn from a paper in his pocket, and not served at all. As for any intellectual repose or mental distraction from the grim facts of work—not only is it not thought of, but the very idea would be laughed to scorn. From the moment of setting forth to the moment of return mind and body alike are deprived of their proper nourishment and rest. It is scarcely strange, therefore, that Europe should be rich in elegant American widows and orphans, and the churchyards at home too full of young men's graves.

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The Special Session and the Canal

THE other day Mr. Depew announced to the Senate that it was on trial. No one who has read the current literature of the last six months has any doubt of the truth of this, but much more immediate is the fact that the Democratic party in the Senate is on trial.

It is the natural tendency of the aggressive politician to think that the way to public favor is through opposition to his party's antagonists at every point. There is certainly no easier way to avoid thinking, a hard task for most of us, and, sometimes, there is no easier road to defeat. The real way to secure public favor is, of course, by gratifying or winning over public opinion. This involves a knowledge of what existing public opinion is, and, necessarily, the man who assumes that it is precisely opposite to the opinion of his political adversary, is much more likely to be wrong than right if that adversary happens to be in power. The Democratic Senators have not of late shown much sense of public sentiment. Many of the old leaders have assumed the acceptance of Republican policies to be wisest, a state of mind that is quite as irrational as the opposite one to which we have referred. Now, however, that Mr. Gorman is back, and the party has thereby gained a new and a real leader, it was falsely assumed that the pending treaties are to be opposed by the Democrats for no other reason than that they constitute the party of opposition, and, consequently, must be against any policy that is Republican,—the policy of either the Administration, which is one thing, or of the party leaders, which is quite another thing.

There has been no public sentiment in recent times so easily understood as that on the question of an isthmian canal. The man or the party which fails to grasp it is open to suspicion. It is either utter folly or corruption which determines its attitudes. Senator Morgan we can comprehend. He is as honest a man as ever sat in the United States Senate, but he has apparently staked his reputation and his career on the Nicaragua route, and is obsessed. We can pity him, but we cannot condemn him. On this question, however, touching which his long and special studies ought to make him an expert, his opinion is worthless, and if his party had helped him to gain his fight against the Panama route, it too would have become worthless, and would have demonstrated, at least as far as its leaders in the Senate are concerned, its utter valuelessness to the country.

There are times in the history of every government when a statesman must obey implicitly the public sentiment of the country which he helps to govern. Elizabeth held no more with Puritanism than did Charles I.; but Elizabeth knew her nation, and she yielded when she had to yield, and that with a graciousness which made the Commons believe that she was the real defender of their inheritance, while Charles I. stood so obstinately in the way of political theories that had been written down more than four hundred years before he was crowned that he lost his head. Now the Democratic Senator who, in the slightest degree, helped to defeat the Panama canal treaty was as foolish as was Charles I. If he had been backed by his party in the Senate, the party would not soon be permitted to govern this country. The people of the United States favor the construction of an isthmian canal. Many believe that the transcontinental railroads are opposed to such a canal. In this they are mistaken, for the railroads are wiser than they are sometimes thought to be. However, some people are bound to hold that opposition to the canal means subserviency to the railroads, or something worse. With the majority the railroads do not figure, but these are eager for an interoceanic canal, and they are sincerely in earnest, even enthusiastic, in their desire that this country should construct, own, and operate the water-way between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Moreover, the country has settled down to the conviction that the Panama route is the only one that is to be thought of. In reaching this conclusion, public opinion has vindicated itself, and once more proved its soundness; for the Panama route is the choice of practically all the engineers who have investigated all the routes, and, with most of them, it is the only route.

We are quite safe in saying that unless the Panama route had been adopted no canal would be constructed. This result would have confirmed the suspicions of those who believe that the transcontinental railroads were behind all opposition to the canal treaty, but what is of more importance to all who were contemplating opposition was the fact that the failure of the Panama treaty, and the consequent postponement, perhaps the ultimate defeat of any canal, would have excited public wrath that the party responsible for the defeat of the enterprise would have suffered enormously. If it had been the Democrats, they would be likely to stay "out of business" for some years. In other words, opposition to the Panama canal treaty was opposition to public opinion. Nor was the public deceived by specious arguments against "this particular treaty," or against any of its provisions. The country believed that Mr. Hay had negotiated a good treaty, a treaty which gave us all that we needed for the construction, the ownership, the maintenance, and the defence of the canal. No one can convince the American people that this is not true, any more than Mr. Morgan can now convince us that the canal ought to have been built at Nicaragua instead of at Panama. If any Senator had insisted on a provision giving to this country the fee in the strip of land through which the canal is to run, instead of a perpetual lease, the country would have understood that the proposed amendment was, in essence, veiled hostility to the canal itself; for we all know that the constitution of Colombia prohibits the alienation of land to a foreign government, and that a perpetual lease is not only all that is sufficient, but all that it is possible to obtain. In the same way, an effort to provide for the fortification of the canal would deceive no one, for we all know that that project was long since laughed out of court because it was once mediæval policy, but is now archaic nonsense. The country would, in short, have interpreted any effort to amend the treaty as an effort to defeat it, and any effort to defeat the treaty as an effort to defeat the project of the canal itself. That the treaty has been ratified, notwithstanding Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Morgan's position in the Democratic party, is of good augury for Mr. Gorman's leadership. The first step in the trial of the party has been in its favor. It was at first reported that the Democrats intended to filibuster and to insist upon amendments such as we have outlined, but, as it turned out, all the amendments proposed were non-partisan, although some of them might be called sectional. The vote was taken on Tuesday of this week, by consent of all Senators, including Mr. Morgan, who only insisted, in consideration of giving his assent, that his speech should be printed in the *Record*. Mr. Gorman is entitled to the chief credit for bringing Mr. Morgan to so speedy a surrender.

The New Leadership of the Democracy

THE ascendency of the conservative element in the Democratic party was definitely established, when, on the meeting of the Senate in extra session, the Democratic members of that body unanimously chose Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, to be Chairman of their Steering Committee. There is no doubt that the leader of the Democratic minority in the next House of Representatives will act in concurrence with Senator Gorman, and Democrats, therefore, throughout the country may look forward to a reorganization of their party on sound and sensible lines, and to such an exhibition of political strategy and tactics as will enable them to make the best of their opportunities in 1904. The unanimity with which Mr. Gorman was selected for the post of leadership is, of course, a tribute to the reputation for astuteness and efficiency which he gained during his previous period of service in the Senate. The unanimity is also tantamount to an acknowledgment that the supreme needs of the Democratic party at this juncture are caution, sobriety, and sagacity. Nobody that knows Mr. Gorman would describe him as magnetic, but the Democracy is thoroughly tired of magnetism. It has taken eight years to recover from the electrifying shock which Mr. Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech administered to the Chicago national convention. It has come to the conclusion that magnetism spells defeat, and that calm, undemonstrative, long-headed leaders of the Gorman type are considerably more likely to bring the party to the promised land. Not even the late President McKinley was a keener observer or better judge of public opinion and popular sentiment than is the junior Senator from Maryland. Under his guidance the Democracy is unlikely to make any flagrant mistakes, or to miss any chance of regaining the confidence of the country. He has announced no programme, nor is he expected to commit himself in advance regarding any public measure. He will cross bridges when he comes to them. If we recall, however, the positions which he took when he was formerly the leader of the Democratic Senators, we may be certain that he will not suffer the party to array itself in vexatious and futile opposition to measures which visibly commend themselves to a large majority of the voters. We believe, for instance, that, had he occupied a place of authority in the Fifty-seventh Congress, the Aldrich financial bill, or the Fowler bill, or some amalgam of those projects, would have been allowed to pass, for he would have recognized the expediency of relieving the stringency of the money-market. We believe, also, that he would have assured the enactment of the Philippine tariff bill, the failure to pass which involved a grievous violation of public duty on the part of the last Congress. Neither is he likely to countenance filibustering for private purposes, such as Senator Tillman indulged in, when he forced the Conference Committee to sanction the payment of a claim put forward by South Carolina, which by an official investigator had been pronounced unfounded. It was, by the way, an act of characteristic shrewdness to make Senator Tillman himself a member of the new Steering Committee. The Senator from South Carolina, who, hitherto, has often been inclined to act as a free lance, will henceforth be personally interested in the enforcement of discipline.

The view of Senator Gorman's elevation that will be taken by Mr. Bryan in his *Commoner* will be interesting, though not very important. Unquestionably, it means the relegation of the silver element to the rear.

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We do not see how Mr. Bryan himself can fail to recognize this fact, although he said the other day that the control of the next Democratic national convention by the believers in a gold standard was to his mind inconceivable. We are at a loss to understand how he reconciles such a statement with the record of the Kansas City convention. Nobody knows better than Mr. Bryan that the reaffirmation of the silver plank was carried in the platform committee of that body by a single vote, and *that* the vote of the delegate from Hawaii. Unquestionably, the opponents of free silver constituted a majority of that convention, and they were only muzzled by Mr. Bryan's declaration that he would refuse a nomination unless the silver plank were inserted in the platform. Such a threat will have no terrors in 1904, for Mr. Bryan will not be a candidate. Although, however, Mr. Gorman's accession to the Chairmanship of the Democratic Steering Committee in the Senate must be looked upon as a victory for the conservative element in his party, the junior Senator from Maryland is quite too skilful a tactician to antagonize Mr. Bryan in any unnecessary way. Not only will no attempt be made to drive Mr. Bryan out of the Democratic party, but every precaution will be taken to avoid giving him a pretext for bolting. We do not believe that Mr. Gorman will sanction any endeavor to dislodge the late Democratic candidate for the Presidency from such control as he at present exercises over the party organization in Nebraska. That would be an act of open war that Mr. Bryan's friends might be expected to resent. It will be, in truth, a memorable achievement to reorganize the national Democracy without losing in one direction as many votes as may be gained in another. We believe the feat may be performed, however, and that Mr. Gorman is the man to do it.

Tainted Money

ANY constant reader of the daily papers must be rather more struck with the gleams of light which find their way through the darkness of the world than the darkness itself. Amidst the general clamor of the talking, there is here and there some one, every now and then, who sets up a thinking strong enough to be heard above the uproar, and so convincing that it makes an end of controversy as to the right thing to be done, and breaks a way for mankind to get on again in spite of the obscurity hemming us in. Such a one the Rev. Percy S. Grant, of the Church of the Ascension, seems to have been, and such a good work he seems to have done in an informal discourse which he has delivered on the subject of "Clean and Unclean Money," with reference to the very prevalent misgiving whether educational and charitable institutions ought to take the gifts of guilty millionaires.

It appears, even to the worst doubters, that there are, in millionaires, as in deacons and fagots, odds which have to be taken in account by casuists dealing with the morality of their benefactions. It would perhaps be going too far to say that there are good millionaires, but certainly some of them seem better than others, or, if not quite that, then worse. It is said, with what truth we cannot now declare, that some of them have got their millions by means that would have railroaded minor offenders to the penitentiary on grooves treated to the point of the least resistance by the finest quality of lubricating oil, and it has been supposed that their money has thus received a taint which all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten, but which will indelibly impart itself to the touch of the taker. This is the contention which Dr. Grant met so boldly when he held that money itself could not be fouled by the foulest methods of acquisition, but was purified to the finest use by the mere fact of giving. He thought it generally understood that such gifts were expiations, reliefs of conscience, proofs that the giver was sorry. He noted that the thirty pieces of silver themselves were used for the common good, and he declared his belief that by giving and encouraging giving we might reach a state when we would not try to wring the last cent from our neighbors.

The common sense of all this is a form of piety which we could wish always to find in sermons, or even in sociological articles or addresses. In the meagre report of the discourse which the daily press vouchsafed we were not instructed how far Dr. Grant went in following the line of thought suggested; but with a little thinking of his own the reader will feel it penetrate to the darkest depths of his soul, or call them the most luminous heights. The preacher avouched a truth which no honest man will disown for his neighbor at least, if he does for himself. It would hardly be too much to say that all giving comes from a bad conscience, from the sense that we somehow have no right to more than suffices us for our daily needs. The contrary is defended by the whole machinery of the law, by all the theories and practices of civilization, but in his heart, where each of us is alone in that solitude so inaccessible to human fictions, each of us knows it true. Of course, the man who has not so much more than he needs does not feel himself so bad as the wicked person who has a great deal more, or that lost wretch who has so much more that he cannot compute it, and can hardly imagine it. But whether we have much more or little more than we need, we all give from the same bad conscience, and as we hope somehow to be forgiven for our own gifts, we have no right to spurn the gifts which come from others, or to stand with our cleanly scruples in the way of the atonements they wish to make.

The preacher was right when he claimed that gifts took no taint from the greed of their givers. He was right when he demanded for these the privilege of giving freely and fully. Their giving is restitution, of the same pathetic nature as that of the barons of old who rendered to the church of God the wealth that they had rent from the weak and poor. Let them give and give, and let no college president or library committee, or board of trustees, assume to stand between the penitent and his Maker, with question of the purity of his money. "'Tis mine, 'twas his, and has been slave to thousands." It is said to talk, but it is really as dumb as the earth which men furrow with their cannon and their ploughs alike, and which they sow with the grain of the harvest-field, or the corpses of the battle-field, and which makes no sign of consciousness to either. What we have to do, in order to keep our self-respect, is to guard ourselves from looking upon these penitents as philanthropists in disguise, or as beneficent altruists giving from the love of giving, and not from the fear of having got too much. In the presence of every such act of restitution, let us keep our eyes from being dazzled by the vastness of the sums bestowed. Let us remember that for some men to give a million is less than for others to give a postage-stamp. Let us never forget that it is the heart that really gives, and not the hand, but let us be very careful not to deny that a sore heart may be giving itself as well with the million as with the postage-stamp. It was what went with the widow's mite that consecrated it, not the smallness of the mite. Otherwise, the reader who gives nothing might indulge a spiritual pride at the expense of the reader who gives a great deal.

Although Bird o' Freedom Sawin made bold to say that—

They didn't know everything down in Judee,

still we have not much improved upon the morality of the great Casuist who taught by parable, and we can still learn wisdom from Him. From His teaching we know that there is more rejoicing in heaven over one millionaire that repenteth, than over ninety and-nine just men who have only their doubts whether the millionaire's money can be given without evil from its source such as would contaminate the taker. It is a terrible tempter, money is, but if he who has made it, and prizes it only as a rich man knows how to prize his money, can so far overcome its lure as to give it, why should not the taker be able to resist its corrupting effects? It is to the danger of these that we are now exposed, and are likely to be exposed more and more, for the tide of giving has set in so strongly that no casuistry, however mistaken, can stem it, and we are to look not at the origin of the money, but to its power over ourselves. If it does not buy our truth and honor, it can only do good, as the world now goes.

Judge Grosscup and the Trusts

JUDGE PETER S. GROSSCUP of the United States Circuit Court, whose recent decision in the "Beef Trust" injunction suit has attracted wide notice and interest, is a judge who has never taken the vow of "intellectual celibacy." He is content to interpret the law when he is on the bench, but he is disposed to do his part as a citizen toward making law when he is off the bench. Almost on the very day on which he delivered his opinion in this case, he also delivered a lecture before an academic body which is an original contribution to the present trust discussion. He decided in the morning on the bench that the Beef Trust was a combination unlawful in the sight of the Sherman Act. In the evening on a lecture platform he said that consolidation had come to stay, and that if honestly organized and managed, it would turn out to be a step forward in the progress of mankind. It is not likely that his decision as a judge will be reversed by the Supreme Court; and it is quite as unlikely that his seemingly inconsistent private opinion will be reversed by those who have a right to give an opinion on controverted industrial questions.

The present problem is, however, primarily social and political. It is to restore the citizen to the status of proprietor. In the last ten or fifteen years, the period of consolidation, the small capitalists in numbers alarming (from one point of view) have become employees. They have sold their businesses, and there has been a consequent swelling of deposits in the banks, national, State, and savings, and in loan and trust companies. During the last five years, covering the climax of consolidation, though the increase in wealth and population has gone on at the rate of twenty or twenty-five per cent. per ten years, the increase in deposits has been at the rate of more than 100 per cent. The inference to which one is compelled is that the people have changed the object of their investments. They have become lenders rather than proprietors—but standing aloof from both the dangers and the profits of proprietorship. And this because, as Judge

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Grosscup says, of their want of trust in their country's industrial corporations.

It is true that the great sums deposited by the people "furnish most of the capital upon which modern consolidation is exploited," but this does not constitute the depositors, proprietors. The borrowers are the owners; the lenders get no share in the country's prosperity except the interest on deposits. And the fact that "they get so little and the borrower seemingly so much is the sore spot. It is this feeling—ill founded as it may be—that some one has cheated and some have been cheated in the distribution, which is driving the undiscerning toward public ownership and socialism. The menace of such a political and industrial system, consolidation has accentuated. But what is more serious, in narrowing the *personnel* of the proprietorship of the country, it is "detaching from the friends of property the great middle class of citizenship." The peril is that this conservative force will in time swing to those whose attitude is already opposed to property. And Judge Grosscup is forced to the question, "Can our old ideals stand against such an alliance?" His answer seeks to avert forever such a test. It carries its suggested remedy in the very phenomena which have attended consolidation—the people, the great middle class must be restored to proprietorship.

But will they enter, to any large extent, the field of corporate ownership under any condition? His confidence that they will, if the fortunes of these enterprises are bound up in the legitimate vicissitudes of the business itself and not in over-strained organization, rests upon these conditions: that we have a people to whom the acquirement of property is an instinct, possessed of financial means and unafraid of corporate property merely as corporate property. With this instinct, with this financial equipment and this attitude on the part of the people at large, the "peopleization" of the proprietorship of the country is certain to come if only corporations are "fairly organized and conducted."

The novelty and originality of Judge Grosscup's plan lies in its feature of governmental assurance. The government must exercise its powers to reach and protect the would-be proprietor to the extent of guaranteeing that the assets and proposed stock issue have been looked into "by some responsible authority, and that their proportion to each other have been adjusted to conform to the known legal basis." And once the corporation has been organized, it is to be subject to "visitation" by some department of government not as a mere newsgatherer, for purposes of publicity, but as a trustee, to take note of dangers in sight and adequately to meet them.

This is the suggestion of a keen, thoughtful man without mental excitement—an interpreter of the laws of the past—who sees that in the future there must be some "far-reaching reconstruction of our corporate policy," such as will enable the people at large to re-enter the proprietorship of the country, or we shall find ourselves left with two alternatives both of which menace wide individual enterprise, personal freedom, and Republican institutions.

By far the greater part of the suffering and crime which exist at this moment . . . arises simply from people not understanding this truism—not knowing that produce or wealth is eternally connected by the laws of heaven and earth with resolute labor; but hoping in some way to cheat or abrogate this everlasting law of life, and to feed where they have not furrowed, and be warm where they have not woven.—*Ruskin.*

Intercollegiate Athletics

FAR be it from us to enter into the field of tangled controversy over intercollegiate athletics. There are, however, certain phases of the subject which seem to be beyond controversy, certain evils the existence and seriousness of which must be admitted, and of these we can speak with some degree of confidence, especially since we find ourselves in agreement with Professor Hollis, the accomplished chairman of the Harvard athletic committee.

The most obvious, or at least the most widely recognized, feature of college athletics is their apparently engrossing power over the minds and imaginations of the students and of the public. The reality of this absorption and its pervasiveness depend largely upon the particular college or university. There are many institutions of learning in the country where intellect and intellectual industry take the first place in the thoughts and conversation of the scholastic community. There are, indeed, others where muscle is unduly glorified, and where the studious are more or less despised. College presidents have been known to send forth their "team" on the fateful day, from morning prayers, with such a benediction as Muldoon might bestow upon Corbett at the ring-side. Faculties have purchased athletes by concessions in entrance examinations. Still, these are happily eccentricities in educational communities, and scholarship ranks higher in the most successful football institutions than the public wots of. Indeed, the public itself is largely responsible for the atmosphere of bodily strife which seems to distinguish American universities and colleges. Led by a considerable body of graduates, many of whom have become de-educated since quitting college, a large public, decorated with pins which represent their bets, and not their educational history or their identity with the institutions thus painted on their shirt-waists and their waistcoats, make Rome howl and the heavens shiver on the day of a great contest. The struggle, the noise, the bets, and the subsequent hysterical joy and grief constitute all that the de-educated alumni and their lay followers know of the distinctive and inspiriting features of the higher education in the United States. With the players in the field, who must keep up to a certain standard in their classes, it is different. It may be, indeed, that too much thought is given to athletics by collegians, but the sporting outsiders are wrong in fancying that students and faculties and their different institutions are to be accurately measured by success or failure in rowing and football. Indeed, the statistics of defeated universities and colleges show that other, and presumably higher, considerations determine the attitude toward them of parents and the heads of preparatory schools.

Whether the interest of a college life centres about the training-table or the classroom, depends mainly on the professors and instructors. Intellectual enthusiasm can always win out against bodily exercise among ingenuous youth.

It is still true that there are those whom the goal grazed by the glowing wheels elevate to the gods, and there always will be such, but there are many more to-day than there were in the days of Augustus who can sing with Horace,

> Quod si me Lyricis Vatibus miseres,
> Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

But whether the student wants to walk among the stars with the poets depends much on his bringing up.

But to the confessed evils! The first of these is the brutality of the game of football. No one but he who loves brutishness will deny the truth of this charge. We confine ourselves to one manifestation of it which is too common if it appear but once a season, whereas, as is well known, it is to be looked for in every game in which there is one star player. It is the fashion of concentrating all the force of the opposing team for the purpose of crippling the star of the other team. The occasional slugging, the effort to tease an opponent into a state of useless nervousness, and the savagery called forth by sudden temptation are all bad enough, but the cool, deliberate, cruel purpose of driving an opponent out of play by disabling him is barbarous and unmanly, and they who resort to it in the name of sport do not know the meaning of sport.

Another evil is the mental attitude of one college toward its rival. As Professor Hollis well says, there is an entire "absence of chivalric conduct. It is the rarest thing to note even an evidence of generosity among players. The visiting team goes to the college where the game is played, rides out to the field, performs its engagement, and then goes home. The interchange or attention that the ordinary laws of hospitality indicate as proper between friends is reduced to mere business arrangements." This is bad enough, but, what is worse, is the suspicion manifested by these college contestants of one another's honesty. In many instances, neither team can imagine that its rival is honest, and detectives are employed to spy upon the suspected college, and to "work up" cases against supposed ineligibles.

These two specimens are sufficient to point Professor Hollis's real moral, and that is that intercollegiate contests have ceased to be amateur sport, and have come, in essence, to be tainted with professionalism. Colleges make rules for the determination of professionalism, and students who have played for money, or who have accepted valuable gifts for athletic services, are rigidly barred out. Sometimes a mean spirit governs in the application of this rule; advantage is now and then taken of a slip which ought not really to disqualify a player. All this comes from the fact that if the outward form of professionalism is sternly excluded, its inward spirit is always manifest. The game of the year has become the business of the year. It is no longer the joyous contest in which each side will do its best, and be content and happy, however fortune may award the palm. It is, rather, a stern struggle of young giants whose business it is to ruin, at all hazards, by all devices not absolutely prohibited, by driving opponents from the field by crippling them, by disqualifying others by evidence obtained by hired detectives, by schemes and practices that are absolutely incompatible with the true spirit of sport, and that are out of place everywhere, unless we are to consider that the end of the game is to win rather than to play it fairly, honorably, generously, in friendly spirit, in the only true amateur spirit—"may the best man win."

These evils cannot be cured by rules. They germinate and develop in the minds and hearts of the players and their fellows. Their eradication depends upon education. Time was when the spirit of sport prevailed, and when one college would no more have thought of "putting a detective" on its rival than it would have thought of breaking into the strongbox and stealing the athletic fund—at least, if it had then been thought that a rival team was deserving of police surveillance, it would simply have been dropped out of competition. What is needed by intercollegiate athletics is a little spiritualizing, a little leaven of the spirit of gentlemanliness, which is another phrase for the true spirit of amateur sport.

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Washington's Birthday in London

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *February 25, 1903.*

NOTHING is so hard as to convince an Englishman that Americans have memories. He cannot understand why they or any other people should bother themselves about hundred-year-old events, why they should speak and on occasion act as though the "Boston Massacre" were an affair of yesterday, why they should be perpetually canvassing and celebrating each dominant event in their early history. This vivid consciousness of the past is something he has no share in and very little sympathy with. He is rather disposed to deride it as a bit of puerility that no nation can outgrow too quickly. That is one of the reasons, perhaps it is the fundamental reason, why he has never quite understood the Irish. To do him justice, the Englishman fully practises what he preaches. For his own past he has no memory at all. You could live a lifetime in England without knowing that she had a history. Before the Boer war it was easier to purchase a Union Jack in Chicago than in London. The centenary of some great event, some signal victory, comes round, and all the record it will get is an obscure paragraph in the newspapers. The "man in the street" closes the record of English history when he leaves school, and there is nothing to open it for him again. Parades and processions and "memorial exercises" and set orations in honor, let us say, of Waterloo would strike the average Englishman as a foolish waste of time. The Navy League, it is true, has taken of recent years to decorating the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square on the anniversary of Trafalgar day.

The League does so as part of its political propaganda for rousing and maintaining popular interest in the navy. A few hundred idlers will watch the ceremony with a sort of amused interest, and then pass on to the day's work, totally unthrilled. The survivors of the famous, fatuous charge of the Light Brigade meet and dine, I believe, once a year. For the public it is merely a sentimental item in next morning's papers. All such celebrations have come to be alien to popular instincts—possibly because whenever there is any question of pageantry or formal rejoicing, Englishmen have got into the habit of looking to the Crown for a lead.

In one of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's delightful child-sketches, he most charmingly portrays the efforts of a girl patriot to interest her brother in the twenty-first of October. "It's Trafalgar Day," went on Selina, tranecdly; "Trafalgar Day—and nobody cares!" Her brother is quite unmoved: he would rather be hunting moles. "Why can't we *do* something!" she burst out, presently. "*He*—he did everything—why can't we do anything for him?" "*Who* did everything?" inquired Harold, meekly. It was useless wasting further longings on that mole. Like the dead, he travelled fast. "Why, Nelson, of course," said Selina, shortly, still looking restlessly around for help or suggestion. "But he's—he's *dead*, isn't he?" asked Harold, slightly puzzled. There you have it. Nobody cares—and he's dead, isn't he?

But this indifference has an obverse and not displeasing side. If it cuts Englishmen off from much of the pride that might justifiably be theirs, if it lowers, as it unquestionably does lower, the general average of informed and intelligent patriotism, it also forestalls many international bitternesses, and robs the past of all its sting.

No nation, it has often and truly been said, is so incapable as the English of keeping a grudge alive. No nation wastes so little of its time nourishing futile antipathies. No nation is so ready to forget and forgive, or so willingly allows the mellowing hand of time the fullest play. What Polyphontes says to Merope in Matthew Arnold's fine dramatic poem could never be said to or of England:

I sought thee, Merope; I find thee thus,
As I have ever found thee: bent to keep,
By sad observances and public grief,
A mournful feud alive, which else would die.

On the contrary, the way in which England ignores what has passed and rushes to "make things up," seems at times to involve a positive loss of dignity. The recent Anglo-German alliance, for instance, struck all outsiders and even a good many Englishmen as passing the permission of meekness and charity. It had something in it that was almost mean-spirited and contemptible, like Lord North's too-facile forgiveness of the outrageous attacks levelled against him by Fox. It showed "the Christian spirit" carried to such an ultra-Biblical excess that it became decidedly unpalatable for human nature's daily food. But, on the whole, the presence of this spirit in Englishmen is so very much in their favor, and is usually so well restrained, that an occasional abuse of it may be pardoned. It has done as much as anything to make Anglo-American relations what they are at this moment and always should be. You could not have a better proof of this than the eagerness of prominent Englishmen to join with Americans in celebrating Independence Day and Washington's Birthday. This eagerness has come to be taken almost as a matter of course, but when one stops to think out all it means, one sees what fine testimony lies hidden within it to the sterling characteristics of the British nature. Such a sight as I saw two nights ago when the American Society of London and several of the most distinguished Englishmen in public life met together to honor the anniversary of Washington's birthday would be flatly impossible anywhere else.

Do you ever hear of Austrians banding together to celebrate Kossuth's memory? Are Cavour and Garibaldi honored names in Vienna? Is Walewski one of the national heroes of Russia? Does Madrid commemorate the birth of Bolivar? A hundred years hence will Gomez and Aguinaldo rank with Canovas and Sagasta? Such questions sound absurd. And yet just consider what it signifies when Englishmen make a feast-day of July 4, and deliver public eulogies on Washington. It means, in the first instance, that they are celebrating the greatest blunder in British history; and, in the second, that they are honoring the memory of the man who brought Great Britain to her lowest depth of humiliation and impotence. All this they do just as heartily and unreservedly as Americans themselves and without the slightest hypocrisy. A strange, if only a superficial, paradox! Year after year this "old and haughty nation" doing public atonement through the mouths of her most illustrious sons for her share in the American Revolution! And doing it, I repeat once more, with absolute sincerity. If their mistake was great, they have amply and handsomely admitted it. I know that as a school-boy in England I was brought up to a reverence for Washington and an indignation against Lord North such as a pupil in any Kansas school might vainly envy. I could multiply instances by the hundred to prove the completeness of the national repentance; but one will be enough. In the visitors' room at one of the greatest clubs on Pall Mall, hanging over the mantelpiece, is a facsimile of the Declaration of Independence, with medallions above and around it of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant. There is, I think it must be admitted, something fine in a people who can thus candidly publish and acknowledge the most appalling and costly error in their annals. Which, at any rate, is the nobler of the two—an Englishman honoring Washington, or an American raking in the dust-heap of the Revolution for his Anglophobiac fuel?

I am not going to weary you with the speeches, nor yet with a list of the Englishmen of note who were present. Like all Anglo-American foregatherings, it was excellently arranged and thoroughly enjoyed. They are the only kind of public dinners I know of that never lose their freshness. There is a brinyness in the atmosphere of this particular sort of international festivity that you don't get elsewhere. Another feature of them is equally permanent and peculiar—the ease with which Americans come out victorious from the ordeal of competitive oratory.

The English are, without exception, the greatest public-dinner givers in the world, yet few of them master more than the alphabet of postprandial speech-making. On Monday they were, by contrast, particularly weak. The Duke of Devonshire, who proposed Mr. Roosevelt's health, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Sir Edward Poynter, who replied to the toast of "Success to the Exhibit of the United Kingdom at St. Louis, 1904," seemed mere amateurs of oratory by the side of the finished, easy eloquence of Mr. Choate, ex-Governor Francis, and Mr. John Barrett. Speechifying of whatever kind is a bore of the first magnitude to the Duke of Devonshire. But on Monday the atmosphere of good-fellowship prevailed even against his constitutional langnor, and the speech in which he gave the President's health was as near being sprightly and connected as any I have heard him deliver. Even the Duke himself seemed to take a far-off ducal interest in what he was saying—an almost unknown phenomenon in him, for, to do him justice, he is always the first to yawn at his own speeches. But the speech of the evening was unquestionably Mr. Choate's. London society demands eloquence from the representative of America so insistently that it has occasionally paid the penalty of being glutted with it. This is not the case with Mr. Choate, who never says too much and never lets his fluency run away with him. There is another pitfall which he instinctively avoids. He never makes the mistake of praising Englishmen to their face. The only American ambassador I know of with whom England got slightly bored was one who, with the best intentions in the world, was forever soft-soaping England and English ways of doing things. Mr. Choate has a nicer appreciation of what it is Englishmen like best. With admirable tact and skill he quietly pokes fun at them, and scores good-humored points at their expense. His argument on Monday that Napoleon sold Louisiana to the United States to prevent England from getting it: that Americans were therefore really indebted to England for the purchase: and that England in consequence lay under a heavy obligation to make the St. Louis Exposition a success—was worked out in the best vein and spirit of American humor. It was immensely relished by the audience, being precisely the sort of point that came with far more effect from an American than an Englishmen—if, indeed, an Englishman would have had the courage and mental agility to make it. The fact that Mr. Choate did not hesitate shows, as all his speeches do, how perfectly he is grounded on the oratorical side of his position.

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Leo XIII. and the Next Pope

THE commemoration by Leo XIII. of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the Pontificate directs attention, not only to his great age—he was born in 1810—but also to the possibility that his successor may modify his policy. Let us consider the chance of such a modification, after a very brief review of the present Pope's achievements. Seldom have the prospects of the Papacy seemed darker than when Pius IX. was succeeded by Leo XIII. It is true that in the fourteenth century many Popes deliberately transferred their place of residence from Rome to Avignon, but never until the nineteenth century, since a large grant of territory was made to the head of the Catholic Church by Pepin, King of the Franks, was the temporal authority of the Papacy avowedly extinguished by any civil power. That phenomenon, however, has been three times witnessed in the course of the last hundred years: first when Napoleon I. imprisoned Pius VII. and incorporated the city of Rome and what was left of the Papal Territory with the French Empire; secondly, in 1848 when, after the escape of Pius IX. to Gaeta, a republic was proclaimed in Rome; and, thirdly, in 1870, when the Eternal City was occupied by the troops of Victor Emmanuel II., and became a part of the new and unified Kingdom of Italy. When Pius IX. died in 1878, his successor, Leo XIII., was confronted by the alternative of becoming a pensioner of Italian sovereigns, or, if he adhered to his predecessor's irreconcilable programme, of accepting poverty, and remaining a species of prisoner in the Vatican. The impotence and humiliation at home seemed likely to be accompanied by an almost total eclipse of papal influence abroad. In Germany, Bismarck had begun the *Kulturkampf*, aimed at the complete subjection of the Catholic Church to the civil power; in Poland, the Czar Alexander II. was contemplating a withdrawal of the privileges which the Polish-Catholic hierarchy had previously enjoyed: in Spain, it was uncertain whether the recent reaction against a non-religious republic would be durable, and in France, there was imminent danger of an abolition of the *Concordat*, because Gambetta had taught his followers to see in Clericalism their chief enemy. In a word, the disintegration and collapse of the Papacy seemed not only probable, but unavoidable.

It is undeniable that, if the catastrophe confidently expected by onlookers has been averted, the credit for the fact is due mainly to the discretion, the sagacity, and the foresight of Leo XIII. Although he has persistently refused to touch a penny of the munificent annual subsidy voted by the Italian Parliament, as a partial compensation for the loss of the Pope's temporal dominions, and although he has, therefore, been forced to depend for the maintenance of the Vatican establishment exclusively upon the voluntary contributions of faithful Catholics, he has never known what it was to be stinted in respect of pecuniary resources. Although he has maintained unflinchingly the position taken by Pius IX. that loyal Catholics should neither vote at Parliamentary elections, nor accept office under the Italian monarchy, he has not encountered the expected disobedience of the injunction, but, on the contrary, through the constant withdrawal of Catholic voters from the ballot-box, the civil power has been rendered incapable of constructing a Conservative party. The monarchy has thus been left to the struggle for its existence against Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists, and might have succumbed but for the insane assassination of King Humbert, which gave the dynasty a longer lease of life. At the end of twenty-five years, the Quirinal has more to gain than to lose by a compromise with the Vatican.

So far as Germany is concerned, Catholicism under the guiding hand of Leo XIII. has triumphed all along the line in its contest with the civil power. Bismarck, who swore that, for his part, he would never go to Canossa, was ultimately forced to do that very thing when he repealed the greater part of the Falk laws in order to secure for his policies the indispensable support of the large and admirably organized Catholic party of the Centre in the Reichstag. Only the other day we witnessed the culmination of the victory when Chancellor von Bülow found himself constrained to urge the Bundesrath to abolish 'the remnant of the so-called May legislation which forbade Jesuits to live in Germany. When we bear in mind that this surrender of the civil power to Catholicism in the empire founded by Bismarck was brought about by a Pope utterly denuded of temporal power, and compelled to rely on Peter's pence for his household expenses, we must acknowledge that sheer intellect has seldom gained a more resplendent victory.

In other parts of Europe the moral influence exerted by the so-called captive of the Vatican has proved hardly less effective. The traditional privileges conceded to the Catholic hierarchy in Poland, which were seriously menaced by the Czar a quarter of a century ago, remain to-day substantially intact. If in Spain the restored Bourbon dynasty which in 1878 seemed destined to be short-lived, has endured up to the present hour, notwithstanding the loss of Spain's transmarine dependencies, the unexpected fact is due mainly to the cautious and far-sighted attitude enforced upon the Spanish hierarchy by the Vatican, which has shown itself as firmly opposed to Carlism on the one hand as to Republicanism on the other. In France, where the problem with which Leo XIII. had to deal was peculiarly difficult, he has at least averted a solution which was long threatened, and which would have been fatal to the interests of Catholicism. There is but little hope that the *Concordat* would ere this have been abolished but for the advice pressed by Leo XIII. upon the hierarchy and clergy of France to accept sincerely the Republican *régime*, and to abjure all connection with intrigues for the restoration of the Bourbon monarchy or of the Napoleonic Empire. During the last twelvemonth, the patience of the Vatican has been subjected to a severe strain by the enforcement of the law against religious associations; nevertheless, by a judicious silence, Leo XIII. has refrained from giving the enemies of Catholicism the desired pretext for a violent rupture. By no means least among the achievements that may be recorded in the epitaph of the present Pontiff is the fact that, thanks to him almost exclusively, the *Concordat* with France still exists.

We need not say that the last quarter of a century has witnessed a remarkable expansion of Catholicism *in partibus infidelium*, that is to say in the British Empire and in the United States. The vast Catholic cathedral about to arise in London is a symbol of the progress made by the Church of Rome toward a partial reassertion of its former influence in the United Kingdom. How does it happen that Catholicism prospers in the two countries where the utmost freedom of thought obtains? That Catholicism should at one and the same time commend itself to the religiously minded, while it escapes rancorous opposition on the part of atheists, is due largely to the wisdom of the attitude maintained by Leo XIII. toward Socialism on the one hand and toward the Higher Criticism of the Bible on the other. While adhering with unwavering firmness to his belief in the inspiration of the Scriptures, and to his belief in the sacredness, necessity and usefulness of the organization whereof he is the head, the present Pope has shown himself willing at the same time to concede the expediency of revising vernacular translations of the Bible in the light of modern scholarship, and willing also to make large economical concessions to the Socialistic movement, provided its leaders would abjure their demand for an utterly godless State. He has not silenced the Higher Criticism, nor has he brought about a compromise between Socialism and Christianity; but he has immensely abated the distrust and rancor with which the Catholic Church was at one time regarded by scientists and by social reformers.

Whether the successor of Leo XIII. will maintain the same attitude toward the Kingdom of Italy, toward other European States and toward the intellectual and economical movements of the time is a question that nobody can answer until the next Conclave shall announce the outcome of its deliberations. There are now more foreign cardinals in the Sacred College than ever before, yet the cardinals of Italian birth still constitute a considerable majority. The Italian cardinals themselves are not united with regard to the position that ought to be taken toward the Italian monarchy, or toward the French Republic. Neither are they agreed concerning Socialism or the Higher Criticism. No man, therefore, may venture to forecast the choice of the Conclave or the possible consequences of its selection.

A Song for the Acorns

(The Acorns are a New York organization for the promotion of good government)

Good government! good government!
That's what we're out to bring.
The honest rule of honest men
Beats any rule of ring.
We're down on blackmail, pillage, graft,
And clutch of greedy boss.
We're tired of all the swarm whose craft
Finds profit in our loss.

CHORUS

Then up, Acorns! up, Acorns!
Sprout, and spread and thrive!
Grow in number, grow in strength;
Show yourselves alive!
Only acorns are we now;
Oaks we'll grow to be:
Stout to beat back fraud and craft;
Stanch for Liberty.

Who would be free, the poet says,
Themselves must strike the blow;
Who would keep honest men in power,
Must lay the rascals low.
Boss-ridden men their feeble souls
Dare never call their own!
Nor freedom, nor content abide
In any boss-ruled town.

We want clean streets and honest cops.
We want our funds well spent.
We want each man to pay his share,
But tribute—not one cent!
We want no profit-sharing vice,
No bribe-dispensing lairs,
We want the town to get its dues,
And all the rascals, theirs.

E. S. MARTIN.

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The Book of Months

By E. F. Benson

DECEMBER

Snow over all, and it is spring. Frost binds the icy fields, and in my heart every nightingale in the world makes melody. The bare trees are hung with icicles, and a shrill wind whistles through them, yet to me they are the green habitations of mating-birds, and in the hedgerows, with their mask of snow where the wind has drifted it, are the nests of the hedge-sparrows with the blue eggs that reflect the skies of April. December! Was there ever such a December? All the honey of the summer, all the warmth of the long days, all the mellow autumn, all the promise of spring is gathered here into one sheaf, the sheaf that we put in the chancel at the harvest festival, symbol and offering, symbol of the fruitful, kindly earth, offering in kind to the Lord of the harvest.

Did you see the sun to-day about eleven of the morning come suddenly out through parted clouds and shine on the great fields of virgin snow? He came on purpose to see me. Did you see the maddened whirl of the snowflakes in the afternoon flying in eddies through the air? They were dancing together at my party. I engaged them to dance. They did it well, did they not? Did you hear the cathedral-bells ringing this afternoon, sounding dim and deaf through the snow? They were also my guests. Everything in the world to-day was my guest, and stars were ranged on my ceiling and the Pleiades lay in my hand, and then close by my heart lay the moon, and it was not cold as it looks, but warm.

Day after day and all day, night after night and all night, I have dreamed of the moon, loving it, desiring it. And last night I dreamed that I cast a slender silver thread into the sky which caught the moon, and I drew it closer and closer to myself till it rested on my heart. And it was not the moon at all, only the heart of a woman, beating full and strong. And the wonder of it is that the moon is mine. You shall see it sometimes, you other people on the earth, but all the time it is mine. I know too the other side of it, when we are alone together. You cannot see that, and you will never see it. The moon says it is all for me.

To-day the moon had to be away all day, but the silver thread was between us (it leads to the other side of the moon), so I scarcely envied the folks in London who would see her face merely. Yet all day I fevered for evening, and as evening approached my fever abated not. But you came back, my moon, and we were together again. Other people were there, and for them, as for me, melody after melody flowed from the sweet stress of your fingers. They heard only, but I knew, and to me the sound revealed not the poor clay that wrote those exquisite notes, but you who played them. Your soul, it was not Schubert's that shone in the symphony that shall never be finished, your soul not Beethoven's was passion and pathos, you, not he, turned night into a flame, and in that flame I burned and was consumed, happy as the gods are happy, and happier because I was not content. I shall never be content.

Oh, my own, who did this, thanks is no word between you and me. Do we thank the star that shines in the dark blue velvet of the skies? We gaze only and are drawn thither. For we thank a giver for a human gift: it is in silence that we give thanks for the things that are divine. Oh, I try to speak of what cannot be spoken. Who shall set words to your music?

Let me picture you again with face half-turned from where I sat, tuning the keys which I thought so rebellious into a rain of enchanted harmony. Rebellious too was your hair, rising upward in waves of smouldering gold from your face. And through Schubert you spoke to me, he but the medium or the alphabet of your thought, and I was almost jealous of the dead, because he touched the tips of your fingers. Then from the trim garden at Leipsic spoke that sweet formal soul, a message of congratulation to me, or, so I took it, and Beethoven with fuller voice said the same, and from frozen Poland, and from wind-beaten Majorca came another smile. And when those sweet words were done came other sweet words without interpreter, and the room was emptied and the larger lights were quenched, and only on the walls leaped the shadows and the shine of the flames that plunged on the hearth. Once by night the temple was bright to the prophet with the glory of the Lord, and the hot coal from the altar opened and inspired his lips. With what new vision and eyes enlightened must he have looked on the world after that night, when God revealed himself. And by this revelation which has come to me all things are made new, winter is turned to spring, and the lonely places are desert no more, and the whole world is in flower with the royal purple of the blossoms of Love.

And, now that I know it was inevitable from the first I can hardly believe that it was I who only a few weeks ago made plans to force myself from the possibility. It was ordained from the beginning, and the patient march of the centuries, every step, every year, was bringing us together. Myriads of subtle influences conspired to work it, and how excellent is the miracle they have made. Sunlight and wind, and the love and sorrow and joy of a thousand generations have made the body and soul of this girl: for me she was predestined and for me has the whole creation labored. Blindly, but inevitably, it wrought, even as the shell deep in some blue cave of the ocean thinks only that some piece of grit has got between its iridescent valves, yet all the time it is busy making the pearl that shall lie on the neck of some queen yet unborn.

An immense silence and whiteness lies over the whole earth. Snow fell a week ago, then came several nights of frost, and to-day again a fresh mantle of white was laid down. All roughnesses and inequalities are smoothed away; the whole land lies in delicate curves, swelling and subsiding in gradations too fine to follow. With bar and chevron and a million devices of this celestial heraldry, trees and palings are outlined and emblazoned, and in the graveyard opposite the tombstones are capped with whiteness. From eaves and gutters hang the festooned icicles, and most people find it cheerless weather. But not so we, for between us, with the aid of a prodigiously stupid carpenter, we have designed and executed a toboggan, which is the chariot of love, and on the steep downsides (attended by the puzzled collies who cannot understand how it is that snowballs which so closely resemble tennis-balls vanish in the retrieving) we spend vivifying afternoons. The toboggan has a decided bias, and it is only a question of time before it gets broadside to the slope of the hill, ejecting its passengers. That is the moment for which the collies (Huz and Buz) are waiting, and they fly after us, and lick our faces before we can regain our feet, to congratulate us on the success of this excellent new game. Indeed the "Alliance of Laughter" is in league again, but below the laughter is love, which penetrates to the centre of the world and rises to the heaven of heavens. Then we tramp back, towing the slewing toboggan up hill, and getting our heels kicked by it down hill to the muffled town at dusk, and the long evenings begin.

I have told her all about Margery, as was only natural, but it was no news to her. She had guessed it with woman's intuition, to which lightning is a snail, on the day when I told her how like she was to Margery. I had said, "She was my best friend" in a voice, it appears, that was the most obvious self-betrayal. I have told her too the grim determination I had made not to see her any more: that, it appears on the same authority, was harmless, though silly, since it was utterly out of my power to do anything of the kind. I couldn't have done it: that was all. I, of course, argued that I could. So she said: "Well, do it now, then. It is not too late."

But when I told her about Margery, she did not laugh, but she answered:

"I wanted so to comfort you. And I saw at first that you looked at me and thought of her. Then by degrees I wanted to take her place. And by degrees you let me have a place of my own. You looked at me and thought of me. That was one evening we played cards here."

"You saw that?" I asked.

"How could a girl avoid seeing it, when all the time she—"

"What?"

"Nothing: at least, not much."

"What then?"

She came a little closer in the gleam of the fire light. "When all the time she longed to see it," she whispered.

"And is that not much? Is there anything in the world bigger than that?"

"No: it is *bigger* than the world."

Oh, I am loved: I am loved.

It is Christmas eve, and she has just gone home with her father, and outside in the moonlight the waits are singing. I know they are not in tune, and that *qua* singing it is a deplorable performance, but there is such a singing in my heart that I do not hear the false notes, and the thrill of Christmas too is upon me. I have never quite got over (and I hope I never shall) the childish awe and mystery in hearing the voices from the night, being awakened by the sounds, and being carried, wrapped up in blankets to the windows where I could see dim forms outside black against the snow. I did not know in those earliest years who they were; it was Christmas, and there were mysterious beings singing in the night. On no other night were they there, for they were of the family, I must suppose, of Father Christmas and Santa Claus and the fairy Abracadabra, to whose awful presence—she appeared to be about nine feet high—we had been introduced not without delightful inward quailings before we went to bed. She brought with her a vessel of the shape certainly of a clothes-basket, but as it was of solid gold it could not have been a clothes-basket. And inside were exactly those things for which we each of us had pined and audibly hungered. Such a clever fairy! She never made a mistake or confused my wants with those of my brothers, so probably she was omniscient as well as beneficent. And my good fairies have been just as clever ever since—they never make mistakes, and now they have given me the best gift of all. So listening to the singing in the night now, the years slip back, the child within me stirs and awakens, and out of the rose-colored mists of early years that queer little figure wrapped in blankets and carried to the window looks wonderingly at me and smiles because I am happy. Abracadabra too is with me to-night, not nine feet high any longer, nor girt about with delicious terrors for me, but still my dear fairy, who never fails me.

THE END.

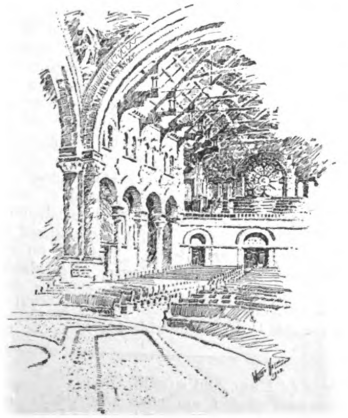
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The Stanford Memorial Church

THE church which Mrs. Jane L. Stanford has recently finished as a memorial to her late husband, United States Senator Leland Stanford, on the campus of Leland Stanford, Junior, University, at Palo Alto, California, is one of the most beautiful and artistic church structures in the world. Four years have been consumed in its building. The most famous architects in California, the foremost decorative artists in America and Europe, and the most notable sculptors and workers in mosaics in Italy have striven to the best of their genius in erecting and embellishing this memorial church. Mrs. Stanford has kept secret the large sums she has been furnishing for the building and adornment of this memorial structure as it has progressed toward completion, but competent judges estimate that the superb building, as it stands to-day, has cost at least $600,000. It is the consummation of the architectural ideals of Mrs. Stanford for her beloved university, and is the supreme impressive feature of the famous quadrangle at Leland Stanford, Junior, University. Rev. Heber Newton, recently of New York, has been chosen rector of the church.



A Corner of the Chancel



Part of the Nave

The church is of Romanesque architecture, with a few deviations in detail. The south exterior view of the building, taking in the apse and the wings of the transept, give the most impressive views. Buff-colored sandstone is the material in the walls of the church—rough-hewn exteriorly and smooth-surfaced interiorly. The building is cruciform. The transept have their own entrances, and the four gables of the nave, transept, wings, and apse are united by an imposing twelve-sided belfry tower, of which the base has an outside gallery. Gothic flying buttresses spring below the tower on each side, and the four corners of the tower are flanked by turrets rising from the angles between the gables.



The Tower

Heavily carved doors lead into the wide vestibule of the church, with marble floor and groined oaken ceiling.

All who look within Stanford Memorial Church can never forget the impressive rich beauty of the marble statuary and the prodigious wealth of stained-glass windows. Extending around the entire apse, just above the altar and on a line with the windows, are a line of heroic figures in mosaic, representing John, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Samuel, David, Elias, Moses, and Isaias.

The series of forty-seven stained-glass windows have won universal admiration.

The wood-carvings in the vaulted ceiling of the nave have been done with rare skill and labor. The carved wood is upheld by copper-finished binding rods and light and graceful hammerbeam trusses. The ceiling is seventy feet above the floor, which is of the richest Moorish tiling, with a slight incline toward the apse.

The carving on the arches and columns is exquisite, and its foliated beauty gives to each of the memorial arches the delicacy of being surrounded by a wide fold of lace. The capitals of the larger arches are surmounted by carven cherubs of most wonderful workmanship. Over the arches of the doorways, which are a study in perfect detail, are large mosaics in rich colors and gold, which latter effect enters largely into the color scheme of the interior. The transept galleries, of carved stone and steel, have railings carved in a chaste design that are said to represent the finest work of its kind in the United States. The finely executed stonework in the church has been under the direction of John D. McGilvray, but the elaborate mosaics came directly from Italy. It is doubtful if more intricate decorations in mosaics can be found in America. These decorations represent an outlay of $80,000.

Looking toward the apse at the northern end of the nave is the choir loft, where a fortune has been spent in intricate designs in wood and stone carving. The organ in the choir loft is the largest on the Pacific coast. There are seats for a choir of 150 persons. The keys of the key-board, below and facing the singers, have electrical connection with the 3000 pipes of the organ. This grand instrument has forty-six stops, contains thirty miles of wire, and has the handsomest front ever placed on an organ.

Naturally, most time and art and wealth have been put upon the chancel, the altar, pulpit, and lectern. One must be altogether blind who does not feel the exquisite beauty of all this. The pulpit is of stone elaborately carved. The altar is a block of Carrara marble, upon whose face has been chiselled a bas-relief of Rubens's "The Entombment." Back of the altar, and below the three great windows of stained glass, is a wonderful reproduction, in mosaic, of Casimi Roselli's "Last Supper"—the only copy of the original in the Sistine Chapel at Rome.



The Cloister

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Twenty Years at the Metropolitan Opera House

OPERATIC régimes, even since the modern era was ushered in with the Metropolitan, have usually gone to their sunset amid spectacular clouds of bankruptcy; the sheriff has more than once been called upon to hasten the hour of their official twilight. Yet Mr. Grau's long reign ends under a clear sky, and his successor will doubtless begin his career with a prospect, at least for the immediate future, of settled operatic weather. Mr. Grau's achievement, however, during the dozen years completed with the present week, is, after all, but a fraction of the larger story of the house itself. That story, if completely told, would lay tribute upon no less than twenty seasons, some vital with progress, others (and these mainly recent) dull and undistinguished.

Broadly speaking, Henry E. Abbey's opening year at the Metropolitan Opera House was one of musical "sweetness"; the seven German seasons that followed were deficient in that quality, but aimed successfully at significance. The Abbey and Grau incumbency that in 1891 supplanted the German series was an attempt to return to the earlier ideal, but Mr. Grau analyzed the public afresh, and then sought, in his repertory and singers, to blend the two elements of musical beauty and dramatic verity. This sounds simple enough, but the experience resulting in this policy had cost former managers and stockholders several hundred thousand dollars.

Mr. Abbey was the first victim of the curse that for long rested upon New York operatic *entrepreneurs*. So severe were his losses that he even proposed to act as managing agent for the directors of the house, for two years gratis, provided the directors would pay the deficit.

Gounod's "Faust," then, as now, the most popular opera in the repertory, was chosen for the opening night, October 22, 1883. Campanini was *Faust*, Christine Nilsson the *Margherita* (everything was Italian that winter), Novara the *Mephistopheles*, Del Puente the *Valentino*, and Scalchi the *Siebel*. Mr. Vianesi conducted. Two days later, Madame Marcella Sembrich, then very young, made her American début as the lace-handkerchief heroine of "Lucia di Lammermoor," winning golden opinions. Madame Trebelli and the useful German-Italian Kaschmann were new-comers, and so was Stagno, an Italian tenor, described in print by a dignified critic as "an utterly unmusical bellower." These, with Madame Fursch-Madi, the dramatic soprano; Mirabella the basso, and Victor Capoul the tenor, were the chief members of Mr. Abbey's imposing troup—with Madame Cavalazzi, prima ballerina, whose dancing is still an opera-house tradition.

There were star casts in those days, though the best of them, gathered for "Don Giovanni," November 28, 1883, was probably not a whit more efficient in rendering the letter or the spirit of Mozart's masterpiece than that of a certain February night of Mr. Grau's season of 1899. In each cast Sembrich was the *Zerlina*. Fursch-Madi and Lilli Lehmann were the respective personators of *Donna Anna:* Nilsson and Nordica the *Donna Elvira*, Kaschmann and Maurel the insatiate *Don Giovanni* himself, and Mirabella and Edouard de Reszke the *Leporello*.

The one novelty of the Abbey season was "La Gioconda," Ponchielli's tragic and poignant opera of mediæval Venice, often since then set for revival, but never yet compassed save by Mr. Savage's English-speaking company. Except for this, the Abbey repertory might almost have been exchanged with that of the Mapleson troupe, at the Academy of Music. Yet the unmistakable trend of popular taste toward the dramatic and away from the merely ornamental was noted; the largest audiences, according to a contemporary writer, were drawn by Wagner's "Lohengrin," Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Gounod's "Faust," Boito's "Mefistofele," Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," and Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," "Roberto il Diavolo," and "Le Prophète." The repertory also included Bellini's "I Puritani" and "La Sonnambula," Bizet's "Carmen," Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," Flotow's "Martha," Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Thomas's "Hamlet" and "Mignon," and the stock Verdi trio, "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," and "Il Trovatore."

Studying the tastes and interests of the time, it is now easy to see how ripe the public was for the radical changes of the season 1884-5, which Dr. Leopold Damrosch managed, his offer to give German opera having been made and accepted only after Mr. Abbey and Mr. Gye, of London, had refused to take up the Italian burden. German opera meant that Wagner was to have a larger share in the list, and after the extraordinary interest shown in the Wagner concert festivals of 1882 and 1884 under Theodore Thomas, and the long campaign of education by the Philharmonic Society, it was fair to expect popular support. With the best of the Bayreuth composer's music-dramas still unknown here, a season somewhere in New York would soon have become inevitable.

New operas, old ones long neglected, and new singers crowded the years 1884-91, and for the first time the personality of the conductor became important. Dr. Damrosch lived only to see the artistic success and financial practicability of the first German season. Materna headed his company, and he had revived Weber's "Der Freischütz," and Beethoven's "Fidelio," and given Wagner's "Die Walküre" its first adequate New York performance. E. C. Stanton succeeded him in 1885, and Anton Seidl was brought over to conduct, Walter Damrosch being his assistant. Lilli Lehmann and Emil Fischer, Niemann, and Marianne Brandt, Vogl and Max Alvary made certain Wagnerian characters absolutely their own here. Fischer was *Hans Sachs* in "Die Meistersinger," as Alvary was the young *Siegfried*, "by the grace of God," as a reverent admirer once wrote. Lehmann became the authentic *Isolde*, and the three *Brünnhilde's*. Fischer was *Wotan*, and Alvary a flickering *Loge*, rivalled only by Van Dyck in recent seasons. Niemann's rugged *Tristan* is historic. All these rôles were in music-dramas new on the American stage.

Certain stockholders wearied of paying deficits, and Abbey and Grau took the house. Thus did French and Italian replace German on the Metropolitan Opera House stage, and the living apostles of the new régime were Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Melba, Eames, Plançon, and Lassalle, with Lilli Lehmann held over as a mistress of both schools. Wagner in Italian and a Patti supplementary season were the new features. Then came the destruction of the Metropolitan by fire in summer, 1892, and a year of no opera, until it was rebuilt. Emma Calvé's signature is writ large across the year 1893-4, for then her *Carmen* came into view. The most important novelty since Verdi's "Otello," namely, the same composer's "Falstaff," was produced February 4, 1895, and in spite of Maurel's *Fat Knight*, won little popularity.

Then came Walter Damrosch's striking extra season of Wagner in German, which lead Mr. Grau to adopt his broad policy of "each opera in its original tongue." Since November 27, 1895, when the de Reszkes and Nordica gave "Tristan und Isolde," with Anton Seidl conducting, a new standard of Wagner singing has prevailed. The rest is too recent for comment, but Sembrich's share in reviving Mozart and the old coloratura music has been too important to ignore. To-day, the Metropolitan stands on the brink of still another era. Will it be one of artistic ideals? Mr. Conried's opportunity awaits him.

A Woman's Opera

LAST week at the Metropolitan Opera House Miss Ethel M. Smyth's "Der Wald," a music-drama in one act, was performed for the first time in America. Let it be said at once that Miss Smyth has abundantly earned the right to a judgment of her work based upon standards of the most uncompromising impartiality. Whatever one is prepared to say of its excellences and its defects, "Der Wald" cannot justly be set aside as being merely woman's work, with all that that disposition is made to imply of qualification and denial. Miss Smyth has written with too high and serious an aim, with too ripe and confident an artistry, to be considered with anything but an attentive respect. Dramatically, "Der Wald" is a brief and passionate illustration of that wonderful thought of Plotinus, that "in the particular acts of human life it is not the interior soul and the true man, but the exterior shadow of the man alone, which laments and weeps, performing his part on the earth, as in a more ample and extended scene, in which many shadows of souls and phantom forms appear." Miss Smyth has intended, in her own phrase, to show "the quiet workings of the eternal forces of nature as contrasted with the storm and stress of mortal life"—which is merely a British and modern variant of the meditation of Plotinus. She has chosen (being her own librettist) to set against the background of a primeval and spirit-haunted forest, a tragic human action, contrastingly swift, brief, and calamitous; and at the end, as at the beginning, a mystic chorus—the elemental spirits of the wood—chant, in the words of the argument, "their own eternity and the brevity of things human." With all possible sympathy for its essential, if unrealized, poetry, it must be said that this conception, as Miss Smyth has actualized it dramatically, seems at times a little too obvious, a little too crassly romanticistic (as Mr. Howells would say). We wish that, in developing her theme, she had handled it more subtly, more aërially, with somewhat less bald an insistence upon the point of her allegory. This, however, concerns the dramatic structure alone; of the music with which she has invested it we can speak with somewhat less of reservation. After a single hearing, one recalls passages of indubitable force and beauty: an unflagging sentiment for dramatic appropriateness; a constant endeavor to reflect, as eloquently as may be, the essential poetic substance of the play. Miss Smyth has not escaped a measurable dulness and inefficiency, nor has she scrupled to write without the bidding of that incalculable inspiration which is not to be realized by mere seeking and desire. But for an unswerving fidelity of purpose, a consistent preoccupation with dramatic verity, a deviously contrived significance, "Der Wald" is notable in a considerable degree.

I am as I am, and so will I be:
But how that I am none knoweth truly.
Be it ill, be it well, be I bond, be I free,
I am as I am, and so will I be.

Sir Thomas Wyatt.

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Finance

WHAT some people delight in calling a psychological wave" has swept—or is ow sweeping—over the speculative markets. hat is, the state of "sentiment" is such at heed is paid to bad news, and whatever good and reassuring in the situation is ot noticed—at any rate, not enthusiastially. To be sure, there are obvious reasons hy an upward movement in stocks should ot strike the average observer of financial onditions as logical or even desirable, but t the same time it should seem equally bvious that a severe panic would partake f the paradoxical. There is no abatement the country's prosperity; but owing to ne expansion of credits, to the enormous ving-up of capital necessitated by the borowings of corporations and syndicates, here is not enough money to do the business ith. The surplus reserves of the New York anks, according to the last statement of heir condition, shows that the banks then ad but two-thirds of a million in cash over nd above the amount which the law requires them to keep for the protection of heir depositors, and the peace of mind of he speculative community. In other words, oney is in great demand legitimately, and n very short supply. The Aldrich bill, hich would have corrected the absurdity f our fiscal system, was not passed: and ot a week after the adjournment of Conress we find that the Treasury is locking p money, for which it has no immediate se, at the very time when the commerce of he country—not the stock-gamblers—requires as much money as it can get, in rder that the prosperity which has blessed he United States should not be checked. The condition of the money-market, therefore, is responsible for the condition of sentiment; and it is the condition of sentiment which now tells most on the stock-market and the course of security-prices.

The professional speculator, who is extremely bearish at the moment, goes further. In the exhaustion of the bank reserves he finds ample justification for not buying stocks. In the causes contributing to that exhaustion he finds strong reasons for selling stocks—his own and his neighbor's. He will tell you that the inability to extend credits, which must curtail general business, and if continued long enough must reduce earnings, which make values, is due to a large extent to the enormous syndicate borrowings. The syndicates have huge amounts of lately manufactured bonds, which they have been unable to sell. There is no market for the new issues, and yet, in spite of the glut in the bond-market the railroads keep on issuing bonds and more bonds, to increase their equipment. The railroads, one would think from all this clamor, had gone daft. And yet the railroads are doing nothing that they ought not to do in the way of taking steps to handle the enormous business that is thrust upon them. Greatly as some of them have improved their physical condition and increased their rolling-stock and motive power in the past four years, their equipment is none the less inadequate to move the freight which they are to-day urged upon to carry. Every one suffers, the producer, the consumer, and the carrier, from a state of affairs which has been compared, by one of the most dispassionate observers of the situation, to "ten thousand tons of freight to move and only a wheelbarrow to do it with!"

The situation thus presents perplexities which justify caution rather than fear. That the money-market will in a few weeks see improvement may be taken for granted, but it is the manner in which relief will come that worries speculators. The Treasury Department may and probably will help the situation whenever the stringency reaches the acute stage, but not before.

Correspondence

WILLIAM THE TEUTON

(After Peter Newell)

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—

KAISER, Kaiser, shining bright,
You have given us a fright!
With your belts, and straps, and sashes,
And your skyward-turned mustaches!
And that frown so deadly fierce,
And those awful eyes that pierce
Through the very hearts of those
Whom ill fate has made your foes.
See the eagle on his roost—
Eagle is 't? Or is 't a goose?
Kaiser, Kaiser, man of war,
What a fearful man you are!

Kaiser, say, where did you get
Those big shiny epaulets?
And that military cloak,
Did you, buying it, go broke?
And those decorations, too,
And that helmet! Tell us who
Is your haberdasher? We
Guess they're made in Germany.
And is *that* the mailed fist?
Oh say, *was für einer ist?*
Kaiser, Kaiser, man of war,
What a funny joke you are!

I am, sir.

H. SPENCER.

SOME AMERICAN HUMOR.

ROLLIN'S FORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.
March 5, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—We are farmers from "'way back," we freely admit, but as compensation thereto the understanding is sometimes given us to know a good thing when we see it. And we certainly *do* see it in Mr. Albert Levering's inimitable "Timely Warning!" The expression of anxiety and uncertainty on Eddie's face as he hands the missiles to Willie, and the state of absolute idiocy and extinction to which Willie is reduced by his cold douche, together with Eddie's refrain, "I got relatives lives there," are simply *great!* The latter has become a byword with us, to be long treasured, and holding second place only to one or two time-honored family jokes that have grown threadbare in our service. I don't know that individual commendation is of any great moment to you, but it can't hurt you to know that your efforts are appreciated, even in the wilds of New Hampshire, so I send it along.

Hoping that we may meet Mr. Levering often in the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY,

I am, sir,

HANNAH BARTLETT ROLLINS.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

CHICAGO, *March 7, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I wish to correct an article which appeared in your issue of February 19 in reference to the "Bible in the schools," in which you state that in Chicago they do have "a compilation of the Scriptures" for reading in the public schools. Now this is only newspaper talk; it is not so in fact. The Chicago Woman's Educational Union have been attempting for the last six years to have their book called *Readings from the Bible* placed in the Chicago schools, but have not succeeded. In the interest of truth inform your many readers that you were misinformed on this as far as Chicago is concerned.

I am, sir,

E. C. REICHWALD,
Secretary American Secular Union.

A Suggestion from a Reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY

ONE of our readers suggested the other day that "interesting subjects by interesting people" should be the topic for one of our plain talks about HARPER'S WEEKLY. We are very willing—all the more so because for nearly a year now—ever since the appearance of the WEEKLY in its new form—this has been the consensus of opinion from the hundreds of readers who have written us unsolicited letters from all corners of the world. As a matter of fact, to interest intelligent people, to give to every one of our readers an intelligent, complete, and interesting record every week, in picture and text, of the events of the hour, and to show, week by week, the ideals of American progress—where we lead and shall lead in the world's development—this is what the WEEKLY aims to do. And it aims to do this first of all in an interesting way. If you have seen the WEEKLY regularly during the past year, you know in how far each issue has appealed to you personally in the presentation of "interesting subjects by interesting people."

The WEEKLY appeals to intelligent people. If you like it your friends will like it. We want your friends to see the WEEKLY regularly. We should be very glad to send the WEEKLY on trial to any address for twelve weeks, postage paid, on receipt of $1.00. The regular subscription price is $4.00 a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

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Financial

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of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)

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ANDREW A. KNOWLES, - - - - - - - CASHIER.
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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

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From LIFE Feb. 26, 1903.

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January 13, 1903

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE Greater New York Charter, that the books called "The Annual Record of the Assessed Valuation of Real and Personal Estate of the Boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond, comprising The City of New York," will be open for examination and correction on the second Monday of January, and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1903.

During the time that the books are open to public inspection, application may be made by any person or corporation claiming to be aggrieved by the assessed valuation of real or personal estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan, at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 280 Broadway.

In the Borough of The Bronx, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building, One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh Street and Third Avenue

In the Borough of Brooklyn, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building.

In the Borough of Queens, at the office of the Department, Hackett Building, Jackson Avenue and Fifth Street, Long Island City.

In the Borough of Richmond at the office of the Department, Masonic Building, Stapleton

Corporations in all the Boroughs must make applications only at the main office in the Borough of Manhattan.

Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of personal estate must be made by the person assessed at the office of the Department in the Borough where such person resides, and in the case of a non-resident carrying on business in The City of New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough where such place of business is located, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., except on Saturday, when all applications must be made between 10 A. M. and 12 noon.

JAMES L. WELLS, President
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Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments

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"Mice and Men"

IT matters little in what precise kind of a vehicle the charming talents of Miss Annie Russell are presented to the public, she is always sure of a warm welcome. She has made for herself so distinct a place in the affections of the theatre-goers that if all else were lacking we should still find an abundance of opportunity for praise when she comes to take our minds off our cares by her winsome acting. There is an undefinable something about her, an aura that is peculiarly her own that has won for her a most enviable position among the actresses of her time, and there seems to be something most fitting in her association with one like Mrs. Gilbert, for instance, whose heart must indeed be warmed by the constant demonstrations of esteem which she nightly receives from her audiences. Except Mrs. Gilbert, and possibly Miss Adams, we know of no woman on the stage to-day who makes the precise kind of appeal that Miss Russell makes, and the playwright is indeed fortunate whose work is entrusted to her hands.

This year, as well as last in Mr. Fitch's "The Girl and the Judge," Miss Russell has a rôle that finds a quick response in her peculiar abilities. It is for her a sympathetic part that Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley has prepared in the pleasing little comedy of "Mice and Men," now running at the Garrick Theatre. Quaint humor, tender pathos, delicate personal charm almost roselike in its fragility, quick and refined intelligence—these are the qualities that have to be portrayed in the rôle she essays, and in all of the many graceful moments of the play she is the thing itself to perfection.

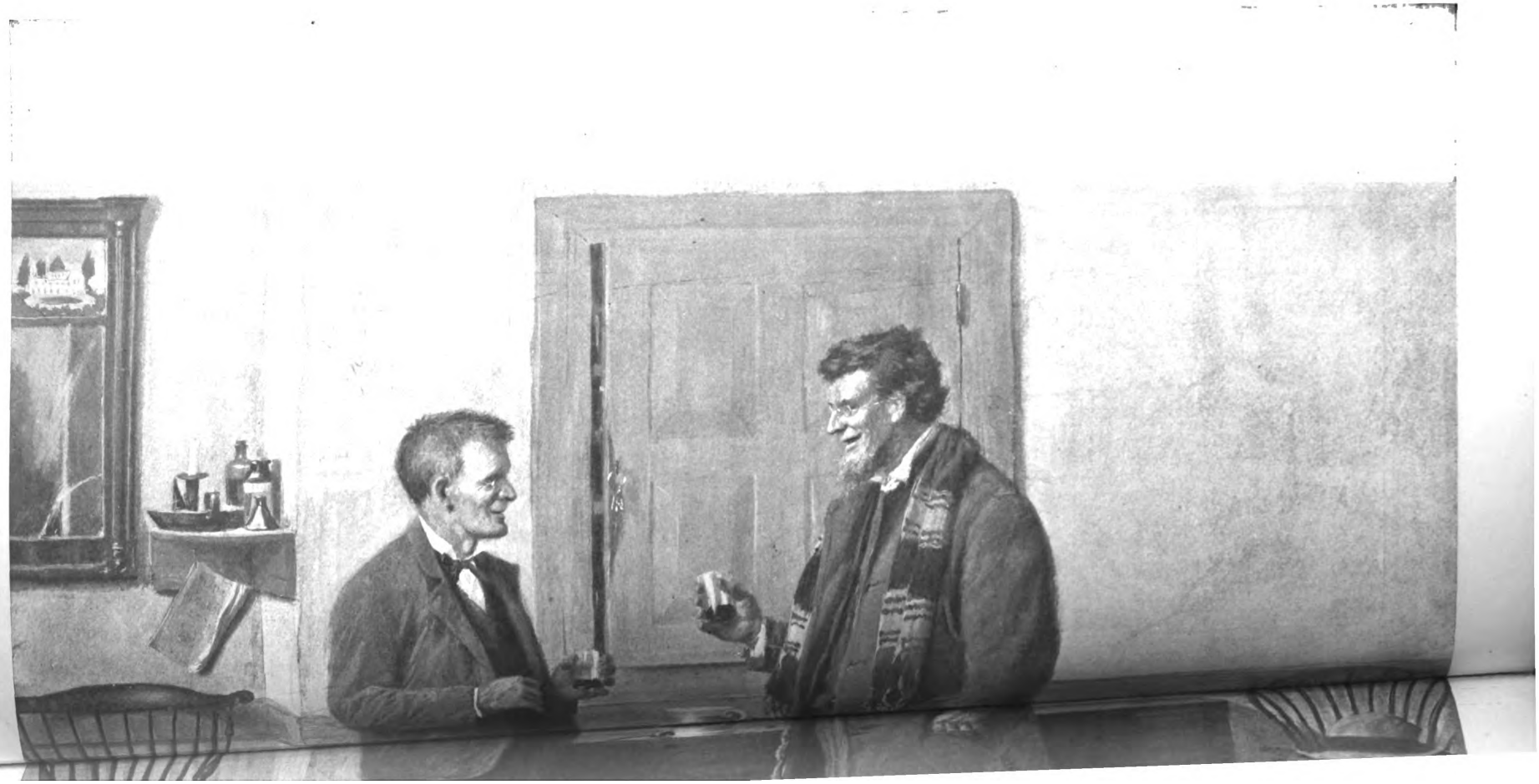
One feels after an evening at this performance as if one had walked through an exquisite little garden close with the flowers in full bloom, rare perfumes to enchant the senses, and everywhere a profusion of color that is restful and grateful to the eye. The wit of the lines, the possibly conventional, but none the less absorbing, complications of the plot, the atmosphere of daintiness and wholesomeness that pervades every scene, combined with the temperamental authority of the actress herself, go to make up an evening's entertainment that cannot fail to linger long and pleasantly in the minds of those who seek the refinements of dramatic art, and whose tastes have not been diverted from the themes which have mere loveliness by the prevalence on the modern stage of ruder, if stronger, things.

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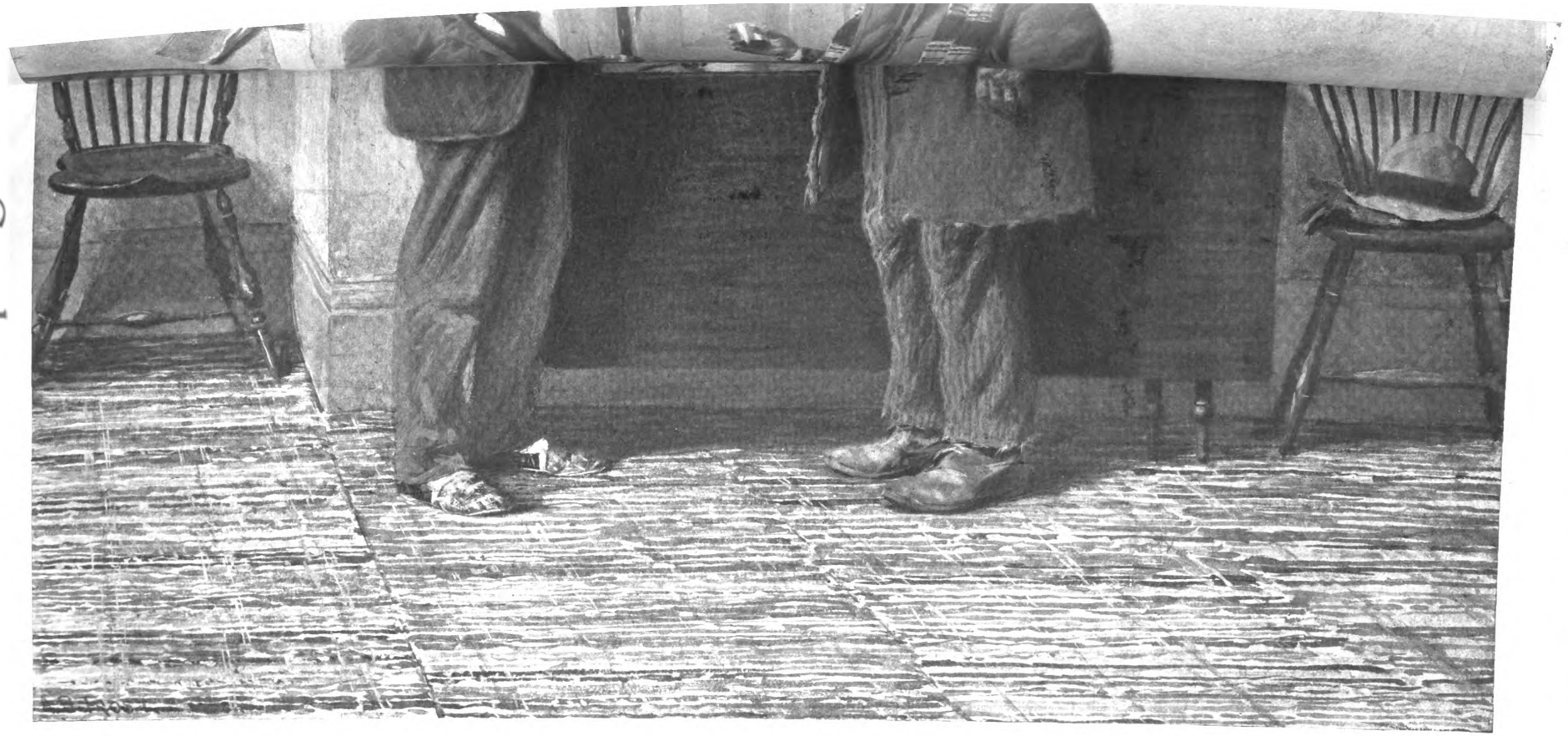
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"BINDING THE BARGAIN"

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Drawn by H. M. Pettit

THE NEW HOTEL FOR WOMEN IN NEW YORK

The growing need for hotel accommodations for women has been met in many of our large cities by the establishment of women's societies or clubs. The "Martha Washington," in New York, is strictly a hotel built on modern plans, and intended only for women. There are accommodations for about six hundred guests. With the exception of the bell-boys, elevator-operators, and so on, the employees are women

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O happy beyond human happiness had they but the sense of their blessings, the husbandmen, for whom of herself, far away from the shock of arms, Earth, that gives all their due, pours out from her soil plenteous sustenance!—*Virgil.*

To know what you prefer, instead of humbly saying "amen" to what the world tells you you ought to prefer, is to have kept your soul alive.—*Stevenson.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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has for forty-five years had one article in his supply—BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK. It gives to soldiers, sailors, hunters, campers, and miners a daily comfort, "like the old home." Delicious in coffee, tea, and chocolate.—[*Adv.*]

A WELL-APPOINTED home is scarcely complete without telephone service. Rates in Manhattan from $48 a year. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey St., 111 West 38th St.—[*Adv.*]

HEALTH of body and strength of mind are represented in ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters—the best-known tonic for blood and nerves. All druggists.—[*Adv.*]

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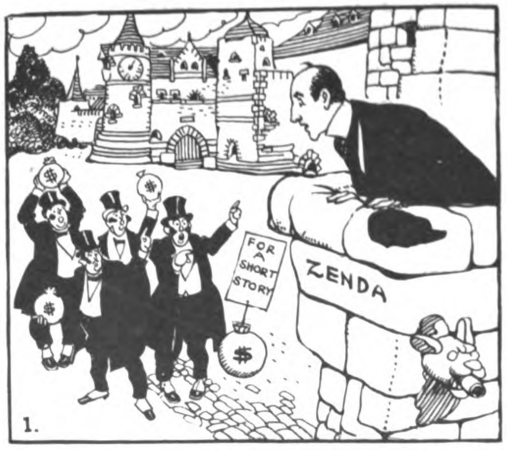
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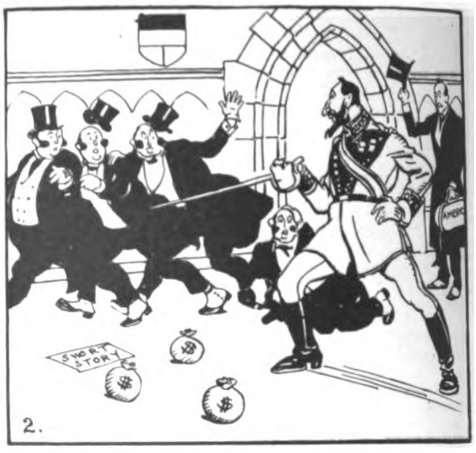
THE INTRUSIONS ON HOPE

A Short Story Which Anthony Did Not Write

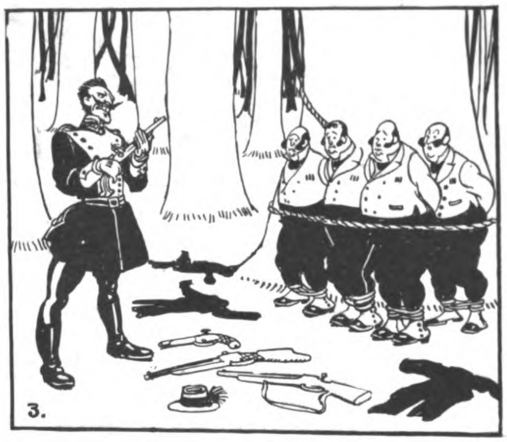
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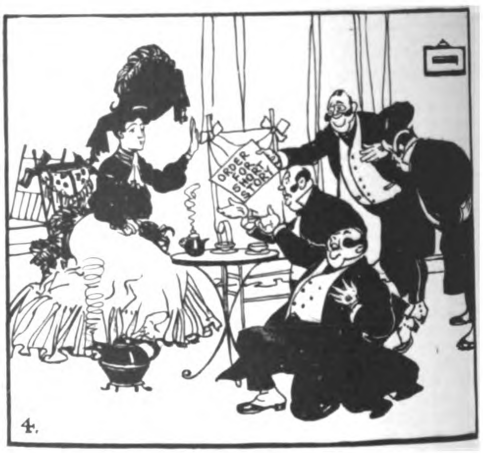
Mr. Hope (loquitur). "Even my own castle is not impregnable to the editors. I will go to America and leave them to my defenders."



Black Michael. "A short story? You shall have one without words."



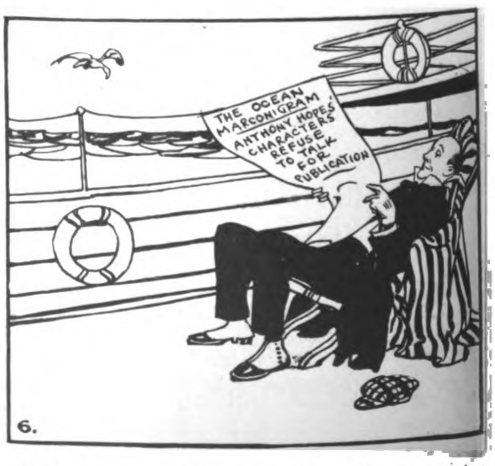
Rupert of Hentzau. "A short story? My stories have much plot and few words in them."



Dolly of the Dialogues. "A short story? Hope has fled and left only Despair, and yet—"



Peggy. "A short story? Will it do to intrude on Mr. Hope again?"



Mr. Hope (loquitur). "The only rest is on the sea. American editors have been even worse. Yet my defenders still support me, according to the papers."

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HOPE

Did Not



Henrik Ibsen

See illustration on front page

HENRIK IBSEN, playwright and mystificator, has just completed the seventy-fifth year of his life. He was born on March 20, 1828, at the small Norwegian city of Skien.

He has lived long enough to become a prophet in his own land, where they wrote of him in 1858, after the publication of his one historic drama, "The Vikings at Helgeland," when it was proposed to grant him a small government stipend: "Mr. Ibsen, as playwright considered, is a huge naught around which the nation can have no interest in planting a protecting hedge."

It has become possible for him to look back to that time without bitterness, as well as to that later time at Rome in the sixties, when he, the perfection of scrupulous neatness, actually went around in shabby clothing, and his family was brought to the verge of starvation. Of those days and of the long time it took him to gain any recognition at all, he said on one occasion: "I never expected anything else, and I am quite satisfied. In spring you cannot have the treasures of fall. Spring is the sowing-time."

The time for harvesting has now come to him in its fulness. He is the grand old man of Norway. Even his life-long friend and rival, Björnson, does not stand nearer to the heart of the people. The name of Björnson may be greeted more boisterously when mentioned among those of his own way of thinking. It is respected and admired by foe as friend. But to Ibsen are granted a veneration and a love that rise above class and party.



After a voluntary exile of twenty-eight years, broken only by two flying visits to home, Ibsen returned in the summer of 1891 to Christiania "just for a brief stay." That stay has now lasted twelve years. He brought home with him the regularity of habits and fastidiousness of dress that became renowned during his Munich period. The promenade from his home to the Grand Café, where he spends just one hour reading the newspapers and sipping his glass of cognac, is undertaken at the same minute every afternoon. As the Berliners used to watch for the appearance of "der alte Kaiser" in the well-known corner window, so the inhabitants of Christiania are wont to look for the little old man, with his shining silk hat above the bushy head of snow-white hair and his spotless Prince Albert coat, who moves with short, quick steps along the Carl Johan Street, supporting himself slightly on an umbrella—that umbrella is never missing from the picture.

When the celebration of Ibsen's seventieth birthday anniversary in 1898 called forth messages of love and admiration from all over the world, crowned heads and artists and fighters with sword or pen signing their names side by side, it was feared that the master could have but one or two years left. He has surprised all by completing another five-year term, in spite of a spell of serious sickness that nearly laid him low

(Continued on page 483.)

In the Morning



on rising, while dressing, is the best time to take half a tumbler of Hunyadi János, thus overcoming the miseries and dangers of

CONSTIPATION

the beginning of many derangements of the system. It acts promptly and pleasantly. Ask for

Hunyadi János

(with the full name) and insist on having it.

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"The course of true love . . . ."

Domestic Relations of Automobiles

THERE are two great obstacles to the achievement by automobiles of a recognized position as articles that no family should be without. The first cost of a good one is pretty high: that is one obstacle, and the other is that it requires a fairly expert machinist to keep it moving. It is not every one who can run a complicated machine, and of those who can, it is not every one who wants to.

Almost every one can hold the reins after some kind of a fashion over some kind of a horse. For unskilled drivers wise and responsible horses may usually be provided who will haul any not *too* unreasonable person where he wants to go and bring him safely back. It is not necessary to know much about a horse's "works" in order to drive him. If one has training enough to notice when he drops a shoe, and experience enough to keep to the right and go slow down hill and up hill, little journeys by horse power may be mercifully and safely accomplished without serious strain on mind or body. Of course a good horseman is an accomplished man. To know what a horse can do and how he ought to do it; to drive him properly, ease and urge him with consideration, adapt his task to his strength, and remedy the defects in his performance when there are defects, are matters of high skill and trained judgment. But most people think they know something about a horse, and can easily satisfy themselves that they can drive a tame one.

But an automobile is a critter of another breed. It has wheels, levers, chains, valves, tanks to get empty, gauges to watch, boilers (sometimes) to blow up, cranks to turn, appurtenances and appliances that awe the tyro by their intricacy and multiplicity. Before you can have confidence that you know how to run an automobile, it is necessary that you should gain a more or less thorough understanding of what is inside of it and how it works. A horse will limp along without a shoe, but when an automobile stops, there you are, and there you stay unless you can find out what's amiss, and persuade a complicated apparatus to resume motion.

It daunts the average man, unless he has a turn or a liking for mechanics; and as for the average woman, she is altogether out of sympathy with it. There are a few women who can drive a nail, a few who can sharpen a lead-pencil, but they are exceptional. Still more exceptional are the women who can tinker a machine that is out of gear. Possibly there is something about the female mind that makes most women helpless in the presence of a balky machine; possibly it is merely that machine-making is man's work, and women have little occasion to practice at it. Anyhow, when a machine balks with a woman, she usually looks for a man or a boy to fix it. Women will ride in automobiles; will steer, drive, and own them, but very few women will ever domesticate one or trust herself far from home in one without taking a male mechanic as her companion. It is odd. A baby is a complicated machine, very; and yet a capable woman is apt to be a good hand with a baby; whereas with a machine, which is simple by comparison, she is helpless at the first break.

Of course, one can use automobiles, just as one can use horses, without troubling his head about the care of them. Whoever wants mere transportation and has the money to pay for it, does better to buy machinery than horses. For the horse-owner owes thought to his beast, and should make sure that he does not suffer, but the automobile has no feelings, and if it is abused no one suffers but the owner.

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Prof. Charles Marchand

Dept. C. 60 Prince St., NEW YORK

(Continued from page 481.)

two years ago. But the end can no longer be far off. From his present lofty position he may view its approach with equanimity.

His work is done. He has fought his battle and said his say. To-day he is one of the very few living men—two or three or four—whose claims to literary mastership are recognized by the foremost thinkers and critics of all civilized countries. He can hardly add to his fame, and it is unlikely that he will try to do so by adding another play to the long series that reaches from the youthful "Cataline," of 1857, down to "When We Dead Awaken," which the author himself has called "a dramatic epilogue." His complete life-work lies before us, and if nevertheless we are still unable to formulate a fair estimate of its value, it is because we have not yet grown up to the level of a large portion of that work.

That Ibsen has written for the future, and that the future will know him for its own true child, seems difficult to doubt. Especially is this so when we recall how the world by degrees, grudgingly, but none the less surely, has come to accept the works of Ibsen's successive creative periods. The men who to-day talk of the "fantastic incomprehensibilities" of "When We Dead Awaken," are the same ones whom the publication of "The Master Builder," in 1892, provoked into the cry "that Ibsen had gone quite bankrupt at last." They are identical, too, with the men who ten years earlier raged and sneered at "Ghosts"—that embodiment of the noblest classical art and spirit in modern form.

Ibsen has been called "the modern sphinx" and "the great questioner." The position thus assigned to him in the realm of letters was frankly accepted when he wrote of himself:

> For solving riddles I am not the man, sir:
> To question is my task, and not to answer.

George Brandes, the mystagogue of modern literature, said of Ibsen: "A splendid ideal and moral suspiciousness has gradually become his Muse."

As a man who dares to doubt everything but his own right of doubting, Ibsen has been able to touch the nerve-strings of the ethical and spiritual life of his own day. Whether he was liked or disliked, welcomed or cursed, he cared but little, so long as he was listened to. Wherever he was heard men were compelled to think. But men do not like to think, least of all under compulsion. No wonder, therefore, that Ibsen's popularity with the average man has always been small.

The message repeated over and again by him has been, "Be true to thyself." To live his own life according to his own nature is the highest duty of every man. To be false to oneself is the unforgivable sin. From that sin spring sorrows and sufferings and humiliations. In "Peer Gynt," the play



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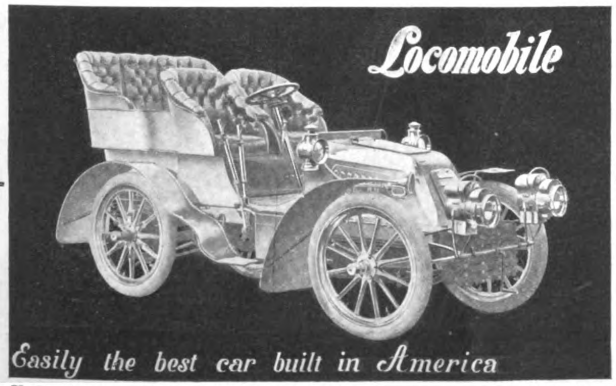
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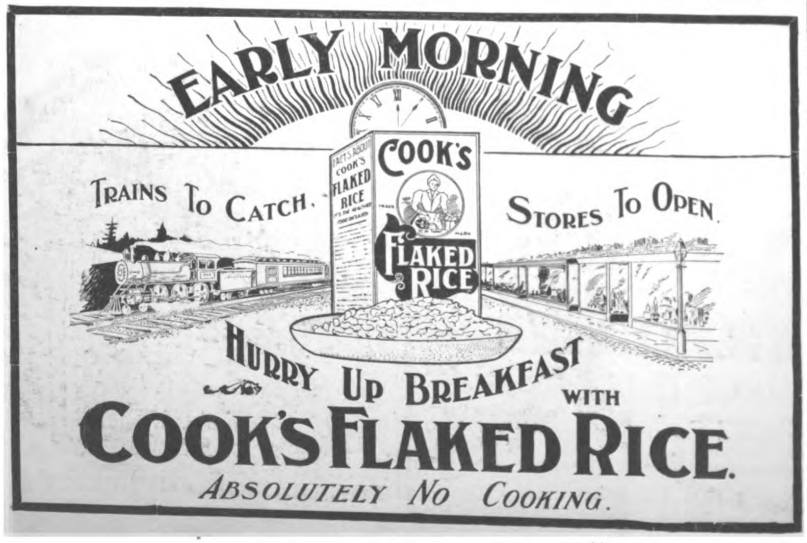
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in which Ibsen has spoken more directly and more frankly to his own people than anywhere else, the hero's motto is "Be thyself," and the King of the Mountain Trolls endeavors vainly to make him exchange it for "Be sufficient unto thyself," which is the motto of the Trolls—the dark spirits inside and outside of man.

Whatever the sum of Ibsen's direct influence on his fellow-men, it dwindles into insignificance when compared with the influence he has exerted indirectly, through other artists, who, consciously or unconsciously, have become his followers and pupils. How many men and women of those who are now writing novels or plays, with a faint hope of being remembered by the next generation, are able to say that they have received nothing from the little man of Skien?

This will become truer still of the artists of a younger day. It is hard to imagine a greater future for a budding playwright who would pass proudly by the author of "Ghosts" and "Rosmersholm" and "John Gabriel Borkman," thinking that by communion with him there could be nothing to gain. There is much in Ibsen's position that reminds us of Balzac and Flaubert. To a large extent he is and will ever be a writer for the writers. The mass may fail to grasp his message, whether it relates to life or to art, but his fellow-craftsmen will read it and profit by it. The number of those who go to his pages for guidance and inspiration will increase constantly. This is equally true with regard to form and substance of thought, and the technique used to express it. It seems safe to say that Ibsen's work will form the foundation of the twentieth century drama. This is already recognized in Germany and in most of the other European countries outside of England. And the day is not far distant when the truth of it will be recognized here and in England also.

The New Woman's Hotel

See page 478

THE Woman's Hotel in New York has just been formally opened. It has long been a subject of discussion and discourse. It was projected five or six years ago, but the project languished until three years ago, when $400,000 was subscribed to build it, and in March, 1900, the Woman's Hotel Company was incorporated. Its capital is divided into 4000 shares of $100 each, many of which are held by prospective patrons. The building, at 29 East Twenty-ninth Street, cost $800,000, is twelve stories high, made of brick and stone, with a frontage of seventy-five feet, extending through

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Thirtieth Street. It has rooms for 500 permanent and 150 transient guests. The projectors at one time advertised for a name. It appears now that their venture is the Hotel Martha Washington. It is partly speculative, partly philanthropic. It was desired to provide a hotel where working-women could live comfortably at moderate cost, but the intention is that the tenants and boarders shall pay their way, for it is in no respect a charitable institution. Meals will be provided for six dollars a week, or may be had *à la carte* in the restaurant; rooms range in price from three to seventeen dollars a week. The transient rates are from one dollar to three dollars and a half a day. A fortnight before the opening two hundred women had applied for rooms. The manager is a man; the bell-boys, elevator-men, mail and key clerk, and head waiter are men; the other clerks, the cashier, the bookkeeper, the fifty waiters, and, of course, the thirty chambermaids, are women. The hotel ought to succeed. It is well housed, offers good accommodations at moderate cost, and will, presumably, be well managed. There are plenty enough women in New York of suitable incomes and situation to fill it and keep it full. If it doesn't succeed under good management it will indicate that women do not like to seclude themselves from the other sex. But that seems unlikely to appear. In a town that is fairly choked up with bachelor apartment-houses, it will be surprising if a good hotel for women doesn't turn out to be a profitable venture; the more so as the seclusion from men will be limited, since men are to be allowed in the restaurant, though not in the dining-room on the second floor. It is a very interesting venture, though not risky, for the building will be worth what it cost, whether the women patronize it or not. We shall all want to talk about it and hear about it, and see how it turns out.

Now the basest thought possible concerning man is, that he has not spiritual nature; and the foolishest misunderstanding of him possible is, that he has or should have, no animal nature. For his nature is nobly animal, nobly spiritual—coherently and irrevocably so; neither part of it may, but at its peril, expel, despise, or defy the other. —*Ruskin.*

It is something to have an influence on the fortunes of mankind; it is greatly more to have an influence on their intellects. Such is the difference between men of office and men of genius, between computed and uncomputed rank.—*Landor.*

The man who lets the world, or his own portion of it, choose his plan of life for him, has no need of any other faculty than the apelike one of imitation.—*J. S. Mill.*

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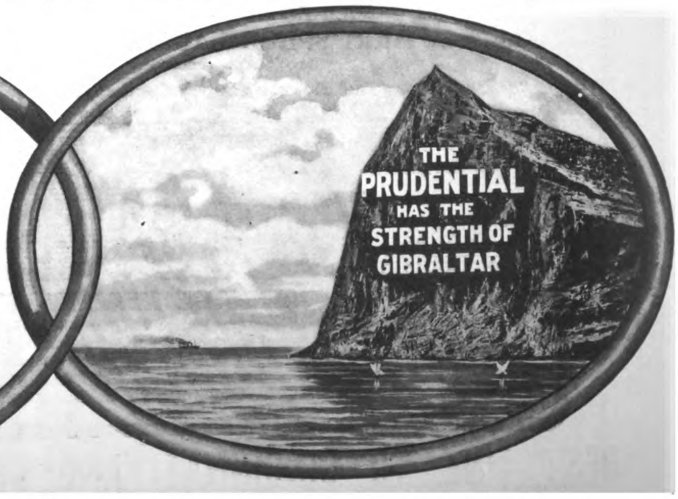
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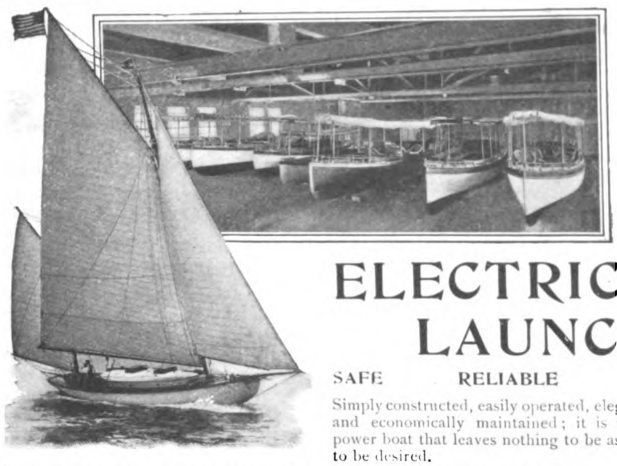
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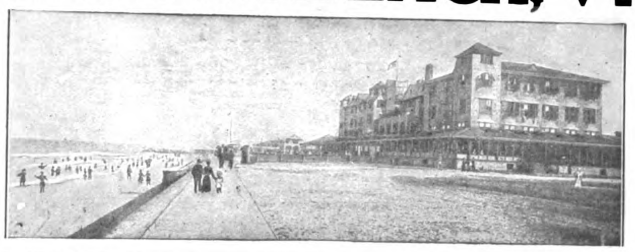
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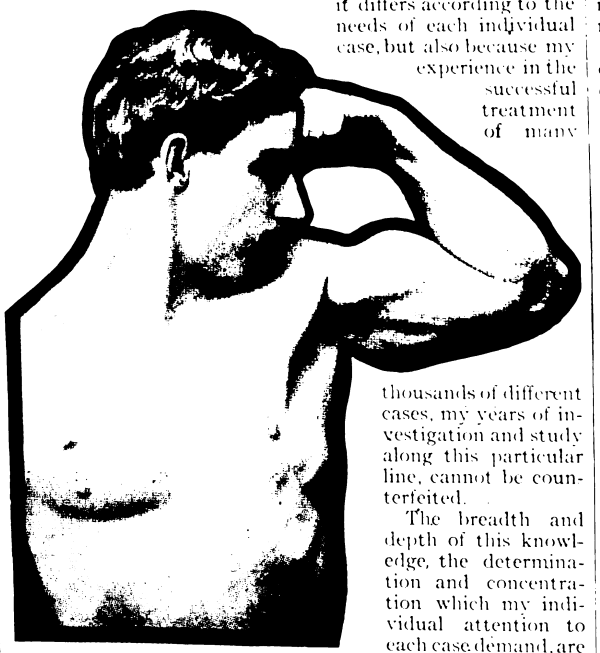
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There is no wasted effort, no wasted time, the instruction is entirely individual and will fit the exact requirements of YOUR CASE. I don't ask you to take my word for this; judge me by my works—they speak louder than words. Below is the unsolicited testimony of a man who knows through personal experience what the Swoboda system will do. This man is one of thousands. He has no earthly interest in me or my systems beyond what it has done for him.

Here is a letter received from a prominent merchant of Texas. It tells an interesting Story, because it's True.

"SAN ANTONIO, Texas, *August* 15, 1902.

"MR. ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 57 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

"*My Dear Sir*, It is a pleasure to testify to the merits and the benefits to be derived from your system of physiological exercises. Sixteen years of close application to my business has been a severe strain on my constitution. My physician recommended a complete rest for a long period. The benefits received from your system in a few months have been wonderful. My endurance seems unlimited, my appetite has increased enormously, with no difficulty in assimilating and digesting food consumed. My reserve force, which is so essential to every business man, makes me feel that nothing is impossible. My capacity, both physically and mentally, is increasing daily. Your system of exercise is looked forward to, with pleasure, daily. Wishing you deserved success, I am, Yours very sincerely,

"(Signed) P. MAUREAUX."

If you want the names and addresses of others for personal investigation, I will gladly furnish them.

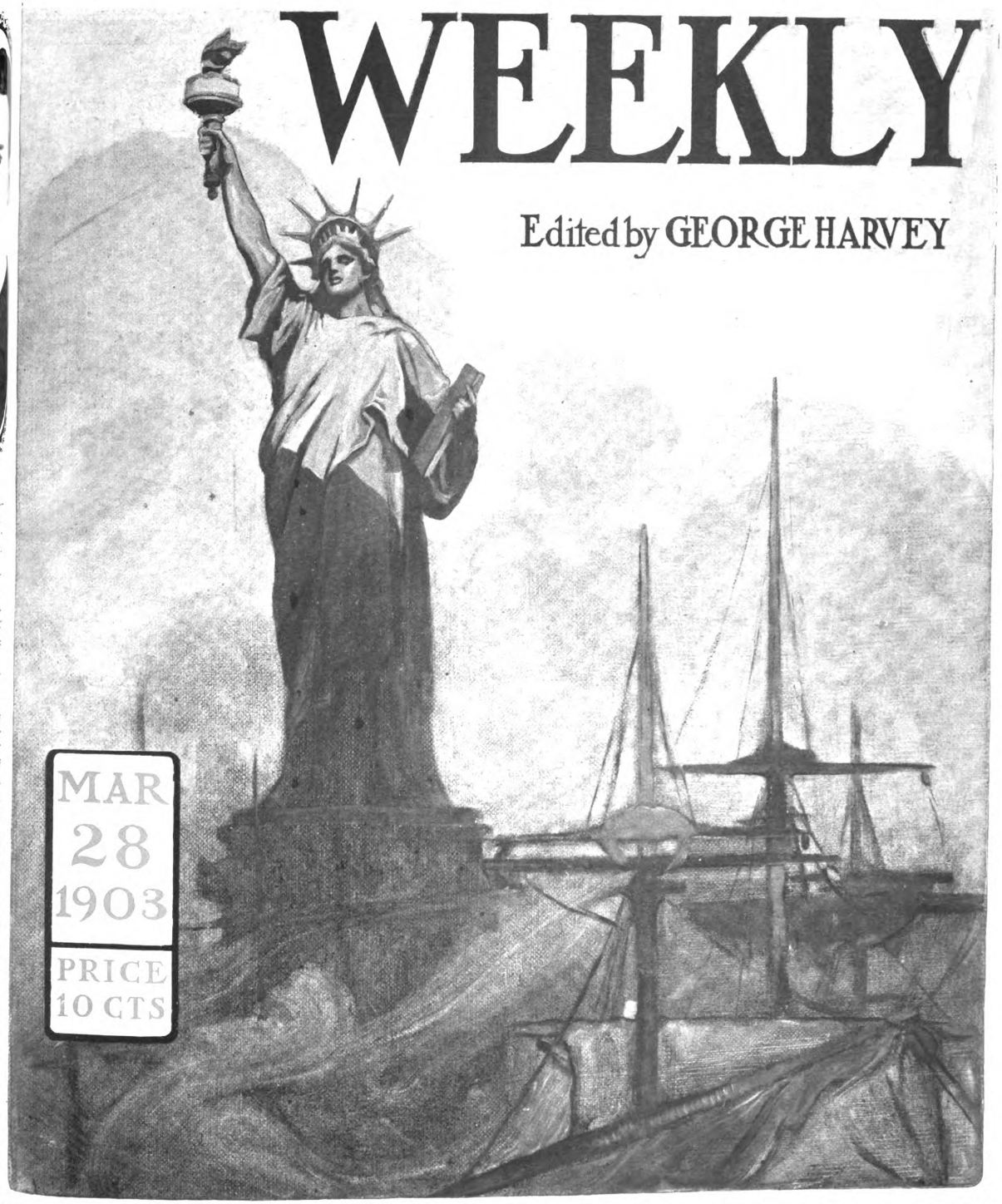
I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, upon application. This information, which I furnish free, is very interesting and cannot be secured elsewhere at any price. Write at once.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 600 Unity, CHICAGO, ILL.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY



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1903

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HARPERS BOOK NEWS

THE PRIDE OF TELLFAIR

"The Pride of Tellfair," Elmore Elliott Peake's novel, recently published, tells the tale of a shrewd young lawyer in the small town Tellfair, in Illinois. This young man was born a farm boy, but has been thoroughly educated and become a keen, prosperous lawyer. His insight into human nature is something prodigious, and, by the way, indicates a similar quality, highly developed, in the author. While the background for this story is the lawyer's business and the life of the town—giving chance for a number of good stories and incidents by the way—the real interest centres in the more romantic love story of the hero.

IN THE GARDEN OF CHARITY

Basil King's new novel, "In the Garden of Charity," deals with a phase of marriage, but differs from his recent success, "Let Not Man Put Asunder," in that it deals not with worldly men and women, but with a simple folk of the Nova Scotian coast. The love story is a strange one—a story of two faithful, loving women and a man. It is told with much tenderness and there is an abundance of quaint and rustic humor in the tale.

PUTNAM PLACE

Grace Lathrop Collin's recently published book, "Putnam Place," tells of the people of an exclusive little neighborhood. While the locality is a small one, the author has woven into the lives of her quaint characters the humor and pathos of the big world.

SIX TREES

In "Six Trees," the latest book by Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins (Freeman), the novel plan is followed of correlating the characters with their favorite trees. The author's deft art is nowhere more apparent than in her sympathetic treatment of these entertaining New England people.

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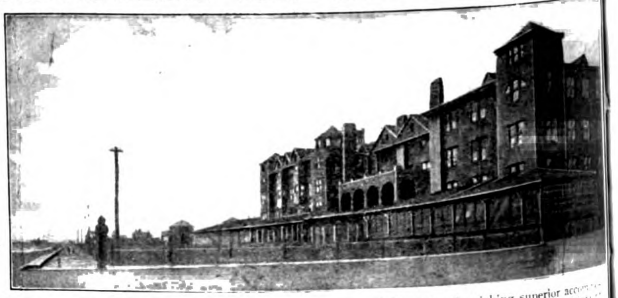
Reduced Rates via Pennsylvania Railroad. $24.25 for the round trip from New York to St. Louis. Tickets on sale April 26, 27, 28, 29, good going only on date sold and good to return until May 4 on being executed by the joint agent at St. Louis, for which no fee will be required. Proportionate rates from other points.

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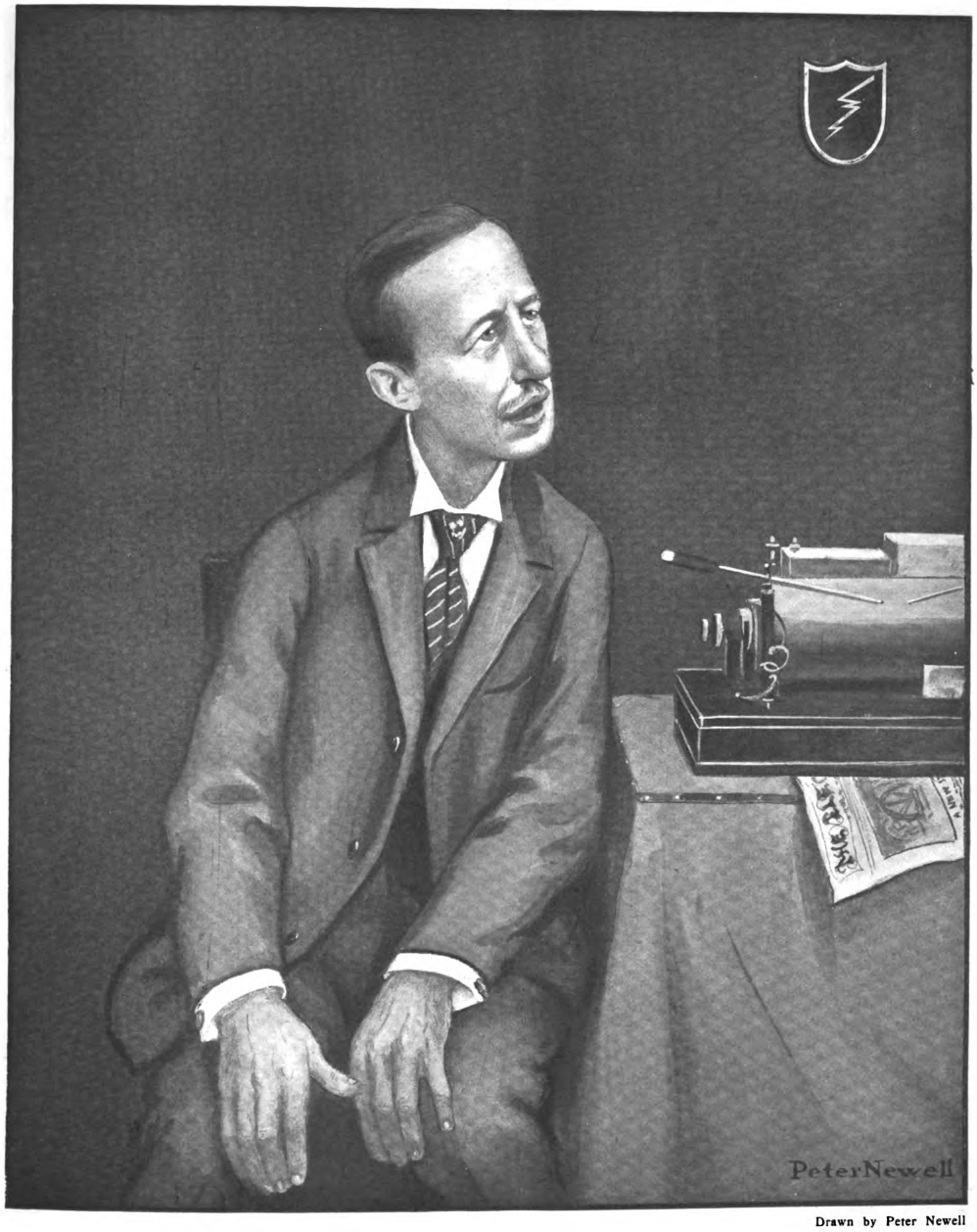
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII. New York, Saturday, March 28, 1903—Illustrated Section NO. 2414

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Drawn by Peter Newell

SIGNOR MARCONI

A zephyr scarcely stirs the air but that, unconsciously,
He looks for wireless telegrams from hands across the sea

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Mouzaffer Pasha, the new Governor in the Asiatic Lebanon



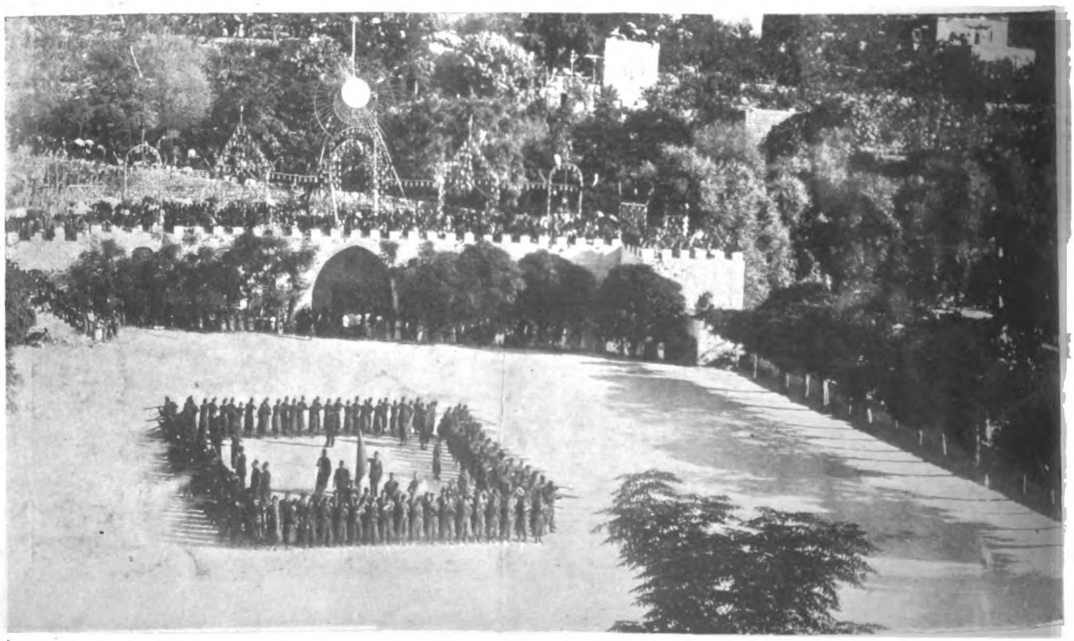
The Arrival of the new Turkish Governor in Bad-Eddin, the principal City in the Lebanon



Naoum Pasha, former Turkish Governor

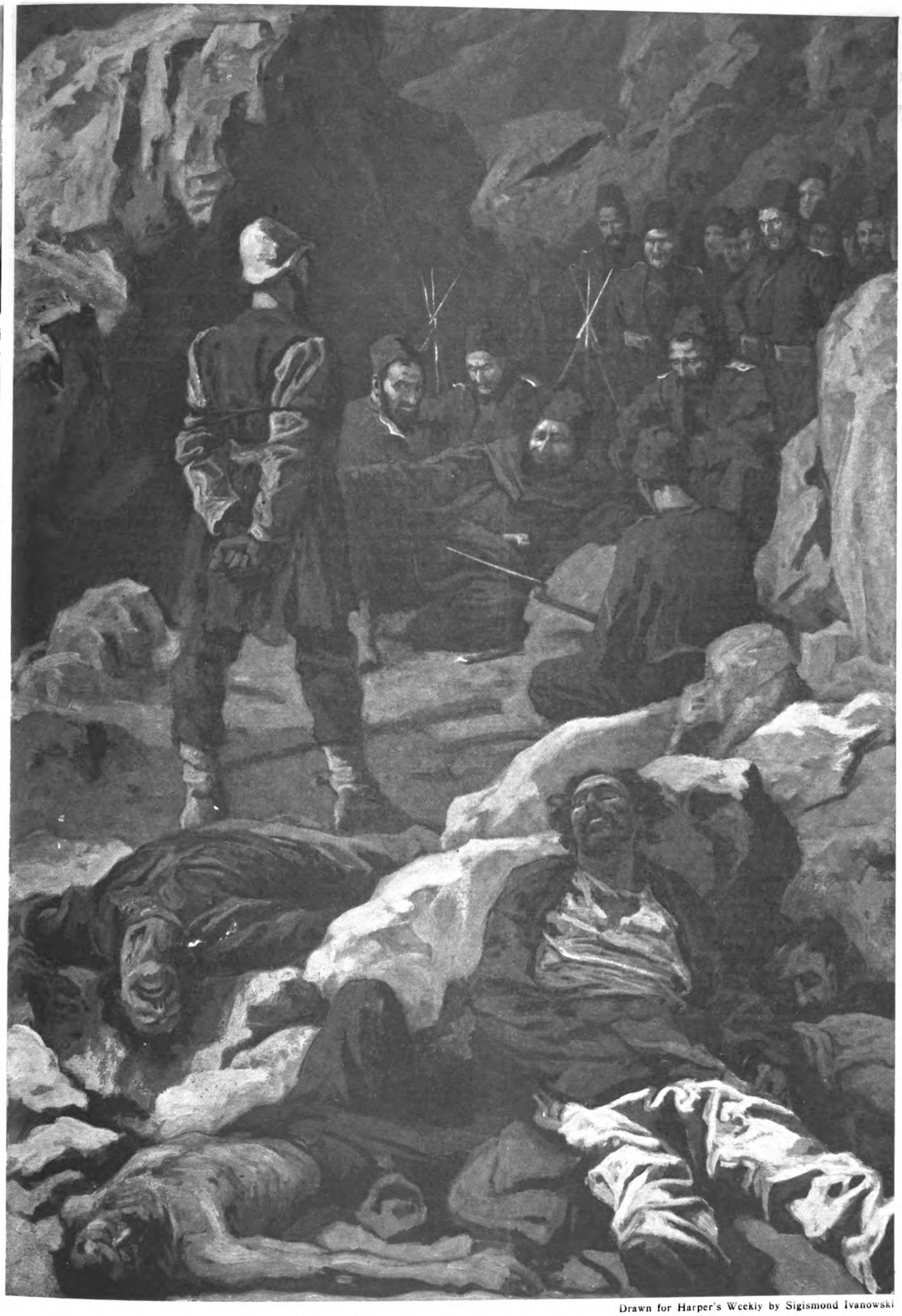
The Power of the Turkish Empire

SUCH a ceremony as the change of governors in one of the districts of Asiatic Turkey brings out the last flashes of grandeur and pageantry in the dying Turkish race. The events recorded in these photographs belong to the wild mountainous region of the Lebanon, or, as the Turks themselves call it, Jemel Libnan, just north of Galilee and the Holy Land. The Libnan is one of the Pashaliks of the Damascus Vilayet, with between three and four hundred thousand inhabitants of whom not one in ten is a votary of the Prophet. Here, as in so many provinces, the Turks are masters in name, but have failed to establish any firm and ordered government. Here, as elsewhere in the dominions of the Sultan, there are periods of stolid stupor, broken by fierce outbursts of revolution, met with cruel massacres. The Turk has retained this much of the old conquering genius, that he still can slaughter and burn, but any constructive effort is beyond the reach of his dwindling race. Everywhere he is the sullen master of a host of conquered aliens, far outnumbering the Osmanlis, yet unable to shake off their yoke. In European Turkey, with a population of nearly five millions, hardly one in seven, or seven hundred thousand in all, belong to the Turkish race; while in all the territories of the Sultan, who rules over thirty-five million souls, there are less than eight millions of genuine Turks. There is something inexpressibly tragic and pathetic in the sight of the once mighty Turkish Empire slowly sinking into decrepitude and death. In past centuries masters of Europe, sending their conquering hordes as far west as Vienna, and crushing the peoples of eastern Europe under the iron heel of their military prowess, they have been sinking generation after generation, falling into national bankruptcy and political ruin. They are gathered now in Stamboul by the Bosporus, waiting for the end; on their faces is written the word of their destiny, final overthrow and disappearance from the continent over which their name once spread terror and dread. Much of the old manliness still remains, the splendid vigor and valor that won so many fiercely contested battles all across the Balkans and up the great valley of the Danube. But though the old valor, the old lust of slaughter remains, though there remains also the old willingness to meet red death, the spirit of the nation is overshadowed, and their light burns low.



Military Formation for Official Reception and Salute to the new Governor, typifying the Pomp and Ceremony on similar Occasions in the Turkish Provinces

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Drawn for Harper's Weekly by Sigismond Ivanowski

A TURKISH VICTORY IN MACEDONIA

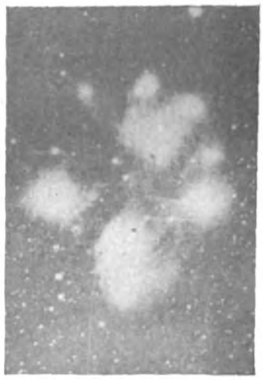
During the present difficulties in Macedonia bands of "Montagnards"—native tribes who live in the mountain fastnesses of the country—have come into frequent collision with armed forces of Turks. These Montagnards are opposed to Turkish rule and to Turkish domination, and their meetings with them result in conflicts and massacres. In the drawing our artist shows the scene after one of these conflicts, where the one survivor, taken captive, is interrogated before being put to death by the Turkish leader

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The Pleiades

What a keen eye sees—only a few more than "the storied seven stars"



What the camera sees—a thousand stars with brushes of nebulous light



The Trace of an Earth Tremor

If one holds a pencil-point on a flat surface during an earth tremor this will be the result



The result under the same conditions as shown by the delicate seismatic register

Piecing Out the Senses

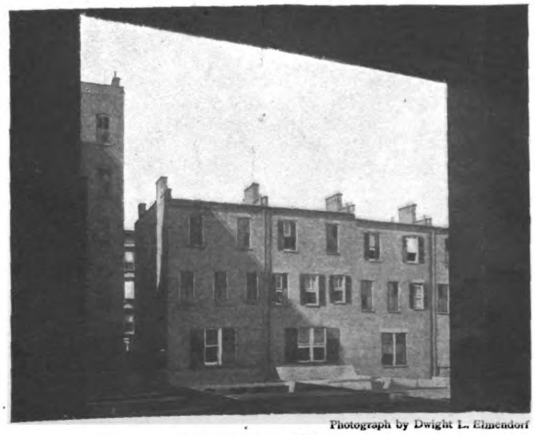
NATURE has denied to man the extraordinary powers granted to many other creatures. His sensory organs are fairly efficient, but he cannot see as the vulture sees, smell as the dog smells when on the trail, or hear with the acuteness of any of the wood folk. Von Helmholtz once said that if an instrument-maker sent him a device as imperfect as the human eye he would promptly return it. But the artificial eye has been in process of evolution for centuries, and it is the most highly and perfectly specialized of all the artificial organs. It readily multiplies the seeing power a thousandfold, so far as dimensions go. One can magnify a diatom too small for the eye to discern until the tracery upon it looks like the lathework on a banknote, or can recognize a familiar face across a couple of counties—forty miles, I believe, is the present record. The artificial eye, vastly more accurate in its construction than the natural one, can be furnished with a very much more sensitive retina. The natural retina, a very wonderful structure, is a sort of self-regenerating and self-developing photographic plate, with every granule of its surface tied to the brain. But considered merely as a photographic plate, it is wofully insensitive. It works only for a limited range of colors, and within this range it requires rather long exposure. Considered as a camera, the eye works at about f7, as the photographers say, at which opening a quick dry plate will, in fair light, receive a good image in about 1-200ths of a second. The retina takes about ten times as long, as one may easily see by looking at the landscape through a shutter having adjustable speed. One looks at the Pleiades in a winter sky. If the natural eye is very keen and the air exceptionally clear he may see the storied seven stars and three or four besides. But if one turns on them the huge inquisitive pupil of his artificial eye and exposes a photographic plate, a thousand stars burst into view enmeshed with whorls and brushes of nebulous light.

The ear has fewer physical imperfections than the eye. It works with greater precision and over a wider range. But it has its faults,—a lack of sensitiveness to very feeble sounds, and a certain tendency to lump impressions together. But even Fine-ear of the fairy tale was deaf as the traditional adder compared to the electro-mechanical man when he takes down his favorite long-distance ear and listens to a whisper over a thousand miles of space. And that whisper can, if necessary, be automatically recorded and filed away for future reference. It comes in the twinkling of an eye. Had it travelled as sound travels to the unaided ear it would have been an hour and a half upon the road. To the inner doings of the earth one can listen with an electrical ear and hear grim mutterings far underground.

Man's touch seems a delicate index of material things, but it is dull and insensible compared with the finger with which the electro-mechanical man can weigh what he cannot feel and measure what no touch can tell him. One can pass his hand over a piece of plate glass and guess that it is flat, but a questioning gleam of light upon the plate finds a hollow a hundred-thousandth of an inch deep as easily as one would put his thumb into a knothole. We may go quietly about our business with a thousand tiny earth tremors quivering beneath us, and our unaided senses will make us none the wiser, but the man who is a bit nervous about earthquakes takes down an artificial finger, sets it up, and tells it to keep watch over the solid ground. Then day by day it watches, and patiently draws for him every infinitesimal quiver that may come from the other side of the world.

Taste and smell, the least acute of the senses, tell us roughly what things are made of and how they dissipate themselves. There is no telescope for either, but if a thing is salted or sweetened, sour or bitter, though the tongue may fail to detect it, the modern man keeps at hand a huge assortment of bottled tongues with queer labels, with which he can detect a grain of salt in a hogshead of water, as certainly as he would find a teaspoonful in his morning coffee, and almost as quickly. And if it comes to smelling, to be sure he cannot put on a nose-microscope, but if he waxes suspicious, he deftly sets traps for intruding smells, and gathers them in. If he thinks that the air is contaminated with things his nose takes no note of, he sets microbe traps, and catches the microbes if there are any.

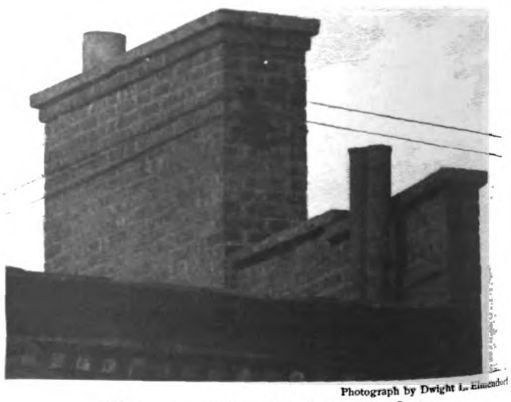
The unaided senses tell us many things quickly and easily, and are indispensable, but when it comes to the pinch they need help. Steadily year by year man's resources are enlarged, and his organs improved and multiplied. New eyes and ears, fingers, tongues, and noses are added to his already large collection. What his powers may become in another century, provided his development goes on unchecked, any observer may guess, and the more the guesser knows of what is possible now, the less disposed he will be to set limits to his forecast.



Photograph by Dwight L. Elmendorf

View from a Window

The house is 130 feet distant



Photograph by Dwight L. Elmendorf

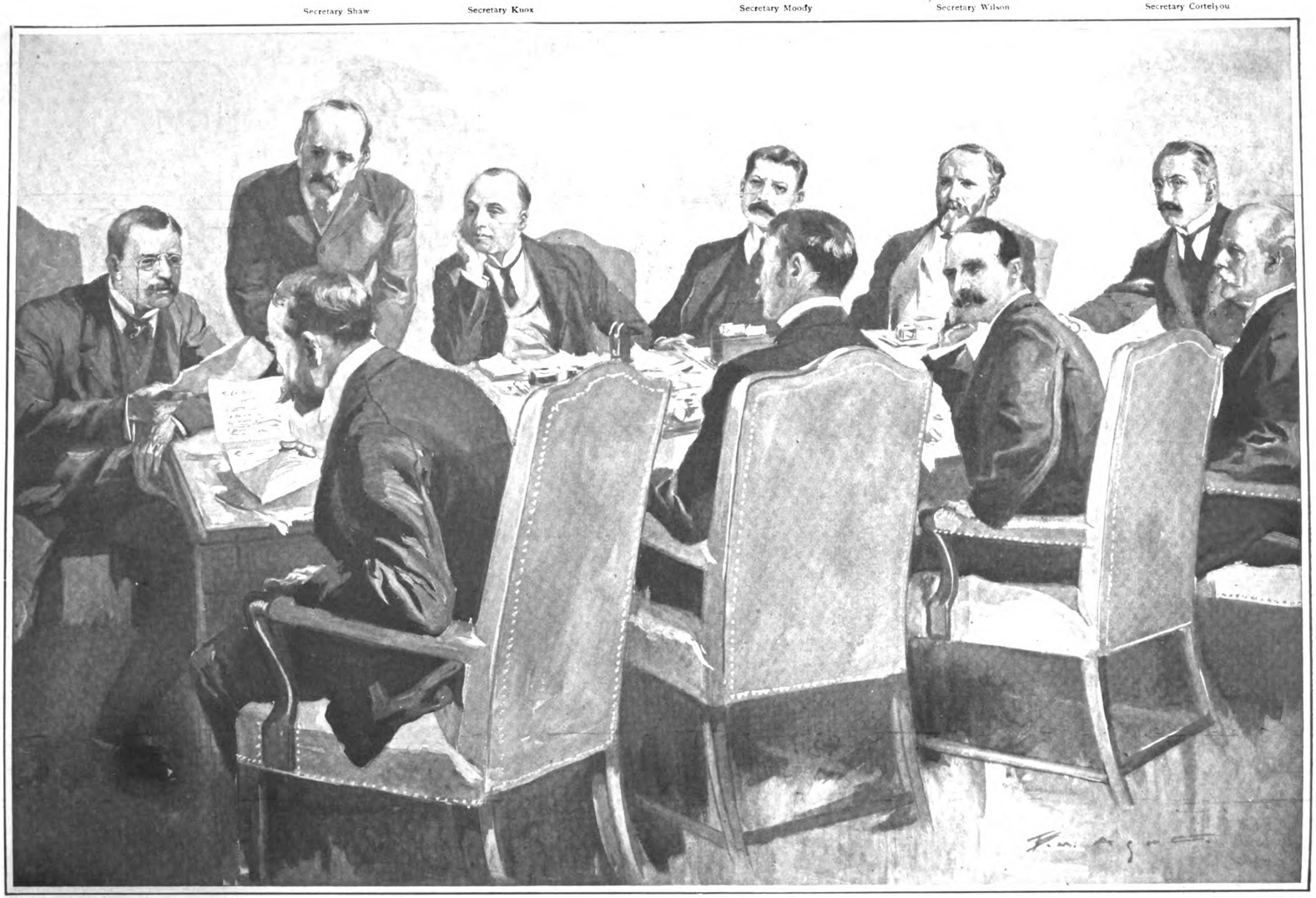
The same View with Telephoto Lens

Showing the details of the chimney on the house to the right, 154 feet away

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET—THE LARGEST PRESIDENTIAL CABINET IN THE HISTORY

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Secretary Shaw Secretary Knox Secretary Moody Secretary Wilson Secretary Cortelyou



The President Secretary Hay Secretary Root Secretary Payne Secretary Hitchcock

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET—THE LARGEST PRESIDENTIAL CABINET IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICA

Drawn for Harper's Weekly by E. M. Ashe

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THE BOXERS

A Complete Short Story by Morgan Robertson

WHEN a man of his word promises to carry more than half his crew across the Pacific in irons he is apt to make strong endeavor toward the keeping of his promise, even though unfortified by profane and intemperate language arising from below, and by the fact that the mild-mannered and well-behaved remnant of his crew proved their efficiency at shortening sail in a sharp squall which struck the ship before she was well off the Yangtse Bank. But the squall was followed by a greasy calm; and two large sea-going junks, blown nearer by the squall, and filled with yelling, chattering Chinamen, brought into the problem a factor not easily cancelled by a crew of twelve weaklings, trained only to fear and obedience, and Captain Jackson could not but have thought of those counter-irritants below. Both junks were being propelled by sweeps, and one was but a quarter-mile away, the other about as far astern of her.

"Pirates?" asked the mate, as he and the captain watched from the poop.

"No doubt of it," answered the captain. "There's a large anti-foreign society growing in China—Boxers, they're called—and some o' them have taken to the sea. They've killed a lot of missionaries up north, and I heard ashore of a little English bark they looted in the Pei Ho. We've got to fight. Call all hands aft, Mr. Becker, and we'll fit 'em out. Wish I could trust that gang below."

"We won't need them, sir," answered the mate. "Counting in the cook an' steward, Chips, and the two bo'suns, there are twenty of us—good for a hundred Chinks. An' there's wind coming yonder"—he pointed at another squall growing in the west—"an' we can keep 'em off till it comes. They won't face powder and shot."

"Perhaps not. We may have to kill a few, though."

But they changed their estimate of Chinese courage a little later, even though they killed more than a few. A frenzied mob of suicides swarmed up from the brown junk rasping alongside, and with yells and shrieks precipitated themselves upon the score of men mustered to receive them. They were armed only with knives and spears, and there was a steady death-rate among them as the rifles, pistols, and shotguns in the hands of the defenders sought targets and spoke; but they charged on, stumbling over the bodies of the fallen, flourishing their blades, and chattering their strange, minor-keyed war cries, until they had driven the defenders against the opposite rail. Here they closed, and now white men fell to the deck under the knife and spear thrusts. For a moment it was a *mêlée;* then one man broke, and fled for the cabin door. It was Sinful Peck, and the example was contagious: the steward, carpenter, and one of the bo'suns reached the poop steps and climbed them. Here they turned to defend their temporary refuge, firing point-blank into the densely packed mass of yelling humanity besieging the steps. The second mate was driven into the companionway. The first mate lay quiet in the scuppers. The captain and cook, both bleeding, mounted the hatch-house, and the other bo'sun, and what was left of the foremast hands, were harried forward by the fanatical Chinamen until they found safety behind the closed doors of the galley. Then the pursuers charged back to aid in the siege of the others, by which time the cook had sunk to his hands and knees, and the carpenter was prone upon his back in the alley on the poop. Piled half-way up the poop steps was a pile of dead and wounded Chinamen, over which others were frantically climbing, and it began to look hopeless for the defenders, even though the captain on the hatch-house, the steward and bo'sun in the alley, and the second mate in the companionway were bringing down a Chinaman with each bullet expended. But now a strange thing happened.

A brown hollow cone, nearly two feet in diameter at its base and fully five feet long, protruded over the break of the poop, its open mouth gaping menacingly at the struggling Chinamen; and from its cavernous interior belched a mighty volume of sound, uproarings, awful, and terrifying. The Chinamen fell back, but the horrid resonance followed them, blasting their ear-drums, paralyzing their nerves, threatening their souls. Bullets they understood, but not this—this massive and weighty weapon that hurled thunder at them. And what manner of foreign devil was behind it, squatting on his haunches, supporting the ponderous thing so easily with one hand gripped around the small end, which he held to his mouth, while he puffed out his cheeks and made frightful faces. They surged back; they turned and fled in wild panic, and as the leaders in the stampede scrambled over the rail, the powerful foreign devil, with his dreadful instrument of evil still aimed at them—still emitting the fearful sounds—sprang clear over the bodies to the main deck and pursued them.

It was Sinful Peck with the ship's papier-mâché megaphone, and he did not cease his objurgations until he had blown the last Celestial over the side.

Captain Jackson inspected his cook—badly hurt, but not fatally—then, being weak from loss of blood, lowered himself painfully to the deck and examined the others. Five of the foremast hands were wounded and more or less hopeless, and Mr. Becker was dead, with a knife sticking in his breast.

Assisted by the steward, he climbed to the poop, crossed over abaft the cabin, and looked down at the junk. Sinful Peck, perched on the rail, was still bombarding them with ear-splitting invective, and the Chinamen, having cast off, were frantically pushing their junk away with bamboo poles. Forward, Mr. Brown was hammering on the galley door, beseeching the inmates to "come out like men, and 'stand by' for more of it." For more of it was promised; the other junk was but a few lengths away, and the yells of her crew attested the fact that Sinful's noise was not affecting them.

"It needs to be sudden, and mysterious," muttered the captain. "It won't do again." He looked to the west, where the second squall was growing, and bearing down upon them—a black and ragged cloud, its lower edge dropping rain. It was a question which would arrive first—the wind or the Chinamen.

"Come here, Mr. Peck," he called, and as the smiling Sinful approached he tossed him the keys of the irons. "Unlock the prisoners," he said. "Those curs forward won't fight any more, and we'll need them to shorten down, if for nothing else."

The smile on Sinful's face gave way to a look of consternation; but he deposited the megaphone on the deck, picked up the keys, and, first reloading a few empty cylinders in his pistol, resolutely entered the hatch-house door and descended. Captain Jackson sat down on the edge of the poop with his feet on the steps and waited. He heard muffled words from below, then there was silence, broken only by the objurgations of Mr. Brown and the noise of the Chinamen. Soon a head appeared in the hatch-house door, and Bigpig Monahan's massive shoulders and powerful frame followed. He sprang out and faced the captain, with Sinful's pistol levelled at his head, Sinful's cartridge-belt strapped around him, and a stern look of indignation on his face. Seldom Helward came next, then Mocassey Gill, Gunner Meagher, Tosser Galvin, and the rest. They all looked angry and discontented, and they all procured belaying-pins from the rail and surrounded their leader.

"Don't shoot, Monahan," the captain had said, weakly raising his hand. "I am knifed in the side. You'll have enough to do in defending your lives. We have been attacked by pirates."

"So we surmised down there by the racket," answered Bigpig. "And rather than call on us you left us to be murdered in irons. What d'ye want of us now?"

"As I said, to defend yourselves. At first there seemed to be no need of you; then there was no time to think of you. Mr. Becker is dead. The crew have hidden in the galley. Mr. Brown is still with me, and Mr. Peck,—where is Mr. Peck?"

"Down below with the darbies on him. How d'ye s'pose I got this gun?"

"Well, well—all right. I am helpless. The situation is in your hands; but the Chinamen are coming back"—he arose and pointed to the masts of the junks showing over the rail—"and there is a squall coming which may blow us clear of them. You'd

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better brace the yards to starboard, clew up the kites, and arm yourselves."

He sank down in his weakness, and they scrambled up the rail and looked; then they craned their necks and looked at the coming squall.

"All right, Skipper," said Bigpig as they stepped down. "You're a good fellow when you're scared. But just hand over that gun of yours." He climbed the steps, and boldly twisted the captain's pistol from his nerveless fingers. Handing it to Seldom Helward, he asked, "Now, where are those arms you spoke of?"

"On these wounded men, and on the men in the galley. Take them away from them; but brace the yards first, and you may not need them."

They gave no heed to the last advice; they relieved the stricken men on the deck of their arms and cartridges, and, meeting an anxious second mate hurrying aft, they even held him up, disarmed him, and tied him hand and foot in the scuppers. Then, with a heavy iron windlass brakes, they battered in the galley door and entered. Captain Jackson saw this with failing eyesight; also he heard a confused sound of oaths and protestations from within the galley which for a moment dominated the chattering yells from over the side. These were ominously near, however, and he could see through the quarter rail that the two junks had met, and side by side were now coming together. He endeavored to stand erect and look over the house at the squall, but the effort was too much for his strength, and he sank down in a faint.

He was roused by cold rain on his face, and a stentorian voice almost in his ear, roaring: "Bring her up a little and shake her, Moccassey. The topsails won't come down." Bigpig had partly climbed the poop steps, his huge head and shoulders outlined against a background of gray sky streaked with horizontal rain and spindrift. The ship was heeled, and her tautened weather rigging sang a dismal accompaniment to the sound of wind and washing sea. Aloft, skysails, royals, and one of the topgallant sails were in ribbons, and the upper topsails, with slackened halyards, supported the weight of their heavy yards by the pressure of the wind alone. This much the captain's mind could grasp in an instant. "The Chinamen, Monahan?" he gasped.

"Left 'em astern, Skipper—dismasted," said Bigpig, cheerily.

"And the second mate?"

"In the scuppers, d——n him. We're shortening down without him."

It was moderately good news under the circumstances, and with the formless, wordless calls of sailors at work ringing in his ears, Captain Jackson sank back into unconsciousness. When next he revived he was in his berth; his wound was dressed, and Bigpig, Seldom, Moccassey, Tosser, and Poopdeck were seated in the sacred precincts, calmly watching him. All wore revolvers and cartridge-belts. Standing up before them were Mr. Brown and Sinful Peck, unrestrained of movement, but evidently prisoners.

"Well, Capt'n," said Bigpig, serenely. "You've come to again, I see. Now, your ship's all right, and heading her course for 'Frisco. We've talked it over. There's no sense in putting back to Shanghai, or in touching at Honolulu, as we thought we'd do, at first. We'd be hanged, no doubt, for piracy; but we'll take our chance in the Lord's country. Understand? We don't mean to give up these guns, and we don't mean to let you have any; for our own safety—understand? That'll be our plea in court, if any plea is needed. And we give you back your second mate, and agree to take his orders and yours as lawfully signed seamen of this ship. We keep our hands clean of all mutiny and such things—except, as I said, retaining these guns for self-protection. But we want this little devil 'fore the mast with us again, and we want you to legally disrate him, right here."

"You want him," said the captain, "to maltreat him as you did before. Mr. Peck saved my life. I cannot deliver him to you."

"We saved your life, too, and we saved your ship. If we hadn't braced the yards she'd be a fire now, and you roasting with your throat cut."

"But you are under as heavy obligations to him. He remembered a well-known weakness of the Chinese character, and frightened them into their junk with the megaphone. Had he not done this, you would have been killed, too."

"Oh, he's smart enough—smart enough to shanghai his friends, and engineer things so that at no time can they quit the ship and get home. Well, you formally disrate him, or we'll head the ship south."

There were mutiny, murder, piracy, wrecking, and all the crimes in the nautical calendar inherent in this threat; and Bigpig spoke determinedly. The set faces of the others bore out this interpretation, and the captain remained silent for a few moments.

"I am laid up," he said. "I cannot be on deck. I have no navigator. Will you allow Mr. Peck to navigate and keep the log?"

"Most certainly not! We'll keep the fo'castle clean. Why, bless your soul, Capt'n. Are you looking for mates? This crowd don't need a boss, and if they did, Seldom and I have been shipmasters for twenty years or so; and as for navigation, Poopdeck, here, took a ship 'round the Horn thirty years back. Forgotten that? Poopdeck, old man, can you fetch 'Frisco?"

"Ought to," answered Poopdeck, confidently. "Once past the Loo Choo Islands, there isn't a rock or shoal this side of the Farallones."

The captain again waited, and thought.

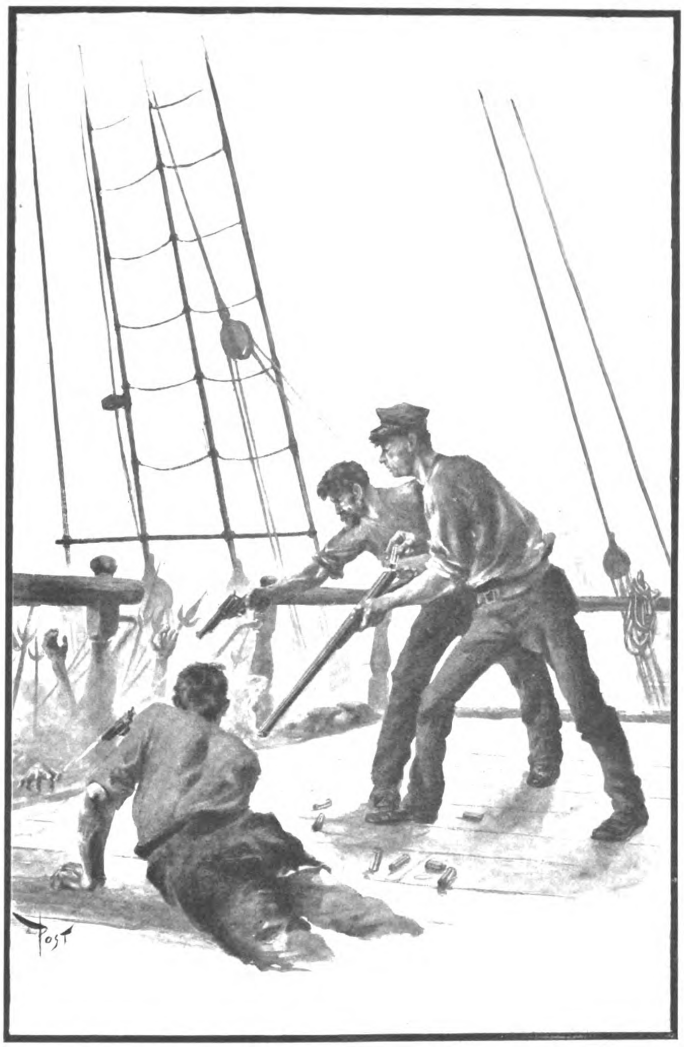
"Mr. Peck," he said at last, to the silent and sullen-faced little man, "I can do no differently. You must go before the mast. And Mr. Brown," he added, to the second mate, "as you are not a navigator, I must promote a man over your head. Mr. Poopdeck Cahill, you may bring your dunnage aft to the mate's room and take his place."

"Thank you, sir," said Poopdeck. "Will you enter this in your official log?"

"Of course, of course—anything for peace. Get out of my cabin."

"Come, Sinful, my son," said Bigpig, gleefully, clapping him forcefully on the shoulder. "Come with the friends of your youth."

And with Sinful heading them at the end of Bigpig's long arm, they filed out of the cabin.



"Here they turned . . . firing point-blank into the densely packed mass of yelling humanity . . ."

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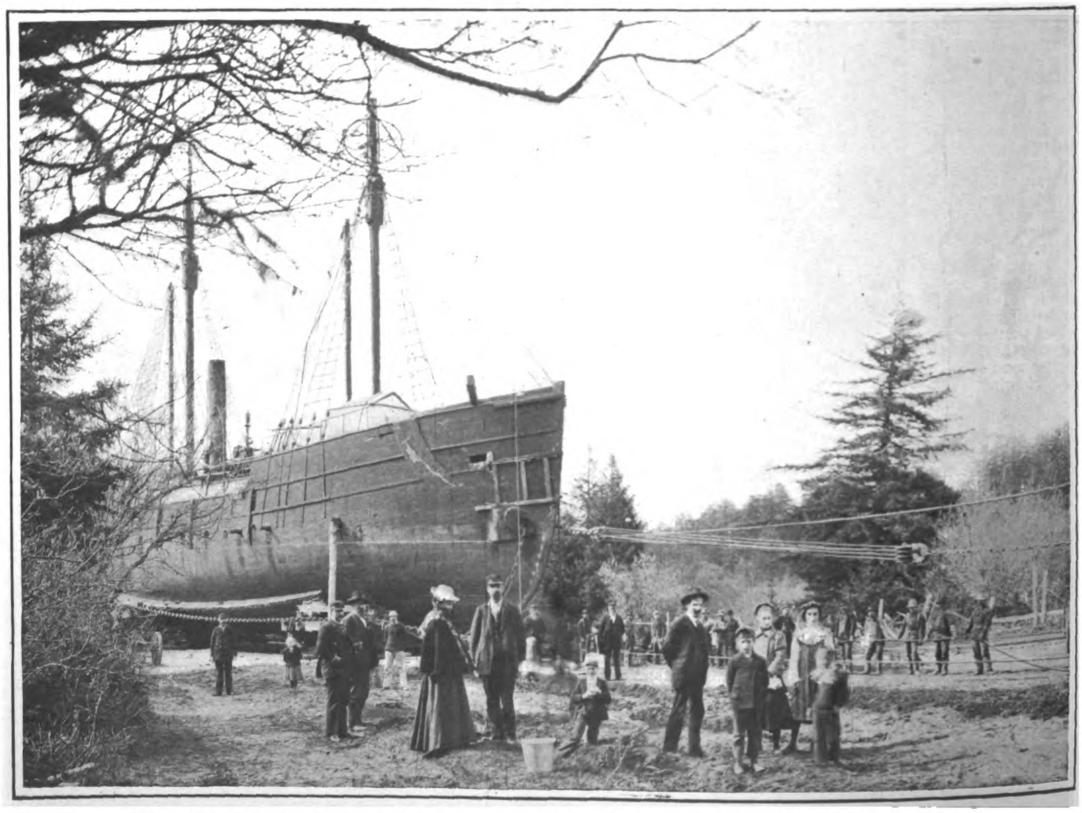


"She went high and dry on the sands of a peninsula which separates the ocean from Bakers Bay"

No. 50's Voyage on Land

LIGHT-SHIP NO. 50 is a steel vessel, 112 feet long, and draws 13 feet. She was moored off the Columbia River to mark the channel. It is a bad place for navigators, on account of the bar and shoal water, where an ordinary gale of wind raises a heavy sea. Gales abound there too, and last year a worse gale than usual fetched No. 50 loose from her heavy moorings and set her adrift. She has sails and an engine to fall back on in emergencies of that sort, but could make no headway against the storm, and the best the captain could do was to choose where she should go ashore. He beached her near the mouth of the river, and she went high and dry on the sands of a peninsula which separates the ocean from Bakers Bay. Her crew were all saved, and it turned out that her hull was very little damaged. The next thing was to get back into the water. It was determined that because of shoals and currents she could not be launched back into the ocean, and the engineers of the Light-house Board concluded to attempt to carry her across the peninsula and put her into Bakers Bay. It is a journey of a mile, across beds of loose sand, through a forest, and over several elevations; a big job, for which there was hardly a precedent. But they got to work, jacked the vessel up out of the sand, put enormously heavy trucks under her, rigged windlasses to haul the trucks, and got stout teams of horses to turn the windlasses. At the same time they cut a road through the woods, and built a timber roadbed strong, and smooth enough for the trucks to travel on. Then they started her, and eventually she went. Cables broke, and had to be replaced with stronger ones. Some days she progressed only a few feet. It took months to cover the distance, but it was done, and finally No. 50 lay broadside to Bakers Bay. There they built an inclined plane of planking down into the water, greased it as the ways are greased for a launching at a shipyard, stretched lines from bow, stern, and masts to powerful tugs, steadied her with guy ropes, and presently a long pull, a strong pull, a pull altogether, and the land ship slid down the beach and was afloat in salt water once more. They took her to Astoria, where repairs were made, and now No. 50 is back in the service.

Archimedes said he could move the earth if he had a place to stand on. In Chicago they had, and doubtless still have, a habit of moving brick houses from one site to another. Major Eads planned and earnestly advocated a ship railway across the Panama Isthmus, on which ships should ride from ocean to ocean with their cargoes in them. Theoretically, anything can be moved to any place, and the only question is whether it is worth the trouble and will pay. But, after all, it is a long step from theory to practice, and No. 50's land voyage was a notable performance, novel, interesting, and conclusively successful.



"No. 50's land voyage was a notable performance, novel, interesting, and conclusively successful"

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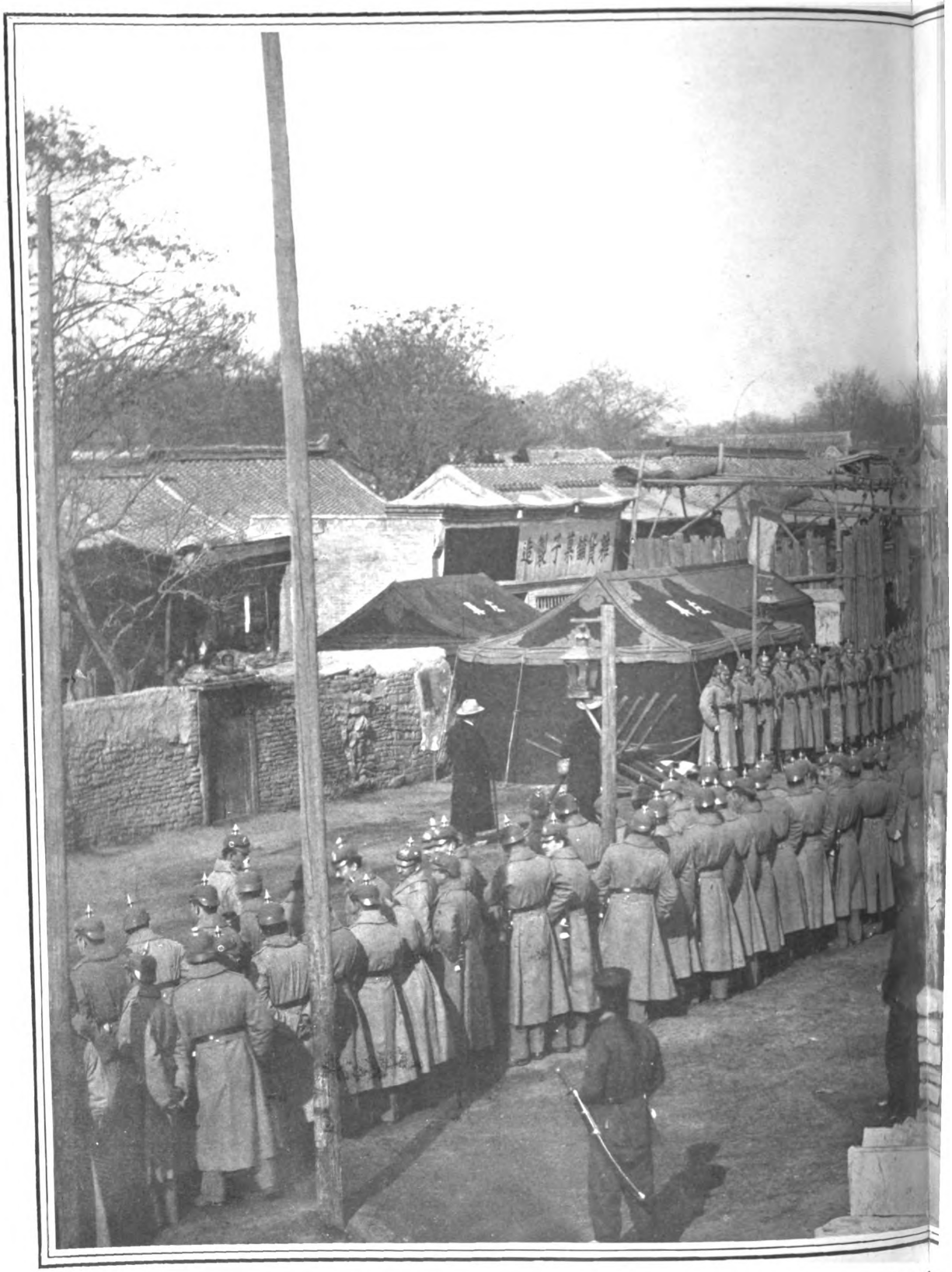
Drawn by Phillips Ward

THE BUD

By E. S. Martin

Perplexed no more with decimal or date.
She drops the pencil on th' abandoned slate.
With fingers lately inked, the nosegay's stems
Constricts, and waits for Joy to bring up Fate

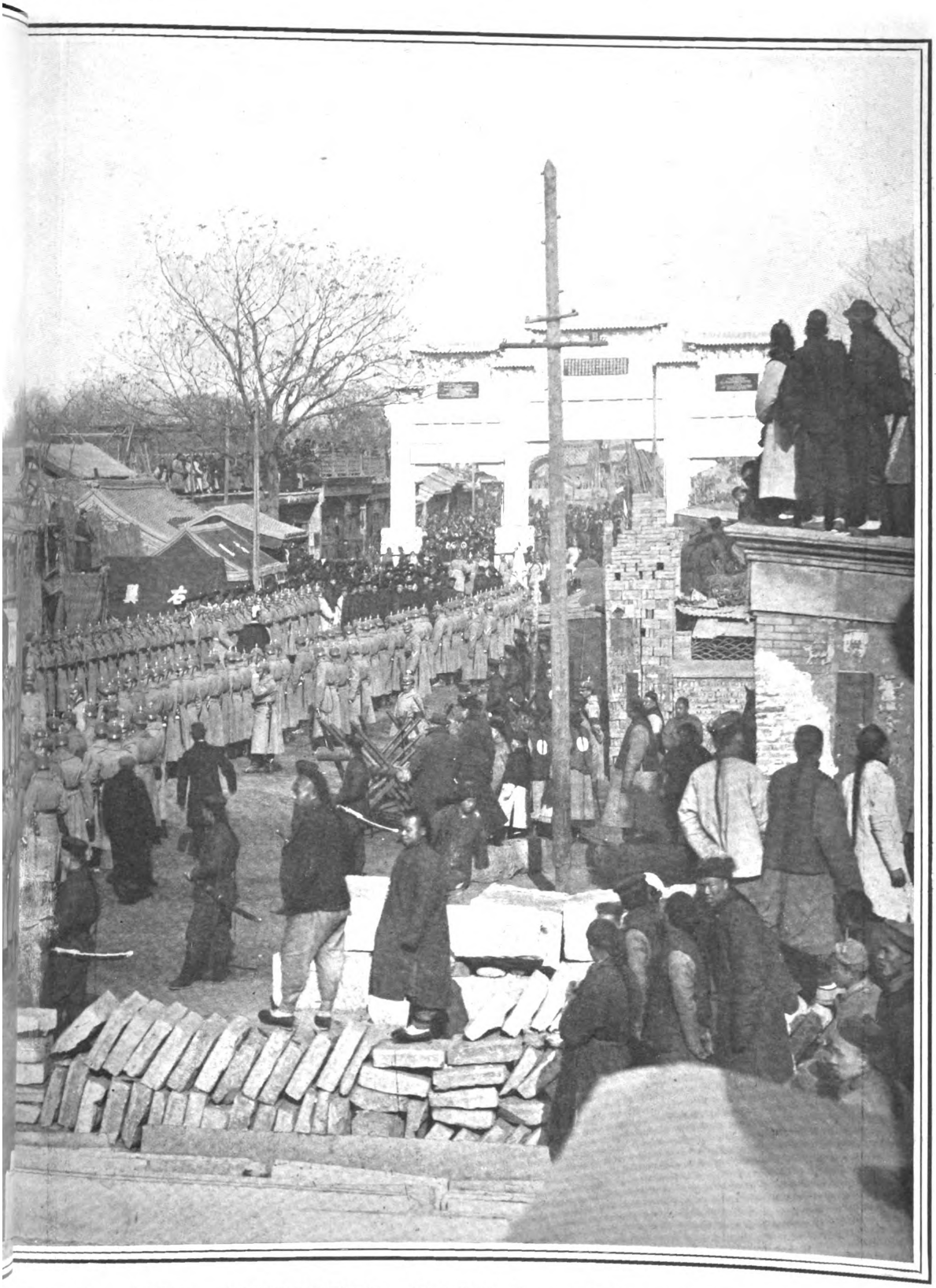
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THE CHINESE PAY GERMANY FOR THE MURDER

In June, 1900, the German Minister to China was murdered by the Boxers. Germany demanded reparation in the form of a memorial of disgrace to China, which has just been completed. The ceremonies attending its dedication—the presence of the German troops drawn up before the memorial, and the speech of Prince Chun, the brother of the Emperor—are described in an article on page 505 by our correspondent Willard W. Straight, Inspector General of Customs.

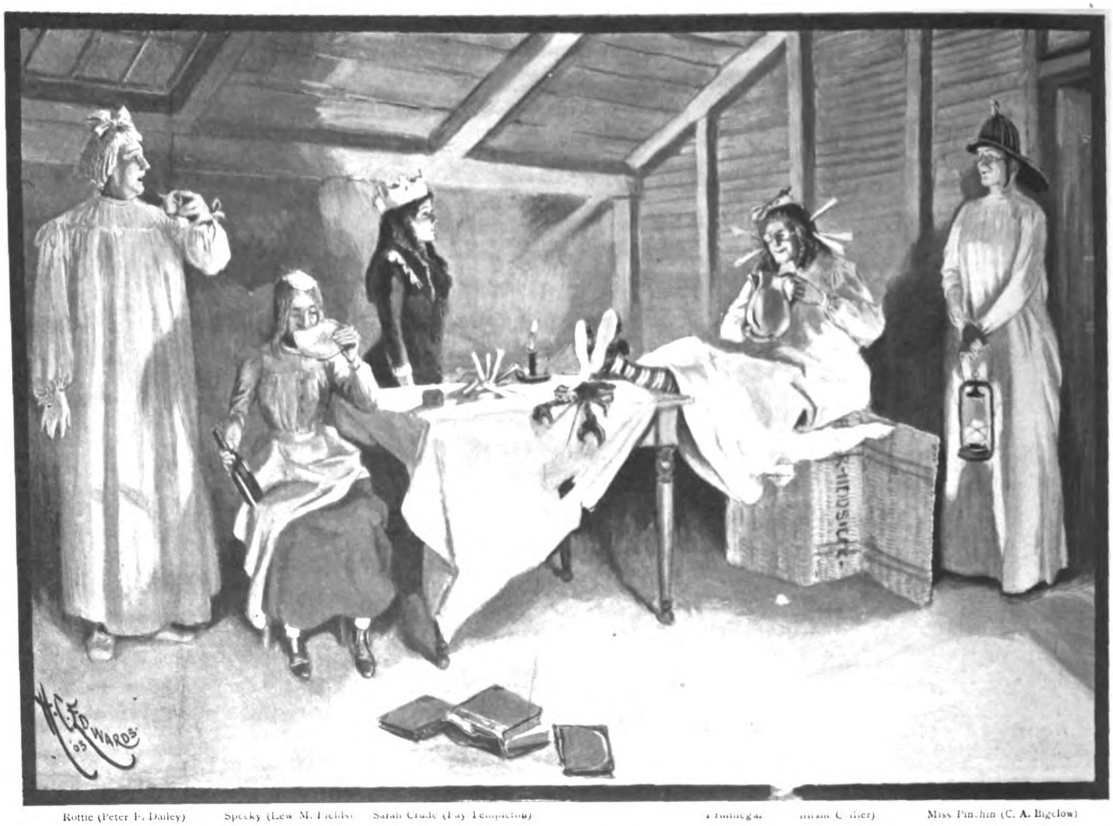
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R OF HER MINISTER, BARON VON KETTELER

morial arch to her Minister to be erected in Peking, the Chinese capital. This monument, as shown in the photograph, has the arch in long lines, through which the representatives of the Chinese government passed—are fully described at Peking. In demanding this reparation Germany exacts not payment alone, but a standing nese Emperor, said in his address, of "apology, of contrition, and of regret"

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Rottie (Peter F. Dailey) Specky (Lew M. Fields) Sarah Crude (Fay Templeton) Finnegan (Miriam Clifford) Miss Pinchin (C. A. Bigelow)

"The Little Princess" in Burlesque

HOWEVER high or low the Weber & Fields sort of entertainment may rank as dramatic literature, it is undoubtedly in the process of its manufacture an interesting product. As far as we have been able to observe, the method consists largely in turning a lot of frisky people loose upon the stage with instructions to go ahead and do pretty much as they please, so long as nothing that they do is quite sane. Mr. Edgar Smith's position of official librettist to this Court of Burlesque is very much like that which would be occupied by a Professor of the Drama in the land of the Houyhnhnms, made famous by Mr. Gulliver of satiric memory. Such a one in the Land of the Horse would have had some fifty or sixty unbroken colts committed to his charge, and their potentialities would be his to discover and develop. So Mr. Smith, with the shooting stars of comedy and farce that his managers gather together every year, seems to have only the problem of holding these playful creatures within the pasture-lot of the title he has chosen for his farce, and since these titles are sufficiently vague to cover almost everything that exists in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth, the task is not a difficult one. There are those who say that the best fun is that which has serious thinking behind it, and in a sense this is true. But the best fun is not always the most uproarious fun, and it is uproarious fun that the Weber-Fieldians go in for exclusively. We fancy that if Mr. Smith were to put serious thinking back of his work for just a year, he would find himself doing other things than Fiddle-dy-Dees and Twirly Whirlies of past seasons.

Another interesting phase of this Weber-Fieldian style of play is its elusiveness to criticism. A critic who really cared to take the work seriously might in good faith publish on a Tuesday morning a truly significant article on the play as it was put on on Monday evening, but that Tuesday morning criticism would probably not do at all for publication on Wednesday morning as a review of Tuesday evening's performance, for the reason that we have no guarantee that Tuesday evening's performance bears any resemblance to that of Monday evening. There may be certain similarities in plot, and the scenic accessories may be the same, and the lyrics and choruses unchanging, but no man knows what lines the stars will speak or by what devious byways the complications to be unravelled attain to their full unravelment. When the main purpose of each individual star of a constellation of seven is to bait the other six, and once having got the centre of the stage to hang on to it, irrespective of the rights of anybody else, indefinitely postponing the cue word, there is no counting on the results. But it works well in the individual case of the Weber & Fields people, because they are for the most part past-masters in the art of repartee and practical joking. A dull-witted actor would find more pleasure in an examination in supplementary proceedings, than in a star position at Weber & Fields, however princely his salary. A man may not mind making a fool of himself before a thousand people, but to be made a fool of—that is another proposition altogether. Hence it is that many comedians of high rank in more legitimate fields of dramatic interpretation have fallen woefully short of the requirements of the Weber & Fields stage. Like the poet, the Weber-Fieldian is born and not made; lacking the temperamental requirements of the position, he would be happier as a grave-digger than in this Temple of Irresponsible Fun.

These comments do not apply to the clever series of burlesques upon current plays that have been presented by this aggregation as the climax to their evening's entertainment for several years past. In these is to be found the best evidence that the librettist can and does think when he is minded so to do. Here the erratic humorosity of the stars is held in some restraint, since, to be effective, they must satirize some salient feature of the play they are burlesquing. One extraordinary virtue of these little farcettes is, that, even to those who have not seen the originals, they are often very funny and wholly diverting. We have known persons to be inspired by the burlesque subsequently to seek the original, and in some instances to express the opinion that the burlesque was the better and more reasonable of the two. However this may be, the best work that is done by the Weber-Fieldians is along these lines. We would not for a moment willingly forego the delights of the preliminary antics of the company in their hodge-podge of sheer nonsense, but the burlesque plays linger longer and more pleasantly in the memory. It not infrequently happens that under the mask of fun in the burlesquers, we find criticism more searching than we get in the monumental columns of solemn dramatic disquisition by our more distinguished critics. In this particular we recall the excellent burlesques of "The Conquerors," "The Christian," and "Sapho" of past seasons, and this year of "The Stubbornness of Geraldine"—the very happy title of which was "The Stickiness of Gelatine." Mr. Fitch's *Geraldine* might be discussed in quarto-volumes and be no more thoroughly revealed than in Mr. Smith's happy use of the word "Stickiness," and, after all, the critic who can tell the whole story in a single word is quite as much to be envied as he who requires three columns of a newspaper for the effort—except, of course, when he is paid at space rates. In the current burlesque, that of "The Little Princess," there is not so abundant an opportunity as was presented by Mr. Fitch's play, but it is good wholesome fun, and suffices for its ostensible purpose.

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Happiness? Sooth to say, it does not exist. Or rather, destiny serves it out to us in fractions, in small doses, homœopathically. Happiness is made up of halts. In the rough road-stage of life, so long and yet so short, there are furtive moments when we sit down by the wayside and would gladly stop there, go no farther, sleep a little on the good earth which will one day embrace us. And immediately the *March! March!* of Bossuet rings out and urges us on. A halt? Why? Up and on: quick: we must hark forward: life continues. We rise and take up our burden again. March! March!

Jules Claretie.

Hence nowadays the ruling classes, instead of devoting their time to war and the state, occupy themselves in putting accumulated capital to good use, directing work, perfecting and multiplying instruments and machinery—not from any noble sentiments of social duty, but for the same reasons the aristocracies of the past went to war so frequently—for the accumulation of great and superfluous wealth.

Guglielmo Ferrero.

What we like determines what we are, and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.—*Ruskin.*

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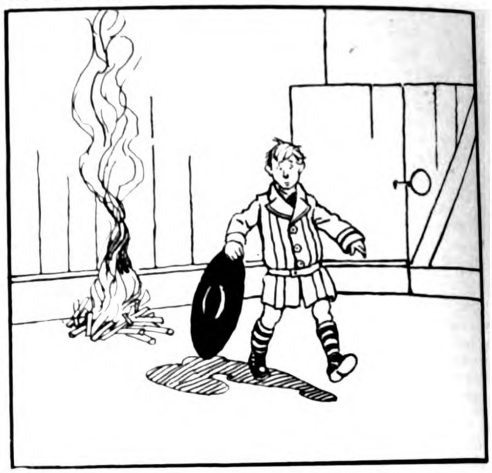
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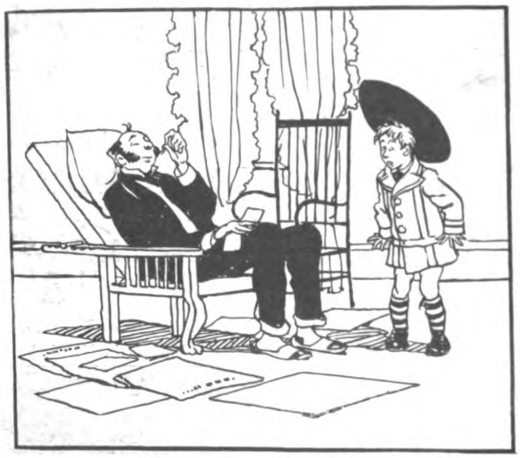
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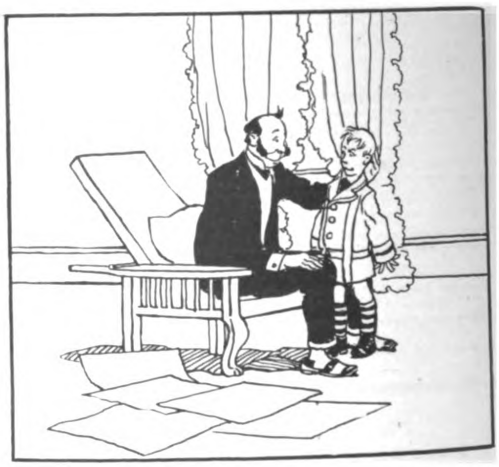
Georgie. "What is an April fool, Gramma?"
Gramma. "Why, if you should rush in to papa and shout the barn is on fire, and it wasn't, that would be an April fool."
Georgie. "But that is a lie, isn't it?"
Gramma. "Well—er—yes—but it's only a joke, you know."



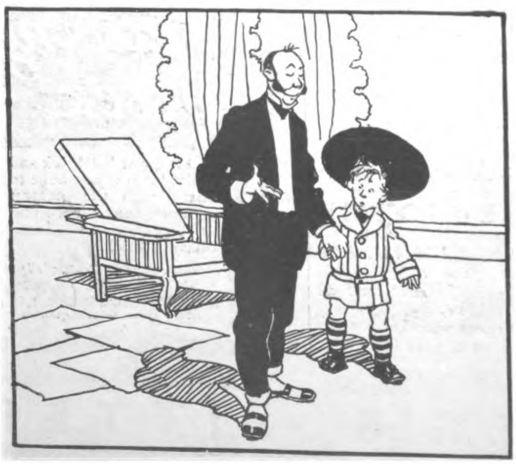
Georgie. "I guess this will let me down on the lie part."



Georgie (with a mad rush). "Pop! the barn is on fire!"



Pop. "Well, well! Barn afire, eh? Son, you're the victim of a delusion quite prevalent on the 1st of April."



"*However, in order to dispel your bright hallucination, we will inspect the vicinity of its abiding-place together.*"



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China pays her first Debt to the Powers

By Willard W. Straight
Inspector-General of Customs at Peking

See illustration on double page

AFTER two years of building and hammering and senseless delays, the Chinese have at last made formal reparation to Germany for the murder of her minister, Baron von Ketteler, in June, 1900. On Sunday, the 18th of January, in the presence of Baron von der Goltz, the German Chargé d'Affaires, the members of the diplomatic corps, and the officers of the legation guards, Prince Chün, younger brother of the Emperor of China, formally dedicated a memorial arch erected to the murdered man. A small altar covered with yellow silk had been placed some ten yards to the south of the "Pai-lou," and on this altar the Prince offered his libation. It was significant of apology, of contrition, of regret, to appease the spirit of the dead and the wrath of the "war lord." After bowing before the memorial tablet that crowned the altar, his Highness read a speech, which was then repeated in German by an interpreter from the "Wai Wu Pu." He spoke of the regret of his sovereign for the lamentable affair, and apologized on his behalf, promising that in the future such things should be avoided, and trusting that the two nations might be friendly hereafter. Baron von der Goltz, though a splendid Chinese scholar himself, read his reply in German, the translation being given by the Chinese secretary of the German legation. He thanked the Prince in the name of the Kaiser, and said that by the erection of this arch the conditions of the peace protocol had been fulfilled. He too hoped that the future would bring the two nations closer together, that they might understand one another more fully.

This interchange of speeches finished, the Prince and the German *chargé*, with the diplomatic corps, walked under the arch to the north between the lines of Chinese troops ranged on either side of the roadway, the bands of both detachments playing the German national air. Returning, the party passed down the avenue of German soldiers, who stood at the "present," and then dispersed to the several booths for refreshments. This was the signal for the setting off of great ropes of firecrackers, and to this rattling, crackling fusillade, and the shrill war-cry, and rubadub of their own fife-and-drum corps, the German soldiers marched through the archway. The Chinese, in the mean time, were firing petards and giant crackers and making a most tremendous uproar. After a short pause the Kaiser's "war wolves" marched back again, thudding along in their "goose-step," and making the archway sway to and fro as they passed underneath. With this march and countermarch the ceremony was over, and the immense crowds that had filled the streets for hundreds of yards north and south, and formed great masses of humanity on the shop roofs, began to disperse and go about their business.

The arch itself is constructed of great blocks of marble, and is, altogether, some seventy-five feet high. It is built entirely of stone, the bits of roof with their tile forms and lion-mouthed gargoyles being all cunningly hewn from the solid marble. The "Pai-lou," as structures of this kind are called in Chinese, is a great feature in the imperial palaces and tombs, in the hunting-parks, and in some of the great temples. They are erected, as a rule, to commemorate the glory and grandeur of an emperor or to immortalize a Buddhist saint. It is quite common also to find wooden ones erected by the Board of Works to the memory of some virtuous woman or honest official, though such people are really not as rare in China as one might be led to imagine. Over each of the side arches of the memorial is an inscription, one in German and one in Latin, and over the centre arch the same legend in Chinese. It states briefly that the monument is erected as a memorial to Baron von Ketteler, the German minister, foully murdered by the Boxers in June, 1900, and that it shall stand, for all time, as a warning to evil-doers. Above the centre inscrip-

(Continued on page 507.)

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ing tendency of settlement in the South from the North and West is accompanied by a stronger inclination on the part of negroes to make their homes outside the South, in spite of many discouragements. Up to 1860 the great trend of negro migration, practically involuntary, was toward the fresh lands of the Southwest. This movement, which was slowly destroying slavery in the older States in response to the same economic laws that had removed the institution from the North, was checked by the war. It has been renewed by the negro's own initiative, but alongside of it is another, the results of which appear in the increases of the negro population during the past ten years of 49 per cent. in Illinois, 46 per cent. in New Jersey, 45 per cent. in Pennsylvania, 44 per cent. in Massachusetts, and 41 per cent. in New York, the average increase for the whole country being about 18 per cent. Here is diffusion of the negro to become, with the settlement of Northerners in the South, one of the most efficient means of solving the vexing problem, in that it acquaints the whole country with the negro and strengthens the conviction that he may be best guided for his own advantage, and for that of the country, by those people who have had the longest acquaintance with him.

In 1860 the entire country made 884,474 tons of pig iron; to-day the South alone is making over 3,000,000 tons, or more than three times as much. In 1860 the total output of bituminous coal in the United States was 5,775,077 tons; last year the South mined over 61,000,000 tons, Alabama alone having an output nearly double the total bituminous coal production of the whole country forty years ago. To-day the South has over 55,000 miles of railroads; the country had only 30,592 miles in 1860, and of this 9800 miles were in the Southern States. The value of the manufactured cotton goods of the South is now over $110,000,000 a year, while the output in 1860 for the United States was only $115,000,000. The value of the lumber products of the country in 1860 was $96,000,000, while to-day the South is annually marketing over $200,000,000 worth. The South's mineral and manufactured products in 1900 aggregated $1,620,000,000, against $1,900,000,000 for the whole country in 1860. Then the country had 402 miles of street railways; now the South has nearly 3000 miles. Then the petroleum output was only 500,000 barrels; now the South is marketing over 20,000,000 barrels a year, the output being limited only by transportation facilities, and it is, as lately expressed by a London expert, "the Gibraltar of the lights and fuels of the world." Even in banking capital we have nearly one-half as much as the United States had in 1860, viz., $205,000,000, against $420,000,000.

The trend of the world's economic development is toward the South, for, as Andrew Carnegie is credited with having recently well said, in the past capital could draw raw material to it, and thus industry centred where capital was most abundant, but now raw material draws the capital, and dominates the development of industrial centres. Nature has done more than her share for the South. She has covered its mountains and its valleys with timber; she has burdened its hillsides with mineral wealth beyond the power of imagination; she has given it coal and iron and cotton and oil, marbles and granites and clays; she has furnished it a variety of soils, which, according to their kind, need but to be "tickled with the plough to laugh with the harvest" of cotton or grain or sugar or rice or fruits.

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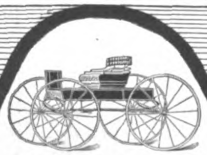
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HARPER'S WEEKLY
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COMMENT

No amendment of the Senate's mode of procedure is expected at the present extra session, and it is by no means certain that any change will be made during the Fifty-eighth Congress. It is, of course, a monstrous state of things which is disclosed when a single Senator is able, by a resort to filibustering, to prevent legislation desired by two-thirds of his colleagues. On the other hand, it will be difficult to hit upon any practicable modification of the existing rules which will not seriously trammel the freedom of debate upon which the Senate prides itself, and which has often proved of immense benefit to the country. Many a foolish or iniquitous measure has been adopted by the House of Representatives, with scarcely a pretence of discussion, because it was known to have no chance of passing the Senate. The ideal reform would bring about a little less freedom of debate in the Senate, and a good deal more freedom in the House. Unquestionably, it is the duty of the Federal legislators in both Chambers to transact the public business, but this indisputable truth has been made in the Lower House a pretext for the creation of a despotism lodged in the Speaker and the Committee on Rules, and for degrading the Chamber from a deliberative body into a mere registration-machine. The power, dignity, and influence which have been of late years acquired by the Senate at the expense of the House are largely due, undoubtedly, to the individual independence possessed by members of the Upper Chamber. Nobody denies the desirability of such an alteration in the rules of the Senate as would permit a vote to be taken after ample time had been allowed for debate. The danger is that a regulation framed to that legitimate end might be so applied in practice as to shackle and stifle the minority. It is not inconceivable, however, that a *via media* may be found.

An interesting study in constitutional development is afforded by the fate of the Cuban reciprocity treaty. Since the defeat of the first Hay-Pauncefote canal treaty, which was hailed as a fine expression of civilization by some Senators who subsequently did what they could to cut its throat, it was seen by Mr. Hay that no treaty could probably ever again be ratified unless the latest claim of the Senate was accepted—unless the Executive surrendered to the demand of the ratifying power to share in the process of negotiation. Since then Senators have been consulted and treaties have been framed to meet their views and to command their votes. The negotiations between ninety-one powers on the one side and one on the other must always be up-hill work, but some treaties have been negotiated under these hard conditions, and among them is the Cuban reciprocity treaty. It now turns out that consultation with Senators in advance does not insure the ratification of the treaty. The amendment which the Senate Committee inserted in the treaty, providing that the treaty must be acted upon by the House of Representatives as well as by the Senate, is not only a postponement of the agreement, but endangers its ultimate adoption. Apparently the increase in the number of negotiators is not a remedy for treaty-making incapacity. There is still nothing more uncertain than the Senate's attitude toward a treaty, as there is nothing more humiliating than our attitude toward Cuba since the island became a republic.

It is not only for the sake of securing promptly the approval of the Cuban reciprocity treaty by the House of Representatives that it may be deemed expedient to convoke the Fifty-eighth Congress in extra session early in November, or even in October. The necessity of averting a stringency in the money-market by financial legislation is recognized all over the United States, and the demand for relief will become irresistible before the beginning of autumn. It will be remembered that, just before the close of the Fifty-seventh Congress, the Senate authorized the Committee on Finance to sit during the summer for the purpose of framing a financial bill to be presented when the new Congress convenes. It is said to be the purpose of the Republican members of the committee not to insist upon reviving the Aldrich bill, which failed at the last session, but to incorporate with that measure certain features of the Fowler currency bill, so as to make sure of the assent of the House of Representatives. There is an encouraging precedent for the method adopted by the Senate to secure prompt legislation. The present gold-standard law is based upon a bill constructed by a committee of the House which sat during a recess of Congress. When Congress reconvened, the bill was quickly introduced and reported, and was adopted without material amendment by both Chambers.

The cost of our colossal pension list was considerably increased by the Fifty-seventh Congress, and, but for the Senate, might have been greatly distended. Hitherto the widow of a soldier or sailor, whose name had been placed on the pension roll because of her husband's death as the result of injuries, wounds, or disease contracted in the service, has lost her pension irremediably in the event of her marriage to another person. Under the act approved February 28, 1903, her pension will be restored if her second husband dies or if she is divorced from him, provided she is without means of support other than her daily labor. By another act, approved March 2, 1903, the pensions allotted for the loss of limbs are materially augmented. Thus the loss of one hand or one foot, or the total disability of such members, entitles the sufferer to sixty dollars per month; and the loss of both feet, to one hundred dollars per month. This act, as it stands, is not expected to add more than $500,000 to the pension roll, but it would have added at least ten million dollars annually if the proposal of the House Committee on Pensions had been adopted.

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The proposal was to give the Pension Office the authority to determine whether, from disease or otherwise, soldiers might not have suffered a disability *equivalent* to the loss of limbs. Fortunately, the Senate Committee on Pensions stopped this projected raid on the Treasury. There is, on the other hand, no objection to the bestowal of the small pension of eight dollars per month on the survivors of all Indian wars down to 1861, nor to the provision by which all veterans of the Mexican war are to receive twelve dollars a month. It is computed that the two last-named changes will cost rather less than a million dollars a year. We have no intention of rearguing at this late date the expediency of our stupendous expenditure for pensions. It is perfectly true that we devote more money to this purpose than suffices to maintain the largest of the European standing armies. On the other hand, there is no doubt that our pension system would immensely facilitate recruitment in time of war. As for the obligation to discharge in money the nation's debt to those who have lost life or limb in its defence, that, obviously, is no more binding on the United States than it is on Germany or France, where, from our point of view, it is most inadequately recognized.

It is a combination of infirmities, including partial blindness, which has caused Mr. George Graham Vest, of Missouri, to retire from public life at the age of seventy-three. Two of his contemporaries, also Kentuckians by birth, Justice John M. Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, and Senator J. C. S. Blackburn, are believed to have many years of usefulness before them. Senator Vest has had a more varied career than either of them, for he moved from Kentucky to Missouri in early manhood for the purpose of practising law, and soon became a member of the Missouri Legislature. By the secession Legislature of that State he was made a delegate to the Confederate provisional Congress, and was a member of the Confederate House of Representatives from the autumn of 1861 till the latter part of 1864, when he was appointed to the Confederate Senate. Finding himself destitute at the close of the civil war, he went to Louisiana, but presently returned to Missouri, where he formed a law partnership with Mr. John L. Phillips, who is now a United States judge. Having been chosen a United States Senator from Missouri, he took his seat in 1879, and was thrice re-elected. He would undoubtedly have been returned to the Senate for six years more had he not refused to serve. Although unflinching in his adherence to Democratic principles, he was good-tempered and conciliatory in debate, was listened to with deference by his political opponents, and made some warm private friends among his Republican colleagues. Next to Senator Morgan of Alabama, he has been the most zealous and efficient advocate of an interoceanic canal. He was a sturdy champion of tariff revision, and he will be missed on the Democratic side when that subject next commands the attention of the Senate. How conscientious he was he showed when he opposed the seating of his intimate friend Senator Quay upon the appointment of the Governor of Pennsylvania while the Legislature of that State was in session. It is to be hoped that he will spend his leisure in dictating his recollections of the political history of the Confederacy. There is, we believe, only one other surviving Senator of the Confederacy, namely, Mr. Augustus Maxwell, of Pensacola, Florida. Senator Vest with Alexander H. Stephens and Benjamin H. Hill constituted a remarkable triumvirate of statesmen, who, after serving the Confederacy to the best of their ability, served the Union no less faithfully.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, defending the Alaskan boundary treaty in the Ottawa House of Commons, described it as a victory for Canada, on the ground that Mr. Hay receded from the position previously maintained by the United States that territory now in our possession, such as Dyea and Skagway, must, in any event, be recognized as American. As things are now, if it should happen that four of the six commissioners decided in favor of the Canadian claim, Dyea and Skagway would have to be surrendered. That is true; but we deem it much more likely that one of the British commissioners will concur with the three representatives of the United States in sustaining our construction of the Anglo-Russian treaty on which our claim is based. Sir Wilfrid Laurier admitted that he had protested to the British government against the commissioners selected by Mr. Roosevelt, on the ground that they would not be impartial. The appointment of Secretary Root to a place on the commission was equivalent, he thought, to a demand on the part of a party to a suit that he should try his own case. The objection to ex-Senator Turner is that he is understood to be interested in enterprises the success of which depends on the validity of the American title to the disputed territory. Senator Lodge is also disqualified, according to Sir Wilfrid, because he has notoriously expressed an opinion adverse to the Canadian claim upon which he will be called to pass judgment. We do not see how it is possible for the British government to heed these objections. The treaty gives each of the parties absolute power to designate three commissioners, and it would be an impertinence for one of the parties to criticise the choice made by the other.

At the hour when we write, it is still uncertain whether the Combes cabinet will succeed in persuading the Chamber of Deputies to sanction the wholesale rejection of the requests for authorization made by fifty-four monastic orders. It will be remembered that the Jesuits and certain other religious associations, knowing that their requests would be refused, refrained from making any, and have withdrawn from France. There is but little doubt that, of the fifty-four requests now under discussion, some would be granted if they were presented separately. Even zealous Radicals, for instance, might hesitate to expel from France the order which manufactures the liqueur of world-wide fame known as chartreuse. The government insists, however, that the fifty-four requests shall be submitted in block, or, at all events, in three groups, and it has made the rejection of all the applicants without discrimination a cabinet question. Should Premier Combes chance to be beaten, there will merely be a reconstruction of the cabinet; for the Reactionists, avowed or disguised, the Nationalists, and the Moderates are not strong enough, taken together, to form a ministry. Should a new cabinet be organized, M. Waldeck-Rousseau could undoubtedly become Premier if he desired it, but should he persist in declining the post, there is no lack of good material among the Radicals —for instance, M. Brisson or M. Bourgeois. In no event is M. Delcassé, the head of the Foreign Office, likely to be disturbed. His only rival in his particular field, M. Hanotaux, must await the triumph of the Moderates, which seems likely to be long deferred.

The Acre controversy is to follow the Venezuelan dispute to the Hague Court of Arbitration, and one more element of danger is thus to be removed from the arena of world politics. In view of our present knowledge, it becomes evident that Brazil's objection to the Acre Concession did not rest wholly on her unwillingness to see conceded areas created on the continent of South America which would be practically colonies of European states. Brazil had a further reason for intervening: She herself claimed a large part of the territory which Bolivia intended to convey to the Acre Syndicate, and on this ownership Brazil's most strenuous objections were based. A few weeks ago it seemed certain that the matter would be decided by the clash of arms, with the menace of international action as a result, Germany and England, and in a less degree the United States, being involved in the concession dispute. But wiser counsels prevailed, and we cannot doubt that the Venezuelan situation proved a warning and a deterrent, Brazil having no wish to see her own coasts blockaded. This increasing tendency to bring national troubles to The Hague is one of the most hopeful signs of the times.

Germany and England are once more to be united in a matter which concerns this continent and this country very nearly: the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Cuba. We have already recorded and commented on the protests made against the treaty in England, where representatives of the various English chambers of commerce came in a body to the Marquis of Lansdowne and asserted that their interests in Cuba would be ruinously affected should the treaty become law. A like agitation has now arisen in Germany, where it is clearly perceived that German traders will be placed at a disadvantage; and officials in the Berlin Foreign Office have been sounding the other Continental powers on the subject of Cuba, to see whether common action may be undertaken. As it is certain that Cuba cannot afford to recede in any way from the terms of a treaty on which her commercial

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life depends, and as this country will not consent to any modification of the reciprocity agreement, it is clear that Germany's action can only take the form of reprisals against the United States under the new German tariff law. Germany is said to fear that the United States may enter into similar treaties with Mexico and the South-American republics, thus monopolizing the trade of the New World.

Germany's apprehensions are by no means confined to the Latin-American field. They apply, with even greater force, to the competition of American commodities in the home market, within the bounds of the fatherland itself. And to protect the home market against the American invasion, Germany has already taken the most drastic steps, and contemplates others not less decisive. Within a week or two, the new meat-inspection law comes into force, and it will completely bar out the canned beef of the Chicago and Kansas City companies. This will be done, not by direct enactment, which might provoke diplomatic protest, but by a not less effective establishment of conditions with which our packers cannot conceivably comply, since these conditions are necessary to the successful packing and transport of canned meats. This will shortly be followed by the dissolution of the only commercial treaty under the favored-nation clause existing between Germany and the United States. The special amendment to the tariff bill, which shuts the door of Germany against the Standard Oil products, is a move in the same direction, and the special discrimination against American tobacco, while it will not absolutely prohibit the importation of our product, will yet cripple it in a very serious way. We must add to the list the Equitable Life Insurance Company, which, at this very moment, is being driven from the German field, and is liquidating its assets, preparatory to leaving. While these hostile moves against our trade with Germany have already had the gravest effects, and are likely to accomplish even more harm to our interests in the immediate future, it is alleged on the part of Germany that they are not in design hostile, but are rather means to an end—the arrangement of reciprocal treaties between the two countries, on a basis of mutual advantage. The struggle over the Cuban reciprocity treaty shows how difficult it will be to obtain any concessions from this country, in the face of the opposition of our home interests; but the loss of our German trade is a very strong argument, and we may look forward to a battle of tariffs, not merely between Germany and ourselves, but even more between contending sections and contending interests within our own borders.

It was a wise move on the part of President Castro to raise the blockade of the Orinoco River which he had previously proclaimed. No doubt the United States would have recognized the blockade, provided the Venezuelan war vessels should have been able to make it reasonably effective. What President Castro forgot was that, if a government proclaim a blockade, on the ground that an insurrection exists against its authority, the neutral powers who suffer from the blockade have the right on their part to recognize the insurgents as belligerents. That was what happened in our civil war. The blockade of the Confederate ports which we proclaimed was recognized, but, on the other hand, the Confederates were acknowledged as belligerents, and thus acquired the right to issue letters of marque. We succeeded in strangling the Confederacy, but meanwhile our sea-borne commerce was annihilated. There is no doubt that, if the insurgents against the Caracas government were once acknowledged as belligerents, they would commission privateers, and the last state of the Venezuelan seaports and of the customs revenue derivable therefrom would be worse than the first. It is of the utmost importance to President Castro that his customs revenue shall be adequate for the punctual payment of the sums promised to the allied powers which took part in the demonstration against him, for otherwise under the protocol Belgian officials could be called upon to take charge of the custom-houses at La Guayra and Puerto Cabello. If they once got there, pretexts would be found for keeping them there as long as possible.

Not for many years has the German Empire witnessed a more interesting or more hotly contested election for the Reichstag than that is certain to prove which will take place in June, and for which preparations are now making on the part of all the political parties. As the Reichstag contains 397 members, it is obvious that 199 are needed to constitute a bare majority. By no possibility can any single party obtain such a majority. With the exception of the first Reichstag that was organized after the North German Confederation was transformed into the German Empire, there has never been a homogeneous majority in the popular branch of the German Parliament. That is why British Parliamentary precedents are of so little value to German politicians. In the exceptional Reichstag mentioned—the first after the coronation of Emperor William I. at Versailles—the National Liberals possessed a working majority, and, had Bismarck assented to their demand that the imperial ministers should be responsible to the popular Assembly, Parliamentary government in the true sense of the word would have been established in Germany. Deprived of the stimulus imparted by the hope of controlling the Executive, the National Liberals were soon disrupted, and the faction that still bears their name is but an insignificant remnant of the once dominant party. Many of the early seceders from it coalesced with the Progressists to form the Freisinnige party, which itself in the course of time was split into two factions, one headed by the veteran Richter, and the other by Rickert.

From the disintegration of the National Liberals up to the election of the present Reichstag there have been but two great parties, to wit, first, the Conservatives (including the Conservatives proper and the so-called Free Conservatives), most of whom, from an economic, as distinguished from a political, view-point, may be fairly enough described by the popular term Agrarian; and, secondly, the Catholic party of the Centre, which, having rendered its aid indispensable to Bismarck, and thus beaten him in the Kulturkampf, secured the repeal of all the Falk laws, except the statute excluding the Jesuits, which is now on the verge of annulment. In the present Reichstag the Centrists constitute the largest single party, comprising about a hundred members. The Conservatives, including both sections, come next. The National Liberals, and each of the Radical, or Freisinnige sections, follow at a considerable distance. The third position in respect of numerical strength is occupied by the Socialists, who command nearly sixty seats, and, since their leaders have assumed an opportunist and conciliatory, instead of a dogmatic and uncompromising, attitude, seem destined to absorb all the genuine Liberals in Germany. The fundamental question which will be temporarily decided at the coming election is this, Can the Socialists obtain about a hundred seats? If they do, they will form the strongest single party in the Reichstag, because their gains will be made partly at the expense of the Centrists, as well as at the cost of the Radical factions. It would not be easy to exaggerate the effect of such a Socialist triumph upon German politics. That is why we say that the coming election for the Reichstag will be more interesting and important than any held since the formation of the German Empire.

Prince Bismarck, in his drastic and epigrammatic way, declared that the Monroe Doctrine was "a great piece of impudence." So we are reminded by that distinguished soldier General von Boguslawski, who is evidently of the same opinion. Reminding his German readers, in the *Tägliche Rundschau*, that the American continent is divided into many states, hardly second in varieties of race and language to Europe, he greatly marvels that one of these states should assert that it has the right of interference and protection over the entire continent, asserting that it will only under certain conditions tolerate any action, however just, of European nations against an American state. General von Boguslawski further wonders how it happens that this doctrine, set up eighty years ago by an American statesman, has been able to justify itself in fact, with absolutely no justification in the law of nations. When the United States feels itself threatened through any occupation of territory, of course she has the right, like any other nation, concedes the general, to raise a protest, and, if necessary, to employ force. But after admitting so much, he goes on to say that there must be no talk of even an apparent recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, as an international principle of law, on the part of European nations. If the latter act otherwise, they will soon

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feel the thumb-screws which they put on thereby. Through the war against ill-equipped Spain, our critic kindly tells us, our self-importance has been infinitely increased, often showing a diseased character. The courtesies shown America by Germany have naturally not diminished our self-esteem. This gives the general a text for a sermon on the evils of excessive courtesy, in turning weak heads, and puffing up natural vanity into unnatural conceit. The allies, the general admits, cannot be blamed for sparing our sensitiveness as far as may be; the allies even went so far in their policy of concession as to offer the position of arbitrator to President Roosevelt. The President declined the responsibility "for the reason that the justice of the case of the allies was so self-evident that his decision could only have been unfavorable to Venezuela, thereby damaging the popularity of the United States among the Latin-American nations." This somewhat strenuous article is a straw in the wind. It shows us what is going on beneath the smooth surface of Berlin diplomacy.

Some recently published statistics bear witness to the wide distribution of American capital in foreign fields. Thus Americans are said to be interested in the construction of the proposed electric traction, lighting, and power system of Johannesburg, the cost of which is computed at eight million dollars. The electric road projected in connection with this system will be nearly thirty miles long. Machinery has also been sent by the Westinghouse Company to the De Beers Consolidated Diamond Mines at Kimberley, South Africa. Machine tools required by railroad-shops and other large industrial establishments in British India have been ordered from the Bullard Machine Tool Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut. A gas-engine needed for a dynamo which is to generate current for a plant about to be constructed for the purpose of lighting the imperial post and telegraph offices at Tokio, Japan, is to be supplied by a New York company. Car-couplers to be used on the Chinese imperial railways are being made in Pittsburg. Automobiles of American manufacture are to be shipped not only to England, but also to France. In Spain an electric plant which will cost about seven million dollars is to be installed by American capital on the river Douro for the transmission of electricity to the mining district of Guanajuato, more than one hundred miles away. Packing plants are to be erected at Uruapan and Cordova, in Mexico, by the North-American Beef Company, and a Pittsburg concern is about to erect coffee-cleaning, rice-cleaning, cotton and saw mill plants on a property comprising some twenty-five thousand acres in the State of Caxaca, Mexico. Between the town of the same name as that State and Mitla, which is twenty-six miles distant, an electric traction railway is to be built by Americans. Orders for two hundred freight-cars and a large number of passenger-cars have come from Yucatan to the American Car and Foundry Company. What is even more significant, three ship-building cranes, of great capacity, to be operated electrically, are to be mounted in the Harland and Wolff yards at Belfast, Ireland, by the Brown Hoisting Machinery Company of Cleveland. Not a week passes in which we do not find reported similar proofs of the estimation in which American manufactures are held all over the world. If the products of iron and steel sent abroad during the last few months have fallen short of the quantity expected, this is because the manufacturers, owing to the anthracite strike, have been unable to keep up with the home demand.

On February 4, 1901, the centenary of John Marshall's appointment to the Chief-Justiceship of the United States Supreme Court was commemorated by appropriate addresses and proceedings in thirty-seven States and Territories, as well as in the Federal Congress. It is now proposed that a similar tribute shall be paid to Chancellor James Kent by the erection of a statue to his memory, either in Albany, where he lived and labored for twenty-four years, or in the city of New York, where his famous commentaries were penned. The suggestion was made by ex-Judge John F. Dillon in a paper read at the recent annual meeting of the New York State Bar Association. It was pointed out that as Marshall's field was the exposition of the Constitution of the United States, so Kent's field was the development and adaptation of an American system of jurisprudence from English principles and models. The conditions under which the two men worked were similar in this respect, that each had but few precedents to aid him. When Marshall took his seat on the bench of the United States Supreme Court, fewer than one hundred cases had passed under the judgment of that tribunal. When James Kent was appointed Chancellor of New York in 1814, not a single decision, opinion, or dictum of either of his two predecessors in that office was cited to him, or even suggested. He took the court as if it had been a new institution. He had nothing to guide him, and was left at liberty to assume all such English chancery powers and jurisdiction as he thought applicable under our Constitution. The scope thus given to him was limited only by the revision of the Senate or Court of Errors of the State. So it came to pass that, just as Marshall opened the portals of the Constitution, and began thereon the construction of our constitutional law, Chancellor Kent opened the portals of chancery, and reared thereon a splendid system of equity jurisprudence which has been almost universally adopted throughout the United States. Kent's services to his profession and to his country did not cease, however, when he left the bench. When he retired from the post of Chancellor in 1823, having reached the constitutional limit of sixty years, he gave himself up to the preparation of his *Commentaries on American Law*, the fourth and concluding volume of which was published in 1830. Bar and bench in this country and in Europe have vied with each other in acclaiming the excellence and influence of this work. In accuracy and learning, in elegance, purity, and vigor of style, it rivals the achievement of Sir William Blackstone. In a word, the right of John Marshall to be entitled the Great Chief-Justice is no clearer and more undisputed than is that of James Kent to be known as the Great Chancellor and Great Commentator. There is reason to believe that the American Bar Association will heartily concur with the New York State Bar Association in sanctioning the proposal to erect a monument to Chancellor Kent.

A worthy movement is on foot for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of a monument to Thomas Jefferson at the national capital. Admiral Dewey is president of the Jefferson Memorial Association, and among the vice-presidents are President Woodrow Wilson, Jefferson M. Levy, ex-Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, and ex-Governor Lynde Harrison, of Connecticut. The appeal of the association for funds recites the fact that there is no monument to Jefferson at Washington. It might have added, that aside from a grotesque effigy of Lincoln, a tribute of soldiers to Garfield, a statue to Marshall, a statue to Franklin and another to Webster, the last two a gift of a private citizen, the statues in Washington are to soldiers, to sailors, to Frenchmen, and to Hahnemann. No great monument to a great American statesman, except those whom we have mentioned, is to be found outside of Statuary Hall. No signer; no father; no orator has been commemorated by Congress. The statues to the Frenchmen—Lafayette and Rochambeau—are the willing tributes of a grateful nation to those who were its friends in need, but there were Englishmen, too, who were most potent allies of our colonies in their struggle for independence. There ought to be statues at Washington to the elder Pitt, to Charles James Fox, and to Shelbourne, without whose friendship our good ally, France, would have cooped us up in the narrow strip along the Atlantic and east of the Alleghenies. It was Shelbourne who, against the wishes of Vergennes, drew England north of the Great Lakes, instead of down to the Ohio, as France desired. It was he, too, who gave us ground to the east bank of the Mississippi, although Vergennes insisted that Spain should come eastward to the Alleghenies. There ought to be room for Pitt and Fox and Shelbourne, and for Jefferson, Hamilton, John and John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, and other statesmen. For a nation of civilians we have a strange leaning towards uniformed men mounted on war horses. Why not celebrate our intellectual achievements? Why, for example, do we not put up statues to the men to whom we owe the Monroe Doctrine?

Some recently published statistics attest the surprising growth of national banks and savings-banks in the United States. In 1864 there were fewer than 600 national banking associations, and their aggregate capital was considerably less than $100,000,000. At the end of 1865 the aggregate resources of the national banks, which then numbered 1513, amounted to less than $1,360,000,000. Now let us look at the returns

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made to the Comptroller of the Currency on October 1, 1902. At that date the national banks numbered 4601; their total capital stock was over $714,000,000, and their aggregate circulation, $380,000,000. Their aggregate resources amounted to $6,114,000,000. The face value of the United States bonds now held by national banks is about $457,000,000, and the individual deposits exceed $3,209,000,000. The amount of money paid in to the Federal Treasury since 1863 by the national banks as taxes on circulation, capital, deposits, surplus, etc., reaches $170,000,000. We add that the number of shareholders in the national banks is 330,124, to which total the New England States and Middle States, including under the last-named term, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia, contributed more than 226,000 individuals. Obviously, the national banks are organized and supported by the relatively rich. Turning to the savings banks, which are intended for the relatively poor, we observe that the aggregate deposits in these institutions increased in the five years preceding October 1, 1902, from $1,940,000,000 to $2,640,000,000. In the same period the number of depositors rose from 5,200,000 to 6,400,000. This is an astonishing exhibit when we consider that in many States the savings of the poor are invested in the stock of building associations. It should also be noted that the Federal government, through the money orders issued by its postal department in 1902, did a banking business of upwards of $313,550,000.

It is well known that most savings-banks fix a maximum sum beyond which they decline to receive deposits. It is also known that many depositors, having attained the maximum deposit, leave it in the savings-bank to draw interest for an indefinite period. The notion that such depositors or their personal representatives should be deprived by law of the right to appear at any time and claim their deposits will strike *most* persons as preposterous. Nevertheless, a bill has been introduced in the Pennsylvania Legislature which provides that mutual savings funds, building associations, and every financial institution under the supervision of the Banking Commissioner shall report forthwith to the commissioner the names of depositors, with the amount of their deposits, who have not claimed the payment of said deposits within twenty years. The bill proceeds to direct the commissioner to advertise for the depositors in question, and to summon them to appear and claim the money within a year. If at the expiration of a twelvemonth a deposit remains unclaimed, it is to escheat to the State, and the commissioner is to be allowed one per cent. of the amount escheated.

It is incredible that such a barefaced fraud as this should be perpetrated by the law-makers of an opulent commonwealth. The present law in Pennsylvania with respect to unclaimed savings-fund deposits provides that these shall be turned over to the State Treasurer when thirty years have elapsed since the last deposit, but the right is carefully reserved to the depositor or his personal representatives of proving identity at any time, and suing the State for the recovery of the money. Not only would the proposed statute be an iniquitous violation of the rights of property, but the publication of the dormant accounts in savings-banks would be an invasion of the privacy which many depositors desire. As no high-class savings-bank is known to have objected to remaining the custodian of deposits for more than twenty years, the inference seems unavoidable that the bill introduced at Harrisburg has no other purpose but to increase the emoluments of State officials.

In its decision in the lottery cases, the United States Supreme Court took the immorality and hurtfulness for granted. From this point of view we are about a hundred years ahead of the governments of Continental Europe. The Prussian Diet lately spent a week in discussing the addition of another class to the State Lottery, an institution that yields something like $2,500,000 a year. Of all the speakers, only one advocated the abolition of this mode of gambling. Lotteries play an important part in the finance systems of most of the German states, and the Finance Minister pointed out that if Prussia should abandon her scheme, the Prussians would spend just as much money on the lotteries of other countries belonging to the German Empire. It has been computed that the net sums annually accruing to the various states from this source amount in the aggregate to some $12,500,000. There is a current belief in Germany that it is not only morally proper for a man to buy a lottery ticket, but that it is his duty not to miss any such chance of providing for his family. Retired army officers consider the sale of lottery tickets a highly respectable business. Not only are there government lotteries, but private lotteries are authorized for such edifying purposes as building churches or defraying the expenses of charitable undertakings. Exactly the same view of lotteries prevailed on this side of the Atlantic during the Revolutionary war, and for considerably more than a generation afterwards. The Continental Congress authorized a lottery for the purpose of procuring supplies for the army. Many a church now standing in the Atlantic States was wholly or partly constructed with the proceeds of lottery tickets. Neither George Washington nor John Marshall would have deemed it immoral to invest money in lotteries, and Jefferson in the latter part of his life contemplated the organizing of a lottery as a means of repairing his dilapidated private fortune. If John Marshall, a hundred years ago, had written the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the lottery cases, his reference to such methods of procuring money would have been couched in terms very different from those which were actually used.

It is well known that Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and other accumulators of enormous fortunes have expressed the opinion that the kind of education normally acquired at universities, as distinguished from scientific or technical schools, is not conducive to success in life. When called upon to define their terms, they generally acknowledge that they have in view the form of success which they themselves exemplify. Professor Edwin G. Dexter, of the University of Illinois, has recently undertaken to prove in the *Popular Science Monthly*, that, even from the view-point of pecuniary success, a college education is not a handicap. He recognizes that, to prove his point, he must take the men who have most profited by their college opportunities according to the academic standard; that is to say, the men who, when they graduate, are accepted as the best exemplars of the outcome of university training. To that end he has investigated the careers of the members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, which at Harvard, and, we presume, at some other universities, is made up of the sixteen or more men in each class who have attained the highest academic distinction. The result of Professor Dexter's inquiry is that the high-grade man of his college day remains a high-grade man still when put to the tests of active life. The statistics which he has collected indicate that the Phi Beta Kappa man's chances of even pecuniary success are nearly three times those of his classmates considered as a whole.

The result reached by Professor Dexter is to some extent borne out by similar but less extensive investigations in Great Britain with regard to the subsequent careers of Senior Wranglers—that is to say, the best men of their year in mathematics at Cambridge, and of Double Firsts at Oxford, by which used to be meant those who took a First Class in both *literæ humaniores* and in mathematics, though the term is now applied, we believe, to those who take a First Class in mathematics or Greats, and also one in a second school, such as that of physical science, or that of law and modern history. A large majority of the Senior Wranglers become distinguished in after life for achievements in pure or the applied sciences, and the Oxford Double Firsts are almost certain to attain to eminence in the state or in the church. Sir Robert Peel took a Double First, so did Gladstone, so did Lord Carnarvon, who was Colonial Secretary in the first Salisbury cabinet. The roll of Lord High Chancellors and of Archbishops of Canterbury during the present century is thickly strewn with the names of those who had taken a First Class in classics at one or the other of the universities. Whether a university education tends, as a matter of fact, to promote success in manufacturing or commerce is a question which, so far as we know, has not been carefully tested in Great Britain. According to Professor Dexter, it must be answered in the affirmative so far as the United States are concerned.

The new drink legislation in England is immediately directed to the repression of drunkenness. The English

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get drunk, and getting drunk has been made unlawful. The new laws in England, of which mention has been made in the WEEKLY, attack excessive drinking by blacklisting the drunken and, if necessary, shutting them up. There is also going on in England a gradual and careful restriction of licenses to sell liquor. On the Continent, in France and Belgium, the intervention of government between the drinker and his stimulant takes a different form. In both these countries, observers report, the trouble is not so much that the patrons of alcohol get drunk, as that they manage to consume such an unconscionable amount of spirits in the course of the day without losing control of their faculties. The war in Belgium and in France is not against drunkenness but against alcoholism. The endeavor is to decrease the use of spirits; of Holland gin in Belgium; of brandy, liqueurs, and fortified wines in France. Accordingly the Belgian government has lately raised the tax on alcohol from 100 to 150 francs a hectolitre, hoping thereby to drive consumers from gin to beer. Belgium has undertaken to provide old-age pensions for its deserving poor, and is having an experience such as this country has had with pensions for military service. It finds that all the aged poor are certified as deserving, and that all the old men want pensions irrespective of poverty. Part of the expected increase of revenue from raising the tax on alcohol will be used to pay these new pensions. In France no new temperance legislation has yet been undertaken, but M. Mesureur, Director of Public Assistance, having the drink evil very much on his mind, has been waging war against it with placards, which set forth in large print the dangerous qualities of John Barleycorn, and the great damage sustained by Frenchmen who dally with him overmuch. But the liquor interests in France are enormously strong, and fight hard, putting out counter-statements and citing witnesses on their side. They have even placarded the merits of alcohol as food, setting forth the conclusions on that point reached by our Professor Atwater, endorsed by a notable chemist, M. Duclaux, Director of the Pasteur Institute. It is hard on Professor Atwater that his laborious conclusions should be thus misused, but all that is merely a passing phase. If alcohol is doing as much harm in France as is represented the consumption of it is bound to be checked by something more effective than placards.

The ambition that every typical American feels, to do better than every one else in everything, is one of the most splendidly audacious national characteristics to be found in history. It is very grand to think that, one day or another, we must, by native right, excel the English in commerce, the French in taste, the Germans in scholarship, the Italians in art, the Greeks in wisdom, and the Hebrews in the knowledge of God. With so much to accomplish, the American spirit cannot be like Goethe's star, *Ohne Hast aber ohne Rast*—it must be equally without leisure and without pause. Those in the front must leap into the trench and die, in order that those in the rear may pass over. Of this sort of sacrifice there has been no lack. It began when the first explorers touched our shores; and it has been ready, at all times since, for every emergency of commerce, religion, or war. It has made the country. It has built up every State and city and house of business and seat of learning. Those who have come after have profited by the unflagging spirit of those who have gone before—of those who worked hard and often died too early. But it may be reasonably asked if the day has not now come for a quieter pace, and a less feverish sense of duty. The country is colossally rich and prosperous, even if it be not rich and prosperous enough. May not the individual begin to put forth his claim? May he not ask for time to breathe a little, to think a little, to live a little? May he not be permitted to remember that in the Pantheon there are other gods besides the great idol *Hustle*? While doing his daily work and treading his common round, has he not a right to some measure of that tranquillity which now he can look for only in the tomb?—or in flinging a change of raiment into a valise and sailing out into that big, unsatisfactory void which we call Abroad? In these days of co-operating energies we might venture to suggest

A Society for Enabling Americans,
Who Want to do so,
To Stay Quietly at Home,
Without being Rushed to Death.

A hundred American citizens are to be sent to Siberia to work in the mines. As every well-informed reader of Russophobe melodrama knows, this is one of the most appalling fates that can overtake the most miserable sons of men—in novels. Yet, not only are the hundred American citizens ready to go, but the sole difficulty at present is to choose from more than a thousand applicants only the very best men. The scheme is this: Russia has, in Siberia, a country of great and varied resources and some six million square miles in extent, the population being about one person to the square mile—by far the smallest in the world for a habitable tract of like area. Russia herself is busy with the southern frontier of the Siberian territory, and the relations of that frontier to Mongolia, China, and Manchuria, a large part of which, probably three million square miles in all, is destined to come under Russian rule. Hence she has no spare energies to devote to the development of remote parts of Siberia, however rich or promising these may be. Siberia resembles the northern regions of our own continent, and the northeastern peninsula of Chukch, which runs up to Bering Strait, and at one point comes within forty miles of American territory, is in climate and character not unlike our own Alaska. This suggests the gold of the Klondike, and it is well known that Siberia is rich in gold deposits of much the same nature as those along the Yukon River and its tributaries; and this is especially true of the Chukch peninsula, which runs up to Bering Strait and the western point of Alaska. Not being able to develop her resources there, for the reasons we have given, Russia has turned to the United States, confident of finding here the help she needs, and recognizing our national gift as pioneers and settlers of new lands. She is willing to open an immense area of about two hundred thousand square miles—or twice the area of the Philippine Islands—to American miners, whose claims will become their absolute property in perpetuity, subject to a small land tax. In order to carry the scheme into operation, a company of transport and settlement has been formed, which will be paid by a royalty on all discoveries of gold, but the rights of which are only temporary, lapsing to the Russian government after twenty-five years. This precedent is likely to be greatly extended, to the benefit of all concerned.

Ellwood Bergey has written a little book explaining why soldiers desert from the United States army. He has been a soldier, he says, and he knows that improper feeding and inconsiderate treatment are the trouble. On the strength of experience gleaned in the Spanish war, he accuses the Commissary Department of "criminal incompetency infinitely more horrible than physical torture," and he declares that our army organization has not a single redeeming or commendable feature. But he has remedies for all the army's troubles. His list includes more pay; trained cooks; no rations, but all a soldier wants to eat; like food and quarters for officers and men; "recognition of the right of all soldiers of whatever position to engage in criticism and in free speech at all times and under all circumstances"; and "abolition of military salutes and all other imbecile and servile practices." These are interesting suggestions and show a fine democratic spirit, though it will be questioned whether Ellwood has in him quite the sort of timber that serviceable soldiers are made of.

Ponderous and pompous treatises have been written to prove the desirability of so-called compulsory arbitration of labor troubles out of the experiences of New Zealand with its Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Act. The news columns of some of the New Zealand newspapers not infrequently contain argument calculated to shake faith in the scheme, all the more convincing because it is not intended as argument, but as every-day statement of the course of current events. Here is a case reported in the Otago *Daily Times*, printed at Dunedin early in February, in which the carpenters of Wellington applied to the arbitration court to settle a matter of wages. The court fixed the minimum wage at 1*s.* 4*d.* per hour, and the carpenters rebelled at once, voting that the court was unworthy the confidence of the workers, attacking the president with personal abuse, and going far in the consideration of a proposition to "pick up their tools" and leave their work rather than accept the award. It appears, according to an explanation in the *Times*, that while the

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employer is bound by the terms of an award that covers an industry in which he is engaged, the individual worker is not personally bound in any sense. He approaches the court through the union, but the union is not responsible for what he may do after the award is made. When this condition is combined with the evident idea of many workers in New Zealand that the court should exist only for the purpose of raising wages and improving the conditions of labor, it is apparent that the true test of the whole system is coming when the court is compelled to reduce wages. "It is clear," comments the New Zealand newspaper, "that there is a section of unionists in Wellington, if not also in other parts of the colony, which, while accepting the principle of arbitration in industrial pursuits for what it is worth, has never ceased to contemplate the possibility of a strike being declared with a view of asserting demands that cannot otherwise be pressed." That is to say, on the spot, where state-managed industrial arbitration is an actual condition and not a nebulous theory, one party is disposed to view the whole scheme as a head-I-win-tail-you-lose operation—a view which tends to the blurring of all those beautiful visions which can be made to shine at the other end of an antipodal telescope.

It has been reported that the colossal Anglo-American combination which, besides other steamship companies, has taken over the White Star line, has determined to build no more ocean greyhounds of the size of the *Oceanic* until the channel in the harbor of New York has been so deepened and widened as materially to facilitate access to the docks. Whether the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American Company will adopt a similar policy is as yet unknown. It is certain that the latest addition to the fleet of the North German Lloyd, the new express steamer *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, which is due at New York about April 20, will be the largest passenger-steamer afloat. Her dimensions are: length over all, 706 feet, 6 inches; beam, 72 feet; height from top of keelson to promenade deck, 52 feet, 6 inches; and draught, when loaded, 29 feet, 6 inches. Her displacement is 26,500 tons. The engines are 40,000 indicated horse-power, and it is expected that the two bronze screws will give the vessel a speed of 23½ knots an hour. It is possible, if not probable, that she may slightly reduce the present record for voyages between New York and Southampton, but the report is now revived in England that a British company contemplates a change of route by which the transatlantic voyage would be cut down by about a day. The route proposed is from Galway, Ireland, to St. John's, Newfoundland, a distance of rather more than eighteen hundred miles. Allowance being made for the time required to cross from Ireland to Great Britain, and from the island of Newfoundland to the American mainland, it is computed that at least twenty-four hours could be saved. Whether the Galway route would ever become popular is doubtful.

On March 10 the voters of New Hampshire recorded their will as to eight proposed amendments to their State Constitution. They accepted four amendments and rejected six. They agreed that voters and office-holders in their State must hereafter know how to read and write, but they rejected woman suffrage by a heavy majority. Being invited to permit the substitution of "Christian" for "Protestant" in that portion of their bill of rights which authorizes towns to appropriate money for religious societies, they failed to give the proposal the necessary two-thirds vote, though the majority of the votes were for it. New Hampshire is progressive, but its progress is not headlong. The steps it takes, however, are probably permanent. It shows Eastern conservatism about woman suffrage. All the Eastern States are ready to talk about woman suffrage, but they seem to be no nearer its adoption than they were twenty-five years ago. It will evidently be tested in the coeducational West before any Eastern State tries it.

The advocates of woman suffrage are able to record two recent triumphs, one in the Eastern and the other in the Western Hemisphere. In the next elections for members of both the Upper and the Lower Chambers of the Parliament of the Australian commonwealth women will be allowed to vote; they will also be eligible for seats in both Houses. They have had the full Parliamentary suffrage in New Zealand for ten years. In South Australia they have voted since 1896, and in West Australia since 1901. So far as New Zealand is concerned, the admission of women to the franchise had no distinguishable effect on the relative strength of parties. The outcome of the experiment in the Australian commonwealth will nevertheless be watched with interest, because there the great majority of women are said to be wage-earners, and it is possible that their votes may go *en masse* to the Labor party. In four American States women are already entitled to vote, and it seems probable that within a few years they will gain the full franchise in three other States, to wit, Oregon, Washington, and South Dakota. In Oregon the opposition to woman's rights has dwindled to a small fraction of what it was in 1884, and the majority against a constitutional amendment granting the franchise to women was diminished in the State of Washington from nearly 19,400 in 1889 to less than 9900 in 1898. In South Dakota the majority against woman suffrage, which in 1890 was nearly 24,000, sank in 1898 to less than 3300. Meanwhile, a partial suffrage has been conceded to women in many parts of the world. Thus in England both married and single women have the parish and district suffrage, and in Ireland women can vote for all office-holders except members of Parliament. In Norway also they have the municipal suffrage, and in France they can vote for judges of the tribunals of commerce. In Kansas women have the municipal franchise; in Iowa, a limited municipal suffrage; in Ohio, Connecticut, and Delaware, the school suffrage; in Minnesota, the right to vote for library trustees; and in Louisiana, the right to vote upon all questions submitted to taxpayers. On the other hand, it cannot be said that women are as near to acquiring the Parliamentary franchise in the United Kingdom as they seemed some years ago.

There was nothing surprising in the fact that Colonel William J. Bryan attracted very little attention in his recent visit to cities on the Atlantic seaboard. If that is the experience of ex-Presidents, what else can ex-candidates expect? At the same time, it would be imprudent for Eastern Democrats to exaggerate the significance of the indifference evinced to Mr. Bryan in their section of the country. In several Southern States, and especially in Texas, Mr. Bryan still has many friends, although it is doubtful whether he will be able to control the whole of any Southern delegation in the next Democratic national convention. In many of the Northwestern States, on the other hand, as we have formerly pointed out, Mr. Bryan and his followers retain a hold of the party machinery, and there is no doubt that the delegates willing to accept his advice will constitute a considerable minority in the convention, although, in our opinion, they will fall somewhat short of the one-third needed to veto a candidate. Confronted by such a state of things, it would be obviously unwise for the Democratic party to antagonize the Bryan element by insisting upon a candidate certain to provoke on its part violent resentment, if not secession. It becomes, therefore, a matter of some interest to learn what candidates Colonel Bryan and his intimate associates regard as totally unacceptable. So far we know of only two that have been denounced in unequivocal terms. We refer, of course, to ex-President Cleveland and ex-Governor Hill. The latter seems to be even more obnoxious to the Bryanites than the former. During the last week Colonel Bryan has declined to say whether he would or would not regard Chief-Judge Parker of New York as a candidate worthy of his support or acquiescence in the national convention. In the address which he delivered at the Georgetown Law School, on February 21, he declined to say anything about the different persons who have been mentioned for the Democratic nomination, and confined himself to asserting that the man selected will subscribe to the Kansas City platform in its every detail. In that assertion Colonel Bryan is unquestionably mistaken. Whoever may be the candidate, he will have to stand upon a platform much more acceptable to conservative Democrats of the Southern and Eastern States than was that framed at Kansas City.

A new local-option liquor law, which was submitted last week to the consideration of the New Hampshire Legislature, provides that licenses shall not be issued except to persons of exemplary character, and takes special precautions to prevent the sale of liquor to the unfit. Under this proposed law a licensee may be warned not to sell liquor to an habitual exceeder, by notice in writing from the mayor of the exceeder's

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city, a selectman of his town, or his wife, parent, guardian, or employer. If after such warning the liquor-seller does sell him liquor or lets him loiter on his premises, the said publican becomes liable to pay damages, not less than $100, nor more than $500. This seems a pretty good provision, and well devised to make saloon-keepers wary. It is one thing to refuse to sell a man liquor because it seems not to agree with him, and another and much easier thing to refuse because it may cost from one hundred to five hundred dollars to indulge him. The prospect of a heavy fine is an excellent stiffener to a saloon-keeper's backbone.

Professor Edward H. Strobel, of the Harvard Law School, is going to Siam to be legal adviser to the King. His Majesty of Siam is to be congratulated, for Mr. Strobel is both an exceedingly accomplished diplomatist and international lawyer, and a very agreeable companion. He was born in Charleston, South Carolina, and was one of the first Southern men to graduate at Harvard after the civil war. He studied law, but in 1885 went as secretary of legation to Madrid. In 1893 he was Third Assistant Secretary of State under Secretary Gresham. A year later he went as our minister to Ecuador, and in 1895 became minister to Chile, where he made so good an impression that after his resignation in 1897 he acted as arbitrator in the Freraut claim between Chile and France, and later as counsel for Chile before the United States and Chilean Claims Commission in Washington. As a Democrat Mr. Strobel went out of office with the Cleveland administration, but he is a man who should have been kept in our diplomatic service, and the fact that he is now going into the service of the King of Siam is a reflection on our diplomatic system.

It is getting to be worth while for an ambitious man to be mayor of a city. If the city has been so flagrantly misgoverned that its need of a competent mayor is pressing and acute, the opportunity is by so much the greater. Second-rate men don't answer in these civic emergencies. A man who demonstrates that he is enough of a man to stand between quarter or half a million people and civic maladministration is apt to be recognized as a likely candidate for something better. Melville E. Ingalls, president of the "Big Four" Railroad, is candidate for Mayor of Cincinnati on the Citizens' municipal ticket. There are Republican and Socialist candidates in the field against him, but no Democratic candidate. Senator Foraker, who is, of course, an experienced observer of Democratic politics in Ohio, says that if Mr. Ingalls wins, he will be the Democratic candidate for Governor, and later an aspirant for the Democratic nomination for President. Well, a successful Mayor of Buffalo became Governor of New York, and did not stop there. In Indianapolis there is a prospect that Booth Tarkington will be candidate for Mayor on the Republican ticket; another case of an aspiring citizen who thinks that preferment should begin at home.

The President is again going West, partly to make the speeches which were interrupted in Indianapolis in the summer, and partly to enjoy the Yellowstone Park. He is to be gone two months, beginning April 1. When he returns to Washington on the 1st of June, he will leave behind him a train of speeches stretching from Chicago westward through Madison, Waukesha, Milwaukee, La Crosse, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and the Dakotas to the Park. Then turning eastward, the speeches will make their way through Nebraska, echoing in the streets of Hastings, Lincoln, Fremont, and Omaha; thence, by way of Iowa, to St. Louis. Then they will turn again to the west and resound across Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, to southern California. Then they will ring through California to Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, fly across the plains of the State of Washington, climb the Rockies, and come back to Washington city by way of Idaho and Wyoming, pausing for a reply on Decoration day in Wyoming after rattling round the temple in Salt Lake City. It is to be hoped that the President will have a pleasant trip and a good time, and that his accompanying throat specialist will have little or nothing to do. It is especially to be hoped that no trolley-car accident will occur, and that if the President should be slightly hurt, he will recall the anxiety of the people when his leg was operated upon at Indianapolis, and try to spare the country any new bulletins. Mr. Roosevelt owes the country a good deal, and one of the smallest payments he can make on account is a little consideration of its feelings. It has suffered of late quite enough from shocks, so that Mr. Roosevelt ought to be more careful of himself than we all know that he wants to be.

There is a passage in *Lady Rose's Daughter* in which Mrs. Ward says of her heroine, "She resembled one of the famous *amouresses* of the eighteenth century, who, in writing to the man she loved but could not marry, advises him to take a wife to mend his fortunes." Our neighbor the *Tribune* has discovered that the *amouresse* in question was Mlle. Julie de Lespinasse, whose *Life and Letters* is familiar to readers of French memoirs. It has discovered and disclosed a number of very interesting analogies between the characters and careers of Julie de Lespinasse and Julie Le Breton, and finding "the points of resemblance between fiction and history in this matter" to be of interest, has wondered "whether or not they have been noticed by a house with the traditions of the Harpers." These expressions came duly to Mrs. Ward's notice. She has written a letter to the editor of the *Tribune*, expressing her pleasure that the relation between the two Julies has been detected. "I have, of course," she said, "made it sufficiently plain, both by calling my heroine Julie and by several references and passages in the book itself. . . . I might have tried to revitalize the whole story, and if your readers had been able to trace my sources throughout, that, I submit, should only have been an additional pleasure to them and no discredit to me." But the *Tribune* is of a different mind. "The debt," it says, "is too great, too comprehensive, to be disposed of in this summary fashion, and a prefatory note containing the fullest explanation of the source of her plot and characters is the least which Mrs. Ward's readers have a right to expect."

This is a sweeping requisition, but one is glad that the *Tribune* makes no claim for damages. In a later notice of the book it says that from the title-page of Mrs. Ward's novel the assumption is that "*Lady Rose's Daughter* is to be taken as work proceeding solely from the author's brain," and that this assumption being erroneous, there should be prefixed "the explicit acknowledgment which we have indicated as being in order." Bluntly stated, our neighbor's position is that Mrs. Ward, having pilfered a good part of her story, and having been caught at it, will do well to make full confession. Neither the *Tribune's* manners nor its contention will commend itself to intelligent readers. No great novel ever proceeded solely from the author's brain. Human experience is the great treasure-house from which writers draw their materials, and whether they draw from observation or recorded history, or blend the two as Mrs. Ward has done, makes no ethical difference. If a living woman had suggested Julie Le Breton to Mrs. Ward, she could not with propriety have acknowledged her debt, nor is she under obligation to advertise that her heroine's prototype *was* a living woman two hundred years ago. She has put to a use entirely lawful materials of rare interest which she had the good fortune and discrimination to gather, and those materials, with design prepense, she has so used as to make it inevitable that their source should sooner or later be discovered. Scott, in the later editions of the Waverley Novels, was used to tell in prefaces and notes where he found some of his characters, and how far he had followed history in his use of them. Mrs. Ward may sometime choose to do the like with her Julie, but if not, it is no one's affair but her own.

Alderman McCall says Mayor Low is a cold man; "so cold that he wouldn't melt in the hottest day in July." Except at election-time it is as well that a mayor should be cold. Ames, the runaway Mayor of Minneapolis, was a good fellow for many years. Nothing cold about him. Butler, the boss of St. Louis, has been described as a good fellow, by nature at first, professionally afterwards. There is Scripture for the assertion that to keep cool is better than to take a city, and when a man has taken a city, to keep cool—or even cold—is more important than ever. Taxpayers may like a cold mayor. So may voters who want just government and no favors asked.

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The Panama Canal Treaty Ratified

THERE need be no misgivings in the public mind regarding the value of the canal concession secured by the treaty with Colombia, which was ratified by our Federal Senate on Tuesday, March 17, but which has still to be sanctioned by the Colombian Congress, the elections for which are now taking place. It is certain that the treaty would never be sanctioned at Bogota if it provided for the perpetual alienation of sovereignty over the canal strip ceded, for such alienation is prohibited by the Constitution of 1886; or if it had been bereft of the self-denying ordinance by which we disclaim any desire of annexing any part of the territory of Colombia or of any other Latin-American republic. This being indisputably the case, it is evident that the treaty, so far as these features go, was the best that we could get. Neither would it have been judicious to excite the apprehensions of patriotic Colombians by insisting upon the concession, in so many words, of the privilege of fortifying the isthmus, inasmuch as such a privilege is implied in the recognized right to defend the canal.

As we have previously said, the treaty is by no means ideally perfect from our point of view, but, had it been, it would have no chance of securing the approval of the Colombian Congress. A hundred-year lease, with the option of renewal, is as near to perpetuity as we need to go, especially as possession is nine points in the law. When we are once planted on the isthmus, and have spent some two hundred millions of dollars in constructing a canal, we shall not be ousted by any quibbling of municipal or international lawyers. *J'y suis, j'y reste* is not a motto coined solely for the benefit of England in Egypt. It seems to us, then, that all of the objections arrayed against the treaty by Senator Morgan, although, no doubt, put forward in good faith, were effectually disposed of by Senator Spooner. From the view-point of international law, Mr. Spooner was unquestionably right in denying the necessity or propriety of inquiring at this late date into the credentials of Señor Herran, who, as Colombia's representative at Washington, negotiated the treaty. Having recognized the Marroquin administration at Bogota as the *de facto* government of Colombia, and having once recognized Señor Herran as the authorized agent of that government, our State Department was estopped from disputing the qualifications of either to conclude a treaty. Equally inadmissible is another of Senator Morgan's assertions that, if Colombian Liberals should one day succeed in overthrowing the present Bogota government, it might decline to be bound by the canal treaty.

Nothing is more certain than that a repudiation of the treaty would be an act of war, from which we should have nothing to fear, for it would relieve us from the self-denying ordinance embodied in the treaty, and would justify us in conquering the whole of the isthmus. The Colombian Liberals are too sagacious to commit such an astounding blunder. Equally ill-founded is another apprehension expressed by Senator Morgan that, under the treaty, the Colombian authorities might interfere with the religious observances of Americans in the canal zone, inasmuch as the existing Bogota government represents the Conservative and Clerical party, and has entered into a concordat with the Pope. How long does Mr. Morgan imagine that we should brook an attempt at interference of the sort, and what evidence of stupidity has ever been discerned in Leo XIII. that would justify the imputation to him of a wish to interfere? France, also, has a concordat with the Pope, but are not Americans residing in that country at liberty to worship God as they choose? Why should we assume that the Vatican or the Colombian civil power would wantonly provoke a quarrel in which defeat would be inevitable?

Not content with impeaching the qualifications of the Bogota government to conclude a treaty, Senator Morgan denied the validity of the title which the French Panama Canal Company purposes to convey to the United States for forty million dollars. Senator Spooner defended the conclusion reached by Attorney-General Knox in his report upon the subject, and recited the whole history of the proceedings by which the title formerly vested in the Lesseps corporation passed to the present company. There seems to be no doubt that this company has come legitimately into possession of the canal concession and of all the other property belonging to the old corporation, and has thus acquired an undoubted right to transfer it to any purchaser. Every link in the chain of the title has been tested and pronounced sound by the most eminent French lawyers. Besides, from the view-point of common sense, it is incredible that the French republic, after permitting the transfer to be made without a word of protest, should, after the purchase money has been paid, confront the imminent risk of war by impugning the title of the United States in the interest of pretended creditors of the old company. Did Senator Morgan mean to assert that the French government would connive at an attempt to cheat a friendly power? The hypothesis is a wild one.

That the canal treaty ratified by our Senate will be sanctioned by the Colombian Congress is practically certain, because it is well understood at Bogota that any attempt to amend the document would result in postponing indefinitely the conclusion of an agreement. Moreover, the Marroquin government is in desperate need of cash, its paper currency being almost worthless, and the prospect of touching ten million dollars in gold will prove almost irresistible. It is also well understood at Panama, and among all intelligent Colombians, that the construction of an interoceanic canal will immeasurably conduce to the prosperity of their country, to say nothing of the large sum receivable annually by way of rental. We think that we are justified, therefore, in regarding the acquisition of the canal concession by the United States as a fact.

Closure in the Senate

THE fact that Mr. Allison was the mover of the resolution looking to a change in the Senate rules involving the adoption of a method of limiting debate is suggestive of a disturbance of the Senatorial mind. Mr. Allison's service in the Senate antedates that of any other Senator with the exception of Mr. Stewart of Nevada, and is the longest service, for Mr. Stewart was out of the Senate for a time. It is also well known, too, that Mr. Allison is probably the most conventional Senator of the body. He clings to its traditions, believes in its rules and in its methods, and is as ready as any other to defend them against the assaults and criticisms of outsiders. Indeed, Mr. Allison has rarely, if ever, shown more passion than in his resentment of the speech made by Mr. Cannon on the last night of the last session. When Mr. Allison introduces a resolution contemplating the adoption of closure, it may be true that the change, if any, will be moderate, if he continues to have anything to say about it, as he will, but it is also true that, before Mr. Allison moved, the somewhat angry attitude of the country toward the Senate must have been recognized by every Senator. That Mr. Allison was the spokesman indicates a consciousness on the part of the Senate that the time has come when public opinion must be respected.

The fact that the Senate does sometimes actually debate, is, at present, its chief virtue, or it would be if its debates were always reasonable and in defence or in aid of the general welfare. Even with its abuse of the right and duty of debating, the Senate stands in striking and honorable contrast with the other branch of Congress. In the House of Representatives, the adoption of closure has resulted in a tyranny which is unknown in any other country in which parliamentary proceedings exist. The House is now a silent body registering or voting down the edicts of a small oligarchy which refuses to permit to the representatives of the people the right to express their reasons for their votes, or to discuss the questions before them with the view of reaching intelligent conclusions. No practice can be so bad as that of the House of Representatives, for it is a denial of freedom of speech, and of the individual freedom of the members. The license of the Senate is less dangerous than the destruction of liberty in the House; and this is shown clearly by the rising storm of popular indignation against the evils obtaining in the Senate, and, by the silence, indicative that it is not recognized, as to the more serious evil which has absolutely destroyed the deliberative character of the House of Representatives.

It is clear, however, that the Senate should possess the power to prevent the parliamentary offence of obstruction. During the session which has just closed we have seen some of the most important measures before Congress fall before the obstructive powers, including the strength of lungs, of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Quay, and some of their accomplices. Freedom of debate does not imply license to talk to death measures which the talkers do not like. The country and the Senate have the right to a vote on the subject. It ought to be impossible for a single Senator, or for a minority, to destroy for practical purposes a session of Congress. As matters stand today, however, a single Senator, with an especially strong pair of lungs, can prevent the enactment of legislation. It is this power to which Mr. Cannon alluded when he said that legislation in Congress depended upon the unanimous consent of the Senate. By reason of the Senate's lack of power to curb and prevent merely obstructive speech, and by reason also of the "rule of courtesy," which gives to each Senator a power so great that no man is wise enough to be intrusted with it, a single member of this body of ambassadors is able to hold the floor against all comers and to defeat the purposes of the session, to disappoint the country, and to deny it remedial legislation such as the Aldrich bill of the last session, for example, which may be necessary to avert financial disaster.

In the English House of Commons the sort of license to which the Senate has just treated the country is called "the offence of obstruction." It is an offence of very grave character, and one which ought not to be permitted absolutely to destroy all legislative proceedings. But it is to this point that the practice has brought the Senate, and the country is demanding a remedy so loudly that even Mr. Allison has heard it. Closure is a method which is not popular among people bred in the atmosphere of free institutions. It ought not to be necessary. It is, in fact, never necessary until legislative institutions are breaking down. When the Reed rules were adopt-

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ed, for example, the House had become incapable of transacting public business. The minority held it by the throat. It was as badly off as the Senate is to-day. The remedy adopted, however, is as bad as the disease. Absolute prevention of all debate, as is permitted by the rules of the House, is an evil of the same kind as prevention of debate by obstructive speech. Mr. Morgan's performance on the Panama Canal treaty was not debate; it was no more debate than is a rule of the House hierarchy actually forbidding speech. Senate obstruction is, as House obstruction formally was, merely a method of reaching the end now accomplished in the popular branch by a special rule, the difference being that the killing of debate by obstruction is done by the minority, or by a single Senator, while the killing of debate by a rule is done by the majority. The end is precisely the same up to a certain point, deliberation and discussion are ended, but in the House business is done by an irresponsible oligarchy, which, refusing to make public the reasons for and the purport of its actions, may undermine our institutions without our knowledge.

What the Senate ought to do is apparent. It ought to restore real freedom of debate, to which, as we have said, it still clings in a measure, by putting an end to obstruction. It would do itself and the country a great wrong if it followed the example of the House, and it is to be hoped that there is one branch of our government which may be depended on to preserve what the freemen of our race have always called "our ancient liberties." Among these is freedom of debate, which, with the power to act, is at the mercy of the minority in the Senate, while in the House free speech has been killed by the majority. The most deplorable feature of the conduct of the House, and of the so-called Reed rules, is the evidence afforded by them of the loss of the instincts of freedom by the representatives of the people. A body which possesses these instincts can prevent the commission of the offence of obstruction in such a way that real debate will be more free. It is true that every legislative body to which closure is necessary has lost, to some degree, the traditions which marked the progress of the English Commons to the headship of the English government. Closure, as we have said, is necessary to retard and prevent decadence, but if decadence be a fact, as it seems to be, it is a fact which, like others, must be reckoned with. A high-minded legislative assembly, as our Congress and the English Commons were until the present generation, will not need closure, will be above it; but when closure is needed, the need is absolute and must be met. That the need is present in the Senate no well-informed person not a Senator will deny.

In adopting a rule of closure the Senate should follow the example of the Commons and not that of our own House of Representatives. The House of Commons adopted closure in 1882, but its rule differs materially from that of the House of Representatives. In England, some debate is assumed, and must actually have taken place before further debate is shut off. Even in the application of what the Commons calls the "guillotine," which has been enforced only three times—in 1887, in 1893, and in 1894—debate must have been proposed and mere obstinate opposition must have been revealed. Milder methods even than these the Senate, it is to be hoped, will find effective. It must put down the offence; in doing so it ought to preserve the essential spirit of free debate. Closure is now essential; if it is ever again to become non-essential it must be by a reform in the spirit of our lawmakers. As Leonard Courtney, speaking of closure in "The Working Constitution of the United Kingdom," says: "It may be said with some truth that it is an odious necessity provoked by reiterated discussions from which the parliamentary spirit had already vanished. Those who desire to see it fall into disuse must be zealous to co-operate in restraining the abuse of opposition on the one side and of impatience on the other." In other words, when the Senate comes again to that sweet reasonableness which is the gracious spirit bred of perfect knowledge of the sanctity of free speech, and of the diabolism of disordered talk for opposition's sake, it may get along without closure. At present it cannot perform its duties except under a rule of closure, rational and wisely administered, and the country has the right to demand that it shall adopt all measures that will put an end to its present insolent inefficiency.

The Cuban Treaty

At the hour when we write it seems to be settled that the Cuban Reciprocity treaty will be ratified by the Senate, but that the ratification will be coupled with a provision that the treaty shall not be operative until it is approved by the House of Representatives. There is no doubt that, had not the Republicans consented to this compromise, the Democratic Senators, under the leadership of Mr. Gorman, could by filibustering have prevented ratification. Neither can it be denied that, from the view-point of constitutional law, there is a good deal of foundation for the claim of the House that its approval is required for the validity of a treaty which affects the revenue, or the power of Congress to regulate commerce. The discussion of the point involved is a hundred and seven years old. It is now well known that certain provisions touching the regulation of commerce were inserted in the Jay Treaty concluded with Great Britain in 1796 by Alexander Hamilton, with the express design of establishing a precedent for making laws by the convenient combination of President and Senate, instead of President and the whole Congress. When the Jay Treaty was proclaimed by President Washington the law of the land, a resolution was offered in the House, and adopted, calling on the Executive for the papers relating to the convention. Washington refused to submit the papers, and, after a time, the House receded from its position in this particular case, but, nevertheless, put on record its claim of a right to deliver it upon the expediency of carrying into effect any treaty which must depend for its execution on laws to be passed by Congress, or that deals with subjects given by the Constitution to the control of Congress. Gallatin made at the time a speech which Jefferson pronounced the best commentary ever published on the treaty-making clauses of the Constitution, and Jefferson himself, in a letter to Monroe, expressed the opinion that an act of legislation is needed to confirm treaties that include matter confided by the Constitution to the three branches of the Legislature. Jefferson acted on this principle in the Louisiana Treaty of 1803, seeking and obtaining the judgment of the House before the treaty was made. In 1868, although the House receded from the larger claim which it first put forth with regard to the Alaska Treaty, it succeeded in securing the assent of the Senate substantially to the treaty doctrine announced by Jefferson. A conference committee evolved a compromise declaration that, whereas the President had entered into a treaty with the Emperor of Russia, and the Senate had thereafter given its advice and consent to said treaty, and, whereas the stipulations thereof could not be carried into full force and effect, except by legislation to which the consent of both Houses of Congress would be necessary, therefore it should be enacted that the sum required should be appropriated. It is further to be noted that the Dingley act, which permitted a reduction of customs duties in the case of countries that should conclude reciprocity treaties with the United States, was careful to provide that such treaties should be approved by the House of Representatives. The fact, however, that the Cuban Reciprocity treaty is not to become operative until it obtains the assent of the House renders it the more necessary for the President to convoke Congress in special session at a date considerably earlier than that at which it would normally assemble. It is a great pity that the Cuban treaty was not ratified during the last session, so that it might then have secured the approval of the House. The delay may be detrimental to our interests, for, after the agreement against sugar bounties reached at the Brussels conference goes into effect, as it will early in October, the sugar industry in Cuba may receive so great a stimulus from that source that the insular government will withdraw some of the large concessions offered to the United States. It is an ominous fact that on March 14 some three thousand tons of raw sugar were purchased in Havana for the English market. This was the first transaction of the kind in a quarter of a century.

Germany's Mistake

According to the latest news from Berlin, it is now recognized by intelligent Germans that the browbeating of Venezuela, while ostensibly a success, has proved a blunder from the view-point of Germany's naval interests, and has undone all that had been sagaciously attempted and partially accomplished by Dr. von Holleben in the way of conciliating American good-will. There is reason to believe that Dr. von Holleben was not personally responsible for the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia, much less for the offer of a statue of Frederick the Great. These foolish and futile overtures are chargeable to the Kaiser alone. The late German ambassador, who was not only a highly educated man, but a keen observer, had the advantage of a long acquaintance with the United States, and almost from the outset he discerned that the true sovereign of this country is public opinion, to which not only Senators and Representatives, but also the wisest Presidents turn ever an attentive ear. He devoted himself to gaining the respect and sympathy of the real shapers of public opinion, who, we need not say, are not Federal officials, but the great jurists, lawyers, educators, editors, and financiers. How well he succeeded was attested by the unsought bestowal of an LL.D. degree by Harvard University, an almost unique honor, the significance of which seems to have been totally unappreciated by his imperial master. Although a studious attempt has been made at Washington and by administration organs to suppress the truth, there is not a shadow of doubt among well-informed persons that in April, 1898, Dr. von Holleben opposed, while Lord Pauncefote favored, a joint protest on the part of the European governments against our interposition on behalf of Cuba. This we could easily prove by a marshalling of dates and facts, but we have no desire to revive dead issues or to preach to the converted. It concerns us, however, to know that Dr. von Holleben was too thoroughly in touch with the deeper currents of American opinion to

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suggest, or even approve, of the armed demonstration against Venezuela, which culminated, and was intended to culminate, in the sequestration of a considerable fraction of the customs revenue of an American republic. From the view-point of German interests, it matters little whether the demonstration was first mooted in London or in Berlin; the fact remains that it was eagerly adopted by Kaiser William II., and that in the application of force to Venezuela the German war-vessels, acting of course under orders, made themselves particularly odious.

Now what has been the outcome of the Venezuela business, so far as Germany is concerned? In the first place, the German Emperor has been politely informed by our State Department that it would be judicious to postpone the execution of the silly project of presenting us with a statue of Frederick the Great, who, during our Revolutionary war, repeatedly refused to recognize the independence of the United States. In the second place, the American Congress, which, but for the Anglo-German expedition against Venezuela, would almost certainly have contented itself with a modest appropriation for the navy, ordered the building of five battle-ships, besides providing for a large increase in the number of officers and men. This sudden and notable expansion of our expenditure upon the navy coincided with the inflexible refusal of the Reichstag to carry out the programme of the German naval authorities, the appropriations demanded being cut down by several million dollars. What makes the situation worse in German eyes is the knowledge that the course taken by the Reichstag was entirely justified, in view of the depletion of the fatherland's pecuniary resources, whereas the American Congress might have ordered the construction of fifteen battle-ships instead of five without subjecting the Federal Treasury to any excessive strain. Under the circumstances, we are not surprised to hear that undisguised displeasure has been provoked in German naval circles by the new naval programme of the United States. The reflection that the mighty increase of the American fleet is mainly due to the Venezuela demonstration is not, we can well believe, a pleasant one. There would be some consolation for Germany if the acquisition of England's friendship could be set against the loss of American good-will. This is so far from being the case that it is precisely since Lord Lansdowne and Chancellor von Bülow agreed upon a joint coercion of Venezuela that British public opinion has forced the Admiralty to establish a naval station on the coast of Scotland, which, in the event of war, would be a serious menace to the conveyance of food supplies to Germany, inasmuch as a blockade could be established of the Channel and the North Sea.

Having failed to secure England's friendship, and having lost that of the United States, what can Germany be said to have gained by the Venezuela affair? She has not even gained the establishment of a precedent which, applied hereafter to Latin-American republics, might enable her to control them through the confiscation of their customs revenue. She has not established a precedent, because a President and a Secretary of State have no power to bind the American people. As was shown in the case of the absurd Clayton-Bulwer convention, the national will cannot be constrained even when the folly of the State Department is embodied in a treaty sanctioned by the Senate and perpetual on its face. The American people have never authorized the interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine which Mr. Roosevelt gave to it in his second annual message, nor have they authorized Mr. Hay to countenance the Anglo-German expedition against Venezuela which was undertaken for the express purpose of confiscating a part of that republic's customs revenue. Until the American people have maturely considered the question, and announced a definite decision thereon, the precedent which, for a time, the Berlin Foreign Office supposed itself to have acquired, is absolutely worthless. This truth seems already to have penetrated the minds of some intelligent Germans. Thus the other day an eminent naval expert, in close touch with official opinion at Berlin, said in an interview that the danger to Germany from the United States lay not so much in the expansion of the American fleet as in the popular sentiment which had compelled the action of Congress. He admitted that the expansion of the American navy was to be contemplated with alarm by Germany, because popular feeling might at any time require the fleet to be used. Especially significant was his final declaration that recent history had convinced the German government that, no matter how cordial might be the relations between our State Department and the Berlin Foreign Office, the real factor in the situation is now, and always will be, American public opinion. If this fundamental fact has been driven home to the consciousness of German officials, the expedition against Venezuela will not have been entirely useless. Otherwise it was a grave mistake: the sums of money extorted from the South-American debtor will prove but a meagre compensation for the distrust and dislike aroused in the people of the United States.

But a few months will elapse before the divergent interests of Germany and the United States on this side of the Atlantic will again be sharply emphasized. According to another telegram from Berlin, the German Foreign Office has decided that, as soon as the reciprocity treaty between Cuba and the United States is ratified, it will ask both the Cuban and the United States governments for identical privileges, on the ground that its treaties with those governments contain the "most-favored-nation" clause. There is no doubt that the reciprocity treaty, when it becomes operative, will enable American exporters so to undersell their German competitors as practically to drive them out of the island. There is not the slightest chance, however, that American public opinion will permit our State Department to pay any heed to the protest from Berlin. The threat to deprive us of the benefit of the "most-favored-nation" clause in our treaty with Germany has no terrors for us. It is Germany's fault that we are no longer in a frame of mind to care what Germany may do or refrain from doing.

Argentina's Overtures

ALTHOUGH an attempt has been made to minimize the significance of the communication addressed to our State Department by the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs, it is undoubtedly an incident of great international importance. Admitting that Argentina did not formally propose to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance with the United States, for the support of the Monroe Doctrine, as it was originally propounded in 1823, we must still recognize that she indicated a willingness to enter into such a coalition by signifying a frank and full acceptance of that doctrine. Powers that heartily desire the same result can be relied upon to co-operate in furtherance thereof whenever co-operation shall be needed. So far as we know, Argentina is the third Latin-American power of any considerable magnitude which has officially acknowledged the Monroe Doctrine to be a principle binding on the whole of the New World. There is no doubt that the Juarez government repeatedly appealed to that doctrine when it sought the good offices, if not the active aid, of the United States for the purpose of repelling the French invasion of Mexico. No less undeniable is it that the same doctrine was invoked by Venezuela when that republic requested the United States to support her demand for the submission of the boundary dispute between herself and British Guiana to arbitration, a demand which Great Britain had persistently rejected. Whether on the same ground Nicaragua requested our intervention when Corinto was seized by Great Britain we are not now able to say, for, so far as we know, the fact, if it be one, has not been divulged by our State Department. That Peru during her war with Chile would gladly have recognized the Monroe Doctrine, or even consented to our assumption of a protectorate, in return for our interposition on her behalf, we have no doubt whatever. As yet, however, none of the three populous and powerful South-American States, to wit, Brazil, Argentina, and Chile, has officially adopted the doctrine formulated by Monroe, much less expressed a readiness to co-operate with us in its defence. That is why the position taken by the Buenos Ayres government may well be regarded on both sides of the Atlantic as the beginning of an epoch. Henceforth, whenever the territorial integrity of a Latin-American republic is threatened by a European power, not only will it be our own duty to interpose, but we can have for the asking Argentina's help in the intervention. That is to say, we should have at our disposal, if we needed them, not only coaling and repair stations in the south Atlantic, but also the military, naval, and fiscal resources of one of the most prosperous of Latin-American commonwealths.

There is no doubt that this overture on the part of Argentina is a death-blow to any hopes of annexation that may have been more or less secretly entertained in Italy and Germany. For every German settler in Brazil, there are ten Italian settlers in the territory of the Argentine Confederation. An incomparably stronger case could be made by Italy for interference in Argentina than could be put forward by Germany for interference with the southern provinces of Brazil. So long as the Buenos Ayres government refrained from planting itself squarely on the Monroe Doctrine, it was always conceivable that intimate racial and commercial relations between Argentina and Italy might eventually lead to a close political connection. As lately as the close of our war against Spain there were signs in Buenos Ayres itself of a sentiment favorable to the formation of political ties between the Latin-American republics of the New World and the Latin powers of Europe. Strange to say, a great many, if not the majority, of Latin-Americans sympathized with Spain rather than with the Cuban insurgents and with the United States. That feeling, if shrewdly encouraged, and not extinguished by a premature exposure of European designs of financial, if not territorial, conquest, might have brought about an alienation of South America from the conqueror of Porto Rico and the Philippines. That no such result has followed the first outburst of sympathy with Spain on the part of Spanish-Americans is due to two causes,—first, our faithful compliance with the self-denying ordinance by which our Congress pledged itself to give Cuba political independence, and, secondly, our refusal to take part, although we also had unliquidated claims, in the acts of war by which Great Britain, Germany, and Italy undertook to enforce the payment

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of debts alleged to be due by Venezuela. The British-German-Italian demonstration, coupled with the disapproval of it expressed in the United States, proved two things to Latin-Americans,—first, that they have nothing to fear from us, and, secondly, that they have everything to fear from Europe. That is why Argentina, after hesitating for three-quarters of a century, definitely made up her mind to throw in her lot with the United States, and we may be certain that her example will, soon or late, be followed by Urugnay, by Chile, by Brazil, by Peru, and by Ecuador. As for Bolivia and Paraguay, they are protected against foreign aggression by their interior position, while the proximity of Colombia and Venezuela to the projected Panama Canal constitutes an inviolable safeguard.

It is the fault of President Roosevelt and of his Secretary of State that the second suggestion made by Argentina proved unwelcome and perplexing. That the suggestion, when its purport and consequences shall be thoroughly understood, will be approved by the American people, there is no doubt whatever. It was pointed out by the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs that the permanent occupation of the territory of an American republic was by no means the only way in which the Monroe Doctrine, as originally defined by its propounder, could be violated by a European power. For what said President Monroe? He said that this country could not view with approval any attempt of a European power to *oppress* or *in any way to control the destiny of* a Latin-American republic. As the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs points out, it would be absurd to pretend that the destiny of an American republic was in no way controlled if its customs revenue, on which mainly it depends for the support of its civil and military administration, were confiscated for the benefit of European creditors. Nobody in his senses would deny that, under precisely similar circumstances, the destiny of Egypt is controlled absolutely by Great Britain. Just now Argentina punctually meets her obligations to foreign creditors, but, as her foreign debt exceeds a billion dollars, we must recognize that, should she default in the payment of interest and sinking fund, and should she thereupon be subjected to the treatment which Venezuela has received, the whole of her customs revenue might be sequestrated in the interest of creditors. That is why Argentina proposes that the Monroe Doctrine shall be defined more explicitly as regards the letter, without departing from the spirit, of the principle. She asks us to join with her in announcing that henceforth ordinary debts, arising out of contract, to which the maxim *caveat emptor* is fairly applicable, shall not be collectable in the Western Hemisphere by force. That is to say, the penalty incurred by an American republic for the failure to pay ordinary debts shall simply be the loss of credit on the stock-exchanges of the world, which is a sufficiently grievous punishment. Or, to put the matter in a nutshell, neither now or hereafter shall any American commonwealth be exposed to the fate of Egypt. Of course the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs is careful to draw the obvious distinction—a distinction only overlooked by those who desire to confuse the public mind—between a demand for the redress of grievances or reparation for wrongs, and a demand for the payment of loans and advances which European lenders and investors have made with their eyes open. As a matter of fact, at the time of the English-French-Spanish expedition against Mexico, and, again, in the Corinto affair, our State Department was careful to distinguish between damages exacted for wrongs or grievances, and ordinary debts. Those widely different classes of claims were confounded, however, by Mr. Roosevelt in his second annual message under the vague and elastic term "just obligations," and the demonstration against Venezuela was the almost immediate result. It should be remembered that damages for wrongs constitute but a very small fraction of the sum for which Venezuela has, with the connivance of our State Department, been compelled to pledge for an indefinite period a third of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello. By far the greater part of the sum consists of ordinary debts, including bonds on which the Caracas government has failed to pay the stipulated interest.

We have no doubt that, when the true inwardness of the Venezuela business, and of the precedent sought to be established by the blockading powers, becomes thoroughly known to the American people, they will compel their Federal government to adopt the definition of the Monroe Doctrine suggested by Argentina.

The Czar's Reforms

THE favorable impression produced by the ukase in which Nicholas II. promised religious toleration and local economical and political reforms was quickly dulled by the announcement that the practical methods of carrying out the Czar's intentions are to be planned by a commission presided over by Mr. von Plehwe, the Minister of the Interior, one of the most inflexible reactionists in Russia. He is no more likely to be credited with any honest desire to improve the civil administration than would be Mr. Pobiedonostzeff, lately the Procurator of the Holy Synod, with a wish to relieve dissenters and Jews from persecution.

It is true that Mr. von Plehwe may be outvoted in the commission, and that he may be only permitted to retain his post on the understanding that he will make no attempt to thwart the designs of more progressive colleagues. There is no doubt, however, that, as the Czar evidently wants to conciliate the Russian Liberals, he would have done well to assign the framing of the projected measures to men who enjoy the public confidence. Unless the provincial and district assemblies are to be allowed to raise more money for local purposes and to exercise a larger measure of control over the money when raised than they have lately possessed, the proposed political reforms will prove farcical from the view-point of local autonomy. The representatives of the Ministry of the Interior have steadily encroached upon the functions originally delegated to the zemstvos, and nobody has been a worse sinner in this respect than Mr. von Plehwe. To expect such a man to aid in a revival of local self-government is like employing a wolf to reorganize a sheepfold. We repeat that, as it is of vital moment to Nicholas II. that the Russian people shall be convinced of his sincerity, it would have been expedient to put none but well-known Liberals on the reform commission.

By whom the precise extent of the religious toleration proclaimed is to be defined is as yet undivulged. It is scarcely credible that all of the multitudinous sects of the Raskolniks, or dissenters from the orthodox Greek Church, will be suffered to propagate their peculiar views and practices, for some of these, such as the refusal to serve in the army, have been deemed incompatible with the safety of the state.

That something will be done for the relief of the village communities, which comprise about four-fifths of the Russian population, and which are suffering, not only from inordinate taxation, but also from the galling necessity of performing forced labor at the bidding of government officials, we may unquestionably assume. Unless measures are taken to allay the widespread discontent of the Moujiks, who, for the first time, are beginning to doubt the beneficent intentions of their Little Father, the whole autocratic system of Russia may collapse. It will be observed that not a word is said in the ukase about the imperial Parliament, which it was once hoped would crown the constitutional edifice, of which the middle and lower stages were to be provided by the provincial and district assemblies or zemstvos. Never has Russia been so near representative government, in something like the Western sense of the word, as she was on that fatal day in 1881 when Alexander II., having just signed a proclamation convoking a species of Parliament, was done to death by Nihilist assassins. It is no secret that his son and successor, Alexander III., suppressed the document and embarked upon a policy of violent reaction.

Will England Renounce Free Trade?

THE recent reimposition of a registration duty on importations of grain and flour is only one of many indications that the United Kingdom is tending toward an abjuration of free-trade doctrines. The London *National Review*, since it passed into the hands of the present editor, has been a persistent and vigorous advocate of a reversion to a protectionist policy, and it has gradually acquired a great deal of support among newspapers representing Conservative opinion and Imperialist aspirations. At the recent conference of colonial premiers in the British metropolis, the fact was brought out clearly that for the desired consolidation of the empire an economic basis was indispensable—that is to say, the mother-country would have to impose so considerable a duty on food products imported from foreign countries as would enable her to give a substantial preference to similar commodities coming from the colonies. It has since been pointed out that, even if Australia should follow Canada's example, and grant a preference of 33 1-3 per cent. to British manufactures, the concession would prove fruitless unless Great Britain should impose a corresponding duty on foreign manufactures of a similar kind, for, otherwise, it would prove practically impossible to prevent the latter from being shipped to Great Britain, and thence transshipped to the colonial markets. It is also no secret that the one inflexible upholder of free-trade principles in the Balfour cabinet, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, was virtually forced to resign the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who now dominates the ministry, is by no means opposed to such moderate measures of protection as would render it possible to form closer ties with the great colonial dependencies. It is this combination of circumstances which gives great importance to the volume just published in London by John Milne, and entitled *The Coming Reaction*, by "Legislator." The author, who writes, not like a theorist, but like a statesman, has undertaken a brief survey and criticism of what he believes to be the vices of England's present economic system. He declines to accept the orthodox economy of the Manchester school as a deductive science the outcome of which is absolute truth, but pursues the historical method of inquiry, and arrives at the conclusion that it is to a protectionist policy unswervingly applied

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for many generations that England owes the supremacy which she has enjoyed in the nineteenth century as regards the ocean-carrying trade and the purveyorship of manufactures to the world. One of the most interesting sections of the work is devoted to a demonstration that only by the enforcement of a protectionist system were Englishmen enabled to oust the Dutch from the position of maritime ascendency which the latter undoubtedly enjoyed throughout the seventeenth century. Finally, the argument is clinched in a section which traces the extraordinary prosperity of the iron and cotton industries of the United States directly to our inflexible acceptance of a protectionist policy.

It is well known that, for many centuries after the Norman conquest, England was a wool-growing and wool-exporting country. The raw wool was sent to the Netherlands, and part of it came back in the shape of cloth. It was Edward IV. who, in 1463, inaugurated the protection of the woollen manufactures of his country by forbidding the importation of woollen cloths and woollen caps. With the exception of a very short period in the days of the commonwealth, the prohibition of the importation of foreign woollen cloth was thenceforth absolute. On the other hand, the small export duty on woollen cloth was swept away under William III., after which all British manufactures of wool could be exported duty free. In a word, the fostering of the native woollen industry was, for nearly four centuries, the keystone of the trade policy of England. What was the result? In the reign of Elizabeth the export of woollen goods represented approximately one-half of the total export trade of the country, and in the eighteenth century the proportion was even higher. Not only did the protectionist policy call into being and perpetuate in England an hereditary textile skill as the basis of the woollen industry, but it fostered invention. All the mechanical inventions which have revolutionized the industry were made before the days of free trade. It has been loosely asserted that England was bound to develop a textile trade in wool because she was a wool-growing country. If so, why did not the same result come about in Spain? For five centuries Spain has been a wool-growing country, producing the finest wools in the world, yet she possesses no textile industry.

England's cotton industry owes even more to a protective policy than does her woollen industry. Cotton is not indigenous in the United Kingdom, as wool is, and it is little short of a marvel that such an industry should have been built up in a country which does not grow an ounce of the raw material, and does not consume more than a fraction of the total output. Lancashire manufactures cotton which is grown in the United States, and sells it as cloth to India and China. In a sense, therefore, the industry is entirely exotic, and nothing but the powerful engine of government support could have localized and specialized the trade in England. At the first glance England's iron industry may be thought to owe less to protective action than do her textile trades. The author of this book shows, however, that the protection which it enjoyed during the critical period of its early growth was efficient and sufficient. We should bear in mind that it was not until 1738 that the process of smelting iron in a blast furnace by means of pit coal instead of charcoal was perfected. From the moment this process was invented the obstacles which had been thrown in the way of the iron industry by the laws against destroying timber vanished, and the government lent itself zealously to the support and protection of the manufacturers of iron and steel products. From the middle of the eighteenth to the days of free trade in the nineteenth century, the tariff was arranged with the double object of discouraging the import of manufactured articles of iron and steel, and, at the same time, of encouraging the importation of raw iron—that is to say, iron in the form of pig or bar.

Passing to the effect of protection upon the American cotton industry, the author notes that in 1807, when the embargo was imposed on imports from England, the number of spindles existing in the United States was only 8000. By the close of the War of 1812-15, the number was 500,000. The tariff of 1816, with its 25-per-cent. duty on cotton goods saved the native trade from extinction at the hands of its British competitors. In all the subsequent tariff legislation of the United States the protection of the cotton industry has been maintained, with the result that in 1895 the number of spindles had reached the total of 15,831,823, and the exports of cotton goods amounted to $30,000,000. Such an export would be an utter impossibility, and American competition with Lancashire in the China market would be entirely impracticable, if the American industry had gone to sleep and become demoralized under protection, which, the advocates of free trade assert, is the inevitable effect of a protective policy.

The American iron industry was protected to a certain extent by the tariff of 1816, and the duties on pig iron and rolled bar iron were considerably raised at various subsequent dates, but it was not until after 1840, when the process of smelting by anthracite was applied, that the enormous growth of the industry began. It was not, however, until very high duties on iron and steel products were imposed during and after the civil war that the industry advanced by leaps and bounds. Between 1870 and 1890 the imports of steel rails from England sank from between one and two hundred thousand tons to nothing at all. Within the same twenty years the total production of raw iron in the United States expanded until it excelled that of Great Britain. In 1870 England produced nearly four times as much; in 1890, the United States completely outdistanced her. No longer, moreover, do we hear of the demoralizing and retarding influences of protection in connection with this industry. On the contrary, if American iron and steel manufacturers are able to beat their British competitors, not only in foreign, but in colonial markets, and even in Great Britain itself, the result is at least partly attributable to the superiority of American methods, to economy of labor, the higher specialization of machinery and processes, and even the higher individual intelligence of the workman himself. In a word, free-trade England is sending deputations to study the industrial methods of a protectionist country.

His appeal to history has convinced the author that the free-trade theory has broken down, and that common sense and patriotism alike demand that British statesmen should repossess themselves of that valuable weapon of a tariff which they flung away two generations since. He does not hesitate to say that, were he the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he would transfer bodily the aniline industry which Germany has filched from England back to the latter country by a stroke of the pen. He would do the same with the metal smallware trade, for the simple reason that he prefers the prosperity of Birmingham before that of Bremen. Evidently he would also put a duty on food products coming from the United States, in order that he might give a substantial preference to colonial commodities.

A Tunnel to Staten Island

WE have the highest respect for the professional qualifications of the consulting engineer employed by the Rapid Transit Commission of the city of New York. With a single exception, all his plans for promoting intercommunication between the five boroughs that make up the American commercial metropolis seem worthy of hearty commendation. Especially admirable are the methods proposed for connecting by means of bridges and tunnels the overcrowded Borough of Manhattan with the Borough of Brooklyn and the Borough of Queens. We think, however, that he approaches from a wrong point of view one feature of the rapid-transit problem, that, namely, which contemplates the placing of Richmond borough, or Staten Island, within easy reach under all weather conditions of the swarming tenement districts of Manhattan. He says that in devising a programme of interborough communications, he has postponed the consideration of a tunnel under the Narrows between Brooklyn and Richmond boroughs because the population of Staten Island is for the moment relatively small. We hold that mature reflection should convince him that it is not the islanders, but the teeming millions of Manhattan who are mainly interested in the attainment of rapid transit to the fields and hills of Richmond borough. The area of Staten Island is many times greater than that of the island of Manhattan, and the very fact that, for the moment, it is thinly peopled, and that, consequently, land is extraordinarily cheap, constitutes the strongest reason for rendering it quickly and regularly accessible to the middle and poorer classes of Manhattan's vast and growing population. The present means of communication by ferry is not only slow and infrequent, but it is liable to interruption from ice in winter and from fog at every season of the year except midsummer. Under present conditions working-men and business men, for whom punctual arrival at their places of occupation is indispensable, are practically debarred from acquiring homes on Staten Island. If, on the other hand, a tunnel under the Narrows were used in conjunction with the proposed tunnel from the Battery to South Brooklyn, it would be entirely feasible to reach Staten Island from the tenement district of Manhattan in about fifteen minutes, and trains could be relied upon to run with absolute regularity. There is good reason to believe that, within five years after the completion of such means of intercommunication, upwards of a million persons who are now packed together in the flats and tenements of Manhattan, would be the occupants of homes in Richmond borough. It is now, and is likely to be for a long time to come, positively cheaper to own a house and lot on Staten Island than it is to rent rooms in a Manhattan tenement. We do not hesitate to say that it is the duty of the Rapid Transit Commission to relieve the congestion of the tenement districts of Manhattan, and to give their denizens an opportunity of securing light and air. This could be done in no way so effectually as by a tunnel under the Narrows, which, from an engineering point of view, would be neither impracticable nor costly. It is also manifest that the emigrants from southern and eastern Europe would be transformed into American citizens much more rapidly were they distributed in separate and roomy habitations.

An idea of peace, as well as of intelligence, is associated with study, which makes uncultivated people respect it, and almost envy it as a happiness.—*Joubert.*

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Hysterical Criminology

WHATEVER the errors of the Buffalo police have been or shall be with regard to the mysterious Burdick murder which they are still dealing with, they will not be able to excuse themselves on the ground that they have failed of the public co-operation in their efforts for the public security. Every sort of advice, criticism, and suggestion has been offered them from every sort of thinker, and the dim realms of emotional insanity have apparently been searched for their advantage. They have been helped night and day by amateurs and professionals in their lurid science, and if it is not their fault that they have not profited by the aid of these volunteers, they are clearly to blame for not opening their hearts to the reporters, and assuring them that they know just who the murderer or murderess is, and that at the right moment—say, at the climax of the third act, when the whole house has been wrought up to an anguish of expectation—they will produce him or her. Throughout, we must say that the whole department of justice in Buffalo has been actuated by motives which seem to us, here in the metropolis, as entirely provincial. If the murder in question had been done in this city, we need not tell the reader how the department of justice would have behaved. Every officer of it would have been hand in glove with the reporters, and hourly editions of the public prints would have been issued to keep the metropolis *au courant* with the advance of doom toward the detection and conviction of the secret assassin, who would not from the first have been a secret to the authorities, but only the material of a magnificent *coup de théâtre*. The curtain might, indeed, fall at last upon the comedy *dénoûment* of a second or third trial, with the acquittal of the accused, but in the mean time the popular interest would have been continually appeased, and the course of justice would again have revealed the intimate relation between nature and art, in which fact would have worn at every step the guise of melodramatic fiction.

The Buffalo police, indeed, have thrown away the most stupendous opportunity for sensation that was ever wasted upon rustic incompetence. They have, of course, interrogated all the imaginable and unimaginable accomplices of the unknown homicide; they have kept several persons under distressing surveillance; they have steadfastly contended that they expected to find out the murderer; but they have done all this without that eye to the audience which metropolitan justice would have addressed to it. We beg the reader to consider what cries of dramatic joy would have gone up from justice here if, after a man had been murdered, the man who stood first among his enemies should have met with an accident in his automobile, and been killed, with his wife, at a most crucial instant of the performance. The Buffalo police have apparently accepted at once the theory that the accident was an accident, and not a most ingenious and complicated suicide and wife-murder; but metropolitan justice would never have resigned itself to such a tame conclusion, or it would only have accepted it after months of unavailing belief to the contrary.

We are not now accusing the Buffalo community, at least not the whole of it, of the provincial inadequacy shown by the Buffalo police. There are doubtless many men, and many more women, in Buffalo, who just simply *know* that the victim of the automobile accident was the murderer, and that the accident was really a suicide, double or single, or perhaps both. Such inspired persons are not confined to the city of Buffalo; they abound throughout the country, and we shall owe it to them, if to anybody, that the memory of an unhappy man, most miserably mixed up with the shame of the affair, shall be handed down to lasting abhorrence as the author of the crime. When we think of the indefinite number of clubs at which condemnation has been already pronounced on his memory, and the infinite number of breakfast tables at which it has been devoted to infamy between the coffee and the griddle-cakes, and then consider the supine indifference of the Buffalo police in the matter, we are really at a loss what to say. But it is clear that the case ought to be taken out of their hands at once, and given over to a national committee hysterically equal to the occasion.

The Observance of Lent

WE certainly do better in our day. The social critic who judges his generation to be decadent in religion is in the sad embrace of error. He is confusing outward manifestation with inward and spiritual grace. He is mistaking outward observance for spiritual achievement. He cannot understand spiritual activity without noise or persecution. He has failed to see below the surface of modern society, and he therefore does not realize that the Christians of to-day are better men and women, men and women of a higher type, than the persecuted Christians of the second century; that they are nobler and nearer to the divine ideal; while he fails to comprehend that the time for symbols and authority long since passed away, to be succeeded by the willing sacrifice and service which have been rendered since the time when the hard old law had at last moulded character to conform to a new spiritual development.

It is the fashion to smile at the modern observance of Lent as if it were non-observance; but, say what we will about the putting on or the putting off of religious or church practice as a fashionable garment, our manner of keep church fasts and feasts, like this fast of Quadragesima, is at least as wholesome as was the manner of our ancestors, and denotes the attainment of a higher range, of a better civilization, and of a more spiritualized Christianity. In the Middle Ages, when religion was used as the stimulant of hatred, observance of a church festival or a church fast held the rank of an essential article of faith. Then, although there were many disputes as to the length of Lent, and as to the manner in which the fast should be kept, all who differed with any one of the many orthodox views of the matter were condemned, in each instance, to an eternity of suffering.

In this matter of keeping Lent, for example, there was a great diversity of practice. Irenæus says that in his day there were great differences of opinion. Some thought that they ought to fast one day before Easter, and some two days, and some had other views. In the early days of Christianity, the custom in Rome was to fast three weeks before Easter, Saturdays and Sundays excepted. In Illyria, Greece, and Alexandria, the fast used to extend over six weeks. Some Christians fasted seven complete weeks, while others, setting aside seven weeks, divided the time for fasting purposes into three periods of five days each. Leo I. insisted on the traditional forty days, the forty days of the wilderness, while Gregory the Great fixed the number at thirty-six. The rule and the practice also differed as to observances, but, speaking generally, the church has always required, or at least desired, that its communicants shall, during this pleasant season, abstain from worldly pleasures, from the combats of the arena, from theatres and the opera, from dancing and other routs; that they shall fast on fast days, not on every day, and not all day then, but until the evening; that they shall attend divine service, and listen to a sermon every day; and that their diligence in almsgiving shall be increased.

Perhaps the modern world does not conform strictly even to the modified rules of the modern church; but let us pause for a moment to consider how wicked in these days would be conformity to the rules of the ancient church, the rules of the church in those bad old days at the birth of Christianity, when the question of the proper time for observing Easter, according to Mr. Lecky, "involved an issue of salvation or damnation." In those days a Christian was a Christian, in the language of our own time, for "what there was in it for him." Why be a Christian at all, it used to be argued, if we are to fail of gaining eternal bliss by reason of a slight mistake as to when Easter should be celebrated? To cite Bede, the first English historian of the church: "Eadmer says there was a sharp controversy about the observing of Easter, and other rules of life for churchmen; therefore, this question deservedly excited the minds and feelings of many people, fearing lest, perhaps, after having received the name of Christians, they should run or had run in vain." In other words, if they were to fail of heaven by a slight mistake as to Eastertide, why take the trouble to be a Christian at all? And we must confess that there is something in this view, and something especially impressive when we consider that a mistake as to date was heterodoxy, and that too in a time when heterodoxy meant not only eternal punishment and suffering in the world to come, but that in this world it meant being beaten to death with clubs, blinded by anointing the eyes with lime, flogged with the prickly branches of palm-trees, and other like experiences.

Yes, we are much better in our day. We do not quarrel about when Easter comes; and while the church has its preferences as to the proper observance of the great Christian fast, it is not rigid, and is certainly not cruel or murderous. The fast, on the whole, is celebrated by a more wholesome social regimen than is the custom of the fashionable world. We speak necessarily of the world of fashion, because it is that world which doubtless, of all the elements of our social state, needs the most improvement. Besides, it is that world of which we think when we ask ourselves is Lent kept in these busy and splendid days? We do not, of course, refer to the criminal and other classes who have no religion, nor to the devout, with whom religion is everything, nor to the intellectual people who are too likely to be indifferent. Those who are in our mind are the people who maintain a connection with fashionable churches, who, in truth, maintain the churches themselves, and who are, therefore, within the pale of the church. Do these people observe Lent?

In very truth they do. It may be that to many of them this observance means very little, but to some of them it is of great spiritual importance. Their slower pace, their partial withdrawal from gayety, the sanity of the forty days apart from the crushing labor of fashionable amusement,—all this must make for the health of the mind and the soul, even if the bettered mind and soul are unconscious of the reason for the refreshing peacefulness of the life which Lent brings to them. Naturally, people who usually do not think of religion at all will not think of it as pertaining to them in Lent or in any other season, but it is well for them as anything can be if they are

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compelled once a year by the church and its fast to think of religion as still existing, and as something of which, some day, they may be glad to take advantage. In their case the benefit of the modern Lent is the gain of the church, which demonstrates its growth in grace by its kindly treatment not only of heretics who deny its ceremonies, but also of its careless and its almost useless children.

To thousands upon thousands who are not fashionable, or worldly, or indifferent, and chiefly to women, Lent is now a refreshing season, graciously uplifting their hearts, elevating their minds, assuaging their griefs, softening or ennobling their lives. It is the ever-recurring presence of a divine reality in the middle of a year given over mostly to greed and pleasure. It is best observed quietly, and so, perhaps, most of us who are too busy to comprehend the subtler and finer activities of life do not often realize that there is a time in every year, apart from Sunday, when religious life is quicker among many of our fellow-beings than it is at other times; but so it is, and the thought of thousands cannot be regularly and persistently elevated to loftier planes without, in some measure, at least now and then, lifting up a careless, occasionally a rebellious, neighbor.

Prof. Delitzsch and the Kaiser

IN justice to the Kaiser it should be understood that his recent incursion into the field of theology was not quite a voluntary outbreak, but was induced by circumstances of much coercive force. Professor Friedrich Delitzsch, whose lecture on the Bible was the immediate cause of the Kaiser's letter, is the most learned of German Assyriologists, as his father, Professor Franz Delitzsch, was before him. Stirred by the remarkable discoveries made by French, English, and American searchers in the ruined mounds of the Tigris and Euphrates region, he issued an appeal about four years ago to the German people, begging them to supply means to German investigators to take part in the excavations and discoveries that were going on. The Germans responded. The German Orient Society was formed, with the Kaiser as an enthusiastic member and its largest subscriber. Thanks largely to the Kaiser's zeal, and to his influence with the Sultan, the German society has had excellent opportunities to search, and it has improved them with the utmost zeal. About a year ago the Kaiser sent Professor Delitzsch himself to the Orient. His recent lecture, delivered about Christmas time, was, in a way, a report of the impressions resulting from his journey. The Kaiser was one of his audience, and having aided the professor very substantially, and countenanced his discourse by his presence, he was tacitly held to some responsibility for the professor's views. A full report of this lecture has been published in the *Sun*. The lecturer told how wonderfully the cuneiform inscriptions found in the ruins of Nineveh, Babylon, and other ancient cities had identified Bible places, and verified Bible history. Assyriology, he said, has restored confidence again to the Old Testament text. But it has also thrown light on the origin of some Bible stories, and corrected others. He told of the discovery of the story of Nebuchadnezzar, written on Babylonian tiles, and of the origin of the tale that he was turned out to grass for seven years. The original documents being discovered, the deviation of the Jewish writer from the original record was disclosed. He found the book of Jonah a moral tale of high interest, but the form in which its truths were conveyed was human and full of the fancy of the Orient. Hardly a greater error of the human mind can be imagined, he said, than to have looked for centuries upon the priceless remnants of old Hebrew writings collected in the Old Testament as a religious canon, a revealed book of religion. When such books as Job, Solomon's Song, and some of the Psalms are explained from a theological and Messianic standpoint, the result, he felt, could only be stupefying. All scientifically educated theologians, he declared, had now given up the idea of verbal inspiration. He went on to discuss at length the story that God wrote the ten commandments with his finger on tables of stone, pointing out what seemed to him the objections to its acceptance as literal history. He spoke handsomely of the Babylonians, their laws, religion, and civilization, and deprecated the scorn in which they were held by the Hebrew prophets. The great Babylonian law-giver, Hammurabi, whose code was dug up in 1901, he held in the highest estimation. The sense of an exclusive right to God's care which permeates the Old Testament, and which left all other nations for thousands of years "without hope," and "without God in the world," he found it difficult to consider as "revealed by the righteous God." But he said we are so hypnotized from childhood, by this dogma of the sole commonwealth of Israel, that we look at the whole history of the ancient world from a wholly distorted angle.

"Personally," he said, finally, "my belief is that the ancient Hebrew writings, even if they lose their character of 'revealed' writings, will always preserve their great importance." But he deprecated blind adherence to antiquated dogmas from the fear that our belief in God, and our real religion may be harmed. Let us remember, he said, that everything earthly is in living motion; that to stand still is equivalent to death. Let us strive humbly towards the goal of truth placed in us by God, "joyfully holding to the task of the further development of religion that has been seen from the high watch-tower by an eagle glance, and proudly heralded to the world."

This last allusion, which ended the lecture, was understood to refer to the Kaiser, and made him appear more conspicuously than ever as the sharer of the learned professor's views. Germany, in consequence, was so much disturbed that on February 15 the Kaiser addressed to Admiral Hollman his letter declining to stand on the platform his friend, the professor, had constructed. He did not accept, he said, the professor's conclusions and hypotheses. He dissented from his suggestion that the Old Testament contains no revelation referring to Christ as the Messiah, and from his more or less qualified denial of revelation. "I distinguish," said the Kaiser, "between two different kinds of revelation, one continuous, and to some extent historical; the other purely religious, a preparation for the later appearance of the Messiah. The first kind was experienced by great sages, such as Hammurabi, Homer, Charlemagne, Luther, Shakespeare, Goethe, Kant, and Kaiser Wilhelm I. The second kind, more strictly religious "is that that leads up to the appearance of our Lord." It is self-evident, the Kaiser thinks, that the Old Testament contains passages that are human history, and not God's revealed words. He sustains the view of Delitzsch that "the act of the giving of the law on Mount Sinai can only symbolically be regarded as inspired by God," but he holds that God prompted Moses, and to that extent revealed himself to the people of Israel. The greatest revelation of God in the world he found to be that which continued from Abraham's time through the centuries "until the Messiah, foretold and announced by prophets and psalmists, at last appeared. "This," he said, "was God's greatest revelation, for He appeared in the Son Himself. Christ is God in human form."

An Incorporated Family

THE scale business being prosperous and leaf-lard in brisk demand, the tribe of Fairbanks thought itself warranted in holding a reunion last August at the Fairbanks homestead in Dedham, Massachusetts. Jonathan Fairbanks was the original American ancestor, and from him are descended 4000 American families. The reunion turned out to be interesting and successful, and one of its results is the recent filing of articles of incorporation of the Fairbanks Family in America, as a society for historical purposes, to hold property, preserve records and objects of family interest, and promote the education of its members in subjects relating to their family history. The society will buy the Dedham homestead, and make that its headquarters, and will doubtless raise as large a fund as is necessary to provide a sufficient annual income to carry on its work. The project seems adapted to furnish a good deal of lawful and innocent entertainment at small cost, and is likely to commend itself to other families that are scattered over the United States.

Prosperous people, as a rule, do not want too much intimate knowledge about their distant relations, but a fair degree of success in the world is almost sure to beget some inquisitiveness about genealogy. If a man does no more than make a million dollars in a stock speculation, or marry the heiress of a miner or a patent-medicine millionaire, he is pretty sure to realize, when he has leisure, that he is a person of more than ordinary force and sagacity, and to wonder how he came by his talent. He usually knows who his grandparents were, and he is quite willing to trace his line back further if it is not too much trouble. If his family has a headquarters somewhere, where its records and relics are preserved, he will be ready to contribute his share towards its maintenance.

Such an organization as this of the Fairbanks family forms a tie, slight but appreciable, between families scattered all over the United States. It makes, in its way, for cohesion, and will do its modest part in welding together the American people. It will give a good many people the sensation of having a family home, and that sensation is valuable, even though it only exists in a very limited degree. The record of most of the older American families is a record of successive migrations, beginning somewhere on the Atlantic seaboard and progressing westward by jumps of from fifty to a thousand miles, in successive generations, leaving some representatives behind at each stopping-place. The result is a scatteration of kindred over an extraordinarily wide surface of country, and the existence of great numbers of families in the old Middle States, the Middle West, the trans-Mississippi States, the Northwest, the Far West, and the Pacific slope, who trace their derivation to New England or New York. These families like to remember where they came from, and many of them need nothing more than a timely suggestion to make them join in such an organization as the Fairbanks families have contrived.

The world will turn round still. Industry is produced by Want, Wealth is produced by Industry, Idleness is produced by Wealth, Poverty is produced by Idleness.—*Landor.*

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Lord Rosebery

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *March 11, 1905.*

IT is one of the commonplaces of public life in England that people who never read speeches read Lord Rosebery's. And the commonplace is a perfectly true one. Two evenings ago there was a debate in the House of Lords on the Venezuelan affair. Lord Lansdowne spoke, the Duke of Devonshire spoke, the Earl of Selborne and Earl Spencer also spoke. Yet the only speech that made the slightest impression on the populace, the only one you even heard mentioned in the club smoking-room, at the dinner table, or on the Twopenny Tube, was Lord Rosebery's. It was not a particularly good speech, though there were flashes in it of which only Lord Rosebery is capable.

People read it because it was Lord Rosebery who delivered it; they talked of it because Lord Rosebery is one of those men, President Roosevelt is another, and the Kaiser is a third, who cannot do or say anything that is not interesting. He has an abundant share of what Americans are accused of prizing altogether too highly in their public men—he has "personal magnetism." If he were to start in at a public meeting to read the Century Dictionary out loud, or the Kaiser's views on the Higher Criticism, or one of Alfred Austin's poems, he would do it in such a way that in five minutes the whole audience would be rapturously cheering. I don't suppose he could write even a dinner invitation as another man would write it, and I know from personal experience that a journalist who applies to him for an item of information that has to be withheld, will find consolation for his refusal in the distinctive comments and asides that accompany it. It is this kind of unexpectedness that makes up the chief charm of his oratory. There are many excellent speakers in England, but Lord Rosebery alone deserves the adjective *refreshing*. From Lord Salisbury one may get, or rather one used to get, the easy, semi-conversational outpourings of a wide experience and a comprehensive, rather cynical, mind; and they were often delightful. But there was always a gulf between Lord Salisbury and the average member of any audience he might be addressing that neither cared to bridge over. His heart so clearly was not in his work, and his relief when the whole affair was over was so evident, that the gray masses did not, and indeed could not, warm to him. He had the pride of intellect, and always seemed to be in a state of inward revolt against the necessity of talking "shop" to the uninstructed. Then there is Mr. Balfour, but Mr. Balfour is altogether a House of Commons orator. He needs a picked audience that will appreciate the most delicate turns and catch the lightest shades to bring out all his powers. Then he is admirable—in his own way, perhaps unexcelled—but on a platform, before a popular audience, he seems to feel himself out of place; he cannot let himself go; the sense of incongruity is strong upon him; the horrible consciousness cannot be got rid of that there is but scant intellectual common ground between himself and those in front of him; and so he fails. This embarrassment does not, at any rate, affect Mr. Chamberlain, who always feels the pulse of his audience, cannot help being clear, and is a past master at scoring the petty points that count for so much with the populace. But Chamberlain is a man who jars and offends about as often as he stimulates. No one ever thought of reading one of his speeches for the mere pleasure of the thing. On another and higher plane of oratory there are the rush and swing and trenchant liveliness of Sir William Harcourt; Mr. Morley's strong and patient reasonings, admirably expressed; and Mr. Asquith's compact lucidity. Yet of all these speakers, with their varying styles and gifts, Lord Rosebery is easily and beyond dispute the national favorite.

The truth seems to be that Lord Rosebery unites in himself all the excellencies of his rivals, and few, if any, of their defects. Being a born *littérateur*, he has all of Lord Salisbury's and Mr. Morley's instinct for words and expressions, and he surpasses them both in the terseness of his phrases. He can be as unambiguous as Mr. Chamberlain, as graceful as Mr. Balfour, and more amusing even than Sir William.

Listening to Lord Rosebery, one feels it would be difficult for him to have a commonplace thought, and impossible for him to express it in a commonplace way. It is an intellectual luxury to follow the sly, incisive turns, the agility and the surprises of the diction. You are never able to foresee how one of Lord Rosebery's sentences will end; you can only be sure it will not end in the humdrum, obvious fashion you expect. And this is not because the speaker is deliberately given to literary pirouetting; it is that the workings of his nimble mind make such ambushes inevitable. He is one of the few speakers who are just as good to read as to listen to. Indeed, the workmanship is often so fine and telling that only by studying it at leisure can one really gauge its worth. At the same time, one misses much by not being actually in the audience. One misses the round and resonant voice which, if it has not the mellowness of John Bright's or the vibrating spell of Gladstone's, is at least an organ of astonishing carrying power and clarity. Above all, one misses the atmosphere that Lord Rosebery diffuses, the sense partly of authority, but chiefly of sympathy, that he creates. He dominates an audience, and yet at the same time gives an impression of essential comradeship. You feel at once, when he gets up to speak, that it will be a pleasure to hear him; his mere presence somehow conquers; and the completeness of his democratic spirit, the many cordial links that seem immediately to bind him with the audience, put the last touch on the victory. Pascal gave the secret of his and every other orator's success. You expected to hear a mere speech; you are astonished and delighted to find yourself listening to a man.

And then there is the wonderful record of the man to serve as a further bait. What is there that he has not done? He seems to have touched life at all possible points. He has held the two greatest of English offices—he has been both Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary. He was the first chairman of the London County Council. He has written brilliant books. He has won the Derby; he ended the great coal strike; he captures prizes by the dozen in all the leading agricultural shows; he is a conspicuous, welcomed, dazzling figure in society; and there is hardly a subject, from street advertisements up to imperial politics, on which he has not spoken. Windsor knows him no better than Whitechapel, and Whitechapel no better than Windsor—in both he is equally at home, equally popular, and equally puzzling. Queen Victoria declared him a heaven-born Foreign Minister; Bismarck was open in his admiration for a man with a will equal to his own. He is apparently supreme in everything he cares to do or to attempt. Praise, honors, splendid triumphs, have come to him almost, one might think, without his making an effort to meet them. Besides this, he is a lord, and a wealthy one, with three or four large estates in England and Scotland, each a centre of brilliant hospitality. Small wonder Englishmen flock to listen to him or prize him as the most gorgeous and fascinating nobleman of the day, a reincarnation, it would seem, of those glittering beings who sauntered so carelessly and so magnificently across the stage of eighteenth-century politics. And then apart from his personality and his achievements and his superb gift of eloquence, he has this extra attraction that people can hear from him what they can hear from no one else. There is never anything querulous or petty about Lord Rosebery. It is astonishing to reflect that in all his speeches he has never once given away to that passion for small faultfinding which is the bane of Mr. Chamberlain's harangues. He never distorts the truth of things to serve a merely partisan end; he is not eternally preoccupied with praising this faction and running down that, with attacking an opponent and defending himself. He has won his title of "Public Orator" as much through his knack of giving expression to the midway convictions that are too sensible to be the property of either party, as through the inimitable style in which he is able to present them.

Is this a merit or a defect? Is there any firm and lasting place under the party system for a man of Lord Rosebery's dispassionateness, for a man whose intellectual honesty recoils from the extremes that a party demands? Are not politics for the one-ideaed men, or at least for the men with one idea at a time, like John Bright and McKinley? The great trouble with Lord Rosebery is that he cannot be a thoroughgoing partisan. He sees both sides too clearly; all his mental instincts are at war with fanaticism, exaggeration, bias of whatever kind. Of course there are moments when a man with these instincts is of the utmost service to a nation. Many such moments occurred during the Fashoda crisis and the first few months of the Boer war, and Lord Rosebery turned them to memorable use. He alone seemed able to seize on the secret wishes of the nation, to lift himself free from party prejudice, and speak for the people as a whole. It was a real public service that he rendered then, just as effective and needed in its way as Lord Roberts's victories. But can a position such as this be held permanently? Lord Rosebery seems to think it can. He looks forward, apparently, to playing the part of an intermediary between the two parties, of a man concerned only with the national views of the matter, and so voicing the opinions of the bulk of his countrymen. To an outsider that looks too much like giving up to mankind what was meant for one's party.

After all, there never has been, and there is never likely to be, a great political leader who was not on occasion a ferocious partisan; and until Lord Rosebery is able to simplify himself, and nail his colors to some inspiring prejudice, instead of perpetually talking common sense, he must always be in conflict with the root principles of the party system. Moreover, he has another failing—he lacks imperiousness, the last touch of nerve and insistence. He can only lead when others are ready and even anxious to follow; he cannot coerce a mutinous or discontented group into accepting his *ipse dixit*. His training and temperament have made him a statesman, but not a politician. To be a successful party leader one should be both; at any rate, one has to be the latter. That is why so many Englishmen meet any question as to Lord Rosebery's future with a shrug of the shoulders.

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Correspondence

THE SALARY OF THE PRESIDENT.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your late issues of HARPER'S WEEKLY you have on several occasions expressed your opinion that the salary of the President of the United States should be raised. In your several articles you have practically said nothing more than express an opinion. I hope in the future you will give us some facts in detail from which we can form an opinion.

It is true you have attempted to support your opinion; but you certainly will not contend that the facts and reasons you have given warrant your conclusions. You say, in the first place, that our President should receive a larger salary because his salary is small when compared "with the sums paid in much poorer countries for minor services."

You mention the fact that the Governor-General of Canada, a mere figure-head gets $50,000; and that President Loubet, a mere dummy, gets $250,000. From these facts you argue that we should pay our President more. I need only state the facts and the conclusion, and let any one judge whether your conclusion follows. To say that, since other countries are so foolish as to pay figure-heads large salaries, we should pay our President a larger salary, is certainly not the kind of logic that appeals to the average American. Secondly, you say, $50,000 is "unreasonably *small* when compared with the dignity and importance of the office." To measure "dignity and importance" in terms of money is adopting a standard which no high-minded person can conscientiously accept. We certainly hope no man will ever be President because he feels he is getting his money's worth.

The greatest people do not work for pay. They work because they love to work, —to do their duty. It is such people we need; and let us not make the office of President an example of that which we do not approve.

What considerations, then, should determine the salary of the President? Let him be so placed that he may serve the nation, and represent the kind of citizen we are proud of. The Americans rely on the intelligent middle class. It expects little from the aristocracy with its sumptuous living, nor from the extreme poor with its injurious habits. Let our President, then, represent the middle class. Let his state dinners be such that all who eat them become stronger in body and mind. Let everything be so arranged that he may better serve the people. To decide this we must know the facts in detail. We should know the expenditures he makes, and for what the money is expended. From these facts we should preserve those that help along the good; we should destroy those that tend to the bad. It is these *facts* we ask for. And will HARPER'S WEEKLY kindly supply these for its readers; or tell us where we can find them?

I, am sir,

S.

"LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER."

LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY, *March 13, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I suppose the majority of casual novel-readers skip through a story quickly; get an hour or two's pleasure or emotional satisfaction out of it; sum up their impressions of it in some such word or words as "delightful," "charming," "most interesting," "dull," "stupid," "wretched stuff"; and then forget it. I confess that this has often been my own unintelligent way of reading; and it was in this spirit that I began to read Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest book, *Lady Rose's Daughter*. But the narrative took such possession of me that when I had finished it, I could not put it aside and forget it. I turned the leaves over again and again, seeking to analyze the power in the book and discover the secret of its effect on my mind. I wonder whether you and your readers would be interested in these amateur efforts at criticism. Here are the notes I made:

To me, Mrs. Humphry Ward is one of the greatest of living authors and in the vanguard of women writers of all time. I thought I had forgotten other books of hers which I read when I was too young to appreciate them. But I find I still have a vivid impression of the power and greatness of *Robert Elsmere* and *The History of David Grieve*. Looking back at these and at the book before me, I am struck by the following qualities in the novelist: her wide range of sympathy and understanding; her ability to deal with any *milieu*, high or low; the richness of her mind; her profound knowledge of life and the human soul; her extraordinary culture and urbanity; her rare combination of great intellect, great heart, and great constructive imagination; her unerring artistry; her steadfast sincerity; her dramatic force, precision, and intensity (the drama always seems to come directly and inevitably out of the circumstances); her faculty for character delineation; her subtlety without obscurity; her frankness, integrity, courage, and ability to handle delicate situations; her firm, strong, supple style; and, in general, her masculine power and feminine sensibility. What could be more subtle than her way of showing how Julie Le Breton's delinquencies were the outcome of her circumstances, how the false conditions of her life exacted false little actions in defence—"the doublings and ruses of the persecuted"? And what more satisfying than the manner of the fulfilment of the hope that "poor Rose's tragedy would at last work itself out for good"? In the author's words, "How strange, romantic, and providential!" I think I understand something of the secret of the fascination of one book, at any rate.

I am, sir,

A. R.

READING FOR CHILDREN.

MT. VERNON, INDIANA, *February 14, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In regard to the reading of fairy tales by children, will say the mind grows by what it feeds upon. Take a bright imaginative child, feed it up on fairy lore, and you produce an abnormal condition of the brain. Give the child plain history, practical facts, geographical studies, the multiplication table, and you safeguard the young mind, and open to it possibilities of usefulness.

Many children of the present generation have drifted into useless lives from the reading of impossible stories. Thirty years of my life I have been associated with school and library work. The children who devote their early years to useful studies are the men and women who are filling useful and honored places in life, while those who read fairy tales are still expecting the impossible. The Good Book says, as the twig is bent the tree is inclined.

I am, sir,

MRS. M. ALEXANDER.

THE TRUTH ABOUT ART.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART,
NEW YORK, *February 8, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—At last something has been said about art that is worth while. No greater favor could be bestowed on the American public than this article, in HARPER'S MONTHLY for February, by Jean Léon Gérôme.

The two great words, Truth and Work, are sadly needed in the life of the New York artists to-day, who have followed too much the devices of the labor organizer, and have banded themselves together to escape both truth and work. Few have withstood this unfortunate present tendency, but the few who have are the great sons of art in America.

Many painters and sculptors are considered great when they are only clever copyists, who with considerable ability appropriate the ideas of other to their own advantage, not caring to make the vigorous personal effort to see truth and to work honestly.

The art critic is very often a man who has failed in being recognized as a literary man, so he enters the new effort with clouded mind, determined to make himself felt, because it is so easy to write in a sarcastic vein about a picture or work of sculpture when one really knows very little about either.

The editors of magazines and great dailies are men of rare intellectual ability, but short on knowledge or appreciation of good art,—too often their measure of an art critic is whether he can amuse the public. The idea of instructing or calling attention to good works of art has not yet reached the editorial rooms.

The public who are willing to learn about art are fed, in the newspapers and sometimes in the magazines, by opinions, not knowledge, of this important branch of human effort. The fault-finding critic rarely points out beautiful, well conceived, well executed works of art, but calls attention to trivial faults, and indulges in useless comments.

Much of the wealth of this country is diverted from art because of the constant foes' attitude of the modern art critic and his tool, the press, who degrade art in the eyes of the public. If some one with a mind like Pericles would show the robber politician how he could redeem himself somewhat by spending a part of the public funds for great art and encourage individual men of genius, it would not be long before American art would take on its true color.

No one who has not devoted his life to American art can conceive in the slightest degree the almost eternal discouragement set up by the newspaper art critic of to-day, who, in a most thoughtless manner, assails without due consideration the sacred work of men of genius. Without any creative ability himself, with little or no knowledge of art, he proceeds to demolish at one stroke the work of the artist, who may have spent years in training to produce art that finally becomes recognized by the public, held back too often by the ignorance of men who write.

The American artist is a great artist. All he needs is continual encouragement and public belief in him, and to be let alone to do his work unhindered by art-reform organizations and the meddlesome art critic. Even he cannot prevent the strong vigorous march of our great men of genius: for art is greater than men—it is the life of man.

I am, sir,

F. EDWIN ELWELL.

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The Canterbury Club Tales

By James MacArthur

THE Canterbury Club owed its existence to a revolt on the part of certain members of the Fortnightly Jaunts. It was all very well, they said, to study Chaucer and Shakespeare and Homer and Dante, but how were they ever going to understand their own times or follow the trend of thought to-day if they neglected the books of the hour?

"It's like burrowing among the fossils and fungi in the heart of an ancient wood," said the Sentimentalist—who had a weakness for pretty similes—"while the sunlight beckons just beyond where the meadows are sweet and bright with Nature's fresh gift of flowers."

"For my part," quoth the Humorist, "I vow never to read another book that is more than a year old."

The Scholar smiled a wise smile, the Matron frowned, the Cantankerous Critic growled, and cries of indignant protest arose from several members. But the alluring metaphor of the Sentimentalist had done its work. She was a sweet girl graduate, fond of talking of the joy of life, the light that never was on sea or land, and of quoting poetry and Stevenson. It was she who suggested the name of the new club as a concession to the old one—they were then deep in Chaucer. It caught the fancy of the Humorist. "Agreed," said he, "and we shall call our studies the Canterbury Club Tales."

It was also agreed that they should meet once a fortnight, like the Jaunts, and a list of the latest books was drawn up for consideration at their first meeting, as follows:

The Star Dreamer. By Alice and Egerton Castle (Stokes).

The Circle. By Katherine Cecil Thurston (Dodd, Mead).

Calvert of Strathore. By Carter Goodloe (Scribner).

The Turquoise Cup. By Arthur Cosslett Smith (Scribner).

The Light Behind. By Mrs. Wilfred Ward (John Lane).

In the Garden of Charity. By Basil King (Harper).

Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward (Harper).

Veronica. By Martha W. Austin (Doubleday, Page).

Youth. By Joseph Conrad (McClure, Phillips).

Lees and Leaven. By E. W. Townsend (McClure, Phillips).

The eventful night arrived, and the Sentimentalist was called upon to lead the discussion with

"The Star Dreamer"

"It is some years now," began the Sentimentalist, "since Alice and Egerton Castle, wedded in genius as in their lives, made us their debtors by that spirited romance, *The Pride of Jennico.* Since then they have added to our indebtedness by some half-dozen books of thrilling adventure and romantic interest. *The Pride of Jennico* found its way inevitably to the stage, and, if rumor be true, *The Bath Comedy* will soon follow with a celebrated actress as the stellar attraction. The title of the new book is characteristic—*The Star Dreamer.* Like the lightkeeper in *The Light of Scarthey,* these modern romancers may be called 'Dreamers of Beautiful Things.' *The Star Dreamer* is a tale of well-nigh a century ago, when George III. lay dying; a strange tale of star-gazing and alchemy, of sinister schemes and evil plotting; and in the midst of it all, there stands the Garden of Herbs with its ancient gateway, locked against all comers except Love and its haunting secrets. Into the dark shadows of Bindon and the ghostly fancies of its young master, Sir David, enters Mistress Ellinor Marvel, daughter of Simon Rickart, simpler and alchemist, who, in his underground chamber, lives as silent and solitary as the star dreamer in the tower. 'Do you not see,' cries Ellinor to Sir David, as they explore the dim old house, 'that all shadows give way before my hand?' And the passage of Ellinor—Euphrosine, as David learned to call her, meaning 'Star-of-Comfort'—through these pages is like unto her passing along the shrouded corridors and long desolate rooms of Bindon. Everywhere light and freshness break through the darkness and oppression; mirth and music, and love at last, breathe new life and brilliance into the faded splendor and silent, weighted atmosphere. 'Ghosts!' repeats Ellinor, answering the disordered fancies of David's troubled mind, 'the ghosts of Bindon are rust and dust and emptiness and silence and neglect. God's light, dear cousin, and the wood airs, the birds' songs, soap and water, stout hearts and true, and good company—give me but these, and I'll warrant you I'll lay your ghosts.' But it was not only the House of Bindon that had to be cleared of ghosts—that was an easy task as compared with the ghosts in David's House of Life which it was Ellinor's long and sorrowful task to exorcise. At last the hour struck when her lord and lover emerged from the blackness, and she was able to say: 'The dream-life is over, David. We stand upon the threshold of the golden chamber. Shall we not enter?'"

The Sentimentalist seemed pleased with herself; not so the Cantankerous Critic. "Humph!" he growled, as she finished. "I am bound to say that *The Star Dreamer* inspired in me no such feelings. That our young friend is sincere in her enthusiasm I do not doubt; the secret of it is to be found, I suppose, in that freshness and simplicity of mind and sentiment characteristic of her ebullient youth. She is unconscious of any trick, any charlatanry of letters on the part of these authors. In point of fact, the story is unreal and hysterical, a thing of sentimental shreds and patches. What respect could a lover of letters have for the writer of such a sentence as this, for instance: 'Upon her moonless brow this autumnal night wore a coronal of stars that might have shamed her later glories'! And this is a fair sample of the whole fabric. As for the gruesome ingredients that make up the story—I could almost believe I was back in the days of *The Mysteries of Udolpho.*"

"In defence of my cloth, you will permit me to say," exclaimed the Young Clergyman, somewhat hotly, "that it is always in questionable taste, to say the least, to make a minister of the gospel a butt of ridicule and to cast discredit on his mission, unless by so doing it is intended to stigmatize evil characteristics unworthy of his calling. The purpose of the authors of *The Star Dreamer* in putting forward Parson Tutterville and his canting wife seems to have been a humorous one, but it only succeeds in becoming offensive. No person, however crazy and eccentric—and the parson's wife was neither—would be capable in all seriousness of making such a gross travesty of scriptural quotations as 'All flesh is hay,' or 'Him whom He loveth, He blasteth.'"

"For my part," said the Scholar, "a book like *The Star Dreamer* causes me to wonder at the folly that creates a demand for such literature. Literature, did I say? There is no semblance of literature in it."

"You forget the poetical quotations," quoth the Humorist. "They adorn every page almost."

"Oh, I don't know," mildly protested the Merchant. "*The Star Dreamer* may be moonshine and mel'drama, but it helps to lighten a humdrum existence—"

"Makes it harder to bear, you mean," interrupted the Matron, severely. "Especially when a riotous sentimentalism is made to take the place of pure love, and girls are told that 'the real lover is a genius,' and in italics, too! None of my daughters shall read it."

The Humorist smiled tolerantly. "Suppose we go on to the next book," quoth he.

"The Circle"

"*The Circle,* as a story," resumed the Sentimentalist, "has the distinctive novelty of being unlike any novel I have ever read. And yet its interest is not confined to the working out of its plot: it has, at least, two characters of striking personality: Anna Solny, the little witchlike daughter of an exiled Russian Jew living in a London slum, who becomes a great actress; and Mrs. Maxtead, who has a 'capacity for exploiting clever people, while never claiming cleverness for herself.' Mrs. Maxtead recognizes Anna's great gift, and persuades the girl, through fear of exposing a poor hunted Austrian who has taken shelter in her father's house, to turn her back on her home and give herself up to Mrs. Maxtead's plans for her education and training for the stage, from which the clever woman looks to reap a rich reward ultimately. Anna becomes famous. She returns to England, and retires to a sheltered spot on the Cornish coast with Mrs. Maxtead for a brief rest before making her début in London. Here she meets Maurice Strode, and a whim seizes her to keep him in ignorance of her identity. They become betrothed, and she is on the point of revealing her secret, when her lover relates to her with withering scorn and contempt the story of Anna Solny's desertion of her father and the friend who loved her, as he had heard it by chance. She goes away without telling him. He recognizes her a few weeks later on a London stage; she disappears, but eventually he tracks her to her old home. The circle is complete, but love guides Anna to a new trial of life."

"Anna Solny, in my opinion," curtly rejoined the Cantankerous Critic, "is an impossible character. In fact, she corresponds with the book itself, which is artifice, not art, but very clever artifice. Mrs. Maxtead is more natural; she is a clever satire on the woman who soars on others' wings. Much has been made of the author's sage remark: 'In youth we dream that life is a straight line; later we know it to be a circle in which the present presses on the future, the future on the past.' Very prettily put, and somehow there's a bit of truth awry in it. But *The Circle* is, as the result of such a proposition, an arbitrary circle. The book left me cold, chiefly, I think, because the heroine is unconvincing."

"Now, I think she was just splendid," said the Matron. "And Mrs. Maxtead was a heartless, worldly woman, and it was all her fault that trouble came to Anna. The only good thing she did was to introduce Anna to

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Maurice Strode, a fine example of the stolid, English gentleman, who is a man of feeling when his heart is moved. All I have to say to the Cantankerous Critic is that if he doesn't like *The Circle*, I'm sorry for him. It was quite exciting at times, and one did feel so sorry for the poor Austrian Johann, who loved Anna with doglike devotion, coward though he was. I shall certainly tell my daughters to read the book."

"In the Garden of Charity"

"I didn't care much for *The Circle*," said the Merchant. "I found the heroine rather trying. I suppose the book is clever, and I'm a fool not to see it, but it didn't take hold of me. Now *In the Garden of Charity* affected me so that I forgot it was only a novel, and I felt as badly for those two women as if they had been my own kin. I think it will always make me more tender toward women. One sees how much they suffer in their blundering devotion and misplaced affection."

The Sentimentalist gave him a look of gratitude, and the Matron blinked.

"The Merchant is right," said the Young Clergyman. "*In the Garden of Charity* is a book that teaches a grave and necessary lesson without obtruding it as a message. To me it is a matter of gratification that fiction should be used to such noble ends. Charity is a word that is often on our lips, but seldom in our hearts. We do not begin to realize the depth of its meaning, the beauty of its virtue, until a story such as this presses home the reality and beauty of its truth. The experience revealed in this book is as real as if it had actually happened; it has happened, it is always happening, had we but eyes to see and ears to hear. I should like to commend the touching conclusion of this most human story to the Matron; she will appreciate it, I am sure. Charity was the wife of William Pennland years before he deceived Hagar Levanti into marriage with him. The man dies. The two women come together, and for some time Charity shelters Hagar until her baby is born. As the baby grows Hagar becomes jealous, and steals away. Charity overtakes her, and completes her conquest of Hagar by an exchange of wedding rings. 'In the kingdom of Heaven,' said Charity, 'there's no more marriage, nor giving in marriage; but we'll all be—you and me and William and the baby, and all of us—we'll all be as the angels of God.' 'Take the baby,' Hagar whispered. 'No,' said Charity. 'You take him. We'll carry him home together.'"

The Matron furtively wiped away a tear.

"It is one of those books," remarked the Scholar, after a pause, "like *Silas Marner*, which make a direct appeal to mind and heart by their very simplicity and elemental humanity—books which we read again and again when the mood they command returns."

"That is so true," exclaimed the Sentimentalist; "for although the scene of action is confined to a remote spot on the Nova Scotia coast, and the characters are few and far removed from civilization, yet the book makes a lasting impression, and clings to one's memory like an actual experience. Every page is warm with feeling that stirs the heart, and calls forth the deepest sympathy. The two women, Charity and Hagar—symbolic names!—deceived by the same weak, fickle man—how they appeal to the old fundamental instincts of human nature! Yet how opposite each is by nature and character. One pities Hagar, but Charity calls for love and admiration. It is all so human and true; yet so finely wrought and finished by the unerring artistry of a cunning craftsman. *In the Garden of Charity* is a book that will live."

"The Sentimentalist comes nearer the truth when she praises *In the Garden of Charity*," conceded the Cantankerous Critic. "It deserves her commendation. It is not a second *Silas Marner*, but if it does not live, as she says it will, I see no reason why it should die. I grant that it has that something in it which keeps a book alive in the recollection of successive minds. But what has she to say to *Veronica*, I wonder?"

"Veronica"

"I found the story of *Veronica* a little slow," replied the Sentimentalist, "but what it lacks in action it possesses in feeling. There is the feeling for nature in the beautiful land of Louisiana, and also the feeling for beauty. It is the sad story of a girl whose passion for perfect beauty and love brings disillusion and trailing banners in its wake when she finds her lover wanting. She is an idealist who is brought to earth, broken-winged. The solitude of her heart as it is laid bare in these pages will find an echo in many a woman's empty life. The process is almost too intimate and delicate; it hurts with the pain of a personal revelation. But in the end 'some spirit of nameless beauty and sadness and fine unfading truth' descended upon her, and her heart became strangely still with a new-found peace.'"

"I have no patience with Veronica," broke in the Matron, hastily. "She was a spoiled darling, and little wonder that Haven grew tired of her airs and high-falutin fancies about the 'passion of beauty.' Veronica, we read, 'was secretly pained that Haven should not distinguish between the semblance and the spirit, that he should not realize that at heart her own life was deeply and truly religious; that it should be the artistic and not the spiritual side which appealed to him.' Haven was too busy doing an honest man's work in the world to split hairs over the artistic and the spiritual, or to douche his common sense in the vapors of a girl's idle dreams of ideals and the perfect man. It's the old story of Sense and Sensibility. Anna Solny was a far different type of girl. She did things, while Veronica sat with folded hands and dreamt them."

The Cantankerous Critic smiled grimly. "The Matron is quite right," said he. "*Veronica* is not only slow, as the Sentimentalist admits, but footless. It gets nowhere, accomplishes nothing except to expose a sentimental feminine egotist. And the style—well, it has none. 'Bayou, that is what you call them down here, isn't it?' remarks Haven to Veronica. 'It's such a nice word, *by-you*.' 'How silly you can be,' she said. I echo the sentiment."

"Lady Rose's Daughter"

"When I come to speak of *Lady Rose's Daughter*," resumed the Sentimentalist, consulting her notes, "words seem to fail me with which to express the joy, the delight, the deep satisfaction it has imparted. There is a quality in its thought and style which at once uplifts the mind, and raises appreciation to an unwonted intellectual level. This is what, I suppose, the Scholar would call Distinction. It is like getting away from the books one has been reading as they fly from the press, and taking shelter for a while with, say, *Middlemarch* or *Daniel Deronda*. Yet, even *Lady Rose's Daughter*, despite its intellectual elevation, is less weighted with ponderous thought than these later novels of George Eliot. And Julie Le Breton — what woman is there who does not feel she is alive! Every heart-beat of emotion, every throb of moral conflict, every thrill of fear, of courage, of hesitation, of daring, must find a quick response in the breast of the woman who has lived and dreamed and hoped and loved. All that Julie was, other women are, if not actually, then potentially. It is not the experience that counts, but the temper of the soul behind the experience. Julie might stand alone, isolated, so far as externals go, or as her career is concerned, from all other women; but in heart and soul she touches universal womankind. It has been said that women will condemn her, men condone her. It is not so. Men will admire and condone, perhaps, even when moved to criticism; but women will understand—and love her."

"Mrs. Ward, I admit, has taken my breath away," observed the Cantankerous Critic. "Truth to tell, I have never had any great liking for that lady's fiction, though I have admired her earnestness of purpose, for the reason that I deprecate the special pleader in fiction. I opine that the propaganda of theology or social amelioration has as much right in the novel as preaching has on the stage, or acting in the pulpit — a by no means rare exploit. The novel is for pure uses of the imagination, and this is what Mrs. Ward has acknowledged at last in *Lady Rose's Daughter*. We have been impatient with her, but this was worth waiting for. It is a great novel, and by that I mean that it has nothing in common with the ragtag and bobtail of ephemeral fiction of which some of you seem so fond; it belongs to the aristocracy of letters: Julie Le Breton is one of the great ladies—that is why we all bow down to her. It is very simple, this accounting for the unanimous homage paid to her. A great lady commands the earth. I have a sneaking regard for Captain Warkworth. That may surprise you, but he wasn't such a bad fellow, come to think of it. He was meant to be a smiling, sentimental villain; Mrs. Ward tried to make everybody tell you so, but she herself, dear lady, was by temperament incapable of creating the part. I am not quite certain that Julie didn't fall when she tripped over the line, but Mrs. Ward took care she shouldn't."

"I must confess," said the Matron, "that my confidence in Mrs. Ward was shaken for a moment when I reached that point in *Lady Rose's Daughter* (I read it in the Magazine first) where Julie made an appointment with Captain Warkworth, and was on the eve of yielding to temptation. I told my daughters they were not to read the next instalment until I myself had first examined it."

"I'll bet they read it, just the same," murmured the Humorist.

"But I need have had no fear; Mrs. Ward knows what is due to a self-respecting family. Julie is a dear, lovable girl, but there were times when I'd like to have shaken her. I think she tried Lady Henry sorely, and I simply don't understand how she could ever tolerate that scamp Warkworth. But she suffered for her heroworship, poor thing! and I'd like to believe that Jacob Delafield made it up to her after they were married; but I'm not so sure that she was always happy. Julie had a strong maternal instinct in her nature, and her deepest joy in life would come from the mother-love. Her hope for happiness, I should say, lay in her having a large family of sons and daughters."

"I don't know what you call a great novel," blurted the Merchant, "or great literature and all that sort of thing—I leave that to the Cantankerous Critic—but I tell you *Lady Rose's Daughter* is the greatest story I have read since in my young days we were all reading George Eliot's novels. Julie is a brick of a woman, and no mistake. She's the right sort. Even if she had gone off to that little French place with Warkworth, I could find it in my heart to forgive her, notwithstand-

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ing our dear Matron's fear of impropriety. I don't know much about these things, but it seems to me that Julie wouldn't be the woman she is to all of us if Mrs. Ward hadn't shown us that she was capable of supreme sacrifice and surrender as well as of superb self-control and self-mastery. You may talk about woman being the weaker vessel, but a woman like Julie shows that her very strength lies in her weakness, and that it is the woman who has to fight and struggle, and that the issues of right or wrong are in her hands. I suppose I am getting a bit serious about this, but I tell you, when a book takes hold of a well-seasoned old fellow as if it were a living thing, there must be something big and strong and noble in it."

"If it is the function of the critic to separate the letter from the spirit," observed the Young Clergyman, with fine unction, "it is the function of the moral and spiritual guide to try the spirits, whether they be good or evil."

The Humorist took a sip from his long glass, and winked slyly at the C. C.

"Our good friend, the Merchant," continued the Young Clergyman, "need not be ashamed of his seriousness. His sentiments do him honor. No one could come under the noble elevation of Mrs. Ward's thought without being impressed with that high-minded seriousness which is characteristic of one of the most sincere and thoughtful writers of our day and generation. The influence of Mrs. Ward's work is incalculable for good; there is always a lofty purpose, a high ideal, a spiritual ecstasy in her view of life. That influence is not less, but greater, because she has preached less, so to speak, in *Lady Rose's Daughter*. She has been content to set her characters in motion without commentary or reflection upon their acts; and by their conduct of life we learn life also, its temptations, its struggles, its purposes, its true aims and aspirations. In *Lady Rose's Daughter* there is no question of creed, no problem of social amelioration, no specialization of mission or purpose; it is a drama of the individual, a life history of a woman's soul, a book of life."

"The Light Behind"

"Why is it," inquired the Cantankerous Critic at this point, "that English novelists always repair to Italy with their heroes and heroines, when they want to play to soft music and low lights? *The Light Behind*, by Mrs. Wilfred Ward — another Ward, I see — carries us to Italy, as does *Lady Rose's Daughter*, to help unravel the tangled lives. And in both cases the problem as it would face us in life is dodged; death is made to cut the knot. Henry Daere loses Lady Cheriton, the woman nature chose for him, and marries the wrong one for sentimental reasons. We know what happened to Julie. Who will dare to say that Jacob Delafield was the right man? *The Light Behind* is a good novel of the English sort; it has finish and style and firmness of thought and feeling. It reflects a section of English Roman Catholic life and culture which exists in and about London to-day, but it belongs to the same school of fiction as *John Inglesant*, and I have little patience with the cult."

"Nevertheless," rejoined the Scholar, "as a critic you must acknowledge that *The Light Behind* has an intellectual ease and charm which one seldom meets with in an American novel of manners. The conversations are so natural, yet distinguished, so lightly handled with a familiar touch-and-go, yet pregnant with the utterance of deep thought and conviction. It rests on a high level of aspiration and worthy idealism; the consciousness of power to uplift and regenerate resides in the mind that impels and projects its imaginary characters and conditions of life and thought. The strong, rugged figure of Biddulph suggests, I may say, the late Mr. R. H. Hutton of the London *Spectator*. The description fits him: 'The unwieldly, bulky form, in untidy, ink-stained clothes, and collar of uncertain form, shaggy beard and rough hair, with dim eyes almost lost under heavy brows.' And those who knew his personality will recognize the truth of this revealing picture:"

The Scholar opened the book at page 274, and read: "'Mr. Biddulph hurried down to the Stanleys at Folkestone, and gave up his holiday in their service. He had his reward in his admiration for the dying man, in whom he divined a sanctity and a spirituality that others might not have seen. It was not patience, but joy, that shone from the ordinary features and dull eyes of the suffering old man of business. And as Mr. Biddulph sat by the bedside, with an awkward tenderness in his dim eyes, peering at the bottles, and the fan, and the fruit with which he was unequal to dealing, he felt that strange glow of triumph which is infectious in the near neighborhood of martyrs. Pursuing his dim and perilous way amid the unbeliefs, and the foolish beliefs of his day, and of his society, Biddulph had passed on undaunted; but simplicity of faith had not been possible to him. His feet were on a rock of confidence in God, and his mind was infinitely reverent and patient of apparent mystery. But he had known few moments of such soul sunshine as these.'"

Closing the book, the Scholar continued: "There you get a spiritual glimpse, as it were, of the able editor and critic who wrote *Aspects of Religious and Scientific Thought* and *Contemporary Thought and Thinkers*. For this one portrait alone *The Light Behind* would be a precious book to me."

"Calvert of Strathore"

There was silence when the speaker concluded, like one who had struck out on a lonely path where none else walked. As if seeking to regain his companions, he reached out his hand for another book, and went on in his shy manner.

"I am delighted to find in the list of books that have come under our consideration even so many that possess more than passing charm and power. Now here is one — *Calvert of Strathore*, it is called — a story of the American legation in Paris when Thomas Jefferson was our ambassador at the French court, and the names of many famous personages occur as well as several of these memorable persons themselves. The book is written with fine restraint and scholarship, and a sensitive appreciation of the gay life and momentous issues of that fateful hour in France's history. The aftermath of the American Revolution reverberates in the revolt of Paris with an historic value and sense of proportion that give distinctive power to the work as history as well as fiction. One is thankful for the natural march of events through which the story is construed without recourse to cheap bombast and sensational episodes."

The Cantankerous Critic nodded approval. "No doubt of it," said he, "*Calvert of Strathore* is an excellent piece of literary workmanship. The book interested me because of the period—the France of 1789—and the portrait of Mr. Jefferson which it presents. It is not a novel properly, but what might be called an historical biograph. I say I enjoyed it; the workmanship is fine and true, amazingly so for a first book—I have not encountered Mr. Goodloe's name before—but I wish there was some way of distinguishing a work of this sort from fiction proper, which it is not. I don't like being taken in, even when compelled to rejoice in the result."

"I am afraid I found *Calvert of Strathore* rather dry and uneventful," remarked the Sentimentalist, apologetically, "and *The Light Behind* seemed a bit tiresome. There was no love story to speak of in either book."

The Matron regarded the Sentimentalist with a severe eye as she replied in a tone of reprimand.

"*The Light Behind* and *Calvert of Strathore* were difficult reading, I admit, but I felt it my duty to acquaint myself with the state of society they depicted. What I say is that if one must read history one may as well get a knowledge of it in the pleasantest form, and a novel like *Calvert of Strathore* does make you feel so well informed after you have read it. And after reading *The Light Behind* I feel as if I had mingled in the best London society, and hobnobbed with prime ministers, and been behind the scenes of high life in ecclesiastical and political circles. I owe the author of *Calvert of Strathore* a grudge for one rash statement: 'It is so with all women,' he says; 'they hate to be put in the wrong, even when the doing so means protection to themselves.'"

"The Matron must concede, however," observed the Merchant, rubbing his hands complacently, "that the author proved his point. I liked it, and Madame de St. André certainly deserved it for the way she treated her cavalier. It was the frontispiece showing this same gallant young American's rescue of the fair lady from the dastardly attack of a French *roué* that caught my fancy and led me to read the book. I tell you, a good, strong, picturesque cover and a dashing frontispiece are the best bait for a tired man when he picks up a book to read of an evening. The story in *Calvert of Strathore* is all right, and I was pleased to follow the fine figure of our eminent statesman, Thomas Jefferson, in its pages. It is like meeting an old friend, this rubbing shoulders with a real personage."

"Lees and Leaven"

"By the way, I see that Mr. Edward W. Townsend," the Cantankerous Critic cut in, "not content with his failure to realize New York life in *Days Like These*, has made another futile attempt in *Lees and Leaven*. He hasn't done it, because it won't be done for a hundred years yet. The life of New York city is far too heterogeneous to cohere in a novel; it is a jumbled mosaic of many patterns, and no man living can make a clear design out of it. But Mr. Townsend is always vivid in touch when he describes some familiar bit of metropolitan life, or sketches in with a touch of caricature the side-tracked characters of the great city, such as the "sea-food man." He isn't a novelist, as he probably knows, but he can tell a good fairy-tale which is calculated to make the shop girl cease from troubling, and to give the typewriter a rest — for the time being."

"Well," responded the Merchant, "I liked Mr. Townsend's *Lees and Leaven*. I was interested in the machinations of the land grab for mining purposes, and rejoiced when that old skinflint, Bunton, got his deserts. I was sorry for his wife, though; she was a decent sort, and deserved a better husband and daughter. Mr. Townsend has a way of making you see things in New York that you have missed, although you have been familiar with them for years. I don't know whether it's a fairy-tale or a novel, but I do know that much of it is true, and you can't get away from it. The story of the lost deed and the runaway marriage and the mismated lovers finally matched in fine style may be more in the

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Sentimentalist's line, but there are things more peculiar to New York concerning the various ways of getting a living that will interest those who know the life, and those who don't, but want to know."

The Matron was frowning at the Merchant in evident disapproval. "I'm not so sure of that," she retorted.

"I read Mr. Townsend's *Lees and Leaven* and finished it, because I had to find out how the story ended. But I'm not quite sure that I shall let my daughters read it. One has to make the acquaintance of such low people, and Mr. Townsend seems to accept with equanimity a deplorable state of irregularity not only among his low characters, but in society. One doesn't want to know these things nor to believe them, even if they are true. All I have to say is, if this is what New York life is like, the less we know of it the better, and I shall continue to keep my daughters in the country."

"But, my dear Matron," quoth the Humorist, "did you not say that you felt it was your duty to read these novels in order to acquaint yourself with the state of society they depicted?"

"It depends, sir," replied the Matron, tartly, "on the kind of society one is introduced to."

"Oh," quoth the Humorist, innocently, "then you define the 'proper study of mankind is man' to mean the best-regulated families?"

"Shall we proceed with the next book?" asked the Matron, ignoring the Humorist.

"Youth"

"Willingly," replied the Cantankerous Critic. "And I want to say that the book I enjoyed most of all was Mr. Conrad's *Youth*. 'Youth,' the first of the three stories that make up the volume, is one of the best short stories in any language. I would not have one word omitted. 'Heart of Darkness' is a little tantalizing at times, as the author keeps us on a still hunt trailing through the analytical processes of his mind, but the end crowns the effort. 'The End of the Tether' has more emotion at the heart of it than Mr. Conrad's stories usually have—I recommend it to the Sentimentalist, who seems to have skipped this book. One thing is certain: Mr. Conrad is the most vivid realist and the finest literary artist now writing in the English tongue. 'The august light of abiding memories'—what a spell of haunting revery the imagery of the phrase casts upon the mind!"

"Do you know," exclaimed the Merchant, "I haven't read anything in a long time that excited me so much as Mr. Conrad's story, 'Youth.' It was absurd the way it made me feel young again, and I saw all the world before me. Listen to this passage: 'And there was somewhere in me the thought: By Jove! this is the deuce of an adventure—something you read about; and it is my first voyage as second mate—and I am only twenty—and here I am lasting it out as well as any of these men, and keeping my chaps up to the mark. I was pleased. I would not have given up the experience for worlds. I had moments of exultation. . . . Oh, youth! The strength of it, the faith of it, the imagination of it!' That's the right stuff, I tell you. I'd like to have been young again, and in that youth's place at the pumps—pumping in that old tank of a boat for dear life."

"Speaking of Mr. Conrad," observed the Matron, "there is one thing I have to say, and that is he doesn't understand women, and perhaps he is wise in keeping his hands off the sex. He seems to have some old-fashioned notion that they are angels, and all that sort of thing, and altogether too good for human nature's daily food. In 'Heart of Darkness' he observes: 'It's queer how out of touch with truth women are. They live in a world of their own, and there has never been anything like it, and never can be. It is too beautiful altogether, and if they were to set it up it would go to pieces before the first sunset. Some confounded fact we men have been living contentedly with ever since the day of creation would start up and knock the whole thing over.' Now what I say is that if it wasn't for the practical genius of womankind the men would be nowhere. The first sunset, indeed! And it's queer, is it, how out of touch with truth women are? It's a gross libel, that's what I say. Why, it is her love of truth, her loyalty to the ideal, that keeps the world from going to pieces, as Mr. Conrad demonstrates, to his own utter confusion, at the end of this very story when he tells of the 'inconceivable triumph' of the woman's faith in the man who was unworthy of her belief in him. That is the tragic note in woman's history. But as Mr. Conrad remarks, the heavens do not fall for such a trifle."

"I concede the point to the Cantankerous Critic," suavely remarked the Young Clergyman, "that Mr. Conrad is a powerful literary artist, and a wonderful analyst of human motives and the dim, bewildering processes of moral deterioration. But I deplore the fact that a pall of pessimism lies on his work, and leaves a sad depression behind it. In fathoming the human soul, he has missed the truth recognized by George Meredith, that 'Somehow the light of every soul burns upward.' Browning, too, grasped this spiritual factor in life, and thereby breathed into his poetry a sane and lofty inspiration. 'Droll thing life is,' observes the narrator in 'Hearts of Darkness'—'that mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose. The most you can hope from it is some knowledge of yourself—that comes too late—a crop of unextinguishable regrets.' It is this spirit of submission to an inexorable fate that gives to his writing 'an impalpable grayness,' to quote his own phrase, 'a sickly atmosphere of tepid scepticism.' In the third tale, 'The End of the Tether,' it appeared as if the author were about to vindicate himself. The portrait of the fearless, enduring, loving old Captain Whalley is a noble one. 'He trusted his Maker with a still greater fearlessness—his Maker who knew his thoughts, his human affections, and his motives.' But that very simplicity and trust which was like a delicate refinement of an upright character, and which in such a nature would have upheld his faith in the inscrutable ways of Providence, is traduced in his dark and bitter hour when all his life seems fallen into the abyss, and for no purpose except to justify the theories of the pessimist. 'God had not listened to his prayers. The light had finished ebbing out of the world; not a glimmer. It was a dark waste.' A waste! Not so, as the Apostle says, have we learned Christ."

The Cantankerous Critic sniffed scepticallly, but the Scholar let his hand rest on the Young Clergyman's shoulder. It was a frequent assertion of his, quietly affirmed, that what the world needed most of all in its young men was a passion for earnestness.

"It may be that Mr. Conrad is a pessimist," the Scholar began, with that winning voice which carried persuasion, "but I submit that our young friend is inclined to take too gloomy and despondent a view of his pessimism. Besides, Mr. Conrad is frankly an artist, and we have scarcely the right to read into the life and words of his characters, the author's own creed. He has been a sailor himself; something of the sea has entered into his soul—'the vastness, the loneliness surrounding their dark stolid souls.' This something—call it what you will, if you can find a name for so subtle a quality as soul stuff—he has breathed into his pages through his sailors, as no one else has ever done in the literature of the sea. As for Captain Whalley, he was doomed to believe that all his spotless life had gone for naught when faced with the inevitable, but God knows, the author knows, and we know that his life was not a waste. We are richer for this very record of what he endured and passed through at the dark end, before the illuminating light of Eternity shone into his soul and flashed the truth upon him."

"Perhaps you are right," murmured the Young Clergyman. Be it said to his credit that his zeal was always tempered with a spirit of forbearance and tolerance.

"The Turquoise Cup"

"There is a little book in this list," continued the Scholar, "containing two exquisite stories which seems to have escaped your notice; I do not remember that any one mentioned it. The book itself is a thing of beauty to handle, but the tales are like gems, classic in taste and lustre, in their beautiful setting. The first story is called 'The Turquoise Cup,' and gives the title to the volume. The second is called 'The Desert.' I could not give you any idea of their rare charm, the stories must be read before they give up their fine secret, so imbedded is the charm in the style of the writer, like the subtle perfume and delicate coloring of a flower. The Clergyman might not quite approve of the Cardinal in 'The Turquoise Cup,' or of Abdullah and his Moslem bride in 'The Desert,' but I have faith in his humanity to discern and, at least, apprehend, if not approve, the stuff in them of which our creeds are made."

The Humorist moved that the club adjourn, and it was so ordered.

The Age of Display

["We are a nation of shopkeepers, but so are the other nations, and we have to put everything into the shop windows like our Western cousins or we shall lose our trade."]—The Tatler.

THIS is the age of display,
Every one turns advertiser;
Posters are needed to-day
Even by King and by Kaiser.
Do not be frigid and proud,
Act as your cousins and kin do;
Capture the eye of the crowd—
Everything into the window.

Have a procession a week
Stopping the workaday traffic;
Victories, won by a squeak,
Give you excuses to maffick.
Get up a gorgeous durbar,
Greatly impressing the Hindu,
Showing how splendid you are—
Everything into the window.

Live in the front of your shop,
That is the aim to arrive at;
Traders will come to the top
When they have nothing that's private.
Write to the papers, of course,
Put all your history in, do—
Marriage and death and divorce—
Everything into the window. '

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Books and Bookmen

ONE never grows weary of gleaning fresh reminiscences of Charles Dickens. The broad humanity of the man in his books brings him very close to every one of us, and it is always with keen interest we alight on some fresh scrap of information or recollection that interprets anew his personality or explains the relationship existing between certain of his characters and their prototypes in real life. It will astonish many readers of *Little Dorrit*, to whom the "child of the Marshalsea" has remained in imagination as Dickens portrayed her, the sweet and lovable child of a bygone age, to learn that "Little Dorrit" still lives, hearty and well, at Southgate, in England. Mrs. Mary Ann Cooper, now in her ninetieth year, was the original of Dickens's famous character, although there is no correspondence between the life depicted in the novel and Mrs. Cooper's, for she was never inside the dreary walls of the debtors' prison. Her father was a well-to-do farmer named Mitton, who lived in Hatton Garden, but who also had a place at Sunbury, where Dickens in his early youth was a frequent visitor. Mrs. Cooper points with pride to the bed on which she now sleeps as the one that young Dickens slept on when he used to visit her father in those days. She remembers him as a youth of high spirits up to all sorts of mischievous pranks. On one occasion, when staying with them at Sunbury, "Charles," as the old lady fondly calls him, borrowed some old clothes, disguised himself as a farm laborer in search of work, and so clever was his make-up that he completely deceived her father, a shrewd, keen man, who, not having employment for him, was persuaded to allow him a corner and some straw in one of his barns where he might pass the night!

A few years later the Mittons were living in Johnson Street, Clarendon Square, and the Dickens family occupied a house directly opposite. It was there that the acquaintance with "My Charles" ripened into the closest friendship between the young people. Mrs. Cooper's brother had been a schoolfellow of Dickens, and often assisted him in later years in law matters and in correcting manuscripts. They were at this period in the heyday of youth, and the garrulous old lady will tell you with glee how they used to call at a little place in the Hampstead Road, where the grandfather of the late Cecil Rhodes, "a grumpy old man," served them with milk; how after church Dickens would take her for a walk to "New St. Pancras Church," for the fun of staring at and "taking off" the pompous beadle who used to strut about its precincts. Dickens was a very clever mimic, and his imitation of the walk and bearing of the beadle always sent his companions into fits of laughter, much to the great indignation of this prototype of Bumble. "Once when we were out walking," she says, "I remember we met a procession of schoolgirls from a sedate boarding-school, headed by a very prim and severe-looking principal. Seeing an old apple woman near by, Charles bought up her stock, and slyly slipped two apples into the hands of each girl, and then stood innocently by when the horrified principal discovered her *very select* establishment munching apples in the street!"

Dickens had a habit of giving nicknames to his friends, as he had a way of bestowing literary names on his sons. His name for Miss Mitton was Little Dorrit. She cannot remember how he came to give her this name. "I only recollect that somehow I was always Dorrit with Charles. How did I come to get into the Marshalsea?" she repeats with pleasure. "Well, I cannot exactly say, but, as I have told you, Charles and I were, I think I may say, very fond of each other, and one day at home he told me: 'The next book I write I shall put you in it, and I shall call it *Little Dorrit*.' And, sure enough, he did." Mrs. Cooper has been a widow for over twenty years, and now lives alone in a little room full of flowers and knick-knacks and photographs, with one notable portrait of "My Charles." She is always pleasant to visitors, and delights in recalling the happy memories which cluster about her intimate friendship with the great novelist.

Mr. Henry James is very much with us these days. He is a most indefatigable writer and spinner of tales. It is only the other day that we had from him *The Sacred Fount* and *The Wings of the Dove*. And now comes a volume of stories, *The Better Sort*, while in the pages of the *North American Review* he continues to weave the web of



Henry James as Max Beerbohm sees him

The Ambassadors. "If what your Majesty commands be possible, your Majesty may count it as already done. If it be impossible, your Majesty may rest assured that it shall be done." This historic answer of the French courtier was quoted once by Mr. Henry Harland as symbolizing, in a way, the attitude, or at least, one of the attitudes of Mr. James toward his art. He is constantly undertaking the impossible, and constantly achieving it. As a critic, Mr. James more than once has reminded us that the writer of stories is, after all, first a painter of pictures. Most painters of pictures prudently confine their efforts to the representation of the wholly obvious; a few more intrepid spirits — Childe Rolands approaching the Dark Tower—dare the half obvious, the clear obscure. But Mr. James boldly attacks visions to the common eye invisible, and paints them, and makes them visible and lovely. A past master in the art of shadow painting, he has been styled. "The story that can be told is not worth telling," he seems to say, and, as Mr. Harland declares, "rigorously, invariably he sets himself to tell the story that cannot be told and tells it."

One of the most startling things about *Lady Rose's Daughter*, which is now enjoying an enviable popularity, is the complete metamorphosis of the author. As the work of a literary artist, it starts a new formula in the criticism of her art as a novelist; no conclusion reached from the premises of her former novels will fit her latest piece of fiction. For example, half a dozen years ago, the following statement was made by an acute critic, and though at that time it was stamped with truth, it fails in every respect to characterize the author of *Lady Rose's Daughter*. Of Mrs. Ward, the critic had this to say: "She is pagan rather than positivist, a rather conventional pagan, studying in the breakfast-cap of the British matron the sports of the arena. She could have taught Marcus Aurelius much that would have opened his eyes. One is sure, however, that her head would have been cut off early in the week if she had pre-existed as the story-telling princess of *The Arabian Nights*." When this critic comes to read *Lady Rose's Daughter* we foresee that he will have to record another "corrected impression."

The most sensible word on a recent discussion of the topic "The Decay of the Novel," by certain well-known novelists in the *Critic*, was uttered in conclusion by Mr. Joseph Conrad, who thus summed up the whole matter: "No doubt Mr. Swift" (who set the ball rolling with a denunciatory article) "is perfectly right in his survey of the so-called literary production of to-day. I dare say it's jolly bad. For myself I have really nothing to say on the subject from that point of view, being too worried with my own imperfections to worry about the ineptitude of other people, who, after all, may be—probably are—as conscientious in their way as I am trying to be in mine."

It would never occur to the reader of *The Circle* that the author was a daughter of Erin. The scenes of the story are laid in London, and the characters are English with the exception of the heroine, Anna Solny and her father, who are Russian Jews, and the Austrian fugitive, Johann. Not only so, but the restrained and repressed tone of the work is characteristically English. Yet Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston was born in the south of Ireland, and spent most of her life there up to the time of her marriage. It was only three years ago that Mrs. Thurston first thought of literary work, and then it was at the instigation of her husband. For a year thereafter she plodded away laboriously, and at last sent out her first finished story, which had the good luck to be accepted. This was in April, 1901, and since then she has contributed stories to a number of English magazines and periodicals. *The Circle* was begun in September of 1901, and completed in the following spring, when it was at once accepted by the old-established firm of Blackwood. It is a remarkable first novel, and is deserving of the unusual attention it is commanding.

Ian Maclaren recently preached a sermon to young men on the subject of "Imagination." He warned his hearers that imagination did not mean merely a taste for poetry, but insight into events and characters, whether real or imaginary. No great practical enterprise could be achieved in any domain of the world's work without imagination. This recalls a closing sentence in Ian Maclaren's story *Afterwards*, which made a deep impression at the time it was written. "For we sin against our dearest, not because we do not love, but because we do not imagine." Many years previous Mrs. Oliphant embodied the same truth in her charming story, *Innocent*. "I believe," she observed, "for my own part, that imagination is the first faculty wanting in those that do harm to their kind, great or small."

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Finance

THE course of the speculative markets during the past few days has reflected merely the transient changes in technical conditions. The situation at large has remained without new developments of importance. The bears have discovered that the public and for that matter, the strong interests of the Street evince no desire to purchase securities, and this obviously encourages the man who would "sell what isn't his'n." But at the same time, liquidation of speculative accounts is over for the time being, and neither the public nor any one else is selling stocks, which is not encouraging to the short who must "buy it back or go to prison," according to the rhyming couplet attributed to the late Daniel Drew. Therefore, the stock-market from time to time shows weakness, but it is distinctly traceable to the operations of the professional speculators; and on the next day it displays strength, because the same professionals are buying back stocks sold on the day previous. And as always happens when the trading is of this "professional" character, "sentiment" changes with the fluctuations in prices, being depressed when stocks are falling, and hopeful when they are rising. On the whole it would seem fair to assume that there is a more hopeful feeling abroad, which, however, is not yet positive enough to mean greater speculative activity or purchaser for the rise.

It is money rates and possibilities of flurries which has acted and continues to act as the chief deterrent to stock-market ventures. The cash rate has not indeed risen above seven per cent., but the very low surplus reserves held at this writing by the New York banks make it perfectly plain that there are disagreeable possibilities in the way of calling of stock-market loans and the liquidation which always follows such drastic measures. The last bank statement showed such slight improvement that the condition of affairs cannot be said to have changed. At this writing the drain on the banks' cash holdings from Sub-Treasury operations is less than last week's, and before long the evils resulting from the antiquated fiscal system of the Federal government should be more than offset by the return movement of currency from the interior to this centre. Foreign exchange has risen considerably from the low rates of last week, reflecting the stiffening money-markets abroad, and possibly the buying of bills by our bankers at the low and inviting figures. It is quite likely, moreover, that bankers here have had in mind the future operations, which the payment of $40,000,000 by the United States to the French owners of the Panama Canal property will necessitate.

In connection with the future course of the foreign-exchange market, great interest attaches to our foregn-trade statistics for February. The most noteworthy feature of the statement was the increase in the exports of manufactures. Considering that prices of our manufactured products are high by reason of the great domestic demand reported in all branches of industry, the volume of our export trade is significant in its bearing upon the times, yet to come, when the domestic consumption shall have become lighter. The huge volume of traffic being piled upon the railroads, taxes their capacity to their utmost. The indications, based upon the assertions of people in a position to know the facts, are that the net earnings of the United States Steel Corporation for the current year will be in excess of $135,000,000; truly, a stupendous achievement. It will be recalled that Mr. Schwab predicted they would be $140,000,000; but at that time, the figures seemed extravagant. And it is so in nearly all lines of industry.

IN HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week there will be, among other features, a complete short story by Hamlin Garland, author of "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop"

Famous Wood Engravings

INTEREST in the portraits of the great men of America was never so acute as at present. No private library is complete without these inspiring faces, and to every public library, school, and college they are necessities.

During the last fifty years the portraits of nearly all the men who impressed their personality upon their time and made the history of their generation and ours were engraved for Harpers.

The art of engraving portraits on wood in this country was largely developed in the art department of Harper & Brothers. The quality of these large portraits has never been equalled. They are works of art by famous men like Staudenbaur, Butler, Kruell, Goetze, Johnson, Baude, Wolf, etc.

Weeks and months were spent by the artist on one of these portraits; and in the direction and the quality of line for form, color, and modelling they may be said to fairly equal the best work ever done. The sympathetic quality of the medium used for the portraits lends itself to textures and delicate tones, and places them absolutely in the front rank of the art of engraving.

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We have ready now for delivery the portraits of

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JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
WALT WHITMAN
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

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Financial

The Mechanics' National Bank

of the City of New York

(FOUNDED 1810)

33 WALL STREET

OFFICERS

GRANVILLE W. GARTH, - - - - - PRESIDENT.
ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - - VICE-PRESIDENT.
ANDREW A. KNOWLES, - - - - - - CASHIER.
ROBERT U. GRAFF, - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

(CONDENSED)

Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

APRIL 30th, 1902

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

ACCOUNTS INVITED

DIRECTORS

ALEXANDER E. ORR, - - - - - David Dows & Co.
LOWELL LINCOLN, - - - - - - - - Catlin & Co.
HORACE E. GARTH, - - - - - - - - Ex-President.
HENRY HENTZ, - - - - - - - - Henry Hentz & Co.
CHARLES M. PRATT, - - - - - - - Standard Oil Co.
HENRY TALMADGE, - - - - Henry Talmadge & Co.
JOHN SINCLAIR, - - - - - - John Sinclair & Co.
WILLIAM B. BOULTON, - - Boulton, Bliss & Dallett.
EDGAR L. MARSTON, - - - - - - - Blair & Co.
GRANVILLE W. GARTH, - - - - - - - President.

Official Legal Notice

THE CITY OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF TAXES AND ASSESSMENTS, MAIN OFFICE, BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN.
NO. 280 BROADWAY, STEWART BUILDING.

January 12, 1903.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE Greater New York Charter, that the books called "The Annual Record of the Assessed Valuation of Real and Personal Estate of the Boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond, comprising The City of New York," will be open for examination and correction on the second Monday of January, and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1903.

During the time that the books are open to public inspection, application may be made by any person or corporation claiming to be aggrieved by the assessed valuation of real or personal estate to have the same corrected.

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ENGLISH

Professor **Brander Matthews,** of Columbia, has written a most interesting article on "Briticisms of All Sorts," in which he contrasts some English and American usages of words and discusses some new Briticisms.

TRAVEL

In the few months before his death **Julian Ralph** wrote for HARPER'S MAGAZINE a number of studies of people in various parts of our country. One of these, called "A Trip with a Tin-Peddler," appears in the April Magazine. **William Sharp,** the well-known English critic, writes poetically of "The Country of Theocritus."

PICTURES IN COLOR

There are fifteen pages of pictures in color and tint in the April Magazine, including paintings by **Louis Loeb, W. T. Smedley,** and **Charles King Wood.**

ECONOMIC MORMONISM

Professor **Richard T. Ely,** of the University of Wisconsin, who has been making a study of various communities for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, writes of the social and economic side of Mormonism as seen to-day in Salt Lake City.

SCIENCE

Carl Snyder, in his article on "Physiological Immunity," gives the latest scientific views on how the human body fights disease—a paper of intense practical interest to every one.

HISTORY

Thomas A. Janvier's story of "The Dutch Founding of New York" comes to a conclusion in the April number. It is a delightful study of the end of the Dutch regime.

SHORT STORIES

In addition to **Mr. Howells'** story, there are short stories by **Robert W. Chambers, Alice Caldwell Hegan, Mrs. Stepney Rawson, Candace Wheeler, Lily A. Long,** and **H. C. Troutman** in the April number—eight complete short stories in all.

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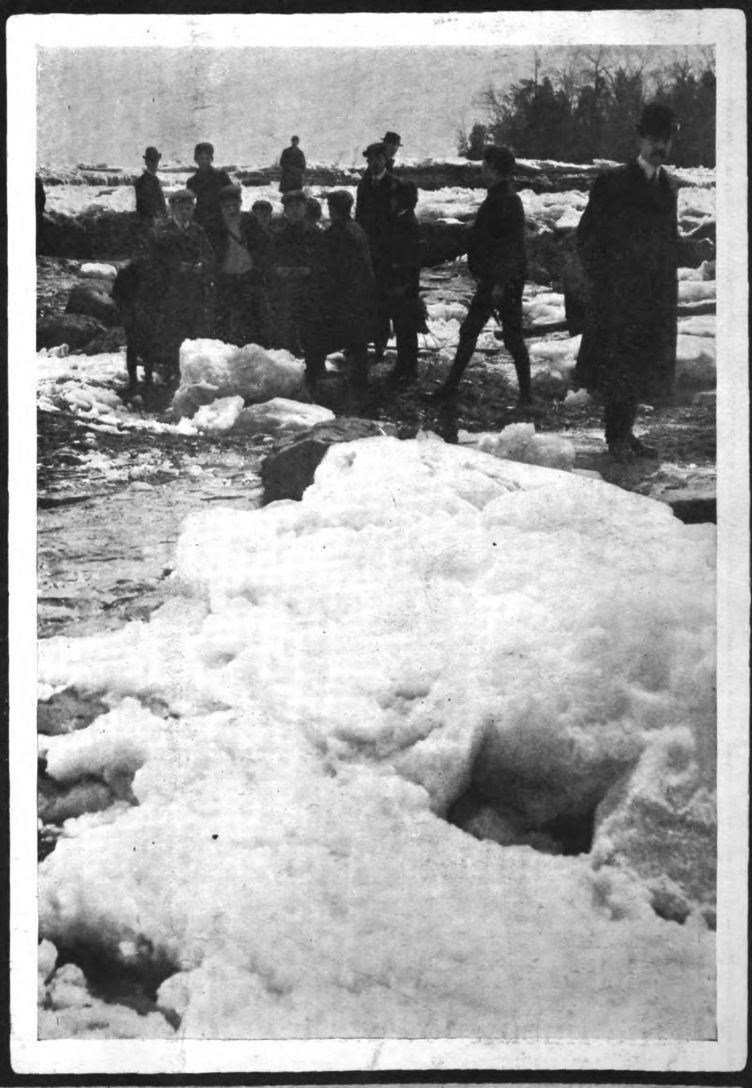
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Edited by GEORGE HARVEY





APRIL 4 1903

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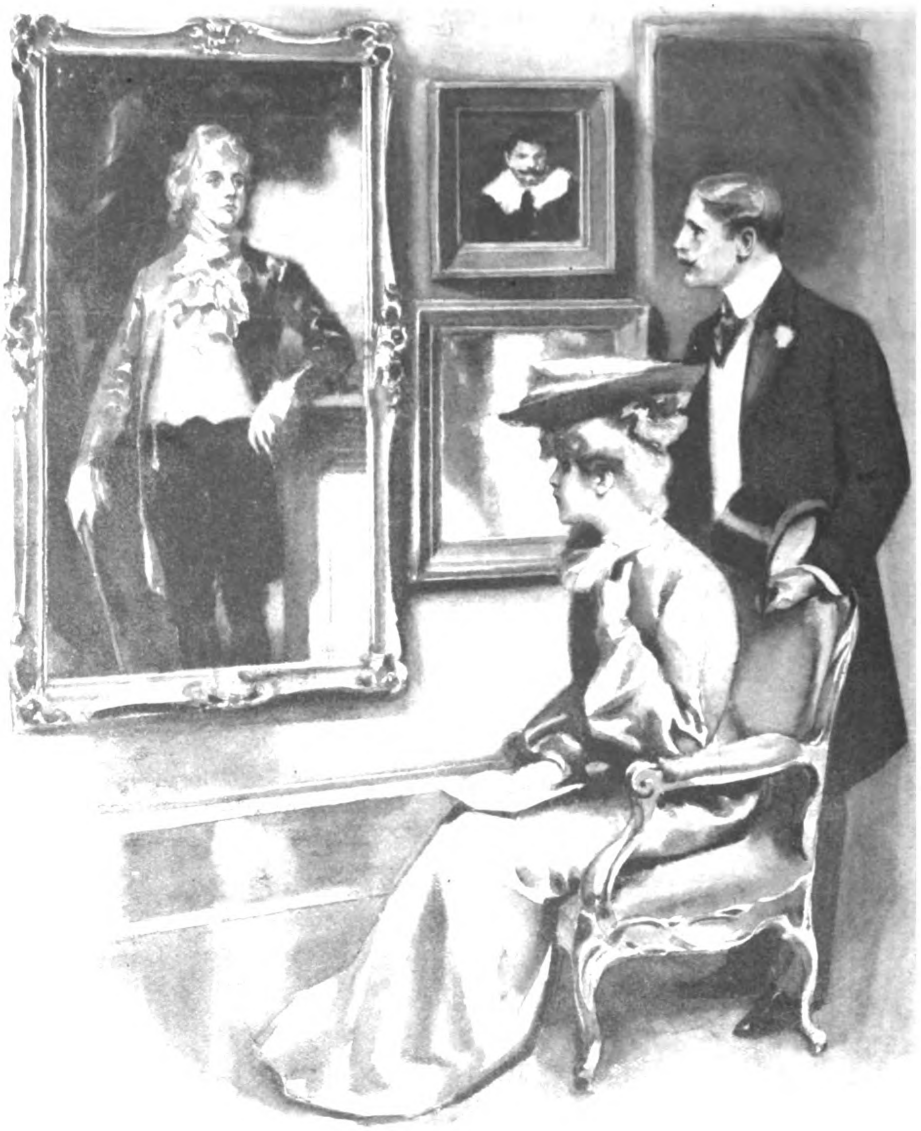
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"No perfume, but fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing," was Beau Brummel's sartorial code.

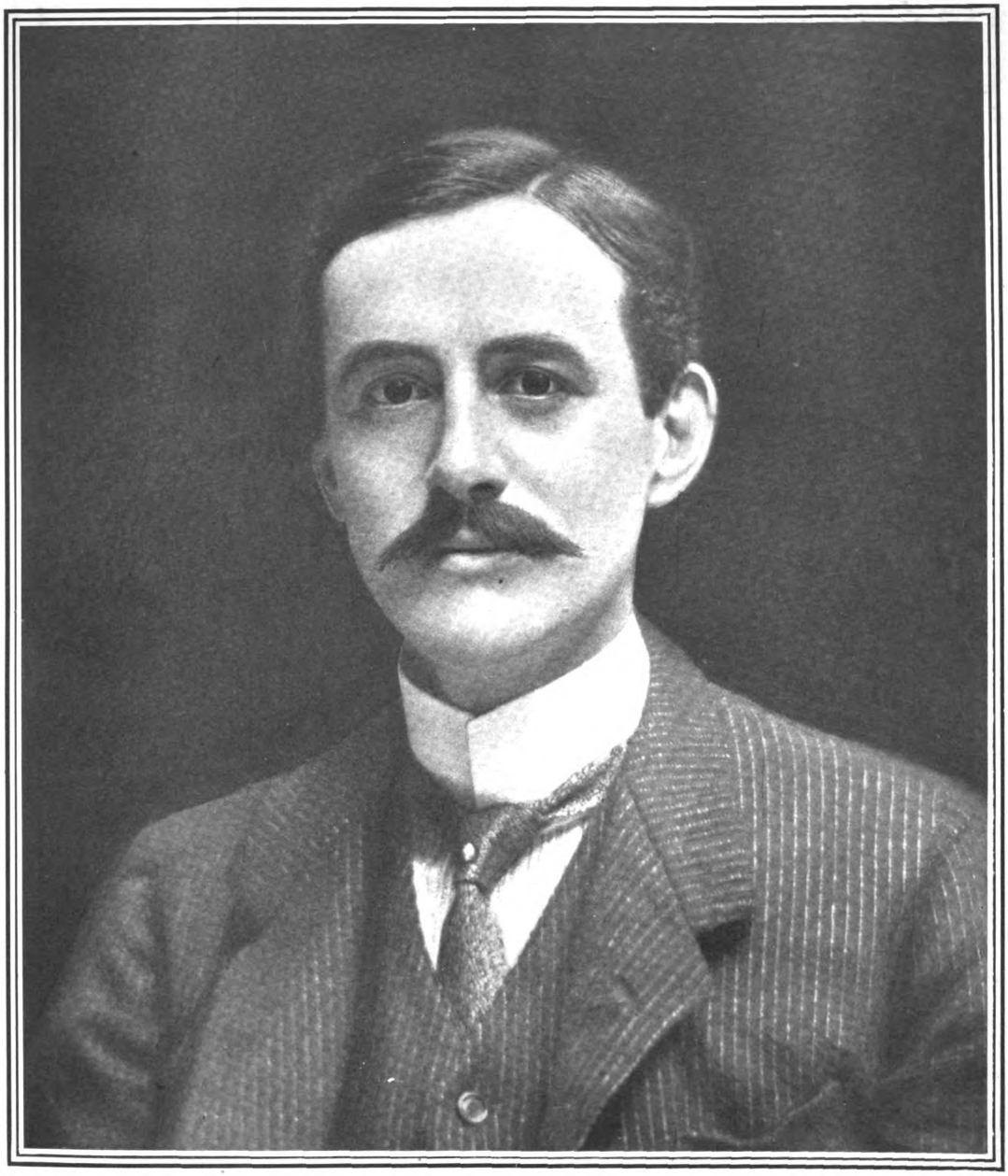
CERTAINLY there is no more agreeable fragrance than clean linen, if it has been washed with pure soap. Any soap will remove the dirt. Ivory Soap does so without leaving a strong, rank odor. Its purity makes the linen snow white and sweet smelling. Try it!

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VOL. XLVII. *New York, Saturday, April 4, 1903—Illustrated Section* NO. 2415

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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXX.—LLOYD GRISCOM, *AET. 30*

See page 564 — Editorial Section

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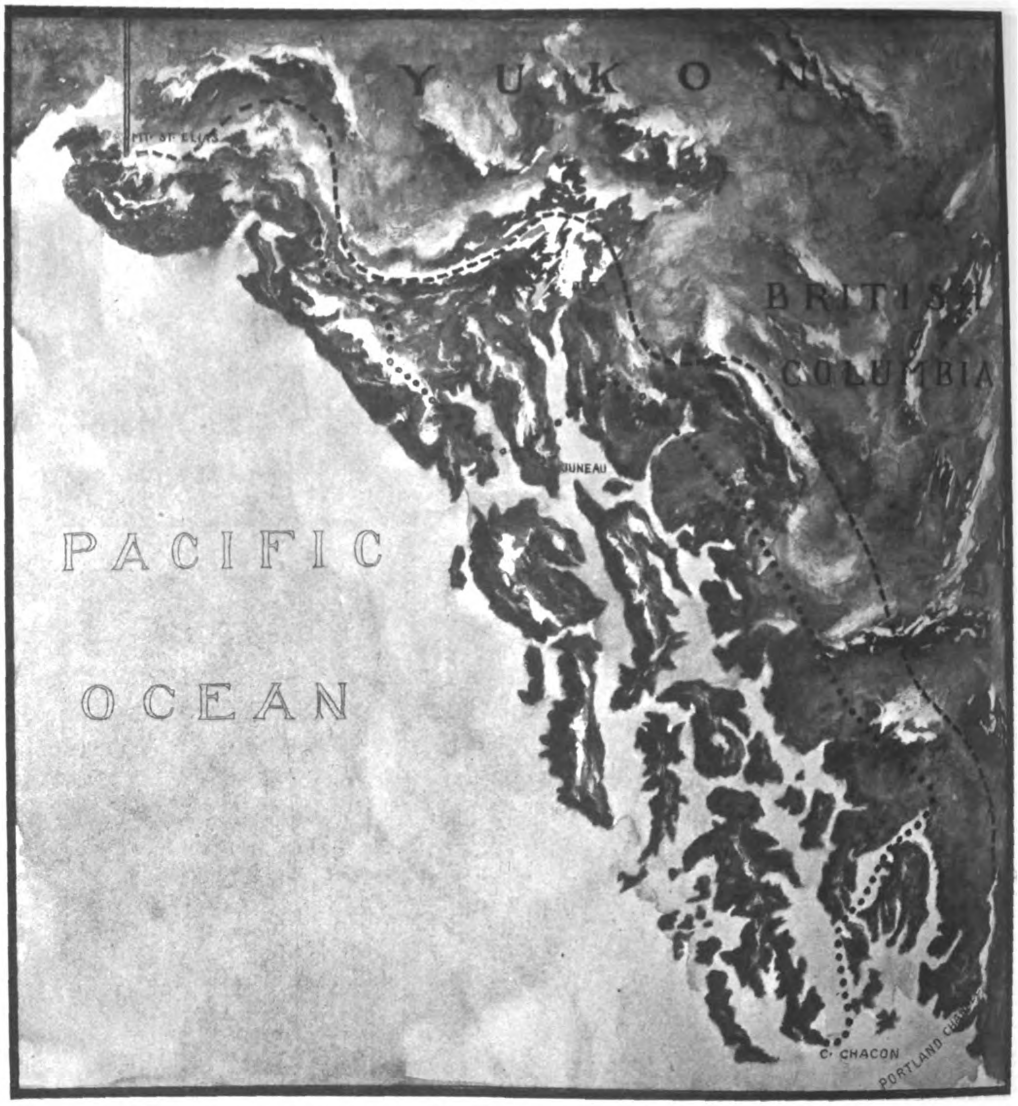
The Story of the Alaskan Boundary

The true status of the question to be decided by the Alaskan Boundary Commission

THE United States bought Alaska from Russia in March, 1867, for the sum of seven million two hundred thousand dollars, gold. There was no precise description of the territory sold, nor was there any survey, with a determination of boundary lines. What the high contracting parties did, instead of settling their boundaries, was to refer to a settlement made more than forty years before, or rather to a series of settlements, one between Russia and the United States, and another between Russia and England. There was a third settlement between the United States and England, but it did not directly touch the territory now under discussion. What the first of these three settlements decided was that Russia should not lay claim, as against the United States, to any territory south of fifty-four degrees forty minutes. This arrangement was made in 1824. In the next year an agreement was reached between Russia and England, the vital part of which is as follows: The boundary of Russia's territory was to run from the south point of Prince of Wales Island, up Portland Channel, to the point where that channel cuts the fifty-sixth parallel of north latitude; thence along the summit of the mountains parallel with the coast, up to the point where it cut the one hundred and forty-first meridian of west longitude, and thence straight toward the north pole. It was further provided that if the said mountains were found to recede from the ocean more than thirty nautical miles (ten marine leagues), then the boundary should run parallel with the coast, and thirty nautical miles inland.

Two points have been validly disputed: which of several fjords is the Portland Channel meant; and, secondly, whether the summits of the mountains may not in some cases be less than thirty miles from the coast; in which case, according to the wording of the treaty, their summits would be the boundary. But outside of these two points, it is as plain as daylight that Russia owned a strip of territory which followed all the sinuosities or windings of the fjords, well inland of them all, and that the purpose was to avoid the possibility of any dispute about actual shore-line, which was everywhere to be kept in Russia's hands.

So plain and self-evident is this that not only do all the American maps show the boundary of Alaska according to this interpretation of the perfectly plain wording of the treaty, not only do all the Russian maps show it, but all the English maps also show it, up to and including "The Times" Atlas of 1895. The one point of difference is that the English maps attach the name Portland Channel to an arm of the sea slightly to the north of that which bears this name in the American maps.



Ten-mile Marine League Boundary. — — — — Boundary Claimed on British Map of 1895. • • • • • • Undisputed Boundary. ═══

Map showing the Conceded and Disputed Boundaries on the Alaskan Coast

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Pope Leo XIII. and American Education

With a Photograph of the Pope's last Public Appearance in the Sistine Chapel, taken by Special Permission

LEO XIII. has laid at Washington the foundations of the Catholic educational centre of the New World. To Cardinal Gibbons, to Monsignor Keane when Bishop of Richmond, and to heads of Franciscan, Holy Cross, Marist, and other organizations which have since grouped their commissariats and houses of study about the university at Brookland, the Pope outlined his educational policy. Later, he sent Archbishop Keane to increase the university's endowment, and approved Bishop Conaty's successful efforts to bring Catholic secondary schools of America into co-operative uniformity. In naming the Biblical Commission of twelve members, whose labors may perhaps supersede and will certainly add to the work of St. Jerome, an American's name appeared. Recently the commission was reorganized and its membership increased to forty, the Rev. Dr. Charles P. Grannan, Professor of Pastoral Theology at the Catholic University, Washington, again being included. Not long since the university was taken from the control of the Propaganda, the missionary agency, and put under the Congregation of Studies, and a new rector, the Rev. D. F. O'Connell, late president of the American College in Rome, is now on his way to New York, to be inducted into the rectorate, probably on April 22, after the trustees shall have held their annual meeting and the retiring rector, who becomes Bishop of Los Angeles, shall have made his report.

Leo XIII. has brought the Roman Catholic Church into a world-acquaintance with itself. For America he has always shown special interest. The late Archbishop Corrigan of New York, on his last visit *ad limina*, in 1900, told the Pope that for every week since he had been in Rome before, in 1890, he had built two churches, schools, hospitals, or asylums, whereupon the Pontiff exclaimed: "What may not be done where the individual and not the commonwealth is relied on!" And a few months ago, when Archbishop Farley of New York bade his Holiness good-by, the latter said, "Amid our many perplexities near at hand, we are ever encouraged by conditions in your splendid country."



The last Public Appearance of Pope Leo XIII. in the Sistine Chapel
Photograph taken especially for Harper's Weekly

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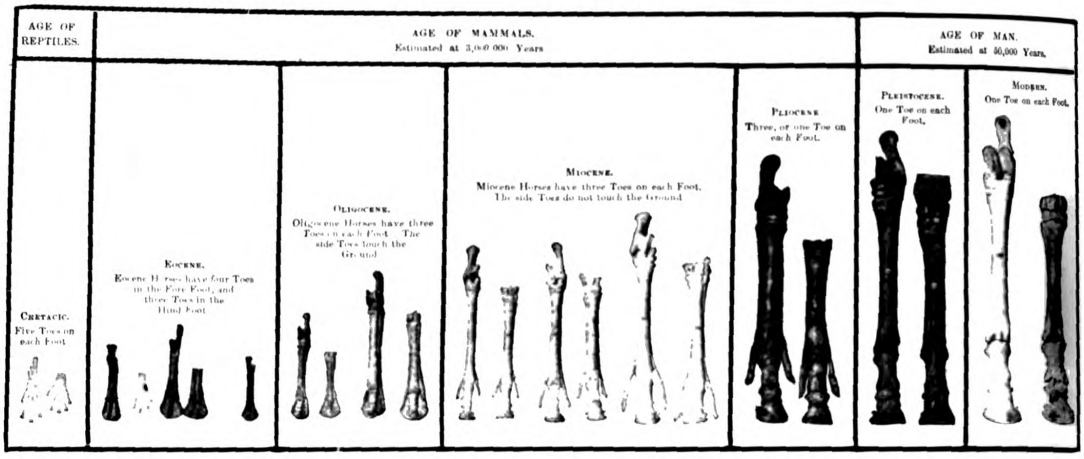


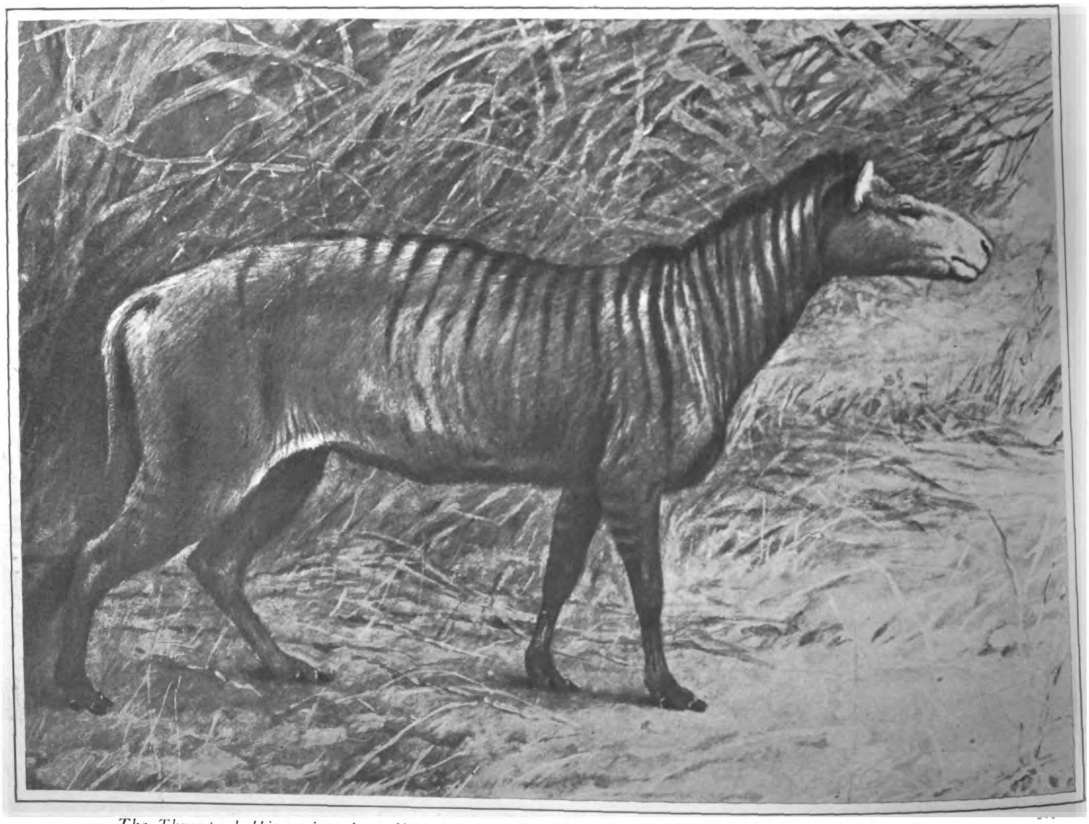
Chart showing the Evolution of the Horse from the Earliest Times to the Present

The Newly Discovered Hipparion

THANKS to the results of an expedition sent out last year at the cost of Mr. William C. Whitney, the story of the evolution of the horse is now complete. This expedition, planned by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, of the American Museum of Natural History, and led by Mr. J. W. Gidley, went exploring in the Niobrara beds in the southern part of South Dakota. Nothing was found until the very end of the season, when a herd of three-toed hipparions was uncovered. Bones enough in perfect preservation were found to make one complete skeleton, with many fragments for exhibition and study. The ancestor of the horse had three toes. The picture here given illustrates the progress of the beast from that condition to his present state, when his weight rests on hoofs which represent the enlarged and thickened nail of the middle toe. The second and third toes are represented by splint bones, one on each side in the rear of the cannon-bone, not visible on the surface, but well known for their tendency to go wrong and make horses lame.

In the earliest ages of man there were wild horses on all the continents, but probably on none of the islands, such as Australia. They differed from modern horses in having shorter skulls and deeper jaws. Their legs also were shorter, and their feet smaller in proportion to their bodies. They resembled overgrown zebras. The quarries containing their remains are so common in river and lake beds of the latest geological epoch that the name of *Equus* beds has been applied to them. In South America has been found an ancestor of the horse of the same epoch called *Hippidium*, with many of the peculiarities of the hipparions, but with a head as large as that of the modern horse. Neolithic men left pictures of the early horses of Europe on their monuments of polished stones.

As shown in the chart at the top of the page, the evolution of the horse may be traced in unbroken line from the Cretacic period down to the present time. From an original ancestor the size of a cat, the horse, through the changes outlined in the chart, gradually came to be as we know him to-day.

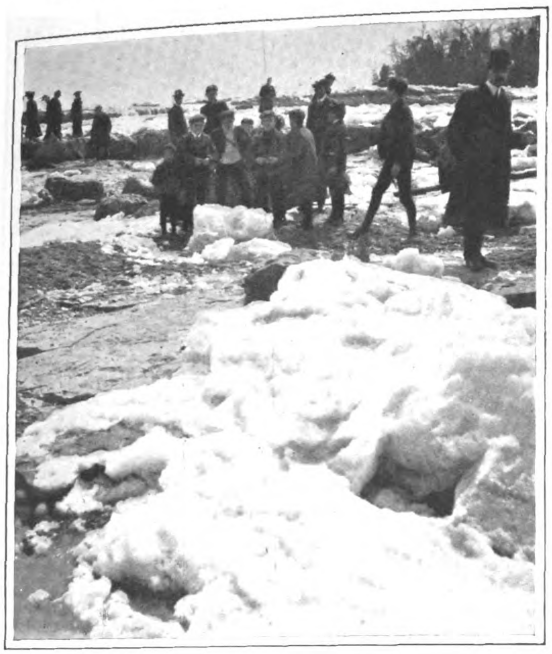


The Three-toed Hipparion, just discovered, up to now the missing Link in the Ancestry of the Horse

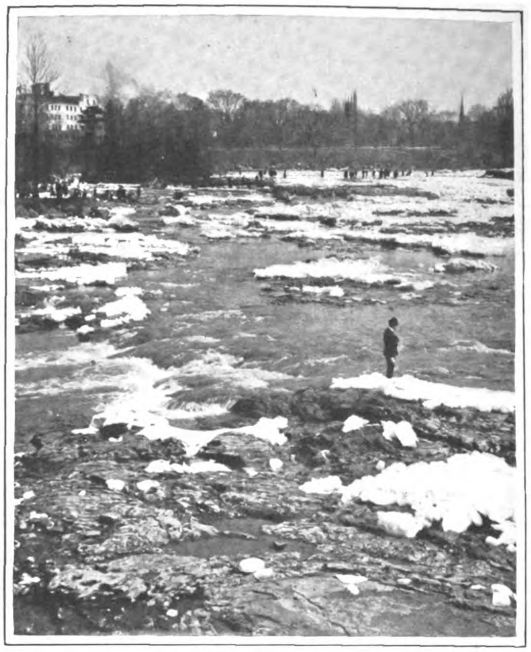
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Niagara Falls Runs Dry

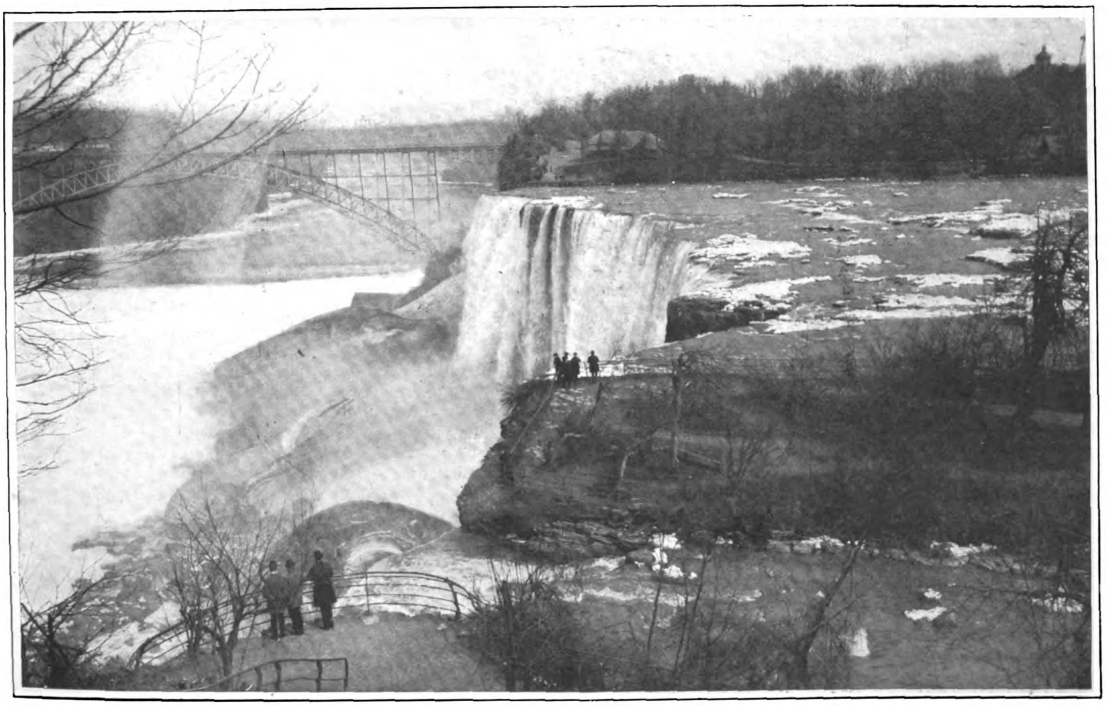
An unusual situation, due to ice formations above the Falls, which temporarily dried up the American side of the Falls, making the bed of the Rapids passable on foot



Passing on Foot over the Bed of the Rapids



This is usually one of the most dangerous Points above the Falls



A Snap-shot of the Falls, showing the Bed of Rock which is usually covered by vast volumes of Water

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NISTINA

A Complete Short Story by Hamlin Garland

Author of "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop"

THERE was lamentation in the lodges of Sunmaker's people, for the white soldiers had taken away the guns of Hawk's young warriors, and now they were to be sent away into lands of captivity. Huddled in big wagons, the young men sat, downcast and sullen, ashamed to weep, yet choking with grief and despair.

"Had I known this," said Hawk to the captain of the escort, "I would have died fighting," and this defiant word he uttered in the harsh, booming tone of a village crier. It was heard by every one in the camp, and the old women broke forth into wailing war-songs, which made the fingers of sedate old sages clinch.

But the blue-coated soldiers, ranked and ready, stood with loaded guns in their hands, calmly observant, and the colonel sat his horse, not far away, ready to give the signal for departure.

Hawk, young, handsome, and reckless, for some indignities put upon him by a band of cattle men, had organized a raid of retaliation, and for this outbreak the government was sending him and his band to Florida—a hot, strange land, far in the South. He, as its unconquered leader, sat bound and helpless in one of the head wagons, his feet chained to a rod, his hands ironed, and working like the talons of an eagle.

It was hard to sit thus in the face of his father and mother, but it was harder yet to know that Nistina, the daughter of Sunmaker, with her blanket over her face, sat weeping at the door of her father's lodge. All the girls were moaning, and no one knew that Nistina loved Hawk—no one but her inseparable friend, Macosa, the daughter of Crane.

Hawk knew it, for they had often met at the river's edge of a morning, when she came for water.

Now they were to part without one word of love, with no touch of hands, never to see each other again, for it was well known that those who went into that *far* country never returned—the breath of the great salt water poisoned them.

At last the colonel uttered a word of command. A bugle rang out. The piercing cries of the bereaved women broke forth again, wild and heart-breaking; the whips cracked like pistol-shots, the mules set their shoulders to the collars, and the blue chariots and their hopeless captives moved slowly out across the prairie.

Hawk turned his head and caught one last glance from Nistina as she lifted her face to him, flung her robe over her head, and fell face downward on the earth, crushed, broken, and despairing.

With teeth set like those of a grizzly bear, the young chief strained at his cords, eager to fight and die in the face of his tribe, but the white man's cruel chains were too strong. He fell back exhausted, too numb with despair to heed the taunt of the white soldier riding beside the wheel, cynical, profane, and derisive.

And while the young prisoner sat thus, with bowed head and low-hanging lax hands, the little village of his people was lost to view—hidden by the willows on the river's bank.

In the months which followed, the camp of Sunmaker resumed its accustomed round of duties and pleasure. The babes rollicked on the grass, the old men smoked placidly in their council-lodges, and planned their next buffalo hunt; the children went reluctantly to the agency school of a morning, and came home with flying feet at night. All seemed as placid as a pool into which a suicide has sunk.

But no word came to Nistina, on whose face the shadow never lifted. She had never been a merry girl like Macosa. She had been shy and silent and wistful even as a child, and as the months passed without a message from Hawk, she moved to her duties as silent as a shadow. Macosa, when the spring came again, took another lover, and laughed and said, "They have forgotten us, that Elk and Hawk."

Nistina had many suitors, for was she not Sunmaker's daughter, and tall and handsome besides? Mischievous Macosa, even after her marriage, kept her friend's secret, but she could not forbear to tease her when they were alone together. "Hawk is a bad young man," she said. "He has found another girl by this time. Why don't you listen to Kias?" To such questions Nistina made no answer.

At the end of a year even Sunmaker, introspective as he was, could not fail to remark upon her loneliness. "My daughter, why do you seem so sad. There are many young men singing sweet songs for you to hear, yet you will not listen. It is time you took thought of these things."

"I do not wish to marry," she replied.

Then the old father became sorrowful, for he feared his loved one had placed her heart on some white soldier, and one day he called her to him and said: "My daughter, the Great Spirit decreed that there should be people of many colors on the earth. He called each good in his place, but it is not good that they mate one with the other. If a white man comes to speak soft words into your ears, turn away. He will work evil, and not good. Why do you not take a husband among your own people, as others do, and be content? You are of the age when girls marry."

To this she replied: "My heart is not set on any white man, and I do not wish to marry. Let me stay with you, and help to keep your lodge."

The old man's voice trembled as he said: "My daughter, since my son is gone, you are my staff. It is good to see you in our lodge, but I do not like to see you sad."

Then she pretended to laugh, and said, "I am not sad," and ran away.

When she was gone Sunmaker called Vetcora and told her what had happened. She smoked the pipe he handed to her and listened patiently. When he had finished speaking, she said:

"She will come round all right. All girls are not alike. By and by the true one will come, and then you'll see her change her song. She will be keeping her own lodge soon."

But Sunmaker was troubled by his daughter's frequent visits to the agency across the river, and by her intimacy with Neeta, the daughter of Habko, who had been away to school, and who had returned much changed, being neither white woman nor red.

She was living alone in a small hut on the river-bank, and was not a good woman for Nistina to visit.

He could not know that his daughter went there because Neeta could read the white man's papers, and would know if anything had happened to Hawk. No one knew, either, that Nistina slyly asked about learning to read. She laughed when she asked these questions, as though the matter were of no consequence. "How long did it take you to learn to read? Is it very hard to learn to write?"

"Oh no, it is very easy," Neeta replied boastingly, and when Nistina went away her eyes were very thoughtful.

Again and again she called before she could bring herself to the point of asking Neeta to go with her to the head of the school.

Neeta laughed. "Ho! Are you going to school? You will need to bump low over your toes, for you will go among the smallest girls."

Nistina did not waver. "Come, go with me."

With a smile on her face Neeta led the way to the office of the superintendent. "Professor Morten, I bring you a new scholar."

Morten, a tall, grave-faced man, looked up from his desk, and said: "Why, it's Nistina! Good morning, Nistina."

"Mornin'," said she, as well as she could.

"She wants to go to school, eh? Well, better late than never," he added, with a smile.

"Tell him I want to work and earn money," said Nistina.

When Neeta interpreted this, the teacher exclaimed: "Well, well! This is most astonishing! Why, I thought she hated the white man's ways!"

"I think she want to marry white man," remarked Neeta.

Mr. Morten looked at her coldly. "I *hope* not. You're a mighty smart girl, Neeta, but I don't like the way you carry on."

Neeta smiled broadly, quite unabashed. "I'm all settled down now—no more skylarking round. I'm keeping house."

"Well, see that you keep settled. I don't understand this change in Nistina, but you tell her I'll put her in charge of Mrs. Morten, and we'll do the best we can for her. But tell her to send all these white men away; tell her not to listen to them."

To Nistina Neeta said, "He says he will let you help his squaw, and she will teach you how to read and write."

Nistina's heart failed her when she heard this, for she had seen Mrs. Morten many times, and had heard many disturbing stories of her harshness. She was a tall, broad shouldered woman, with keen gray eyes and a loud voice.

At last Mr. Morten turned, and said: "Nistina, you may come this afternoon after four o'clock, and we will arrange the whole matter. I am glad you are going to forsake Indian ways, which are very bad. Be a good girl, and you will be happy."

When Neeta had explained what he said Nistina burst into a low cry, and, covering her face with her blanket, rushed away.

"That's the last you'll see of her," said Neeta, maliciously. "She likes the Indian ways best."

But Nistina was moved by a deeper impulse than fickle-hearted Neeta could comprehend. A sick boy had returned from Florida a few days before—a poor dying lad—and to Nistina he had brought word from young Hawk. "I am studying so that I can send words on paper, like the white man," the message ran. "By and by I will send a white word to you."

This message instantly sank deep, although Nistina gave no sign. She had more than the usual shyness of the maidens of her tribe, and it was painful to her to have even this vague message transmitted by another.

The girl thought long. She longed to send a message to her lover, but for some days could not bring herself to confide in Neeta. Days went by, and her resolution remained unformed. Nearly every evening she had been going to see Neeta, but always her courage had failed her, and then came the thought: "I, too, will learn to write and to read, and then I can tell him how much I love him, and that I will wait till I am old and I will love no one else."

There was a great deal of gossip among the red women. "She is going to marry a white soldier, that Nistina," they said. "She is working for money to buy fine beads and cloth."

"It may be," said her step-mother. "She does not open her heart to me. She talks no more than an owl."

The teachers marvelled at Tina's dulness in arithmetic and her amazing progress in writing. In an incredibly short time she was able to scrawl a note to her lover. It was a queer little letter, written with painful exactness, in imitation of the copybooks:

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"She hurried with beating heart to the store in which the post-office occupied a corner"

"I heard your words what you sent. They was good words. It made my heart glad that words Black Fox which he brought. I am wait all time for you. No one else is in my thoughts. This letter I am written me myself all lone—no one is help me. No one knows that I put it in puss-tofis. I send mogasuns

NISTINA."

With this letter all stamped and directed, and the package of moccasins, she hurried with beating heart to the store in which the post-office occupied a corner. There she hovered like a mother partridge about its nest, coming and going, till a favorable moment offered. She knew just what to do. She had rehearsed it all in her mind a hundred times, and when she had slipped the letter into the slit she laid the package on the window, and fled away to watch and to wait for a word from the far-away land.

Weeks passed, and her heart grew sad and heavy. She dared not ask for a letter, but lingered at the store till the clerks grew jocose and at last familiar, and her heart was bitter toward all white men.

In her extremity she went to Macosa, who was now a matronly wife, mother of a sturdy son, and asked her to go to the post-office and inquire for a letter.

"A letter!" exclaimed she. "Who is going to write you a letter?"

After much persuasion she consented to go, but returned empty-handed. She had only half regarded Nistina's request, but as the tears came to her friend's eyes, she believed, and all of the goodness of her heart arose, and she said:

"Don't cry. I will go every day and ask, if you wish me to."

It is hard to wait for a letter when that letter is the one thing in life worth waiting for, and Nistina was very silent and very sad all the time, and her mistress wondered at this; but her questions brought no reply from the girl, who kept at her writing diligently, steadily refusing to confuse her mind with other things. She did not seem to wish to talk—only to write, write at every spare moment, and each day her writing grew in beauty of line till it was almost as beautiful as the printed copy.

At last she composed another letter:

"HAWK. My friend. I not hearing from you. If you are sick you don't write. My heart is now very sad. May be you die by this time. Long time I am here waiting. Listening for your words I am standing each day. No one my loving but you. Come home you get away quick, for I all time waiting. NISTINA."

After she had mailed this Nistina suddenly lost all interest in her studies, and went back to the lodge of her father. In her heart she said: "If he does not answer me I will go out on the hill and cry till I die. I do not care to live if he is not coming to me."

She took her place in her father's lodge as before, giving no explanation of her going nor the reason for her return. The kindly old chief smoked and gazed upon her sadly, and at last said, gently:

"My daughter, you are sad and silent. Once you laughed and sang at your sewing. What has happened to you? My child has a dark face."

"I am older. I am no longer a child," she said, unsmilingly.

And at last, in the middle of the third winter, when the white people were giving presents to each other, a letter and a little package came for Nistina, and Macosa came running with them.

"Here is your talking leaf," she said. "Now I think you will laugh once more. Read it, for I am very curious."

But Nistina snatched the precious package and ran into her lodge, to be alone with her joy.

It was a marvellous thing. There was the letter—a blue one—with her name spelled on it in big letters, *Nistina*, but she opened the package first. It contained a shining pouch, and in the pouch was a necklace of wondrous beads such as she had never seen, and a picture of her lover in white man's dress. How strange he looked with his hair cut short! She hardly knew him.

Her heart beat strong and loud as she opened the letter, and read the first words, "Nistina, I am loving you." After that she was confused, for Hawk could not write as well as she, and she read with great trouble, but the end she understood—"I am coming home."

She rose and walked to her father's lodge, where Macosa sat. She entered proudly, the letter in her hand. Her head was lifted, her eyes shone with pride.

"My letter is from Hawk," she said, quietly. "He is coming home."

And at this message Macosa and Veteora covered their mouths in sign of inexpressible astonishment.

Sunmaker smoked on with placid face till he began to understand it all; then he said: "My daughter, you warm my heart. Sit beside me and tell me of this wonderful thing."

Then she spoke, and her story was to him a sweet relief from care. "It is good," he said. "Surely the white-people are wonder-working beings."

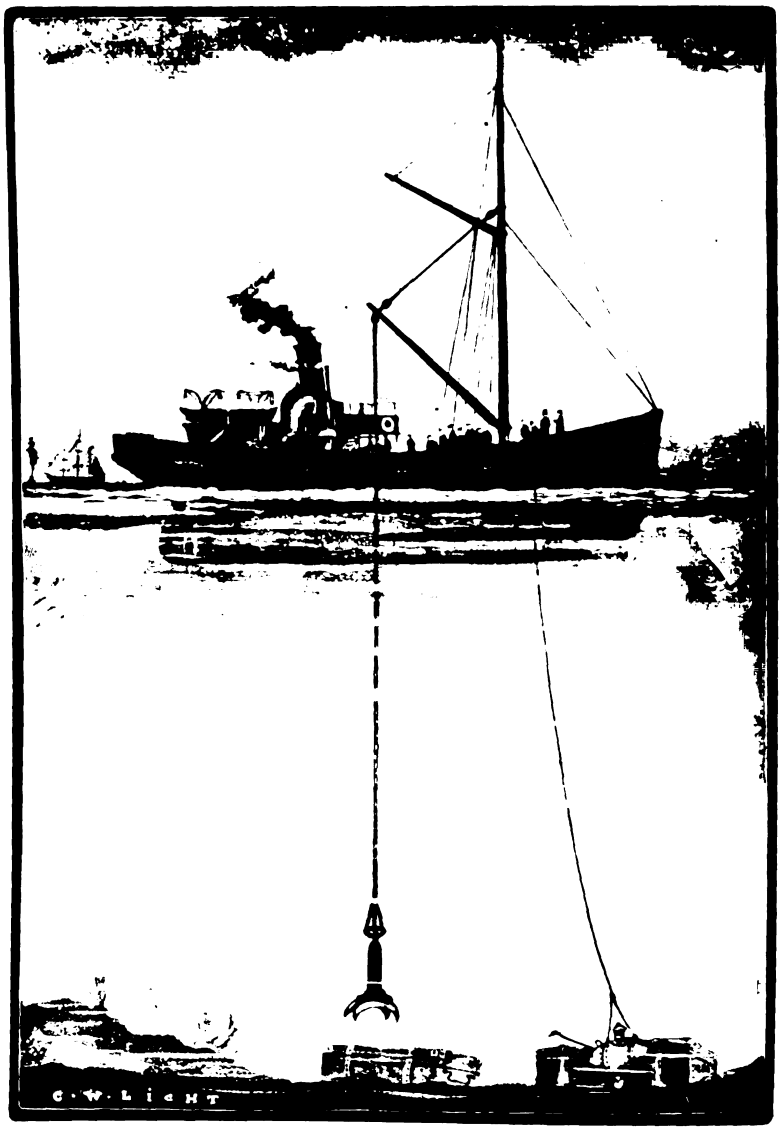
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Exploring the Sea Bottom

An Italian Inventor's Machines for Submarine Investigation

CAVALIERE PINO, an Italian inventor, has devised two machines for submarine use, from which important results are expected. One is a submarine worker for use at greater depths than divers can endure. It is a big steel egg, built so strong as to withstand great pressure of water, and equipped with steel arms and hands for moving objects on the sea bottom. It carries two men, who look out through heavy crystal windows and see whatever is in sight. It has a telephone which communicates with the surface, and is furnished with electric power, by means of which it proceeds on a single wheel over the sea bottom wherever its governors choose. It holds air enough to last a moderate time, and when more is needed it can be supplied from the surface. In like manner it can be furnished with light. The inventor believes that his machine will be highly effective for the recovery of sunken treasures, or articles of any kind that have been lost in the sea. In the case of a sunken ship, he proposes to go down in his machine, find the ship, put dynamite in it in the right place, blow off the deck, and direct the operations of men at the surface in getting out the ship's contents. He will be able to mark the position of treasure-chests or heavy articles by line and buoy, so that they may be grasped by grapnels and hauled up.

His other invention, the hydroscope, is an apparatus for searching the sea bottom from the surface. The inventor has not yet disclosed how it works. The laws of optics govern its construction, yet it is something much more than an instrument which reflects images from one mirror to another. That it does work, and well, is attested by a group of competent persons who saw it tried in the harbor of Genoa on January 26, 1903. They certified that through the hydroscope they were able to see clearly objects in the sea bed in their true form, color, and position, and that the instrument did its work well. Its inventor says that down to a depth of one hundred metres his apparatus will reveal the sea bed by natural light, and that greater depths than that will require artificial light. The Greek government has made a contract with him for the recovery of works of art sunk two thousand years ago in Greek waters near Cerigotto, some of which he has already brought up. The English government, too, has contracted with him for the recovery of specie from the *Black Prince*, sunk during the Crimean war. His machines will have a good chance to show their abilities. There are plenty of rich prizes at the bottom of the sea, and the location of many of them is well enough known to make a search for them inviting, provided the means of search are adequate. But the maxim about the bird in the hand being worth two in the bush applies with accuracy to the search for sunken treasure. There have been so many attempts to raise, or rifle, treasure-ships, and so few have succeeded, that we shall all be sceptical about the realization of the Cavaliere's hopes until we see actual results from his endeavors. The Greek statues which he has brought up constitute such results as far as they go, and the results of his further labors in Greek waters will be followed with interest.

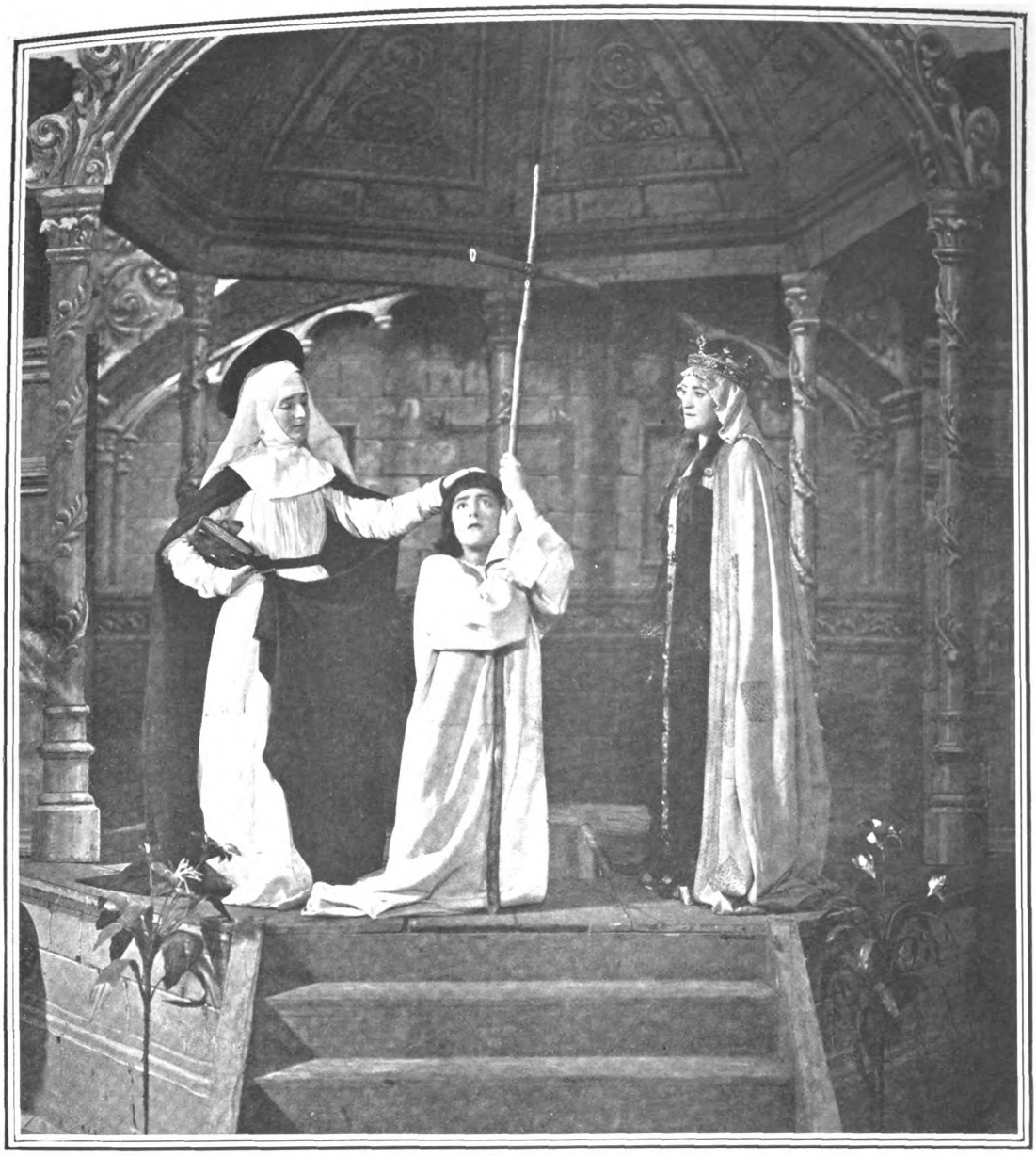


Using the new hydrographic invention of Signor Cavaliere Pino for exploring the bottom of the sea, the explorer is able to descend in the egg-shaped cask to great depths. The grappling device shown in the drawing is worked from the deck of the ship; from there, also, the life and treasures of the sea floor may be seen by means of a series of mirrors

Cavaliere Pino thinks his hydroscope will be used by steamship companies for the entertainment of their passengers, who will no longer be satisfied to see only sky and water when they can easily enjoy a curious and extended subaqueous prospect. "They will see thousands of fishes play and flee before them," he says, "while deserts, fields, forests, and mountains will pass like the figures of a cinematograph; daily, and nightly too, for when the natural light fails electric light will replace it."

A remarkable machine this must be if it is to do wonders such as these. It is less comprehensible than the Cavaliere's other invention, which is an application of modern means which seems to be fairly due. Submarine machines have in time past been like air-ships in their propensity to disappoint hopes, but since electricity has come to be so easily and effectively handled they have demonstrated their title to rank among the mechanical wonders that belong in the list of things accomplished. With our government building Holland boats that dive and swim under water, and the various European governments spending money on subaqueous monsters of like powers and purposes, it is easy to believe that we have reached the time when the sea bottom at reasonable depths can be safely exposed by eye-witnesses, and compelled to give up its possessions.

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"Good Deeds" and "Knowledge" agree to accompany "Everyman" on his Pilgrimage to the other World

"Everyman," An Old Morality Play

ONE of the notably interesting dramatic productions of the current season has been that of the fifteenth-century morality play "Everyman," first at Mendelssohn Hall and now at the Garden Theatre. Its chiefest appeal is doubtless to the student of the drama pure and simple, but it has not been without entertaining qualities to the ordinary theatre-goer of intelligence. Its effect upon certain minds has been curious. We know of some who have attended with the idea of finding something in the production that would inspire mirthful comment, but it was not long before the would-be scoffer was to be found sitting back in his chair completely and even reverently absorbed in the unfolding of the grim and inevitable story of *Everyman's* pilgrimage from heedless youth to the grave. Even the character *Death*, who in his make-up and movement would seem to verge on something a flippant mind could seize upon for the exercise of its shallow wit, instantly commanded respectful attention, and it was by no means the intense novelty of theme and action that was responsible for this. There was an atmosphere of impressiveness, of sacredness, about the whole performance that was not at all favorable to the disportment of the frivolous spirit, and the deep sincerity of the actors who essayed the rôles was at all times so manifest as to serve as a deterrent to any inclination to make light either of themselves or of the solemn business they had in hand.

The morality play, which in this particular case serves as a link of importance between the mystery plays of ancient times and the modern drama, was revived in London last season under the auspices of the Elizabethan Stage Society of London with this identical production, and played, we are informed, by the same competent company which presents it here. Its run over the sea was of gratifying length, and both for the scholarly intent it inspired, and for its novelty, it made a strong appeal to a very wide class of theatre-goers. Nevertheless, it was a considerable adventure to risk its fortunes on the American stage, and there were not a few who doubted the possibility of its favorable reception in a community where the lighter order of dramatic entertainment has by slow degrees been overshadowing the more serious. We think, therefore, that the public is to be congratulated upon the continued success of "Everyman" wherever it has appeared. It has convincingly demonstrated that in the vast theatre-going body in New York and other cities there is a leaven of fine taste and of appreciation of intellectual effort that is distinctly recognizable. An occasional production of the type of "Everyman" is all that is needed to bring it to the surface.

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Drawn for Harper's Weekly by Clarence F. Underwood

LONESOME

BY E. S. MARTIN

Time lately was when she had friends galore;
All men; and each one would be something more.
All gone! Too kind to disappoint nineteen,
She tried to be a sister to a score.

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A SERIES OF MOVING PICTURES

A SUBURBAN EXPERIMENT

BY ALBERT LEVERING



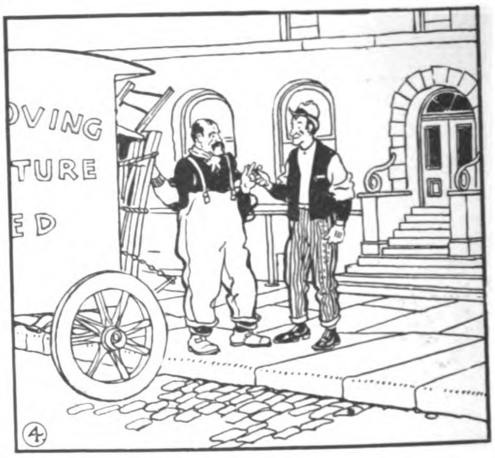
"Just listen to this, Belle—six room cottage, hot and cold water, a great big lawn—fifteen minutes to the city—Swell! Hey? We'll just take that place for six months on trial"



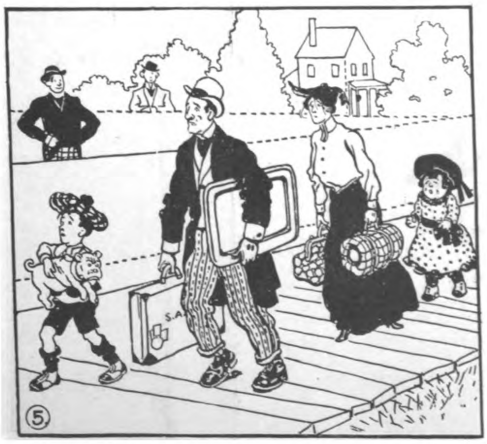
8 A. M.—"Now, boys, I'm going to peel right off and help; there's some gimcracks around here my wife's afraid'll get broken"



"Which goes next, mister, that shif'ner er this cubbord?"
"Let's see—er— Oh, Bobby, get out of the way!"



"Think we'll get out in time to set up the old stove and have lunch?"
"Surest ting, ye know. We'll hav yez all moved out dere in a couple o' hours—tanks."



"Jupiter! it didn't seem so far from that last trolley when I was out here to hire the place Sunday."



6 P. M. (soliloquizing, great big lawn).—"I see a comfortable bed on it to-night—hot and cold water—I'm in it up to the neck in the fo'mer. Fifteen minutes to the city—ye-es? But six months from it!!"

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The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free:
For she that out of Lethe scales with man
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal.
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow?

Tennyson.

"Were I a god, and a well-meaning one, the marriages of people would annoy me more than anything else. . . . The individuals are wasted, the accidentality of marriage makes every reasonable and great course of humanity impossible."—*Nietzsche.*

To talk of nothing but prosperity and commerce is to talk like a merchant, and not like a philosopher. To aim only at the enriching of nations is to act like a banker, but not like a legislator.—*Joubert.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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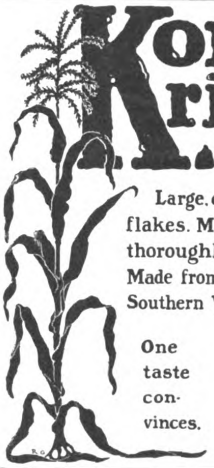
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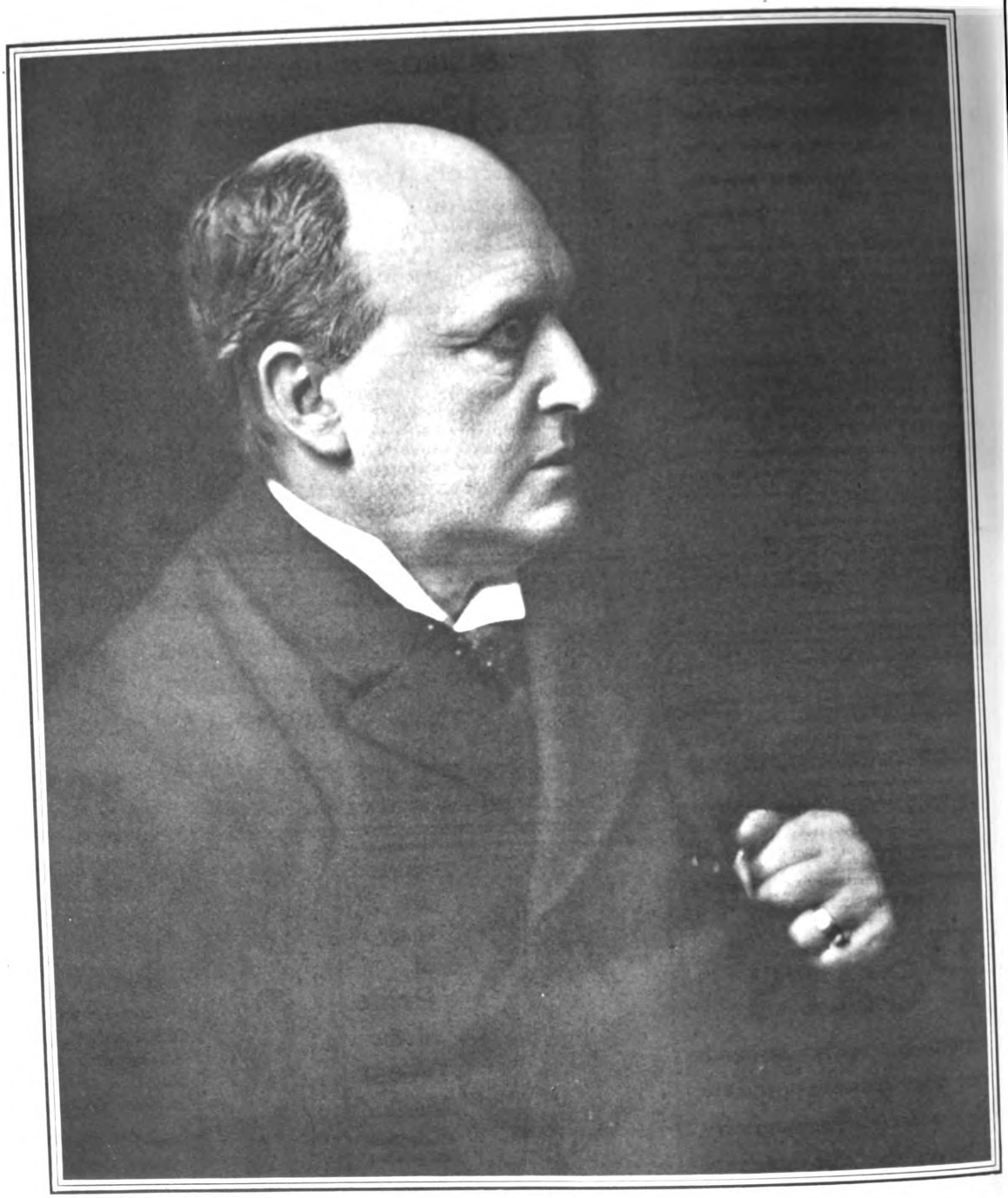
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THE LATEST SUCCESS OF THE **ORIZA-PERFUMERY (Grand Prix Paris 1900)**

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Henry James

IT has been said of Professor James of Harvard that he is too good a novelist to be a good psychologist; and of his brother, Henry James, that he is too great a psychologist to be a novelist. However true that be,—and truth is usually sacrificed in some measure to an epigram,—each of these men has won a unique reputation in his chosen profession, aided undoubtedly by his comprehension of his brother's calling.

Of the two, Henry James the writer of books, whose latest portrait we now publish, has won the wider recognition. "Master of involutionary style," he is beyond doubt one of the keenest analyzers of character among living writers. It is a remarkable tribute to his power that with his involved and analytical method of treatment,—his worship of literary style for its own sake,—he yet commands the attention of an enormous public on both sides of the Atlantic, including that body of readers which devours the popular novel, as well as a more discriminating class. The obvious conclusion is that he does not sacrifice interest in an effort to attain to what he may consider higher things.

Mr. James is one of the many distinguished Americans residing abroad. The quaint old house in Rye, where he has his home, is one of the landmarks of a town by no means poor in "lions." Here he works steadily, and with a prolificacy by no means his least remarkable trait.

Since *A Passionate Pilgrim* in 1875 a book a year he has averaged, and each is a distinct and measured step in the upward progress of his work.

The Ambassadors, now appearing serially in the pages of the *North American Review*, is his latest, and in many respects his greatest work. Henry James the psychologist has not permitted retrogression in the mental power of Henry James the writer.

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Transportation in London

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON is an impossible city to get about in. Whatever attractions it may possess, its rapid transit system is not one of them. As a matter of fact, "system" is the wrong word for the chaos of ill-connected, desperately competing railroads and omnibus routes that suffices, or pretends to suffice, for the needs of its six million inhabitants. The other day, in the House of Commons, Mr. James Bryce brought forward a motion on the subject. He asked "whether his Majesty's government would consider the desirability of inquiring, by royal commission or otherwise, into the means of locomotion and transportation in London on and beneath the surface, including the better regulation of vehicular traffic, the possibility of appropriating certain thoroughfares to certain kinds of traffic, the means of facilitating the construction of electric tramways along or immediately beneath the streets, and the steps to be taken for creating a properly arranged and conveniently interconnected system of deep-level electric railways." Mr. Balfour replied that, though he had not quite made up his mind, it was probable that a royal commission would be appointed. If so, it will be one of the most interesting and hardest-worked commissions that has ever sat.

One has only to live in London a week to see the need of some such impartial, systematic inquiry. Traffic, in spite of an absolute stringency in observing the "rule of the road," is blocked in every direction. A fine June afternoon makes one's progress down Piccadilly work out at the rate of a mile in ten minutes. That is the quickest one may hope for. A quarter of an hour per mile is the average performance, and this quite irrespective of the vehicle one happens to be sitting in. A champion roadster, the broken-down cavalry charger that works out the fag-end of his life between the shafts of a cab, and the weedy omnibus hack are all on a par in Piccadilly. The pace of a procession is the pace of its slowest unit, and a carriage and pair stand about as good a chance of getting ahead of the humbler traffic in that famous thoroughfare as a Broadway car has of outstripping its immediate forerunner. Americans who have not seen it, can hardly conceive the volume of Piccadilly's traffic. There is nothing in New York that even suggests it. A block of vehicles, a quarter of a mile long and from eight to ten deep, is so common an occurrence that one hardly notices it. At the corner of Hamilton Place and Piccadilly, where the traffic flowing east and west meets the stream flowing north and south, you may count almost any afternoon in the season as many as three thousand vehicles in an hour. There they stand, with wheels almost touching, sometimes for ten minutes on end, till the policeman waves his hand, and the monstrous cavalcade of carriages, costers' carts, omnibuses, motors, hansoms, brewery drays, railroad wagons, shop vans, four-wheelers, pony traps, and butchers' carts goes surging along till the outpourings of another side-street pull it up once more. Things are a little better now than they used to be. Early last year the London County Council shaved off a portion of the Green Park, and added it on to Piccadilly just opposite the point where Hamilton Place debouches. There are now six parallel streams of traffic almost constantly in motion, with as many policemen perpetually stationed there to deflect them into the proper route. The blockades rarely last more than two or three minutes, and the American who is hurrying to catch a train at Paddington or to keep an appointment at his club or hotel, no longer finds Hamilton Place the obstacle it was. The big Picca-

(Continued on page 555.)



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Exhibition of the Society of American Artists

THREE generalizations may be affirmed of this year's exhibition of the Society of American Artists. The average of achievement is,on the whole, a grade higher than usual; the number of canvases painted by Americans in Paris is increasing year by year; despite the great names in the catalogue the list of painters who do not exhibit with the society is growing so long as to suggest the condition that resulted in the formation of the society itself by seceders from the Academy.

The present exhibition is properly dominated by Abbott Thayer's "Winged Figure," a large canvas hanging on the north wall of the Vanderbilt Gallery opposite the entrance. A white-robed female figure of heroic size is seated on a rock. The painting is "Inscribed to Robert Louis Stevenson." In the dark background, tropical foliage is suggested. The drapery flows lightly over the slender figure, and sweeps in lines of beauty down the rocks. The face is of the exquisite type Mr. Thayer delights in painting, and which in its perfection all good Americans instinctively refer to Mary Anderson.

The same gallery contains John S. Sargent's portrait of William M. Chase, a capital example of the painter's most vigorous work, and a worthy memorial of Mr. Chase, which his pupils will present to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Near it is "The Flower," by John W. Alexander, a study of a young woman fastening in her gown a water-lily just chosen from a great cluster of half-open blossoms, the whole broadly painted in the low tones which are Mr. Alexander's favorite medium. This artist is further represented by his charming full-length portrait of Mrs. Thomas Hastings. A place of honor in the Vanderbilt Gallery is given to Samuel Isham's "The Coming of Spring," inspired by the lines of FitzGerald's Omar beginning:

Come! fill the cup, and in the fire of spring
Your winter garment of repentance fling.

This is a broadly painted, decorative composition, beautiful in color, and true to the spirit of the subject.



"Mother and Child."—By Paul Moschowitz

In the same gallery are also hung the winners of this year's prizes: Douglas Volk's "The Boy with the Arrow," winner of the Carnegie award for the best painting entered in competition; Louis Loeb's "The Dawn," a landscape in a luminous mist with female figures walking, reclining, and bathing in a pool, winner of the Webb gold medal; and Louise Cox's "Olive," the portrait of a daintily clad, pink-cheeked child, to which has been awarded the Shaw memorial prize for the best work of art exhibited by a woman. The pictures reproduced in this number include Mrs. Cox's prize-taker, Sergeant Kendall's wholly delightful painting, "The Green Gnome," portraits of a mother and daughter, the small green-robed child perched at her mother's side, and intent upon a story which the mother is reading from the book in her lap; and Paul Moschowitz's "Mother and Child," an excellent piece of work by this talented young painter.

The most cursory glance at the remaining pictures in the show can hardly overlook Miss Mary Shepard Greene's "Une Petite Histoire," a charming interior of the period of Louis XVI., with a young woman reading, which received a second award at last spring's Paris Salon; Kenyon Cox's strong and lividly colored portrait of Mr. Powers; and Winslow Homer's two admirable views.



"The Green Gnome."—By Sergeant Kendall



"Olive."—By Louise Cox.—Shaw Prize

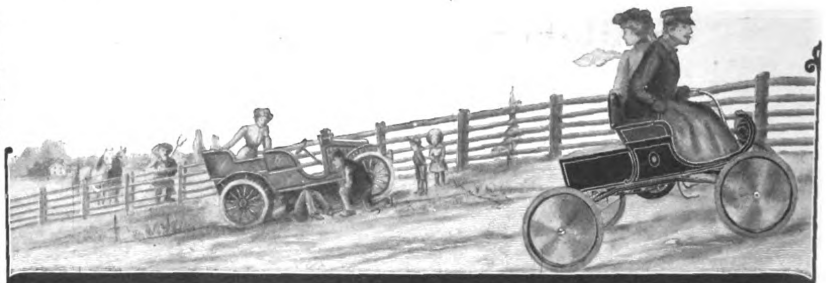
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dilly jam has now moved farther east, and centres round Berkeley and Albemarle streets. There it is just about as bad as it used to be at Hamilton Place. Bond Street, the meanest and narrowest of streets, lined with the most expensive shops in London, grows more impassable every year, though here, too, as in Piccadilly, the amount of traffic depends a good deal on the season. In the Strand, however, the block is perpetual. The quickest way of getting from Charing Cross Station to Ludgate Circus is to walk. As for the City itself, and the narrow tangle of arteries leading to and from it, locomotion there is simply a series of jerks—every few yards, and the "uplifted hand of the policeman," on which the late Mr. Bayard used to enlarge with such enthusiasm, pulls you up.

There is only one thing to admire about it all—the super-excellence of the driving. A bad whip is unthinkable in London; he could not survive a day's outing in the overstocked streets, where the strain on the nerves of those inside the vehicles is so great that few Londoners over sixty years of age venture out in a hansom. The sight of the innumerable quarter-inch escapes of catastrophe they run is too much for them, and, like Sir Henry Irving, they seek the security of a brougham or four-wheeler to shut it out. Collisions, though, are wonderfully rare; every drayman, coster, cabby, omnibus drives, handles the ribbons with the sureness of the president of the Four-in-Hand Club. Still one does not hail a hansom merely to admire the cleverness of the man on the box. There is a human desire to reach one's destination, and if that happens to lie anywhere within the congested area, which, roughly speaking, includes the City and most of the shopping districts, it is well to be triply armed in philosophic brass. A great deal of this congestion is not only inevitable, but, so far as one can see, irremediable. It could only be got rid of by rebuilding London, and that is an impossible task, if only on the score of expense. The city of six millions has to get along as best it can with the streets that served a population of half a million; and it is quite vain to hope that any man or any governing authority will arise to do for London what Haussmann did for Paris and Shepherd for Washington. Most of the charm and all the inconvenience of London come from this one fact, that it is a city which has *grown*. New York by comparison looks as though it had been hit off at a stroke and dumped down on Manhattan Island by contract. London as we know it to-day is simply an amalgamation of a great many old suburbs and villages that have joined together without plan, symmetry, or method of any kind. The country lanes of former days are now busy streets, but otherwise as straggling and narrow as they ever were. The old village streets are now the thoroughfares of a prodigious traffic, but not one whit wider than they were in King Charles's day. Very few of the London streets have been actually built—that is to say, deliberately laid out and planned and executed from beginning to end. Very few of them existed on paper before they existed in fact. Almost all are the survivals and extensions of century-old lanes and by-paths, "short cuts" across fields, and so on.

There can, therefore, be hardly any question of rebuilding London, of pulling it down, and remodelling it afresh. The city will remain to the end of time much as it is now, a fascinating jumble of irregularities. What, however, can be done, and what the London County Council is doing, is to widen the already existing streets, and occasionally to build a new one. At this moment what promises to be a really magnificent thoroughfare is being built between Holborn and the Strand at a cost of some



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$25,000,000; the Strand, too, is being slowly widened; there is a scheme, which in a few years will begin to bear fruit, for the broadening of the Circus end of Piccadilly; and in a short time the narrow gut of Knightsbridge will be developed into something approaching a street. All this, of course, will help to relieve the congestion, for a while, at any rate. Nothing can permanently relieve it, for the volume of traffic grows at a quite uncontrollable rate. Already it is being prophesied by the experts that the new avenue between Holborn and the Strand will require a fresh bridge over the Thames to take charge of the traffic that will come thundering down from northern London. Indeed, it is becoming obvious that new streets and wider streets will not of themselves solve the problem; that what is needed is a vital change both in the character and disposition of the traffic.

Take, for instance the immense item of passenger traffic. London's management of it is, in some ways, about twenty years behind New York's or Berlin's or even Rome's. Within the four-mile radius from Charing Cross there are plying year in and year out some 2500 omnibuses and about 12,000 cabs. The omnibuses carry not less than 350,000,000 passengers yearly, but they are hideous contrivances, intolerably cold in winter, intolerably stuffy in summer. It is they who set the pace for the rest of London, for they are big, lumbering, difficult to pass, and constantly stopping to take up passengers. On an ordinary route, part of which would lie in the congested area and part in the comparatively open thoroughfares, their pace is about six or seven miles an hour at the outside. No one less apt than an Englishman to agree that whatever is is right would have tolerated them all these years. They have, of course, the merit of cheapness—along some routes you may travel three miles for two cents—and they have also "garden" seats on the roof, which, though carefully arranged to "catch" you in the small of the back, do in summertime give one a very pleasant opportunity of sitting up aloft and watching the endless panorama of the streets. Americans "doing" London are advised by Baedeker to mount an omnibus and take a seat as near as may be to the always talkative and cheery driver; and very good advice it is. As for the world-famous London hansom—the gondola of London, as Disraeli called it—too much praise cannot be sounded. They are as comfortable as the omnibuses are uncomfortable. No public vehicle can rival them anywhere. I have even heard them described as "the one civic institution of this metropolis that a town in Western America, on the lookout for the latest improvement, would do well to transplant." Except a well-sprung victoria they offer perhaps the pleasantest way of getting about a city. They are clean, swift, easily driven, and the fare, which is fixed by law at twenty-five cents for any distance not exceeding two miles and twelve cents for every additional mile or part of a mile, with a charge of four cents for each item of baggage that may be carried on the roof, puts them within reach of people of moderate means. Whatever changes may be made in the transit systems of the future, however great may be the popularity of "Tu'penny Tubes" and motors, the hansom will always hold its own.

Now these omnibuses and hansom-cabs are the only means of surface transportation offered to Londoners. London is so big that one has to distinguish. In the suburbs and on the south, the "impossible" side of the river, you will find horse-cars, steam-cars, and even a few lines of electric-cars. But I am talking of that section which to most people represents the whole—residential London, the London of society, of shops, of theatres, of Kensington, May-

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fair, Belgravia, the "City," Regent Street, the Strand, and so on. It is here where the surface traffic problem is greatest and where omnibuses and hansoms alone are relied upon to solve it. An American asks at once, "Why not electric or even cable-cars?" The only answer to that question I have ever heard is that "tramways," to give them their English name, are not considered "genteel." An English expert on the subject gives this as the sole explanation. "Streets," he says, "are supposed to deteriorate in social standing if a tram-car enters them. At present the streets of London, or at least of the West End, seem to be managed solely in the interests of the wealthy, who keep carriages and ride in cabs. It is the opposition of this class which has succeeded hitherto in preventing London from having a tramway service equal to that of all other capitals." What, at any rate, is obvious is that electric-cars are quietly ruled out of the whole discussion. It is one of those cases where British prejudice seems insuperable. They will not even consider it—and there's an end on 't. Neither will they for one moment dream of experimenting with elevated railroads of any kind whatsoever. "None of your damned Yankee contrivances" is the spirit in which they dismiss the matter, once and for all. Even subways at the intersection of two or more streets they are inclined to throw out of court, having heard that similar things are to be found in Boston and Chicago.

Equally averse, then, to electric-cars and elevated railroads, there is nothing for the Londoner to do but to burrow underground. This he has done with much persistence and of late with real success. Of the District and the Metropolitan Underground railways, that are operated by steam, it is impossible to say anything fresh. All the recognized dictionaries have been exhausted in abusing them as the dirtiest, smokiest, most comfortless, most sulphurous, and most unaccommodating services to be found outside of Italy. So long as they were without competitors, they earned huge dividends, and disregarded all criticisms and all protests, in the best British fashion. To-day they find themselves in consequence in the hands of Mr. Yerkes, who will electrify them in more senses than one. On the other hand, the "Tu'penny Tube" is an achievement which even New York will be hard put to it to beat. The system is operated by electricity, there are plenty of trains, and they all run quickly and smoothly. They are arranged like the cars on the Manhattan Elevated, but better upholstered, better finished, and perfectly lighted. The conductors know their business, and make the passengers "hustle" as Englishmen never hustled before. Ten seconds during normal and fifteen seconds during rush hours is the average stop at each platform. The stations, their approaches and passages —all of which are lined with white tiles— and the elevators that take you fifty or sixty feet underground to your train, are all admirable. There is, indeed, hardly a hostile criticism to be made except that the cars are apt to get overheated and close. If New York manages to overcome this drawback in her subway line, she will be possessed of the speediest and most comfortable means of city transportation that has yet been invented. Naturally the success of the "Tube" has started up schemes for half a dozen similar projects, and Parliament has already authorized the building of nearly sixty miles of new underground railroad. It is to have all these schemes brought into harmony and dependence with one another, to have them considered in conjunction with improved surface facilities, and especially with the utilization of the Thames, now utterly neglected as a highway of traffic, that Mr. Bryce asks for a royal commission to inquire into the whole subject in all its bearings.



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COMMENT

WE have discussed elsewhere the principal features of the award made by the Anthracite-Coal Strike Commission, and would here merely direct attention to the recommendation with which the report concludes. The suggestion is that the State and Federal governments should provide machinery for a compulsory investigation of difficulties similar to the investigation which this commission has undertaken. It is obvious that, if such machinery were provided by both the State and the Federal governments, there would be a conflict of jurisdiction unless there were some agreement as to the order in which recourse should be made to the two methods of inquiry. There is no doubt about the power of the State to investigate and regulate any industrial corporation which it may have created. It is questionable, on the other hand, whether the Anthracite-Coal Strike Commission itself, or any similar body called into being by the Federal government, would have the right of investigating and regulating the within-State business of a corporation against its will. The commission expresses the opinion that, with a few modifications, the Federal act of October, 1888, authorizing a commission to settle controversies between railroad corporations and other common carriers could be made the basis of a law for arbitration in the anthracite coal-mining business. The common carriers contemplated by the Federal statute in question were engaged in inter-State commerce, whereas anthracite coal-mining is a within-State industry. Apparently, the commission holds that the power of the Federal government to reach the within-State business of State corporations was affirmed by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the lottery cases. Unquestionably, the Federal government would have a formidable regulative power if it could prohibit a given anthracite mining company from sending its coal beyond the borders of the State in which the combustible was mined. It is to be noted, however, that the commission would not make submission to the award of a Federal board compulsory on the part of either operators or mine-workers. It believes that the report of a Federal board of inquiry would enlighten public opinion, and would thus subject both parties to a strike or lockout to a moral pressure that would impel them voluntarily to accept the terms of settlement proposed. Whether the Fifty-eighth Congress will sanction the suggested extension of the law of 1888 from inter-State common carriers to within-State industrial corporations is uncertain, although those who doubt the constitutionality of such a project may well be discouraged by the close approach to unanimity with which the Fifty-seventh Congress appropriated money to defray the cost of the Anthracite-Coal Strike Commission, which Mr. Roosevelt appointed, he said, not as President, but in his personal capacity.

We do not share the apprehension expressed in some quarters that the Cuban reciprocity treaty is dead because the Senate's amendment, providing that it shall not go into effect until Congress approves it, is inconsistent with the original provision that it should become operative ten days after the exchange of ratifications which was to be made before March 31, 1903. There is all the difference in the world between death and suspended animation. All that Cuba needs to do is to ratify the treaty in the amended form adopted by our Senate. Then, when the Fifty-eighth Congress meets—and it is likely to be convoked in November—it will simply be necessary to secure the approval of the document by a bare majority in each Chamber. In view of the fact that the treaty was ratified in the Senate by a majority of the Democratic Senators, as well as by an almost solid Republican vote, Mr. Roosevelt should have no difficulty in prevailing upon the new Congress to approve the measure. If the ultimate execution of the treaty is doubtful, the ground for the doubt now lies in Cuba rather than in the United States.

What may prove a source of obstruction is the demand embodied in the amended treaty that certain American commodities shall be admitted to the island at rates of duty materially lower than those originally agreed upon. As the reduction exacted will affect the island's customs revenue to a certain extent, it may be made the pretext for opposition to the treaty. It must be borne in mind that English and German exporters, who have many friends in Havana, are vehemently opposed to a compact whereby American manufactures would obtain so decided a preference as to give them a close approach to a monopoly of the Cuban market. Then, again, the prospects of the Cuban sugar industry are decidedly brighter than they were a year ago. The agreement reached by the Brussels sugar conference will go into effect early in October, and will relieve Cuban sugars from the ruinous competition to which they have hitherto been subjected on the part of the European beet-root product. The Cubans will make a grave mistake, however, if, elated by the promised improvement in their economical situation, they miss the opportunity of monopolizing the American market for raw sugar during at least five years. It is very questionable whether the countries of the European Continent which are interested in the beet-sugar industry will long adhere to the Brussels convention.

The arguments before the Federal Court of Appeals at St. Louis in the important Northern Securities case came to an end on March 21, but, owing to the enormous amount of evidence taken, several months are likely to elapse before a decision is made. It will be remembered that the Northern Securities Company, which is a New Jersey corporation, acquired a controlling interest in both the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific railroads. The question is whether the Federal Anti-Trust act, which was intended to insure competition between common carriers, is not thereby violated. The defendant corporation, the Northern Securities Company, insists through its counsel that it had a right under State laws to form the combination to which the Attorney-General of the United States objects; that it is for the States, and not

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for the Federal government, to regulate the consolidation of railway companies; and that the Anti-Trust act has not been violated because the Great Northern and Northern Pacific railways are separately operated. On the other hand, the counsel for the United States Attorney-General maintained that the alleged separation of the railways named is merely nominal and technical, and that these roads, ostensibly competitive, are, as a matter of fact, managed in the sole and exclusive interest of the Northern Securities Company, which, controlling both systems through its agents, arrogates the right to establish rates and dictate commercial policies in Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, and other States. It is denied that the Northern Securities Company had a right to secure under the laws of New Jersey a charter that would enable it to violate the laws of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and it is further claimed on behalf of Attorney-General Knox that the laws of New Jersey confer upon the defendant corporation no such power as is asserted for it. We scarcely need point out the magnitude, actual and prospective, of the interests involved in this litigation. The whole future of the American railway system may be materially affected by the decision ultimately reached. We say ultimately, because, whatever judgment may be handed down by the Federal Court of Appeals, the case will undoubtedly be carried to the United States Supreme Court. We shall probably have to wait a year, at all events, before the status of the Northern Securities Company is finally determined.

No well-informed politicians doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's tour in the West and Far West will furnish proof of his continued popularity in those sections. Nevertheless, there have been lately some signs of a concerted movement to put forward opposing candidates for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1904. The open or secret opponents of a formidable candidate usually employ the following tactics: On the one hand they take measures to secure the delegations from the Southern States which are hopelessly Democratic, and, on the other hand, they try to persuade each of the large Republican States to pledge its delegation to a so-called favorite son. Senator Fairbanks, who could probably obtain the delegation from his own State, Indiana, is said to be negotiating for newspaper support in the South in an effort to procure delegates from that section. Ex-Speaker Keifer, who knows a good deal about Ohio politics, has recently expressed the opinion that Mr. Roosevelt is losing ground. That Senator Hanna will control the Ohio delegation seems to be generally taken for granted, although he pooh-poohs the notion that he will be a candidate for the Presidency. Whether Senator Allison will control Iowa's delegation is uncertain, owing to the great strength possessed by Governor Cummins in that State. In the Michigan delegation Senator Alger is likely to have a good deal of influence. Just now it looks as if Mr. Roosevelt's opponents would eventually concentrate on Senator Spooner of Wisconsin.

Much depends on the question whether Governor Cummins will carry the Iowa idea into the next Republican national convention, and demand the incorporation of it in the platform. Precisely what position Mr. Roosevelt will take with regard to a revision of the tariff is not yet known, and quite different conclusions have been drawn from the fact that Governor Cummins, after three long conferences with the President, has announced his determination to work for a revision of the Dingley act. Was this announcement concerted with the President, or was it made in defiance of the Executive's wishes? We shall soon get light upon this subject. Mr. Roosevelt can scarcely avoid alluding to it during his Western tour, though he knows that, if he declares himself in favor of a genuine, as distinguished from a pretended, revision of the tariff, he may expect to find the extreme protectionists consolidated against him in the national convention of his party. Of course were the nomination once assured, Mr. Roosevelt might well desire to see a revision plank inserted in the platform on which he was to stand, for he would thereby be enabled to hold a good many votes which otherwise might drift to the Democracy.

On the Democratic side, also, there are indications of activity. Mr. Bryan in his *Commoner* has bewailed the elevation of Mr. Gorman to the leadership of the Democratic Senators, but the latter and his friends have studiously refrained from uttering a word calculated to embitter the Nebraskan. The men who are destined to control the next Democratic national convention are determined not to give Mr. Bryan any plausible pretext for bolting. So long as he is not subjected to personal insult, he cannot, with any show of consistency, refuse to support the platform and the candidate adopted by his party's convention. There will be more than one plank in that platform of which he can heartily approve, and, if the convention maintains a judicious silence regarding the free coinage of silver it will simply be doing, as Mr. Bryan knows, what the Kansas City convention earnestly wished to do. The position which the Democracy will take in 1904 was probably outlined correctly by Mr. Edward M. Shepard at the Jackson-day dinner at Chicago. He declared that, as a Democrat, he was equally impressed with the danger threatened to American liberty by the trusts on the one hand, and by trades-unions on the other, and he demanded the guarantee of personal independence from encroachment by either side. In his reference to the tariff, he undoubtedly foreshadowed the course of the convention, which will advocate, not, of course, free trade, nor a sweeping revision of the tariff, but the removal or the reduction to a revenue basis of duties on imported goods that compete with American products which are the subjects of monopoly.

It is probable, also, that the convention will recommend an income tax, although, unless the decision of the United States Supreme Court should be reversed, a constitutional amendment would be needed for the purpose. The extensive tour in the West which Mr. Cleveland is about to make will teach us whether the remarkable revival of his influence which has of late been noticed in the East is a national, rather than a local phenomenon. We may be tolerably sure beforehand that his view of the policy which the Democracy should pursue will not differ materially from Mr. Shepard's. We may learn presently how the Parker boom is looked upon by Mr. Hill, for he has agreed to address the Democratic Editorial Association of New York on Jefferson's birthday, which will be April 13. It is possible, though not probable, that, without Mr. Hill's consent, Judge Parker could obtain an undivided delegation from New York, but there is some reason to believe that he would decline to be a candidate unless he was sure of Mr. Hill's support. Another matter of interest to the Democracy is the approaching municipal election in Cleveland, Ohio, where the Republicans will make a desperate effort to prevent the re-election of Tom Johnson to the Mayoralty. Should Mr. Johnson be re-elected, he would have a chance of controlling the Ohio delegation in the next Democratic national convention, in which event Mr. Bryan would have a powerful ally.

Commenting upon the resolution introduced in the last Congress by Representative De Armond, the resolution requesting the President to learn upon what terms Great Britain would cede to us the Dominion of Canada, the Chicago *Tribune* rightly says that for the schism of the Anglo-Saxon race upon this continent the United States are partly to blame. The *Tribune* overlooks, however, our fundamental blunder. During the summer and autumn of 1774, after the government of Lord North had instituted a blockade of Boston, the Canadians shared the sympathy with which the inhabitants of that town were regarded by most of the American colonists. The French and English denizens of Quebec combined to send them a thousand and forty bushels of wheat. To stifle such sympathy, the British government passed the Quebec act, whereby the Roman Catholic Church was as effectually established in Canada as was the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. Unfortunately, the American colonists had not wholly purged themselves of Protestant fanaticism, and in its address to the people of Great Britain the first Continental Congress denounced the Quebec act, and described the Roman Catholic religion as one that had propagated impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder, and rebellion in every part of the world. All it would offer the French Canadians was complete religious freedom and equality. Naturally, the Catholic clergy of Canada preferred the monopoly which the Quebec act conceded to them. Had the first Continental

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Congress kept in view the fact that at that time in Virginia, in Massachusetts, and in many another colony a particular form of Protestantism was by law established, and had recognized the right of the Canadian people to establish Catholicism in their province, there is but little doubt that the expeditions headed by Arnold and Montgomery would have been successful, and that Canada would have joined the Thirteen Colonies in a struggle for independence. Fatal were the consequences of our reprobation of the Quebec act, which simply assured to Catholicism in Canada the same privileged position which the Anglican Church possessed in Virginia, and Congregationalism in Massachusetts. We are not sure that the Chicago *Tribune* is right in describing our abrogation of the reciprocity treaty with Canada in 1866 as another mistake. The *Tribune* thinks that the effect of that treaty had been to create a tendency toward continental union. No such effect was contemplated by Lord Elgin, the negotiator of the treaty. On the contrary, he secured the ratification of the convention by Southern Senators, who did not want any more Free States admitted to the Union, by frankly avowing that, unless the Canadians could get reciprocity, their demand for political incorporation with the United States would within ten years prove irresistible. Lord Elgin's view of the situation was confirmed by the event. No sooner was the reciprocity treaty passed than the annexationist movement in Canada died away.

We have formerly discussed the machinery provided in Switzerland for the application of the initiative and referendum to both federal and cantonal legislation. It looks as if the Swiss example might be followed in one of our larger commonwealths. The Upper House of Missouri's Legislature passed the other day by a unanimous vote a joint resolution providing for the submission of the question of adopting the initiative and referendum to the people of that State. If the plan proposed is ratified by the electors, a petition signed by ten per cent. of the voters will suffice hereafter to compel the Legislature to introduce a particular measure; a petition signed by fifteen per cent. will compel the Legislature to refer any statute which may pass to the popular vote. When, however, it is desired to initiate a constitutional amendment, a petition signed by twenty per cent. of the voters will be requisite. If the joint resolution embodying these provisions is accepted by the Lower House of Missouri's Legislature—which seems probable—the proposal will be laid before the people at the next general election. It was wise to fix that date for testing the popular will, for experience has shown that it is seldom possible to elicit a full expression of public opinion on any occasion except when a general election or important local election is held. Thus, in New Hampshire the other day, less than a third of the vote cast for President in 1900 was recorded with reference to a number of amendments of the State Constitution, one of which substituted the word "Christian" for the word "Protestant" in the organic law of the commonwealth, while another conceded the suffrage to women, and a third prescribed an educational qualification for the ballot. Profound as were the changes threatened by these amendments in the political structure of the State, they excited much less interest than the question whether Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan should become the Federal Chief Magistrate. When George Washington was chosen President, on the other hand, the people of New Hampshire looked upon their State government as incomparably more important than the scheme of Federal administration which had been devised at Philadelphia in 1787.

For the first time since Mr. Gladstone resigned the post of Premier, public attention in the United Kingdom, and to a considerable extent on this side of the Atlantic also, is fixed upon Ireland. We do not yet know the details of the Land Purchase bill which was introduced in the House of Commons on March 25 by Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant. It is confidently believed, however, that the forecast of the measure formerly outlined by us will be fulfilled. It is even more necessary for the Balfour government to conciliate the Nationalistic members in Parliament and the Irish vote in British constituencies than it was six weeks ago. In the interval the cabinet has twice been rescued from an adverse vote in the House of Commons by Nationalist support, and its candidates have encountered a series of disastrous defeats at by-elections. Fortunately for the ministry, it can meet the wishes of the Irish people for agrarian reform without alienating its friends in the House of Lords, many of whom are Irish landlords. For the first time since the reign of George I., Irish landlords and Irish tenants are united in interest. As we have previously pointed out, they are agreed upon a scheme whereby the landlords will be enabled to sell their lands for more than the market price, whereas the tenants will get it for less than the market price. This paradoxical conciliation of interests will be brought about at the expense of the British taxpayer, who will be called upon to pay the difference. The annual interest, however, on the sum needed to make good the difference will be inconsiderable, compared with the vast importance of securing tranquillity and order in Ireland. According to Mr. T. W. Russell, who has done more than any other man to bring about the present era of good will, the Land Purchase bill is not the only concession by which the Balfour government aims to propitiate the Irish people. It is said that a considerable instalment of home rule will be granted in the form of a local government bill, by which we understand that on the substructure of the county and district councils will be erected a species of national council at Dublin which will be intrusted with certain powers of local legislation. There is no reason, however, to expect that such a measure will be introduced before the next session of Parliament. Some doubt has been expressed concerning Mr. Chamberlain's view of the proposal, but it is not shared by those who remember that he was willing even to accept Mr. Gladstone's first Home-rule bill, had a clause been inserted providing for the retention of Irish members at St. Stephen's.

Last week we chronicled the defeat of the Conservative candidate at the Woolwich election, and the damper put on the rejoicings of the Tories over the home-coming of the Secretary for the Colonies. Hardly was the news published when the story of another defeat came to hand, even more unexpected and alarming to the Balfour cabinet. Woolwich was considered a very safe seat, almost a certainty; but it was thought that the Rye division of Sussex was an absolutely sure and impregnable stronghold for the Conservatives; that they simply could not fail to carry the day. Yet the Rye division of Sussex has gone the way of Woolwich, and the Balfour ministry has had its majority reduced by two more votes. Three years ago the government candidate, Colonel Brookfield, was returned by twenty-five hundred votes over his Liberal opponent. The tide has now turned by no less than three thousand votes, something unprecedented and ominous. Further than that, close on the heels of this disaster comes the news that Fermanagh, which was hitherto one of the strong Unionist centres in the north of Ireland, has also gone back on Mr. Balfour, the Opposition candidate Mr. Mitchell, a disciple of Mr. T. W. Russell, having been returned triumphantly, all the Nationalists casting their votes for him. It becomes doubtful, however, whether a seat gained by the Irish Nationalists must still be reckoned a seat lost for the Unionist government. Since the unpublished and unwritten treaty with the Nationalists, which preceded the liberation of Irish members incarcerated under the Crimes act, and the announcement of the Land Purchase act, it is becoming clear that an understanding has been come to, under which the Nationalists agree to keep the Conservatives in power, for value received. Lord Rosebery, with his declaration that home rule was dead, is to be thanked for this; and, as we foreshadowed two weeks ago, there are already rumors of a modified Home-rule bill to be introduced by the Unionist government. Meanwhile, it is doubtful whether even this daring expedient can long preserve the life of the cabinet, for defections come thick and fast, and it is considered almost certain that the Chertsey election will go the same way as Woolwich and Rye.

Is the Liberal party in Great Britain doomed? Many men, no doubt, would answer no, in view of the recent victories won by Liberal or Labor candidates over Conservatives at by-elections. There is reason to believe, however, that the Conservative reverses are due to popular distrust of the leaders of the party in power, and not to any desire to see them superseded by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman or by Sir William Harcourt. So far as England proper is concerned,

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there is no doubt that the mainstay of the party which supported the home-rule policy of Mr. Gladstone was the Nonconformist element. It was this element which forced Mr. Gladstone to demand the withdrawal of Mr. Parnell from the leadership of the Irish Nationalist party, after the exposure of the latter's relations to Mrs. O'Shea. From that day to this there has been no love lost between the English Nonconformists and the Irish Nationalists. Now, however, the English Nonconformists seem to be irremediably alienated, owing to the support given by the Nationalists to the Balfour government's Education bill. In this conflict of sentiment, which side are the Liberal leaders to take? Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, for his part, has announced that he will never forsake the Irish home-rulers. Lord Rosebery, on the other hand, has avowed his conviction that home rule for Ireland must be postponed until it is distinctly favored by a majority of the voters of England proper. Curiously enough, Lord Rosebery, although an Anglican and an ex-owner of race-horses, is the favorite of the Nonconformists. It looks, therefore, as if the English Liberal vote formerly consolidated by Mr. Gladstone would be henceforth split into two sections, and as if the section headed by Lord Rosebery might control the larger number of seats in the House of Commons. As for the good-will of the Irish Nationalists upon which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman sets store, it seems likely to be captured by the Conservatives, if the latter, in addition to an acceptable Land Purchase bill, offer a large instalment of home rule.

The week's budget of news from Latin America is unusually interesting and full. First we have a special session of the Cuban Senate called, to ratify the reciprocity treaty in its amended form. The days during which this can be done are numbered, and it is hardly likely that the treaty will arrive in Washington in time to be signed by the President in person. That duty will be delegated to the minister to Cuba. While there is much regret in Cuba over the amendment sending the treaty back to Congress, it is recognized that half a loaf is better than no bread. On the other hand, the delay in bringing the treaty into action is a direct bonus to Germany and England, the two powers which protested against the preferential rates given to this country by Cuba. In Colombia also there is much energy and activity in the business of ratifying the canal treaty. A government commission is traversing the country, canvassing public opinion, and, so far, all Colombia seems favorable to ratification and the canal. As we forecasted a short time ago, General Fernandez has succeeded José Marroquin, the acting President, and everything indicates that Colombia will gain in security from the change. The record of General Fernandez is reassuring. He has also taken temporary charge of the Department of Finances, while his stanch friend Señor Casas, already Minister of Public Works, has for the time undertaken the duties of the Foreign Office also. This change will not interrupt or delay the treaty ratification, and the general outlook is perceptibly improved. From Uruguay also we have good news. The government and the revolutionists have come to terms, through the intermediation of Señors Ramirez and Lamas, though what the terms are is not yet announced. Bolivia too sends its olive branch. Protocols between that country and Brazil have been signed, which provide for a *modus vivendi* in the Acre dispute, and for definite negotiations to end the matter finally. Thus another element of danger is removed from the Latin-American field.

We shall soon learn the real significance of President Castro's resignation of the Presidency of Venezuela. It will be remembered that our State Department recognized him as the head of a *de facto* government as long ago as November, 1899; that he was chosen provisional President in March, 1901, by a Constituent Assembly, and regularly elected President of Venezuela in February, 1902, for a term of six years, beginning on the 20th of that month. He had, therefore, nearly five years of *de jure* rule before him. The Venezuelan Congress promptly declined to accept the resignation, and, even should he insist on an acceptance, it is probable that arrangements would be made whereby his brother might succeed to the Presidency. Meanwhile, Castro has received a unanimous vote of confidence. It is improbable that a change of Executive will have any effect on the settlement of the controversies between Venezuela and foreign powers. It turns out that the delay in signing the protocols to which Mr. Bowen very properly directed the attention of the representatives of Great Britain and Germany was due to some difference of opinion regarding details. There is no longer any doubt that the protocols will be promptly signed, and that in September the question whether preferential treatment should be conceded to the blockading powers, as distinguished from other claimants, will be submitted to the Hague arbitration court. There seems to be considerable misapprehension regarding the scope of the matter to be referred to that tribunal. All the Hague court will be called upon to do will be simply to say whether, in the eye of international law, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy deserve to have their claims paid before those of other powers that refrained from resorting to acts of war. With the validity and amount of those claims the Hague tribunal has nothing to do. Each of the three blockading powers named a sum which it would be willing to accept by way of reparation for *wrongs*, and those sums, which, even in the aggregate, were inconsiderable, Venezuela agreed to pay forthwith. It is the ordinary debts accruing out of contract, and alleged to be due from the government or citizens of Venezuela to the subjects of foreign powers, that are said to constitute the formidable total of $45,000,000, exclusive of the cost of collection. Under the protocol signed by Mr. Bowen the validity and amount of these claims are to be determined by mixed commissions, on each of which the debtor and creditor countries shall be equally represented, provision being made for the appointment of an umpire in the event of disagreement. It was really, of course, in order to extort the payment of these large sums, and not to secure the pittances demanded for the redress of grievances, that Great Britain, Germany, and Italy resorted to blockade and bombardment.

We have received from the minister plenipotentiary of the Argentine Republic at Washington a copy of the communication which he was directed by Señor Don Luis M. Drago, the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs, to lay before our State Department. It is interesting to compare the document with Secretary Hay's responsive memorandum. Señor Drago draws a sharp distinction between demands for the redress of grievances, which he willingly concedes may be enforced by acts of war, and ordinary debts resulting from transactions into which foreign creditors went voluntarily, with their eyes wide open to the risks involved. The fact is recalled that the capitalist who supplies any money to a foreign state always takes into consideration the resources of the country, and the greater or less probability that the obligations contracted will be punctually fulfilled. It is for this reason that the credit obtainable by a given government is proportioned to the current view of the grade of civilization attained by it, and to the more or less businesslike conduct of its affairs. These circumstances are carefully measured and weighed by the lender, and serve to make the conditions of a loan more or less onerous. Señor Drago proceeds to insist that the acknowledgment of a debt thus growing out of contract, and the determination of its precise amount at a given date, ought to be left to the courts of the debtor nation, and cannot be arrived at in any other way without injury to its primary rights as a sovereign entity. The assertion of the opposite principle, to wit, the right to extort payment at any moment by means of force, could scarcely fail to bring about the ruin of the weaker commonwealths at the hands of the powerful nations of the earth. The latter principle, as Señor Drago says, cannot be reconciled with the fundamental rule of international law, namely, that all sovereign states, whatever be the physical forces at their disposal, are perfectly equal entities *de jure*, and entitled to the same amount of consideration and respect.

Touching the collection of ordinary debts by force, our State Department is reminded of the position taken by Alexander Hamilton — the position, *i. e.*, that contracts between a nation and private individuals are binding according to the conscience of the debtor sovereign nation, and cannot be the object of compulsive force. They do not confer any right, he held, for action outside of the sovereign will of the debtor nation. Señor Drago goes on to show how far we have gone in the application of this prin-

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ciple in the Eleventh Amendment to our Federal Constitution, which provides that the judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to a suit in law or equity begun or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state. The Argentine Republic has not gone so far. On the contrary, it makes its provinces subject to prosecution in the federal tribunals, and even permits the Confederation itself to be prosecuted before the Argentine Supreme Court in the case of contracts entered into with private individuals. What Argentina has never recognized is that, the amount for which she is liable having been determined by her own courts, she could be deprived of the right to elect the form and time of payment, for in regard to such matters she is as deeply interested as the creditor himself. Finally, the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs submits that the enforcement of the payment of ordinary debts by blockade, bombardment, and the confiscation of customs revenue is an act counter to the letter and the spirit of the Monroe Doctrine as originally formulated, because it undoubtedly *oppresses*, and to a certain extent *controls the destiny*, of an American commonwealth.

What was the answer of Secretary Hay to the announcement that Argentina would like the United States to join in the enunciation of the principle that an ordinary debt, due, or alleged to be due, from the government or citizens of an American commonwealth to foreign creditors cannot be made the pretext for an armed intervention? Our State Department refrained from accepting or rejecting categorically the principle propounded. No assent or dissent is expressed to the propositions forcibly set forth in the note of the Argentine Foreign Office to which we have just referred. Señor Drago is merely referred to the more or less divergent positions taken by Mr. Roosevelt in his first and second annual messages, and left to reconcile those documents as best he can. In the first message, dated December 3, 1901, Mr. Roosevelt said that we do not guarantee any Latin-American state against punishment if it *misconducts* itself, provided the punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by a non-American power. The word "misconduct" would naturally be understood to refer only to the public torts and wrongs, the right of the injured nation to demand redress for which is universally recognized. It was in the second annual message, dated December 2, 1902, that an American President, for the first time, employed a much more elastic and ambiguous phrase, stating that it behooves each of the independent American republics to maintain order within its own borders, and to discharge its *just obligations* to foreigners. When this was done, Mr. Roosevelt said, they could rest assured that they would have nothing to dread from outside interference. Mr. Hay does not tell the Argentine minister whether, by the phrase "just obligations," and by the construction thereof indicated by our State Department to the British and German Foreign Offices, the Anglo-German demonstration against Venezuela was, in his opinion, warranted. He merely says that the United States would be glad to see the settlement of ordinary debts, as well as of technical wrongs, effected by a resort to arbitration, instead of by acts of war. He does not say that the United States will peremptorily demand the substitution of arbitration for war in such cases; much less that we will join with Argentina in asserting that principle. Meanwhile, we are probably safe in saying that nineteen Americans out of twenty, provided they have considered the matter at all, deem the position taken by the Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs to be the right one.

The names of the British members of the Alaskan Boundary Commission are now to hand. These are Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief-Justice of England, Sir Louis Jette, formerly Judge of the Supreme Court of Quebec, and Sir John Douglas Armour, Judge of the Supreme Court of Canada. The precise terms of the treaty appointing the commission are obscure, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. John Hay have each published interpretations of its purpose, and these interpretations are almost diametrically opposite in sense. But it seems fairly clear that the commissioners will be called upon to take the dispute back to the treaty of 1825 between England and Russia, and that the three-quarters of a century of effective occupancy by this country of the territory now claimed by Canada will not be held to constitute satisfactory evidence of possession and sovereignty. The truth is that even Canada never seriously thought of putting forward her very fanciful claims until after the discovery of gold in the Klondike, when it became her interest to have a free outlet to the sea, which she could only gain by claiming the headwaters of the Lynn Channel, as being within British territory. Hence the whole dispute. Apparently, a *modus vivendi* can be reached on the wording of the Russian treaty, for while this treaty very clearly defines the boundary-line of Alaskan territory in the sense claimed by our government, it also allows to British shipping the right of free navigation in perpetuity of all rivers rising in British territory, but reaching the sea through Alaskan territory, then Russian, but now belonging to the United States. According to the strict interpretation of this clause, Britain and Canada could claim the right of free navigation of the Lynn Channel, and the outlet desired by Canada would thus be secured. While there is still much protest in Canada against the choice of the American members of the commission, it is clear that this protest is wholly unofficial, and therefore not likely to have any important result.

We can best understand the position of politics at this moment in Japan by a comparison with a familiar epoch in English parliamentary life. The two great Japanese figures are the Marquis Ito, who may be likened to Gladstone, and General Count Katsura, who is the Salisbury of the Flowery Kingdom. Count Katsura has a reliable majority in the Upper House, which is full of feudal and aristocratic traditions and prejudices, but cannot maintain a solid and united party in the Lower House, just as Lord Salisbury, strongly entrenched in the Lords, more than once lost his hold on the Commons. Marquis Ito, on the other hand, like Gladstone, has a great and growing following in the Lower House, but a majority of the aristocratic Upper House distrusts his liberal tendencies, and thinks he is going too fast, and endangering his country's stability. The result of the elections so far is that Marquis Ito's position is strengthened, so that he will be in a position either to dictate to Count Katsura, or to form a ministry of his own; and thus in either case he will have an opportunity to carry on his life-work, the introduction of constitutionalism into the once exclusive and strictly feudal life of Japan. Incidentally, it will be decided whether the whole burden of the new naval programme is to fall on the land-owning classes, which really means, on the cultivators of the soil. In view of the fact that famine is at present rife in the northwestern provinces, it is evident that the agricultural class is not in a position to bear many additional burdens. As the navy exists chiefly for the defence of commerce, it would seem to be just that the chief part of the cost should fall on the commercial class who most benefit from the outlay.

An extraordinary man was Charles Godfrey Leland, who died on March 20, in Florence, Italy, at the age of seventy-eight. He lived a long, happy, useful, and laborious life, of which it was hardly more than an incident that when he was about fifty years old he became famous as the author of the ballads of *Hans Breitmann*. Everybody used to know how "Hans Breitmann gife a barty," and about the "himmelstralendestern" and the other incidents, multifarious and varied, of Hans Breitmann's social career. And from knowing Breitmann, everybody came to know Leland. There was a good deal to know. He was a writer as remarkable for erudition as for versatility. The son of an old Philadelphia family carefully educated in the best schools of his day, he appears as an infant prodigy who wrote a good poem at ten; as a schoolboy who was deeply read in black-letter; as a Princeton College boy who was one of the best-read men in America, and as a revolutionist who helped in 1844 to man the great barricade of the Faubourg St.-Antoine in Paris. After four or five years in Paris and London he studied law in Philadelphia. But he practised not law, but literature, beginning as an editor in New York in 1853, and continuing as editor or writer in New York or Philadelphia until 1869. He had a hand in making *Appleton's Encyclopædia*, and was one of the staff of *Vanity Fair*. The Breitmann ballads made him famous in the early seventies, and after that he lived

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much abroad, studying gypsies, folk-lore, and whatever interested him. He published many books, but perhaps the most important of all his labors was the part he took in introducing industrial art into the American schools.

An invention which promises to do away with much profanity—expressed or implied—and any quantity of vexation is now being tried on a large scale in Chicago. It is already satisfactorily at work in a dozen cities with a population of 25,000 and over, and its promoters are certain of its complete success in the largest cities. It is the automatic, "secret service," girlless telephone. By means of the automatic switchboard the telephone girls at the central stations are absolutely done away with. When a number is wanted you simply turn a small dial, like that which operates the combination of a vault, to the numerals which make up the required number, in their consecutive order. Then you press a button which rings the call-bell on the other telephone, and the connection is complete. The whole operation is automatic and almost instantaneous; no one can break in and interrupt or overhear a conversation; and a person speaking cannot be cut off before he has finished. Though more than one telephone company in a city is a nuisance, the adoption of an automatic switchboard would certainly go far towards remedying most of the faults of the present system. The Chicago company has already spent several millions of dollars in the building of tunnels for its wires, and will have 10,000 telephones in operation within the next two or three months.

Yale University has made provision for allowing diligent students to take the A.B. degree in three years instead of four. The courses in her schools of law, medicine, and divinity will be arranged hereafter so that the first year's work in any one of these schools may be done by Seniors in the academic department, who will thus save a year's time in their professional studies. These changes indicate the strength of the pressure towards lessening the time required for professional training. Discussion of the value of the fourth year at college goes on, and protests abound against premature specialization and the narrowing of the foundation of general culture, but the fact is that the strongest universities in the country are making the fourth year in their academic departments optional. Students who can do four years' work in three are welcome to do so.

Mrs. Ballington Booth's suggestion that bandages, restoratives, and anæsthetics shall be carried on passenger-trains on American railroads is not derisively intended. Mrs. Booth is quite in earnest, and the suggestion seems to her nothing more than humane. She is herself a constant traveller, and has seen something, and read much more, of the sufferings of trainmen, engineers, and passengers in railroad accidents. Cases where people have been pinned down by wreckage and burned to death have especially impressed her. Most passenger-cars already carry an axe, a saw, and a sledge for use in emergencies. She thinks experience has amply justified the further provision that she suggests. She has learned that employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and perhaps of other roads, have attended lectures on "First Aid to the Injured," but one may have knowledge, she says, and yet be helpless to render quick and efficient relief without bandages and remedies. The objection that cans of chloroform might be broken in a wreck and do mischief, does not impress her as important, and truly there is not much to it. The suggestion is humane, and in view of the report of the Inter-State Commerce Commission that 8455 persons were killed and 53,339 injured in railroad accidents in the year 1901, it seems reasonable, and amply worth consideration.

Dr. Parkhurst, in a sermon on lying, finds that we Americans are altogether too prone to inveracity, and discovers "a deplorable illustration of the general apathy upon the matter" in the "easy popular assent" accorded to the wiles used by Funston in capturing Aguinaldo. But was the popular condonation of that exploit so easy? Funston's actions were officially approved, and he was promoted in consequence of them; but in his case there is a distinction between official opinion, which declared in his favor, and that species of public opinion which is the sum of private opinion. From the start Funston's exploit went very much against the grain with thousands of his countrymen, who willingly conceded its daring, but found grave ethical defects in it, and whenever it has been discussed it has stirred up as much protest as commendation. If Dr. Parkhurst must use Funston's feat as an illustration, he may just as well use it to demonstrate the sensitiveness of the American conscience as its apathy.

Dr. Obrian, the American dentist who was said to have been a lover of the Crown-Princess of Saxony, left Dresden in some haste to avoid expulsion. Since his arrival in New York he has talked to the newspapers about the Crown-Princess, and has talked like a gentleman and a man of sense. He scouts the idea that there was any basis to the gossip about the Princess and himself, and says that the Princess has been more or less irresponsible for some time, and that he happened to be one of the twenty-three men to whom she had addressed letters which had never been sent. The royal family of Saxony seems to have made the worst of a difficult situation. It had on its hands a woman who needed to be protected and probably restrained. It failed to safeguard her, and has shown so much incompetence in the management of its domestic affairs that its imputation of misconduct to Dr. Obrian, unsupported by any evidence, carries no weight at all.

Bishop Huntington, of Central New York, feels that hell is being unduly neglected by the clergy. In a mid-lenten sermon in Syracuse on March 22 he expressed his conviction that there was a place for hell, and that it was there, and that self-indulgent persons whose habits and conduct were not good would some day have a painful personal experience of it. Hell has at times been much overdone. It has been described as hotter and more continuous than the human imagination can endure, and overmuch freedom has been used in forecasting its population. No hell that contains unbaptized infants or persons who died casually and unintentionally unregenerate will wash in these times. An eternity of hell as a consequence of misconduct of limited continuance also seems to modern minds an improbable dispensation. But the idea that evil-doers who manage to avoid punishment in this life are going to get off altogether does not commend itself to the average observer's sense of fitness. Almost every one believes in God, and every intelligent believer in God must believe in eternal justice. Somewhere, somehow, the odds come even, and all crops are harvested. Without hell, or its equivalent, we average observers cannot see how final justice is going to be done. A good deal of the time the way of the transgressor is hard in this life, but some transgressors play their game so ably as to elude all obvious penalties, and make a show of having a good time as long as they live. The religious mind is confident that there must be appliances somewhere for getting even with these persons.

Anybody who doubts that there is a hell is invited to consider the reports which have come from London of the disclosures of Captain Guy Burrows and Mr. Edgar Canisine about the atrocious cruelties committed by Belgian officials of the Congo Free State in mid-Africa. Burrows and Canisine are Englishmen who spent three years in the Congo Company's service. Their book has been suppressed for the moment, but it tells stories of the abuse of the Congo natives by torture, slavery, and wholesale murder, which are to be investigated by the British Parliament. If they are true we shall hear more of them.

Mr. Lloyd C. Griscom, lately appointed minister to Japan, is a son of Clement A. Griscom, of Philadelphia. He is a young man, as his picture shows, but is well launched on a career of diplomacy for which his aptitude has already been tested by a considerable experience. He was secretary of our legation in Constantinople in 1899 and 1900, and for many months, between the departure of Minister Straus and the coming of Minister Leishman, managed our concerns in that capital with excellent ability. In 1901 he was appointed minister to Persia, and spent two years at Teheran. He starts in a few days for his new post in a third Oriental country, but one that seems nearer home, and with which our relations are highly important. Mr. Griscom's preferment is an excellent and commendable example of promotion within the lines of the diplomatic service.

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The Coal-Strike Award

To all but those who are primarily interested in the anthracite-coal strike the issues of wages and of hours of labor were the most unimportant of all those referred to the President's commission. On these issues the miners have won a partial victory—that is, the commission has given them half of what they demanded. No reasons are given for this determination. Indeed, the reasoning of the commission's report would sustain a denial of any additional pay or of any shortening of the hours of labor, but no one will quarrel with the illogical character of the result at present. We may have a different tale to tell if the consumers are eventually made to pay for the decision, or if the miners overlook that part of the report which, to the public, is the most important. So far as the miners are concerned,—there is some doubt expressed as to the effect of the award on the earnings of the laborers,—they have been made happy by a ten-per-cent. increase of pay after the commission has decided that the daily rate of earning in the anthracite regions does not compare unfavorably with that in other industries; that "the conditions of the life of the mine-workers outside the mines do not justify in their full extent the adverse criticism made by their representatives"; that the social conditions in the region are good; that there is not sufficient evidence to sustain the point that miners' wages are so low that they are forced to put their young children at work in the mines. In brief, the increase of pay is awarded, although the reasons for demanding it are not sustained by the testimony. If this were all, the expensive strike was begun and was maintained for nothing. A loss of $99,000,000, divided between operators, miners, and transportation companies, not to speak of the loss to the public by reason of the increase in the price of coal, has been suffered, and, so far as the surface issue was concerned, to no purpose; for all that the men have gained would undoubtedly have been granted to them if they had acceded to the offer of the various operators, if they had dropped the United Mine-Workers, and if the employees of each company had presented their grievances and demands to their own employers.

This brings us to that part of the report which is most interesting to the community, and which ought to be of chief importance to united labor. The refusal of the men to carry on the discussion as the operators suggested—*i.e.*, between employers and employed—emphasized the issue which has been a sore subject since before the strike of 1900. The real question in dispute was as to the recognition of Mr. Mitchell's United Mine-Workers by the operators of the anthracite region. On this point the operators are sustained, the union having been practically defeated when the commission was appointed, and when the terms of the hearing were settled. The importance of this issue was further emphasized by Mr. Mitchell himself immediately after the conference with the President and the agreement upon the investigation. Mr. Mitchell, it will be recalled, then declared to the public, especially to his followers, that Mr. Roosevelt himself had recognized the union in sending for him, and this notwithstanding the fact that it was understood that before the President he spoke, not for the union, but for the body of anthracite miners. Mr. Mitchell's chief effort, however, was to convince his followers that the President and he, as president of the union, were allies against the operators. In its findings the commission recognizes that the union was not a party to the controversy before it, and adds that "the present constitution of the United Mine-Workers of America does not present the most inviting inducements to the operators to enter into contractorial relations with it." Therefore, Mr. Mitchell was defeated upon his main contention, and his union is at least no nearer to recognition in the anthracite region than it was before the strike began. Indeed, it would be nearer the truth to say that it is farther from its goal, for the reason not only that the decision of the commission is flatly against it, but because, in the strike of 1900, and in obedience to the supposed exigencies of politics, there was a partial recognition of the union which, in consequence of the commission's ruling, is no longer a precedent.

More important still for the community at large is the commission's findings as to the character of the union, and as to the methods adopted, or excused, or ignored by its officers, in the conduct of the strike. Here the commission necessarily discusses some important features of the creed of modern trade-unionism, and condemns them courageously and completely. In doing so, it speaks not only the mind of the sober, law-abiding citizen, but, we have no doubt, the sense of the best and most efficient working-men, non-union or union. It is one of the fundamental beliefs of extreme labor-unionists that strikes are not likely to be successful if the law is obeyed and order is maintained by the strikers. The philosophy is that a state of war exists between labor and capital, and that, therefore, labor has the right, in aid of a strike, to resort to the methods of war, including trickery, promise-breaking, and violence against all who oppose the strike, directly or indirectly—employers, non-union men, and citizens related to the latter, or furnishing them lodgings or food. This has recently been taught by a college professor who is also, strangely enough, a clergyman. It was on this principle that many of the coal strikers acted, unchecked by their local officers, and unrebuked by Mr. Mitchell and their other general officers. Commenting on this, the commission says: "A labor organization whose purpose can only be accomplished by the violation of the law has no right to exist;" and speaking of the boycott of merchants and others who traded with and harbored non-union men, the compelling the discharge of persons who happened to be related to miners who continued at work, the assaults upon women and children, the burning of property, and the other outrages committed in aid of the war theory, the commission says: "The analogy [of strikes to war] is not apt, and the argument founded upon it is fallacious. There is only one war-making power recognized by our institutions, and that is the government of the United States. War between citizens is not to be tolerated, and cannot, in the proper sense, exist." These are words of wisdom, and are strong in condemnation of a rule of conduct which for some years past has been assumed to lie at the root of organized labor's power.

Acting upon the rule that the union was at war with the owners of the mines, some of the strikers, so says the commission, were guilty of practices which "would be outside the pale of civilized war. In civilized warfare," the report goes on to say, "women and children and the defenceless are safe from attack, and a code of honor controls the parties to such warfare which cries out against the boycott we have in view. Cruel and cowardly are terms not too severe by which to characterize it."

The United Mine-Workers of America carried on the strike in such a manner as to deserve this severe censure. They refused arbitration between employers and employed, insisting on the recognition of a union composed largely of bituminous miners. This demand the commission declares against, recommending the adoption of President Baer's suggestion that a true anthracite union be formed. The commission also recommends the adoption of Mr. Charles Francis Adams's plan for official inquisition into every strike in which the public may be concerned. But, above all, it condemns without measure the acts of tyranny which are making modern unions hateful—those acts of tyranny which affect more immediately working-men and the community than the employers. This condemnation is unanimously agreed to by men whose findings in favor of the miners as to pay, etc., show that they lean rather to the miner than to the operator. Two at least of these commissioners were appointed because of their expressed sympathies with organized labor. One of these was the recognized representative of labor. One other is trusted by labor leaders as completely as if he were one of themselves. Yet these men are unanimous in condemning the United Workers, not only for permitting a strike to be voted by young breaker boys, not only for misrepresenting the condition of labor in the region, but for crimes against the community and against other working-men. And this verdict is of supreme importance to the community whose interests it defends, to the non-union men whose right to work unhindered by strikers is proclaimed, and to all union men who desire the maintenance and continuance of organized labor. The verdict of the commission in these respects is the verdict of sound men throughout the community. United labor must yield to the principle that private war is obsolete; that the organization that seeks its end "by violation of law has no right to exist"; that the interference of associations with individual liberty cannot be tolerated. United labor must abandon the policy which the commission condemns, or cease to exist. Not only will the community not tolerate associations that break its laws and disturb its peace, but the best and most efficient labor men will not forever consent to be pulled down, by their unions, to the level of the average or the incompetent. Herein lies the lesson taught by this report to labor unions, and they would do well to ponder it and to heed it.

Analysis of the Coal-Strike Commission's Report

THERE are two obvious reasons why the conclusions set forth in the report of the Anthracite-Coal Strike Commission may be presumed to be equitable. In the first place, they are approved by all the members of the commission, although these must have entered upon the inquiry with diverse prepossessions. In the second place, they are viewed with satisfaction by all the parties interested in the controversy—that is to say, by the operators, the union mine-workers, the non-union workers, and the community at large. The presumption based upon these facts is confirmed by an analysis of the document submitted to President Roosevelt. The results of such an analysis will be best appreciated if we begin by pointing out the demands which were made by the union mine-workers, and which the commission had to consider. The primary cause of the strike was, unquestionably, the refusal of the operators in the anthracite region to treat with the United Mine-Workers of America. The recognition of the United Mine-Workers by the anthracite operators was included in the list of demands ultimately submitted to the commission by Mr. Mitchell on behalf of the strikers. It

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really constituted the most important feature of the list, and, could it have secured approval, the total rejection of the other demands would have been received with equanimity by the union mine-workers. The commission not only declined to recommend it, but advised the anthracite miners of Pennsylvania to form a new and independent union.

The other demands made by the strikers were for twenty per cent. increase in wages, for twenty per cent. reduction in hours of labor, and that the mining of coal should be paid for by weight. The commission awards an increase of ten per cent. in the wages paid to all contract miners over and above the rates paid in the month of April, 1902; the increase to date from November 1, 1902, and to continue until March 31, 1906. With exceptions, to be noted presently, the same increase of ten per cent. in wages is awarded to engineers, pumpmen, firemen, and all other men employed by the operators. As regards the reduction of the hours of labor, the commission decides that engineers employed in hoisting water and firemen shall have eight-hour shifts, with the same wages per day, week, or month as were paid in April, 1902. Engineers other than those employed in hoisting water are to have an increase of ten per cent. on their earnings between November 1, 1902, and April 1, 1903, but from the last-named date, and during the life of the award, they are to have an increase of only five per cent. on the rates paid in April, 1902. They are, however, to be relieved from duty during the day shift on Sundays without loss of pay. All company men other than those specially mentioned are to be paid on the basis of a nine-hour day, receiving therefor the same wages as were paid in April, 1902, for a ten-hour day. Overtime in excess of nine hours in any day is to be paid at a proportional rate per hour.

The demand that all coal mined should be paid for by weight is rejected, the commission deciding that during the life of the award the present methods of payment for coal mined should be adhered to, unless changed by mutual agreement. Wherever by usage or agreement coal mined is now paid for by weight, check-weighmen shall be employed when a request is made by a majority of contract miners in any colliery, but, when employed, they shall be paid by the miners. It is further provided, on the one hand, that mine cars shall be distributed among miners as uniformly and equitably as possible, and, on the other, that there shall be no concerted effort on the part of the miners in any colliery to limit the output of the mines. In all cases where miners are paid by the car the increase awarded to contract miners is based upon the size of car, the topping required, and the rate paid per car which obtained on April 1, 1902. Any increase in the size of car or in the topping required is to be accompanied by a proportionate increase in the rate paid per car.

An important effect upon the remuneration earned by all miners and mine-workers will be exercised by the introduction of a sliding scale of wages which was proposed by the operators, and is approved by the commission. For each increase of five cents in the average price of white-ash coal of sizes above pea coal, sold at or near New York between Perth Amboy and Edgewater, and reported to the Bureau of Anthracite Coal Statistics, above $4 50 per ton, the employees are to have an increase of one per cent. in their compensation. The average prices are to be computed monthly by an accountant named by a circuit judge of the Third Judicial Circuit of the United States, and paid by the coal operators.

We pass to that part of the award in which non-union workers are concerned. The commission declares that no person shall be refused employment or in any way discriminated against on account of membership or non-membership in any labor organization; and there shall be no discrimination against or interference with any employee who is not a member of any labor organization by a member or members of such organization. The grounds for this decision are set forth in terms that deserve the highest commendation. The commission points out that the right to remain at work where others have ceased to work, or to engage anew in work which others have abandoned, is part of the personal liberty of a citizen which can never be surrendered. Every infringement thereof merits, and should receive, the stern denouncement of the law. The commission repudiates the notion that the terrorizing of a so-called scab may be justified on the plea that a man who takes the place of one who has abandoned his work helps to defeat the aspirations of men who seek to obtain better recompense for their labor. As to the boycott, it is stigmatized as a cruel weapon of aggression, and its use is denounced as immoral and antisocial.

The more closely the award is analyzed, the more honor it reflects on the commission. It is a resplendent and far-reaching triumph for the principle of voluntary arbitration, nor can it be denied that the credit for the application of the principle is primarily due to Mr. Roosevelt. Whether his initiative is constitutional is a question that we shall not now discuss.

Our Unratified Constitution

We have had occasion several times to point out that English newspaper writers who comment on the structure and working of our Federal government seem never to have read our Federal Constitution which was framed at Philadelphia in 1787, and went into operation in April, 1789. Even had those writers, however, read that document and remembered it, they would still fall short of comprehending our constitutional law as it exists to-day. There is a good deal of that law which is not to be found in the Constitution, and which has never been ratified by the legislatures or conventions of three-fourths of the States, but which, nevertheless, is binding. For an exposition of all that this assertion means, we commend our English readers to a book lately published by the Putnams, entitled, *The American Republic*, by Mr. James Albert Woodburn, Professor of American History and Politics in the Indiana University. As the author of this work points out, even Mr. Bryce does not fully explain the character of our Federal government when he describes it as a government of enumerated powers only, and says that it can do only what it has received competence to do by a grant of powers expressed or implied in an enumerated list. Inasmuch as a growing community requires a flexible Constitution, it is fortunate for the United States that the enumerated powers have been supplemented, not only by implied powers, but by *resultant* powers. The implied powers will be found set forth at great length in the reported decisions of the United States Supreme Court, which, it is probable, few English students of our institutions have ever examined. Aside, however, from the powers which by our highest Federal tribunal have been declared to be implied in the enumerated grants, there are several things which our Federal government has assumed to do, and which it has been justified in doing by the United States Supreme Court. As Professor Woodburn reminds us, it has been found impracticable to confine the Federal government to a list of recited and implied powers, although the written Constitution intended that it should be so confined. It has turned out that, from a national point of view, the Federal government must be regarded as one of original and inherent powers, powers that come to it from the very nature of a political entity, from necessity and usage, in the conduct of government. These functions Alexander Hamilton called *resulting powers*. Implied powers are deduced, as we have said, by the United States Supreme Court, from specific and express grants. Thus, since Congress is endowed by the Constitution with power to coin money and to regulate commerce, it follows logically that Congress may establish a mint, build lighthouses, and improve harbors. *Resulting powers*, on the other hand, are deduced from the functions which the Federal government has to perform with reference to foreign nations. From this point of view every power essential to the life and processes of a *nation* must be conceded to it. It must be allowed to perform every national government function which any national sovereign government can perform, provided it is not expressly restrained from the performance of such a function by the restrictions of the Constitution. Even the expressed prohibitions of the Constitution do not restrain the national government from the exercise of sovereign national powers, according to the late decision of the United States Supreme Court in the insular cases. The Louisiana Purchase also was an example of the exercise of original rather than recited or implied powers. The purchase of the Louisiana Territory was undertaken and allowed because the Federal government was a government, and, as such, was in possession of sovereign and original powers touching the acquisition of territory by war or treaty. There seems to be, in other words, a certain residuum of powers prohibited to the States in their individual capacities, but neither prohibited nor delegated to the general government by the Constitution. These powers the general government assumes to exercise by virtue of the fact that, while with reference to the component States it is to some extent a confederation, it is, with reference to the rest of the world, a nation.

Aside, however, from the implied powers and the resulting powers, for a formulation of which an English student of our political system would in vain scrutinize our written Constitution, there are certain usages which have come to have almost, if not quite, the force of law, and which may be said to form our unwritten Constitution. Among these usages may be mentioned the following: Presidential electors have no right to exercise their discretion in voting for Presidential candidates, but must vote for their party nominee. A President may not be elected for a third term. A President may remove his appointees without asking the consent of the Senate. The Senate will not refuse to confirm cabinet appointments. A member of Congress must reside in the district from which he is chosen. We add that all our party law regulating party machinery and the proceedings of party conventions is unwritten law. It consists of nothing but precedents and customs, and the latest national convention of a party may change the party constitution at will. For example, the coming Republican national convention might, if it chose, ordain that the number of delegates receivable in the next national convention of the party, from the Southern States, should be proportioned to the number of Republican votes cast in those States.

Our English friends need not mind being

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told that they do not understand our Federal Constitution. There are very few men in the United States qualified to interpret it with perfect accuracy. The proof of this assertion is that the decisions of the United States Supreme Court in the income-tax case and in the insular cases were made by a vote of five to four out of the nine judges. Where such doctors of laws disagree, a journalist's slips may be pardoned.

Trading for Influence

WITHIN a generation we have come to demand that the President shall make an effort to influence or to procure Congressional action, and there has always been a tendency in this direction. The President has a policy, we argue; no other individual, and no other branch of the government, is so endowed. Therefore, we expect the President to back his views. The Constitution has imposed upon the Chief Executive the duty of submitting his opinions to Congress in his messages. As time has gone on, the annual messages have increased in length, until now they cover every subject of interest or importance which may, or which ought to, command the attention of the legislative branch of the government. So much a matter of fact have all-embracing and comprehensive messages become that when Grover Cleveland confined his attention to one subject in his famous tariff message of 1887, many regarded his infringement of what was then really a new practice as an impertinence. At any rate, it is clear that the attitude of the country is one of expectancy, and perhaps of demand, that the President shall try to secure the realization of his wishes in legislation or in treaties, and the tendency is to measure his success as President by his accomplishments in this direction rather than by his achievements as a purely administrative officer.

Mr. Roosevelt has endeavored to satisfy this demand by securing the good-will of the Senate, by consulting Senators as to appointments, and, in the matter of treaties, by yielding to the demand of the Senate leaders that the majority members of the Committee on Foreign Affairs shall be consulted during the process of negotiation. The result shows that failure can confidently be expected from trading on the constitutional checks and balances of the two departments of the government, the Executive and the legislative, or at least, that when the policy of the majority of the Senate is opposed to that of the President, the latter cannot surely secure the adoption of his policy by making terms with Senators. In most instances, when the Senate differs from the President on a question of importance, it is because the Senate has views of public, or of party policy antagonistic to the opinions of the President, or else is determined to defeat him for personal or political reasons.

The fate of the Cuban reciprocity treaty furnishes a case in point. As we pointed out last week, this treaty was negotiated on the plan insisted upon by Mr. Lodge and other Senators. Leading Republican Senators, especially members of the Foreign Affairs Committee, were consulted in advance during the negotiation of the treaty. The assumption was that a treaty so negotiated would be pretty certain of ratification, for the Senators consulted would speak the minds of their associates. As a matter of fact, the new method, so far as this particular treaty is concerned, is no better than the old. The treaty has not been ratified as it was negotiated. In other words, it has not been ratified at all, and all that we have is a treaty in process of negotiation on which both the Cuban and our own Congress must act before it is completed. We do not speak of this by way of objecting to the contention of the right of the House to participate in any action affecting the tariff, and this treaty does modify our revenue law. What we had to say on this point was said last week. But the Senators who agreed to the treaty as presented, and who promised its ratification, knew of this point, and yet permitted such a delay that the treaty was thrown over to an extra session, called partly on its account, and, in doing so, they postponed ratification possibly for nine months or more, and actually imperilled the treaty; for our own House of Representatives may not concur, while the Cuban Congress may decline to agree to the changes which have been made affecting the revenues of the new republic. So far as the treaty-making power of the government is concerned, the change which delays and imperils negotiation by the admission of Senators to the consultation has not materially improved the chances of ratification.

When the President enters upon the domain of bargaining with the Senate, he meets a real power of great selfishness. In the creation of the system of checks and balances, the framers of the Constitution gave the advantage to the legislative branch of the government. In bestowing offices upon the friends and followers of Senators, the President simply purchases individuals; he may thus fall far short of securing a majority. In yielding to the demand of Senators to be consulted during the negotiation of a treaty, he may gain the adherence to his project of the members of one committee, who are themselves at the mercy of a single Senator with the power of talk strong upon him, and whose opportunity fully to exercise that power is afforded to him by the rule of "courtesy." The President who bargains may now and then gain a point, but the issue is always in doubt. The Senate and the House of Representatives may play him false, for no Senator or member will be held responsible by the country for deceiving the President who intrigues for legislation.

The fact is, that experience has shown that the undignified and unworthy practice of trading is not very successful. Mr. Roosevelt, for example, has endeavored constantly to win the support of Senators by giving them control of the Federal patronage with certain proper limitations. The Senators have taken his gifts, and have treated him as they pleased, not only denying him the laws and the treaty which he has had most at heart, but actually refusing to confirm appointments which he and his friends assert to be purely personal. Even Mr. McKinley, most adroit manager of Congress, was more than once sorely disappointed. His reciprocity treaties were pigeon-holed, and his effort to secure immediate free trade with Porto Rico was defeated.

The success of Grover Cleveland, on the other hand, in securing the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act, shows the value of the dignified observance of constitutional boundary lines. The President is most powerful, and most influential, when he remains strictly within his own domain. He may advocate his policies with all the warmth of which he is capable, as Mr. Cleveland did. He may take the country into his confidence, and he ought to, also as Mr. Cleveland did. By doing this he will gain the aid of popular respect for character, for dignified observance of official proprieties, and if his policy be popular, as much of Mr. Roosevelt's defeated policy is, he will gain the support of a power which is the only power that is feared by the Senate and the House of Representatives, the power of the body of electors. The President who manfully stands up for his constitutional rights will win nine times out of ten, when the trading President must fail in the very nature of things.

Saving Time in Education

FROM the moment that the number of years required for the attainment of the degrees of Doctor of Medicine and Bachelor of Laws was increased at some of our leading universities, the necessity of securing the preliminary degree of Bachelor of Arts at as early an age as possible was widely recognized. President Eliot of Harvard University was the first eminent advocate of the change, which, as he pointed out, was the more imperatively needed, because, owing to the more exacting requirements for admission to the college proper, the age of graduation had been materially raised. Even when the number of years, however, prescribed for an A.B. degree is reduced to three, it is still impracticable for most men intended for the liberal professions to enter active life before the age of twenty-five, for, at present, few youths are admitted to the most distinguished universities in the Eastern States before the age of eighteen. The problem, then, of so rearranging the whole scheme of liberal education as to make it possible to graduate from professional schools as early as twenty-three must, evidently, be solved in another way. While the standard of attainments needed for admission to the college proper should not be lowered, young men must be enabled to conform to it at the age of sixteen. This end can only be achieved by a readjustment of the studies pursued, not only in the higher, but also in the primary schools. President Eliot and Professor Paul H. Hanus, of Harvard University, have lately made some useful suggestions on the subject. The former has directed attention to the fact that the study of classical and modern languages, which mainly tax the memory, and of such sciences as botany, which call for observation, can be, and should be, begun by boys at the age of nine or ten. Moreover, the elective system should be introduced in the primary schools, the kind of instruction given to a particular boy being adapted to his natural aptitudes. Professor Hanus, for his part, insists that the emphasis now laid in primary schools on arithmetic and English grammar should be diminished until, by a child's tenth year, these studies are dropped altogether. Beyond simple arithmetic and beyond the fundamental facts of English grammar, he thinks, a child should not go. Not only would he have the course of studies which a boy is to pursue at college chosen for him at an early stage of his school life, but he holds that, as the boy approaches the end of his school training, the professional career which he is ultimately to follow should be kept in view. If that were done, and if a part of the time spent in the college proper were devoted to professional studies —an arrangement already countenanced at some of our leading universities—the time prescribed for the attainment of a degree in law or medicine might be abbreviated. To put the whole matter in a nutshell, if a boy is to become a doctor or a lawyer, the work of preparation should be begun at an early age. President Eliot evidently thinks that, if the whole scheme of school instruction were reformed, the age of twenty-three would be by no means the lowest limit at which a young man might graduate from a professional school.

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A SONG OF SPEED

TO ALFRED HARMSWORTH

BY W. E. HENLEY

In the Eye of the Lord,
By the Will of the Lord,
Out of the infinite
Bounty dissembled,
Since Time began,
In the Hand of the Lord,
Speed!

Speed as a chattel:
Speed in your daily
Account and economy;
One with your wines,
And your books, and your bath—
Speed!
Speed as a rapture:
An integral element
In the new scheme of Life
Which the good Lord, the Master,
Wills well you should frame
In the light of His laugh
And His great, His ungrudging,
His reasoned benevolence—
Speed!
Speed, and the range of God's skies,
Distances, changes, surprises;
Speed, and the hug of God's winds
And the play of God's airs,
Beautiful, whimsical, wonderful;
Clean, fierce, and clean,
With a thrust in the throat
And a rush at the nostrils;
Keen, with a far-away
Taste of inhuman,
Unviolable vastitudes,
Where the Stars of the Morning
Go singing together
For joy in the naked,
Dazzling, unvisited
Emperies of Space!
And the heart in your breast
Sings, as the World
Slips past like a dream
Of Speed—
Speed on the Knees of the Lord.

Speed
Speed, and a world of new havings:
Red-rushing splendors
Of Dawn; the disturbing,
Long-drawn, tumultuous
Passions of Sunset;
And, these twain between,
The desperate, great anarchies,
The matchless serenitudes,
The magical, ravishing,
Changing, transforming
Trances of Daylight.
Speed, and the lap
Of the Land that you know
For the first time (it seems),
As you push through the maze
Of her beauties and privacies,
Terrors, astonishments:
Heath, common, pinewood,
Downland and river-scape,
Cherry-orchards, water-meads,
Forests and stubbles,
Oak-temples, daisy-spreads,
Vistas of harebell,
Hills of the ruggedest,
Vales of the comeliest,
Barrows and cromlechs;
Brooks with fat, comforting,
Sociable sallows
Fenced, and still, sleepy-faced
Lengths of Canal,
Where the one thing alert
Is the horse on the tow-path,
Tugging in dreams
At the long barge that hangs
Like a dream on his collar;
Noble alignments,
Secular avenues,
Of Elms, since a century
Hailing the Dawns
And exalting the Sunsets;
Beech-woods that burn out
The life in their leafage,
And figure the death
Of the Year in a glory
Of color and fire;
Roads, where the stalwart
Soldier of Cæsar
Put by his bread
And his garlic, and, girding
His conquering sword
To his unconquered thigh,
Lay down in his armor,
And went to his Gods
By the way that he'd made.
All this, and more than this:
Brilliant, enchanting
Visions of Summer,
Somnolent, stately,
Gravid and satisfied;
And Autumn, his hands
Full of apples; and Winter,
The old Tyrant we love
For the sake of his kinswoman,
Spring with her violets,
Spring with her lambs,
Spring with her old,
Irresistible mandate,
The joyous, the reckless
Compeller of Wombs,
Spring! And with these
Smoke, Rain, and Mist
In their subtle, fantastical
Moodiness; Gardens
And Woods in their pleasure,
Their pride of increase,
And their helpless and sorrowful
Pomp of decay!
Then the gray Sea,
The Antient of Days,
With his secret as new
After thousands of years
As it was to the old,
The alert, aboriginal
Father of Ships;
And Speed!
Speed you conjure
With a crook of your finger;
Speed which your touch
On a core, on a master-bit,
Breeds for your use;
As Man's hand on a tiller
Gives brain to a boat;
As Man's hand on a pen
Turns the poor, workaday
Laborers of language
Straight into insolent,
High, living Song;
Speed—
Speed in the Eye of the Lord.

Trim, naked Speed!
Speed, and a victory
Snatched in the teeth
Of the Masters of Darkness.
For the antient, invincible
Spirit of Man,
Stern-set, adventurous,
Dreaming things, doing things;
Strong with a strength
Won from tremendous
And desperate vicissitudes,
Out of unnumbered,
Unstoried experiences;
Fighting the one fight,
The last and the best fight,
Hard, and by inchmeal
Winning it steadily,
Corner by corner,
Here a snatch, there a bit,
Over the black, irresistible
Legions of Death,
The impassive, unfaltering
Captains and Companies
Of the primordial
Powers of the Princedoms
And Thrones of the Grave—
Fair in the Eye of the Lord.

For the Heart of Man
Tears at Man's destiny
Ever; and ever

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Makes what it may
Of his wretched occasions,
His infinitesimal
Portion in Time,
His merely incomputable
Shred of Eternity,
His ninety-ninth part,
If you count by God's clock,
Of a second on Earth
In the lust and the pride
Of God's garment, the Flesh.
So Woman and War,
And the Child (the unspeakable
Promise and proof
Of a right immortality),
Learning and Drink,
And Money and Song,
Ships, Folios, and Horses,
The craft of the Healer,
The worship of God
And things done to the instant
Delight of the Devil,
And all, all that tends
To his swift-to-come, swift-to-go
Glory, are tested,
Gutted, exhausted,
Chucked down the draught;
And the quest, the pursuit,
The attack, and the conquest,
Of the Unknown goes on—
Goes on in the Joy of the Lord.

For, beaten in Time
From the start to the finish,
So utterly beaten
Appeal is impossible,
The Spirit of Man,
Enquiring, aspiring;
Passionately scaling
Ice-bitten altitudes,
Neighbored of none
Save the austere,
Unapproachable Stars;
Scapes from its destiny,
Holds on its course
Of attent and discovery,
So as to leave,
When the Lord takes it back to him,
The lot of the World
Something the prouder,
Something the loftier,
Something the braver,
For that it hath done:
Something the good man,
The wise man, the strong man,
Poet or Soldier,
Maker of Empires
Or Broker of Diamonds,
Preacher or Surgeon,
Or the Inventor:
Artist in elements,
Expert in substances,
Strengths, frangibilities,
Points of combustion,
Points of resistance:
These, and an hundred,
A thousand besides
Of the right, the authentic
Talon and pinion,
Snapping up in a flash
After years of Endeavor
One of God's messages,
Do to Man's glory,
Pride, and magnificence,
Under the Feet of the Lord.

Hence the Mercédes!
Look at her. Shapeless?
Unhandsome? Unpaintable?
Yes; but the strength
Of some seventy-five horses:
Seventy-five puissant,
Superb fellow-creatures:
Is summed and contained
In her pipes and her cylinders.
Mind after mind,
On fire with discovery,
Filled full with the fruits
Of an hundred fat years,
And mad with the dreams
And desires of To-Day
Hath toiled itself dull
To achieve her components.
She can stop in a foot's length;
She steers as it were
With a hair you might pluck
From your Mistress's nape;
She crawls, if you please
So to lightly her virtue,
At your Mistress's pace
When she goes for a stroll,
Which is partly on Earth
And partly, She dreaming
Of You, in broad Heaven.
Yet ask but a sign,
But a proof of her quality,
Handle her valves,
Her essentials, her secrets,
And she runs down the birds
(You can catch them like flies
As, poor wretches, they race from you!);
Ay, and becomes,
As the Spirit and Mind
Of God's nearest approach
To Himself hath so willed it,
The Angel of Speed—
Speed in the Laugh of the Lord.

There be good things,
Good things innumerable,
Clutched like an alms
In the hand of the Master;
And at times, when He feels
That His creatures are doing
Their best to assert
Their part in His dream,
He loosens His fist,
And a miracle slips from it
Into the hands
Of His adepts and servants.
Thus, in late years,
Smiling as *Corot*,
Smiling as *Lister*,
And *Tolstoi* and *Rodin*,
And *Pasteur* and *Strauss*
(That with his microbes,
This with his fiddles!),
Tugged at His fingers
And worked at His meanings,
Thus has He slackened
His grasp, and this Thing
This marvellous Mercédes,
This triumphing contrivance,
Came to make other
Man's life than she found it:
The Earth for her tyres
As the Sea for his keels;
Alike in the old lands,
Enseamed with the wheel-ways
Of thousands of dusty
And dim generations,
And in the new countries,
Whose Winds blow unbreathed,
And their Lights come first-hand
From our Father, the Sun.
Thus the Mercédes
Came, O, she came,
This astonishing device,
This amazing Mercédes,
With Speed—
Speed by the Grace of the Lord.

So in the Eye of the Lord,
Under the Feet of the Lord,
Out of the measureless
Goodness and Grace
In the Hand of the Lord.
Speed!
Speed on the Knees,
Speed in the Laugh,
Speed by the Gift,
Speed in the Trust of the Lord—
Speed!



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The English Press

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *March 11, 1903.*

THERE is one illusion that Englishmen will never outgrow. It is that the English press is the best in the world, the best written, the best informed, the most respectable, the wealthiest. You will find the reflex action of this opinion in the swinging damages awarded by British juries against any newspaper that is convicted of libel. A respected press implies, in the nature of things, a healthy crop of libel actions. It is only in a country where the press counts for little that damages are small and suits for libel rare. People say: "Oh, it's only the papers. Nobody minds them," and so dismiss the matter. Very few will think it worth their while to take out proceedings against a journal of no authority; and if they do, the encouragement and satisfaction they will receive from an average jury will not be very great. The general feeling will be, as it is in France and Italy, that the libel, however plain, is discounted by the insignificance of the libeller; and damages in consequence will rule low. But an English paper never has a chance of escaping through any such loophole as this. The gravity of its offence is felt to be proportionate to the reputation, the miraculous reputation, which the English press enjoys; and the heavy damages in which newspapers found guilty of libel are systematically mulcted in this country, are really an expression, an indirect and highly inconvenient expression, of the juryman's regard for the power of English journalism. Possibly a good many editors would quite willingly dispense with these left-handed tributes; but they have usually themselves to thank if the jury persists in thrusting them upon them.

These editors have preached the glories, the influence, and the virtues of the English press until their countrymen have come to take them at their own valuation. The superiority of British newspapers is one of the average Englishman's most impregnable beliefs. He may, if of a liberal turn of mind, admit that there are some things which are better managed outside than inside England, but among these things he never by any chance classes journalism. The American press he comfortably dismisses as "sensational," and nothing will induce him to take up an American paper. The French press is gutter, indecent, and corrupt; the German and Russian nothing but what officialdom cares to make them; the Austrian a mere tool of the Jewish capitalists; the Italian of no account whatever. English journalists alone respect private life, pay court to the decencies, are independent, fearless, and weighty.

Well, it is a satisfying faith. And not only satisfying, but indestructible. This is proved by the fact that the events of the last few years have not destroyed it. Some of the London papers were filled with accounts of Queen Victoria's last moments, so obviously and wretchedly "faked" that even the yellowest New York journal would have been ashamed to print them. Shortly after, a reporter on the staff of the most widely read paper in the kingdom was proved in open court to be in the habit of bribing a solicitor's clerk to steal documents from his employer. Since then we have had murder cases "worked up" and exploited by at least half a dozen London papers with unrivalled shamelessness. Press law, which used to be held in England as rather worse than lynch law, seems now to be a national institution. And if you question an Englishman about these and other incidents he will assure you with disgust that the English press is becoming Americanized. It is becoming nothing of the sort, except in so far as it is beginning to copy some of the worst habits of the worst papers in New York.

In all their essentials the English journals are still as thoroughly English as ever. The obvious comment, the dull, dreary editorial, the old hackneyed way of putting things, the temperamental distrust of liveliness as something dangerous and ensnaring, are as pervasive to-day as they were twenty years ago. If English journalists could impart something of the brightness and admirable "make-up" of, let us say, the New York *Sun*, they might then claim to be Americanized to some purpose. But that is just what they cannot or will not do. A priggish and somewhat hypocritical respectability is the note of all the daily journals that have real power and standing in England. Sir John Millais was once complaining that an enthusiastic but not properly balanced lady asked him whether "he had really painted all that by hand." One can never quite rid one's self of the notion, after a dose of the English papers, that machinery is responsible for more than the printing of them. Individuality is so famously lacking in their pages. The sense that one always has in reading a reputable American paper of a lively and diffused intelligence at the back of it, one altogether messes in the London press. In this way journalism over here may still pride itself on being immaculately and unmitigatedly British.

Nevertheless there is a change at work. The credit of it should go to Mr. Harmsworth. He was the first to see that Englishmen had outgrown verbatim reports of everything reportable, stodgy columns of Parliamentary debates, long-winded and sententious editorials. In the *Daily Mail* he produced for the first time in English journalism a paper that was at once comprehensive, brisk, and readable. The success has been simply overwhelming, because it not only knows how to collect, but how to present the news of the day, and often the news of to-morrow. Nothing is so strange as to note how out of touch is the ordinary London paper with the commercial life of the country. A really informed and rational article on any matter of commercial or financial moment is the rarest possible thing to find in the English press. It seems to be thought enough if a journal sends out a special correspondent to Persia or Afghanistan, fills its pages with the profundities of European politics, opens an occasional subscription-list for some semi-public object, and produces now and then a new scheme of army reform. A paper that does all this is considered to be very "enterprising."

Trade and industrial matters generally lie outside its province—how much outside was shown at the time of Mr. Morgan's shipping deal when not a single London paper could either understand or intelligently guess at what was happening. The English press never displayed its limitations and feeklessness more clearly than throughout that transaction. The *Daily Mail* alone was equal to the occasion. It saw clearly, and it criticised with force and knowledge. Perhaps, indeed, its greatest achievement is precisely this enlargement of the scope of things in which journalism should concern itself. It gets clean outside of the humdrum game of politics. And when it does touch on politics, foreign or domestic, it is not to treat them in the gingerly, noncommittal way that most papers affect, it is not to act as a mere phonograph for "ministerial views," but to take an intelligent line of its own. While all the other London papers are merely echoing or criticising, the *Daily Mail* is suggesting; while they are waiting for the news to come to them, the *Daily Mail* goes out to hunt it up; while they are temporizing and on the fence, looking everywhere for a lead, the *Daily Mail* has a cut-and-dried policy of its own, ready for presentation. Theirs, in short, is the journalism that talks; Mr. Harmsworth's is the journalism that acts.

Something of this kind was badly needed. I do not say that the methods of the *Daily Mail* are in all respects admirable, that it does not sometimes exaggerate, or that it is always free from the taint of sensationalism. Undoubtedly, it is occasionally guilty of excesses, and its numerous imitators are often guilty of worse. But, on the whole, it has given a very salutary impetus to English journalism, and if Mr. Harmsworth were to try his hand on a larger scale, with a penny instead of a half-penny paper, the results would revolutionize the entire press of the country. There is never likely to be any lack in the leading English papers of dignity, solidity, stolidity, seriousness, stupidity, and all the other safe and estimable qualities. But it would be an immense gain if this rather indigestible mass could be leavened with a little liveliness, if the editors would for once lay aside their pedagogic ferrule and mix genially with their fellow-mortals. The Englishman is far more faithful to his paper than the American. He changes it as rarely and with as much difficulty as he changes his religion, and even the appearance of a joke in the *Times* or of some practical common sense in the *Daily News* would not lose to either paper more than half a dozen subscribers.

In fact, here is one of the most loyal and patient publics in the world, waiting to be experimented on, waiting to be enlivened. No doubt the experiment would be made if English editors could only convince themselves that it is possible to be influential without being pompous. That is where Mr. Harmsworth's success will tell in the long run. It will help to make people see that solemnity and influence do not necessarily go together, in journalism any more than in other professions. At present the English press has indisputable power. You could never see here, as has often been seen both in New York and Chicago, a man elected to the mayoralty of a city in spite of the opposition of all the local papers. The average Englishman takes his cue from his favorite journal much more readily than the average American, and unanimity among the press would mean unanimity among the voters. In this respect it would probably be right to say that journalism in England has more influence than in America. At the same time it is much less in touch with the rulers of the country and knows far less of what is going on behind the scenes. The "governing class" in England holds journalism, and journalists suspect, instead of following the American example and welcoming the Fourth Estate as an ally. That is one of the reasons why from time to time the "governing class" contrives to run full-tilt against the almost unanimous opinion of the country. The press in England emphasizes and confirms rather than leads, playing the part of interpreter, exhorter, persuader, between the politicians and the people. That, of course, is no insignificant position to fill, nor is the measure of authority that goes with it a small one. But both the position and its influence might be immeasurably increased if only the papers here would broaden out and become a little more human and a little less professional. Of this, however, outside of Mr. Harmsworth and the *Daily Mail*, there is still no sign.

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Count Cassini's Warning of Danger in China—Macedonian Prospects

By Charles Johnston, B.C.S. (Retired)

A HIGHLY sensational announcement was made a few weeks ago, by Dr. Robert Coltman, for several years physician to the late Viceroy, Li Hung-Chang, and to the Peking court, that a new storm was gathering in China, that fresh outbreaks might be expected, greatly exceeding in destructive violence anything that happened in 1900, during the Boxer uprising and the attack on the embassies.

This declaration naturally drew forth expressions of opinion from many well-informed sources. Of these, the most notable came from Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador at Washington, who fully shared Dr. Coltman's apprehensions. His view was also endorsed by two such authorities as Prince Esper Ukhtomski and Colonel Verestchagin, formerly on the staff of Skobeleff. Mr. W. W. Rockhill protested against this opinion as an alarmist exaggeration, but his view was evidently partial and one-sided, and did not carry conviction. The same may be said of the declaration of an anonymous diplomatist in Vienna, who affected to think that all was peace and tranquillity in the Middle Kingdom. With practical unanimity among all those best qualified to judge, the outlook is, therefore, very grave and menacing.

I had an opportunity to talk the matter over at length with Count Cassini, who willingly allowed me to make his views more widely known, in consideration of the grave interests involved and the danger arising from the ignorance or carelessness of some of the powers.

"The nations are all seeking commercial relations with China," said Count Cassini, "yet many of them seem to be taking a course which will be fatal to commercial relations. They are pouring arms and ammunition into China in immense quantities, in the name of commerce and enterprise, and are evidently oblivious of the fact that these very arms will be used against themselves. I have tried again and again to draw attention to this danger, and I hope to convey my apprehensions to the powers in question, and to prevent further evil.

"I had many opportunities to note the state of Chinese military training before and during the war with Japan in 1894; and I can assure you that since that time China has made tremendous strides forward. The armies of Europe will not again find themselves confronted with an ignorant and unarmed rabble, under the name of a Chinese army, as in the past. And as soon as the Chinese learn to use their weapons, as they are learning fast, they will be most formidable opponents; for they have absolutely no fear of death. They will be amongst the bravest troops in the world. Therefore, the folly of European or American merchants, in pouring rifles and cartridges into China, in the name of trade extension, is nothing short of criminal."

There has been a disposition to connect the Empress Dowager with the coming outbreak. Count Cassini did not agree with this.

"All through the Boxer uprising," he said, "the Empress Dowager was the great restraining influence. It was due to her, and to her alone, that the embassies were not cut to pieces. What could they have done, a few hundreds in all, against the armed hordes of many thousands who surrounded them? The Empress stretched forth a protecting hand over the ministers, and this alone saved them."

General Yung Lu, the most influential of the Chinese Ministers, was, according to Dr. Coltman, the accomplice of the Empress Dowager, not only in 1900, but the preparations made since then, for a new attack on the "foreign devils."

Here again Count Cassini took a different view:

"Yung Lu is not formidable. The really formidable man is General Tung Fu-Hsiang, who is acting in harmony with Prince Tuan. I think the real danger will arise at the death of the Empress Dowager. She is a great woman, a remarkable woman, and one who has been often misjudged and harshly criticised in the West. It seems that the course of the present dynasty is nearly run. The life of a dynasty in China is about two hundred years, and then there always comes a change, an invasion or a revolution. The Manchus have already outstayed their time; they have been rulers of China for two hundred and fifty years. And the Empress Dowager is an old woman, especially in China, where great age is very seldom reached. She cannot live much longer now, and with her death will begin a period of trouble, ending, I think, in the establishment of a new dynasty."

I asked Count Cassini whether he thought General Tung Fu-Hsiang would try to place Prince Tuan's son upon the throne, or, on the other hand, would merely use him as a temporary puppet, and afterwards come out boldly as founder of a new dynasty himself.

"It is very difficult for us to judge," he replied, "but Tung Fu-Hsiang is a very dangerous man. He is a Mohammedan, and the Mohammedans in China, who form a large section of the population, especially in the western provinces, are a great power, a much greater power than is generally understood. There is where the real danger lies."

Count Cassini thought that a great part of the Chinese hatred of foreigners was due to the attitude of the foreigners themselves, and that here also there was much opportunity for change. The moderation of the Americans during the Boxer uprising and the occupation of Peking he considered admirable, and worthy of imitation by the European powers.

The conversation then turned to Manchuria, and I asked Count Cassini whether it was not to all intents and purposes a Russian province.

"Our influence there is certainly great," he answered, "and necessarily so. It is imperative for us to safeguard the railway, which is our one outlet to the sea for the six million square miles of Siberia, absolutely dependent upon the line to Port Arthur as their one commercial route. We might have annexed Manchuria at the beginning of the outbreak of 1900. We had a perfect right to do so, under the rules of international law; for the Chinese invaded our territory and attacked our posts; and this, of course, is a declaration of war. We should have been justified in taking Manchuria then, and it is difficult to see what could have prevented us.

"But his Majesty the Emperor is a passionate lover of peace. Peace is, for him, an object of religious devotion: and he was unwilling then, as always, to take any step that might lead to war, even though he would have been perfectly justified in so doing. So we contented ourselves with securing the railroad to Dalny and Port Arthur, and left Manchuria an integral part of the Chinese Empire, though Russian influence is certainly predominant there."

This led naturally to a question as to the powers which at one time seemed inclined to dispute Russia's position in Manchuria, and especially as to the present attitude of Japan.

"I think," Count Cassini replied, "that Japan now understands the true situation and has accepted the facts. Japanese opinion is much more tranquil and better disposed towards Russia than it was a few years ago; and there is evidence that we need have no further apprehensions from that quarter. Japan is much more reasonable and better recognizes the necessity of our position in Manchuria,—and also, perhaps, the impossibility of changing that position. For our situation there is unique. We have a land frontier of thousands of miles along the border of China, and can bring in troops to any extent. The completion of the Siberian railroad makes our position very firm from a military point of view, though that railroad was originally built for purely commercial and industrial purposes. In a few years, when the development of Siberia has progressed somewhat, the real use of the Siberian railway will be evident to everybody. I think, also, that both England and Germany are much better disposed towards our position in Manchuria than they were a few years ago. In that direction we have a fairly clear sky."

Prince Ukhtomski not long ago expressed the opinion that vast tracts of Mongolia would presently follow Manchuria's lead, and come more directly under Russian influence. With reference to this Count Cassini said:

"It is difficult to see what use we could make of Mongolia. I travelled through Mongolia some years ago, in a carriage drawn by post-horses supplied by the Chinese authorities, and I had an opportunity to see Mongolia with my own eyes. Most of it is a sandy desert, the bed of an ancient sea. There are multitudes of deer and other game there, but the almost entire absence of water would make cultivation impossible."

In answer to a question whether Merv, also a desert, had not been turned into a garden by irrigation, Count Cassini said:

"Merv is altogether different. It is possible to do something there, because you have abundance of water, the great rivers like the Oxus and Iaxartes coming down from the Pamirs. But there are no rivers in Mongolia. The country is a vast plateau, and though it was only the end of autumn when we went through, the cold was beginning to grow intense, and I was frankly delighted to see Kiakhta with its Russian church and settlement, and to know that the great desert was passed. We came from Peking along the old caravan route through Urga, and at every station a sheep was brought to us by the authorities. The first act of my daughter," said the Count, smiling, "was always to cut the string and let the wretched sheep loose again. And it was not long in taking advantage of its liberty."

From the Far East, we came to the storm centre nearer home, in Macedonia.

"I do not think," said Count Cassini, "that the situation in Macedonia is at present so menacing. I think matters will work themselves out without any general catastrophe. Our Emperor is determined to avoid war, and public opinion in Russia grows stronger and stronger in this sense every day."

This last view is extremely reassuring, for there have been moments during the last few months, the last few weeks even, when it looked as though Macedonia was about to become the centre of a general conflagration.

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Books and Bookmen

It was inevitable that *Lady Rose's Daughter* should be dramatized, but the news coming so fast on the heels of the book's publication is the astounding fact. It is a further testimony to the popular appeal of the novel, if any were needed, in view of the widespread interest which Mrs. Ward's latest work has evoked. The story is vivid and strikingly picturesque in situations, and is full of intense dramatic power; nevertheless, it will be no easy task to make a play out of it. But if "George Fleming," who is Miss Constance Fletcher, could make a satisfactory adaptation of Kipling's sketch *The Light that Failed*, which Mr. Forbes Robertson is now presenting with great success in London, she may be trusted to do the same for *Lady Rose's Daughter*, which, after all, provides more inviting material for stage purposes than Kipling's slight story. Then, as one critic has remarked, Julie Le Breton is a host in herself, and ought to bring fame and fortune to all concerned, on the stage. So commanding a personality, so appealing a heroine, has rarely been presented in either fiction or fustian. Mrs. Ward dramatized *Eleanor* herself, and it was played at a few matinées last year, but she has done wisely in assigning the work of dramatizing *Lady Rose's Daughter* to a practised hand, for there be few novelists who are also dramatists, especially of their own novels. There can be no doubt that a very fine play will evolve from *Lady Rose's Daughter*. The question that troubles us is: "Where is the actress in America who can adequately impersonate Julie Le Breton?"

Very early in the nineties, when what is called the Higher Criticism was to many of us a new, and to some of us a threatening, thing, a little group of students met on Sunday afternoons in an obscure hall in Bloomsbury, London—almost chapel-like in its stillness and its stained-glass light, though neither bell nor organ summoned the faithful to that eagerly sought hour. He who spoke there to his fellows disclaimed to be either teacher or preacher to them, but talked as informally as their hushed attention and enthusiastic veneration of himself would allow. They drank in every word, with eyes fixed on that unforgettable and beautiful figure in front,—aged, gaunt, silvery-haired, magnetic, with the dignity of a man who was before all else a scholar, but whom scholarship had humanized and mellowed, serving the religion needed for the hour. The audience was curiously mixed. Besides the young, ambitious or revolutionary, there were many old and many poor; wanderers through all creeds; the spiritually homeless; seeking—not for the first time—new anchorage of faith among the shifting sands of dogma or ritual. They took notes; they bought books; they asked for more lectures and classes. When they turned from the speaker it was generally to look at another face, vitally responsive to his, unfailingly,—the face of a woman in the front row, still young, dark-eyed, Madonna-browed, with waving hair parted austerely back from the clear-cut features, so as to seem at first glance Puritan, till the smile brought a look alert and gracious, as of one who has known religious fanaticism intimately well—and passed beyond it into the larger light.

Yet in a real sense Mrs. Humphry Ward is Puritan to the core. For she it was who came so regularly to the late Dr. Martineau's classes in Biblical Criticism at the little settlement in University Hall, now grown and flown into a large educational centre in Tavistock Place, but at that time the first direct outcome of the influence of *Robert Elsmere* upon religious thought. The author herself would be the first to disclaim this influence, and indeed with some reason, for *Robert Elsmere* was not an epoch-making book,—rather an epoch's fruition. To change the metaphor, it crystallized the thought and feeling that lay ready everywhere in the religious world. The Broad Church movement of the last half-century had prepared the way for such a book, through Kingsley and Maurice, through Robertson of Brighton, through Dean Stanley and the Arnolds (uncle and grandfather of Mrs. Ward), through Tennyson and other humanists of that time. A review by Mr. Gladstone increased its popularity in many quarters; and certain utterances of Archdeacon Wilson and Canon Cheyne at the Church Congress of 1888 did much to force into notice the problems of Biblical criticism upon which turns the crisis of Robert Elsmere's life. Two other books, near enough to be called coincident, had a clear kinship with it, though coming from widely distant places—the one from South Africa, the other from these United States, for the revolt of the younger generation from at least the cruder forms of orthodox belief was also the motive of Margaret Deland's *John Ward, Preacher*, and Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm*. But with these two novelists, as with the poets and preachers of the last half-century, the revolt was from the heart rather than from the intellect; or at least, when the appeal was to the intellect, it was by the way of natural science rather than historical evidences. Mrs. Humphry Ward was the first to bring into fiction the most modern aspect of the struggle for religious ideals, and to do for the problem of "literal inspiration" what other imaginative writers had done for the religious crises of other ages and nations. It is in her fulfilment of this task that Mrs. Ward shows herself Puritan and Protestant, coming of a race that takes its religion seriously, and does its thinking at home, claiming the supreme authority of his own conscience for the individual man, independently of all churches, scriptures, and creeds; and demanding complete intellectual honesty between a Christian minister and his congregation. Robert Elsmere, when he finds he can no longer hold as a supernatural revelation the faith he is preaching, gives up the church, which is his means of livelihood—a step which had already been taken by a popular English Broad Church clergyman who has often been claimed, though on very slender grounds, to be the "original" of Robert Elsmere.

In *Marcella*, Mrs. Ward broke new and unfamiliar ground. It purports to be a novel of the English socialist movement and its developments, say from 1892 to 1894. Into *Sir George Tressady* she carried forward much of the same subject-matter, removed from the immediate differences of factions, and treated with the fine and sympathetic imagination inseparable from her telling of a tale. That she is deeply and actively alive to the social as well as the religious problems of to-day, no one will doubt who knows anything of the civic and humanitarian work carried on in the Settlement so largely inspired and supported by her in Tavistock Place, with its homely residential life, its many educational gatherings, its school for delicate and crippled children collected from the neighborhood, and—to mention one notable architectural feature—its memorial fireplace in honor of Thomas Hill Green, the Henry Grey of *Robert Elsmere*. No living writer quite equals Mrs. Humphry Ward in the analysis of a spiritual crisis as it so often presents itself in modern life, closely bound up, on the one hand, with tender personal ties, and, on the other, with the practical question of a career for those who have set out in good faith to "live of the gospel," and suddenly find themselves driven to shatter fond hopes and break loving hearts by their inability to accept any longer the intellectual conditions of that life. And even those who differ most profoundly from Mrs. Ward's conclusions—or those of her heroes and heroines—will admit that she has handled these high and delicate themes with passionate seriousness and unerring taste. Of *Lady Rose's Daughter* our readers have now had the opportunity to judge for themselves, and to place it in the rank it claims as her most mature and significant work.

"The Dream of Gerontius"

Mr. Edward Elgar's celebrated oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius," was performed last week by the Oratorio Society at Carnegie Hall, for the first time in New York. Mr. Elgar's work, which is built upon the text of Cardinal Newman's grave and noble poem, has been acclaimed with extraordinary enthusiasm in England and on the Continent, and it may fairly be said that its production by the Oratorio Society constituted, upon the artistic side, the most important and considerable event of the current musical season; but with the best will in the world we cannot convince ourselves that Mr. Elgar's achievement justifies the superlative claims which have been made for it. Mr. Elgar is, we believe, a Roman Catholic, and Newman's ecstatic and mystical fantasy of the translation of a human soul from its mortal case into the awful majesty of the Divine Presence has inspired him to a musical expression conceived upon a plane of the most exalted nobility. For the devout and beautiful spirit which pervades the work from beginning to end there can be nothing but unreserved praise; but Mr. Elgar has not been able to transmute his fervor and his piety into music of original and authentic inspiration: wherewith we come to the prime cause of our dissatisfaction with his work. There are many moments of intense and beautiful expression in this poetic and brilliant score—moments in which the precise emotion of the text is realized in a tonal equivalent of superb and affecting eloquence. But the intensity and the beauty and the eloquence are not, as Matthew Arnold would say, "self-sprung": they are not Mr. Elgar's; they are Wagner's. Mr. Elgar speaks with the tongues of men and of angels, but they are the men and the angels of Wagner: they are *Tristan*, and *Parsifal*, and *Amfortas*, and the celestial choir of the temple at Monsalvat. Indeed, Mr. Elgar has absorbed Wagner's idiom, his manner of musical speech, in so complete a degree that passages which sound startlingly like intentional transcriptions are doubtless quite unconsciously and quite innocently reproduced. Those portions of the score which one must recognize as Mr. Elgar's own are, in the main, without potency, without vitality, without significance. There are some admirable pages, wherein Mr. Elgar has written with undeniable force and loveliness—for example, the magnificent climax with which he has contrived to suggest, in a passage of overwhelming power, the stupendous disclosure of the majesty of God.—But that must be, we think, a just verdict upon his achievement which finds that, for all its fine and noble sincerity, Mr. Elgar's score lacks that interior and vital flame without which no art can live.

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Finance

THE usual phenomena of a professional market have been observed of late. Periods of weakness have been brought to an end by the realization on the part of the professional speculators that they were the only sellers of stocks. Upon their buying back the securities sold prices have moved upward. Dulness returned to the speculative arena, and when the professionals were convinced that none but themselves were purchasing stocks, they sold again, checking the advancing tendency, or, going further and starting a fresh selling movement. Fundamental conditions, commercial and industrial, outside the Stock Exchange have undergone no change, but technical stock-market conditions differ from day to day, and at times even from hour to hour, and these changes have formed the basis for the bulk of the professional operations. Obviously, such a situation has few "interesting features," and such "developments" as occur, so long as they have little bearing on basic conditions, merely furnish food for gossip, or excuses for trivial market movements, rather than good reasons for the indefiniteness of the market's "tendency."

The public, or, at any rate, that portion of it to which the newspapers are fond of referring as the speculative community, is taking no interest in stock speculation. It is not selling securities, because such securities as it holds are held for investment, and nothing has happened to disturb confidence in the ability of the companies, railroad or industrial, to continue to pay dividends or interest at the prevailing rates. But neither is it buying any, either because it is too busy attending to its "legitimate" business to find time to gamble, or because it regards prices as high enough. The other sustaining force of speculation, the "big men," are similarly doing nothing. They confessedly have securities to sell, and they realize that the times are not propitious for the wholesale distribution of their wares. Neither have they any desire to increase their holdings. Both the public and the strong interests, who together make bull times, being "out of the market," the professional is left to his own devices, and since there is no other buying power than his own, he is apt to be a bear.

Consideration of the causes of the prevailing dulness in the stock-market inevitably leads to the scrutiny of the condition of the money-market. No sane man can be a pessimist who regards the very substantial prosperity of the country at large. Manufacturers of all classes of goods are busy, and, what is more to the point, they are profitably busy. The railroads, as every one knows, are taxed to their utmost. The congestion of freight is not so severe as it was, and with the opening of Lake navigation there should be a further improvement. But as far as can be judged by experts, the current year will be one of a remarkable volume of business. To carry on this business much money is needed, and the supply is not equal to the demand because the creation of new securities during the past three years has been enormous. There is not enough money to "go around." The more speculatively inclined among "outsiders" fear to buy. The investor hesitates. The result has been not only a monotonous stock-market, but a congested bond-market. There is a light demand for investment issues and an enormous supply. Money cannot be borrowed for long or short periods much under 5½ per cent. The better class of railroad bonds do not net the holder even 4 per cent. Neither do many standard railway stocks. There is obviously no inducement for a man to buy bonds yielding 4 or even 4¼ per cent. when he has to pay 5 or 6 per cent. to his bank for money with which to carry on his business.

IN HARPER'S WEEKLY next week there will be, among the other interesting features, a graphic account, with photographs and a full-page drawing, of the floods in the Mississippi Valley. Both the text and the pictures are from our own correspondents in the threatened districts of the South.

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The others, in turn, concern the history and extent of Masonic influence, the origin and growth of Oddfellowship—a distinctively American institution—and the natural unity which binds mankind together as one family.

Even if you are not a secret-society man, there is immense interest and instruction in the booklet.

Booklet No. 349

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By MARK TWAIN

A BLEND OF CAVALIER AND PURITAN
By HENRY C. CALDWELL

CAUSES OF UNPOPULARITY
By HEMAN LINCOLN WAYLAND

First of all, these speeches are humorous, full of gentle satire, and, withal, founded on good, solid truth.

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Judge Caldwell presents the proposition that our sturdy Americanism is an outgrowth of those conflicting elements, Puritanism and Cavalierism.

Dr. Wayland proves, in delightful fashion, that New-Englanders have enemies only because they are so virtuous.

The tone of all three speeches is one of originality. They are tonic and refreshing. But they are not trifles, for all that. The most casual thoughts of such men always contain something new and worth knowing.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, AS REQUIRED BY THE Greater New York Charter, that the books called "The Annual Record of the Assessed Valuation of Real and Personal Estate of the Boroughs of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond, comprising The City of New York," will be open for examination and correction on the second Monday of January, and will remain open until the

1ST DAY OF APRIL, 1902.

During the time that the books are open to public inspection, application may be made by any person or corporation claiming to be aggrieved by the assessed valuation of real or personal estate to have the same corrected.

In the Borough of Manhattan, at the main office of the Department of Taxes and Assessments, No. 280 Broadway.

In the Borough of The Bronx, at the office of the Department, Municipal Building, One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh Street and Third Avenue.

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Corporations in all the Boroughs must make applications only at the main office in the Borough of Manhattan.

Applications in relation to the assessed valuation of personal estate must be made by the person assessed at the office of the Department in the Borough where such person resides, and in the case of a non-resident carrying on business in The City of New York, at the office of the Department of the Borough where such place of business is located, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 2 P. M., except on Saturday, when all applications must be made between 10 A. M. and 12 noon.

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HARPERS BOOK NEWS

THE SUBSTITUTE

Will N. Harben's latest book, "The Substitute," has just been published. Like "Abner Daniel" and other stories by this author, its scenes are laid in Northern Georgia and its people are characterized by their simple philosophy and quaint humor. The story tells of the love of a man for a woman above him in social station. The story is novel, vivid, compelling, and, above all, it rings true.

WALDA

Another new publication is "Walda," the first book of Mary Holland Kinkaid. It is a love story placed in a religious community (the scenes are photographically true) where love and marriage are tacitly discouraged. A man of the world falls in love with Walda, the coming prophetess of this community, and she finds that she must struggle between her religious beliefs and the instincts of her heart. An atmosphere of austere piety pervades the story and gives it additional charm.

THE PRIDE OF TELLFAIR

Elmore Elliott Peake, in "The Pride of Tellfair," tells a plain, unvarnished tale of the people of one of the progressive small "cities" of the middle West. The book has all the bustle and alertness of the West in it, while an unforced humor and common-sense philosophy entertain the reader on every page. The story tells of a keen young lawyer—the pride of the town—and a love affair in which much of the city assisted.

SIX TREES

Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins (Freeman), in her latest book, "Six Trees," tells of the lives of some very human New England people and of the part played in them by their favorite trees. The author has made true in this volume the saying that the life of every man and woman contains the material for at least one good, dramatic story. The book is tastefully bound, and is illustrated with twenty-two pictures in tint.

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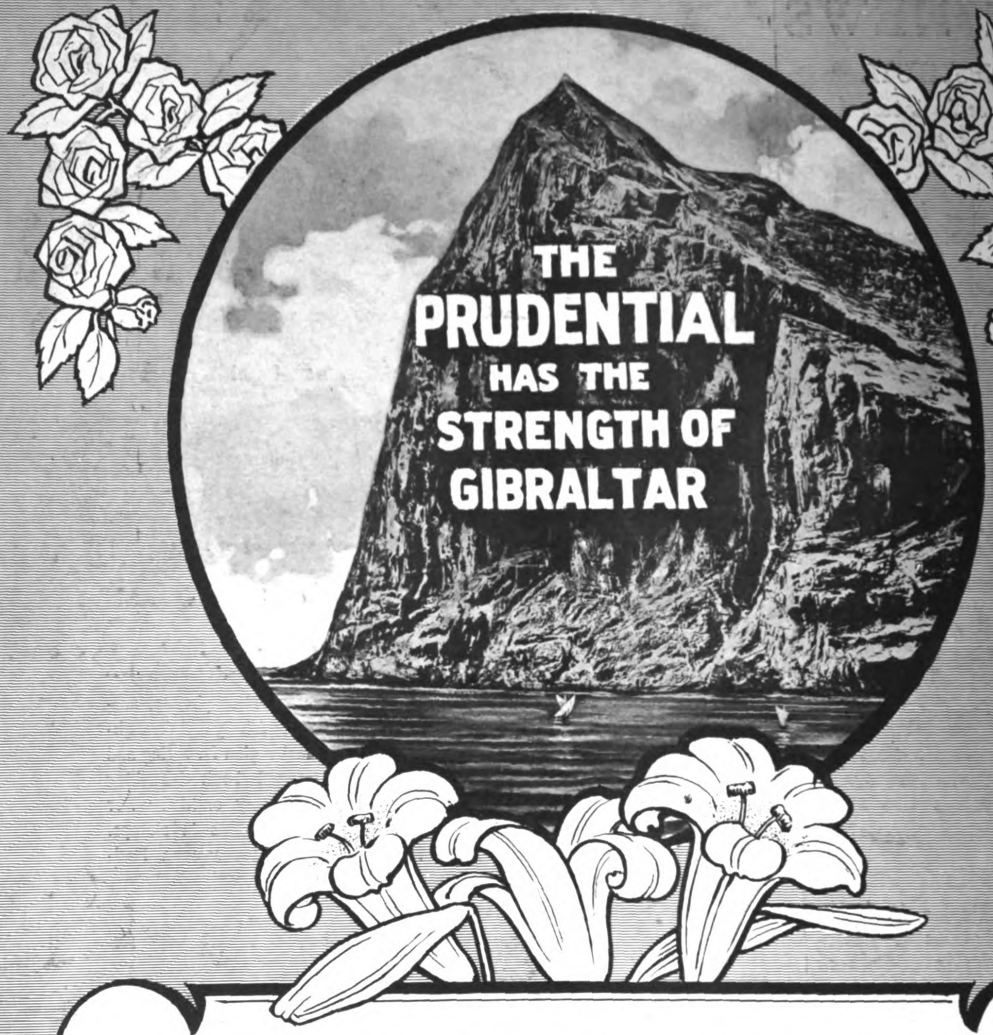
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY
GEORGE HARVEY



AMERICA'S NEWEST WARSHIPS

THE FIGHT FOR THE LEVEES

ANDREW CARNEGIE BY PETER NEWELL

PRICE 10 CTS

APR 11 1903

HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

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HARPERS BOOK NEWS

THE SUBSTITUTE

It is one of the charms of Mr. Will N. Harben's stories that the reader instantly feels that the author knows the people of whom he writes. This was true of "Abner Daniel," and it is even more true of Mr. Harben's new story "The Substitute." It is a story of Northern Georgia — a tale overflowing with amusing anecdote and good humor—and through it all runs a love story of absorbing interest.

WALDA

This is a love story of a most unusual sort—a romance of to-day, yet with an atmosphere wholly non-modern. The scene is laid in a sternly Puritanic community the prototype of which actually exists in the Middle West. Into this community comes a strong man of the outer world. His love for the beautiful daughter of one of the most bigoted of the communists is the motive for the story.

PUTNAM PLACE

Somehow there are a lot of people in New England—people who are rich in honorable family tradition and in heirlooms—who are seldom represented in New England stories. They are comfortable though frugal, happy though married, and cheerful though single. They enjoy life, and the reader enjoys life with them, because his humor is excited more often than his sadness. Such people are to be found in Grace Lathrop Collin's charming "Putnam Place." Miss Collin takes the reader straight to the centre of exclusive family circles, and there he is only too glad to remain as long as the pages of the book last. It is a bewitching view of New England.

THE PRIDE OF TELLFAIR

Elmore Elliott Peake, in "The Pride of Tellfair," tells a plain, unvarnished tale of the people of one of the progressive small "cities" of the Middle West. The book has all the bustle and alertness of the West in it, while an unforced humor and common-sense philosophy entertain the reader on every page. The story tells of a keen young lawyer—the pride of the town—and a love affair in which much of the city assisted.

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By J. J. BELL

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In this story of "Wee Macgreegor," and in his relations to his humble but lovable family and friends, there is a suggestion of "A Window in Thrums," which made J. M. Barrie's reputation; and, on the other hand, its humor and fun are as entertaining as "Helen's Babies." It is a unique contribution to modern literature, and comes as a real surprise to the British and American public. The book has taken England by storm in spite of its Scottish dialect.

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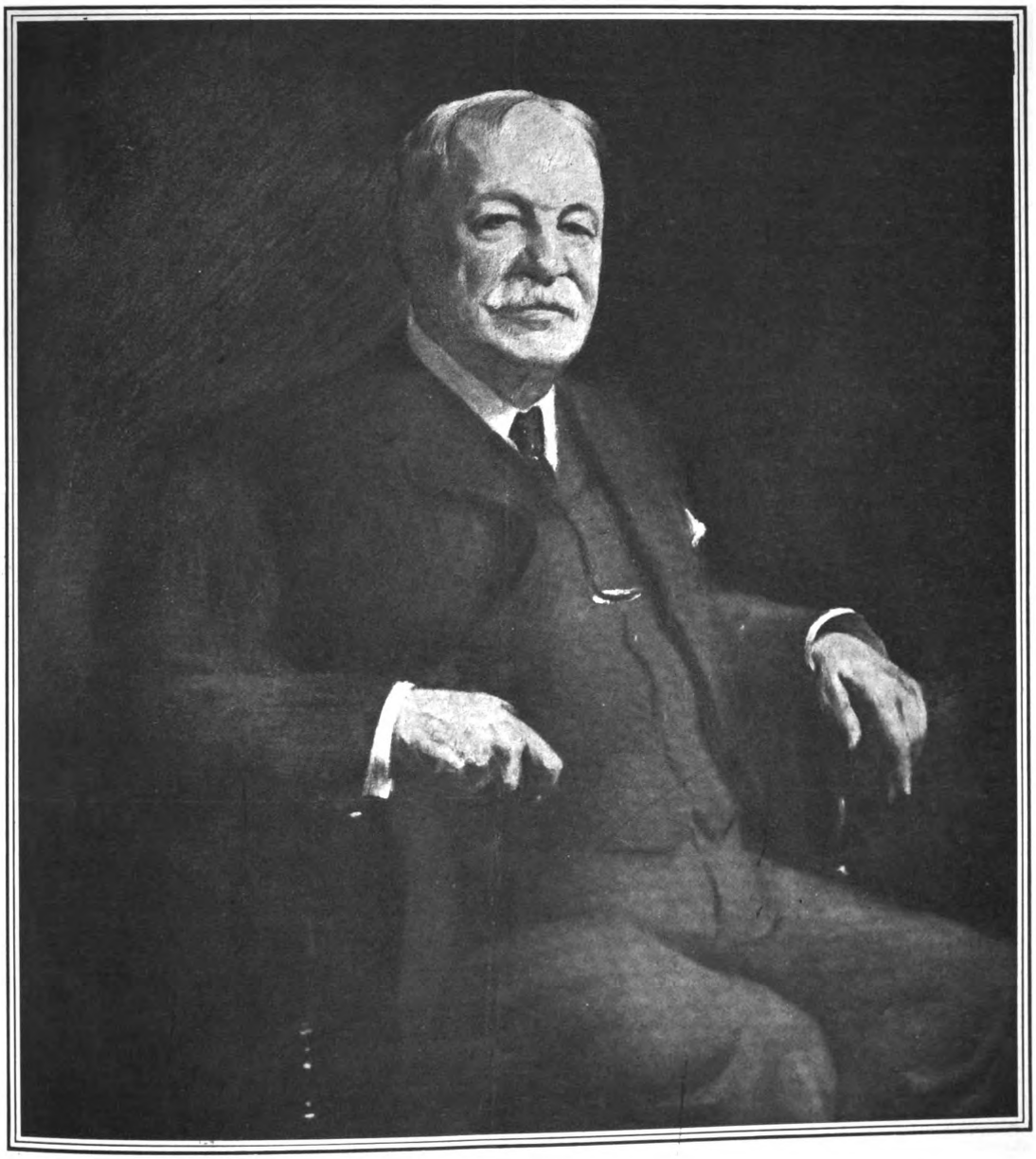
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII. *New York, Saturday, April 11, 1903—Illustrated Section* NO. 2416

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WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

From a new painting, now on view at the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists, by Frank Fowler, the well-known artist and portrait-painter

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The Fight for the Levees

A Graphic Account of the Floods along the Mississippi, by Harris Dickson, our Special Correspondent

At this writing vast areas of fertile land in the Mississippi Valley—land usually protected by the levees—are under water. These inundations are not new. The alluvial deposits brought down by the floods of many years have made the incomparably fertile valley of the South. Since the days of the pioneers, mud-banks have been built to hold the river in a restricted course. In 1882 the Federal government first offered its aid to the communities of the South. For the improvement of the waterway and for the advancement of commerce, Congress began its annual appropriations to the levee, made common cause with the planter, and the levee system received an enormous impetus. Since that time, largely by the efforts of General T. C. Catchings, then a Representative from this district, Congressional appropriations have been continued.

The work thus contemplated was nothing less than the construction of 1400 miles of earthen dikes intended to be above the highest flood. These dikes were to restrict the drainage of a continent within a channel approximately four thousand yards in width. Without such restraint the river at flood height frequently widened into a sea seventy-five miles from hills to hills—a controlless expanse of watery desolation.

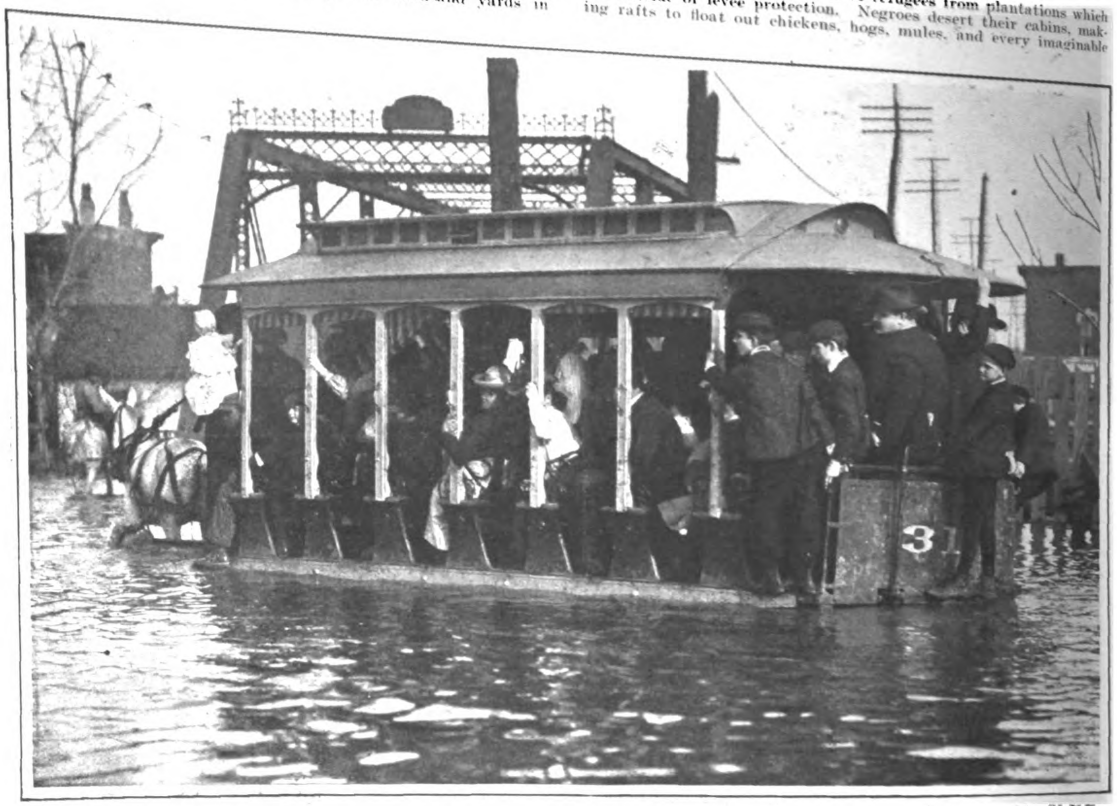
It may convey some idea of the magnitude of this undertaking to remember that water from Olean, in the State of New York, joins with the outlets of Lake Winnipeg and the Yellowstone Park, to destroy a plantation opposite Vicksburg in the State of Mississippi. At Cairo alone a million and a half cubic feet of water is estimated to pass every second. Twenty-seven States contribute to this gigantic volume which formerly dispersed at will over the 32,000 square miles of territory constituting the Mississippi Delta. To-day, when the same flood starts south from Cairo, instead of wandering untrammelled through this vast basin, it is restricted by two narrow ridges of earth, seeking to hold it in check and convey it harmlessly to the sea. And generally these ridges do their work.

It is only in the years when all its tributaries overflow simultaneously that the Mississippi becomes dangerous. Such floods sometimes break the levees. Or the natural contortions of the stream in changing its channel eat them away; they cave, slough off, and slide into the river. But a shattered line is immediately repaired; "run-arounds" are constructed in a semicircle around the broken place, a spur of sacks is built to turn the current, and another year finds the levee stronger. In each succeeding year the disastrous crevasses have been fewer, the damage from them less and less. Throughout the valley there has been a steady growth of confidence in ultimate immunity from overflow.

Vicksburg perches high upon her hills at the foot of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta, with every interest bound up in that of her lower-lying neighbors. Here live the planter who owns the threatened fields, the factor who sells his cotton, the banker who holds his mortgage, and the merchant who furnishes supplies to his plantation.

Therefore when the river-gauge climbs above the forty-foot mark, and the city front goes under, "high-water talk" absorbs every other topic of conversation upon her streets. The river continues to rise until the gauge registers above fifty feet, with every prospect of more. The Weather Bureau warns the planter to prepare for extremely dangerous stages.

Boats begin to bring in loads of refugees from plantations which are outside of levee protection. Negroes desert their cabins, making rafts to float out chickens, hogs, mules, and every imaginable species of plunder. They crowd upon the levees, waiting for a boat to take them off. Cautious planters send their stock away to safer pasturage. The river swarms with busy craft. Men are hired for emergency work along the levees; lumber is shipped to build up bulkheads and prevent caving; sacks go forward by the thousand to be filled with earth and raise the crown of the levee above the flood.



A Snap-shot of the Street-railway Traffic in Memphis during the Flood

At the foot of Clay Street the stanch little *Belle of the Bends* lies ready to perform these services. With "Captain Gus" on deck and "Uncle Billy" at the wheel, she casts loose her line and turns her head up the brimming stream. On her decks are dozens of planters, levee-board officials, and government engineers, anxious to see what changes a single day has brought.

A man familiar with the river and river methods would know from her cargo that an overflow is imminent. The *Belle* carries lumber, wheelbarrows, skiffs, sacks, and material of every kind. Once launched upon the broad and eddying river the necessity for it all seems fully justified.

The river gorges its channel to the very top between two long lines of levees. Cotton is stacked everywhere. The *Belle* seems floating on a huge horse-trough, twenty feet above the level on either side. Only the merest streak shows where the levee runs, and this thin barrier of dirt, sodded with Bermuda grass, looks ridiculously insufficient to fence out such a stupendous flood

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Time to Move Out—a Characteristic Scene in the Streets of Memphis during High Water



Repairing a Washout on the Railroad at Marion, Arkansas. The Force of the Flood Current against the Track is well shown in the Photograph

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of water. The wave-wash of the boat splashes over its top. A child with a pocket-knife might cut the dike, and then no human power could save it. Men on horses and men afoot patrol it night and day, watching for signs of weakness and to guard against a cutting. For if the levee should give way upon the Louisiana side that would instantly relieve the strain in Mississippi. And it has happened in days gone by that a man crouching behind his own levee and grown desperate with fear has taken his life in his hands, paddled his silent dugout across the river—a few swift strokes of a spade, a sudden rush of water, and the thing is done. And timber thieves, too, waiting in the swamps for water to float out their rafts, have been known to cut the levees. But the guard asks no question of the man with the spade; he shoots, shoots to kill, and no questions are ever asked of him.

At this writing there is a guard—generally a volunteer—pacing every half-mile of levee on both sides of the river. His horse stands hitched at the quarter-boat ready for instant use. And with a fatuous confidence every man of them will answer your inquiry, "We're going to hold this levee, sure; there's no danger here." For God never made a more buoyant-spirited and braver people than these whose wives and children sleep with that thin green line between them and destruction.

The man of confidence stands on a crumbling foothold scarce six inches above the rising river. At his back, and twenty feet below him, lie the level fields of a country richer than the fabled Valley of the Nile—that granary and treasure-house of the ancient world. There stand his home and household gods; a sweet-faced woman sits upon his gallery; his children sail their mimic boats in the seepage-water trickling through the levee. Yet the man smiles and waves his hand to friends upon the *Belle*, "We'll hold this levee—sure."

At every landing-place the steamer puts off a skiff or two, some sacks, and a bundle of oars. A hundred negroes crowd upon the levees to laugh and cheer her on. The warehouse at Lake Providence is almost gone, while the huge seawall lifts itself eight feet yet above the flood. Five miles farther on the levee is low, and men are working like beavers building it up with sacks. The exciting fight goes on between the monster and the men—a race to see whether the levee or the water can rise the faster.

The *Belle* lands very cautiously against a threatened levee, where a number of gentlemen are gathered. "We are perfectly safe here, I think," says Mr. Ransdell, member of Congress from that district, himself at work upon the levee. "I never knew a break to occur where we had good weather, plenty of men, and dry dirt to fight it with. The break generally comes where you least expect it."

Some of this work is done by paid labor, but much of it is volunteer and perfectly organized. White men and black men work together side by side—the gentleman of property and the humblest tiller of his fields. As a rule, the more substantial negroes labor very cheerfully. But when the trifler refuses there's no hesitation as to him. A ball and chain is hung to his leg, and he works anyhow. Their compulsory levee-working laws are very like those for working public roads, except these levee laws are rigidly and promptly enforced. In some places the boat must approach very gently lest her waves may dash across the narrow line and start a crevasse. At others she can land broadside without the slighest danger. And here her guards project like a shelf above the diminishing levee.

At the most God-forsaken points she touches to take on a sack of mail. Everywhere there is a constant stream of negroes parading the levee. A black and jolly set they are, idle and unearing, for summer is nearly here; if the levees break they can swim out, and they've nothing whatever to lose. When moving-time comes, the negro can always shut the door, whistle to his dog—and move. That's all.

One of the deplorable results of an overflow is the complete destruction of game in the swamps. For weeks the deer, bear, rabbits, and game-birds have been running to the hills; all their paths are beset by pot-hunters, and they are shot down mercilessly. Sometimes upon a higher point no bigger than a city block a hundred starving deer are seen; the owner of the plantation protects and feeds them.

Returning by rail from Greenville to Vicksburg the train passes through a country much lower than the river-front, and now rapidly filling with back water from the Yazoo. The locomotive drags us on through miles of water which almost extinguishes the engine fires. Two men are stationed on the cowcatcher pushing aside the driftwood which cumbers the track, and we creep along more like a toilsome barge than a passenger-train.

One of these floating chunks carries passengers—fellow-travellers, one of whom might well be called an original flood sufferer. A melancholy jack-rabbit squats on a piece of drift not more than three feet long, and mournfully regards a big snapping-turtle sitting on the other end. They circle about and meander slowly through the submerged forest, whither they know not—and the turtle doesn't care.

At the time of writing several bad breaks have occurred in the levees. The city of Greenville is submerged. The rest may hold back the flood; they may not; no man can even hazard a guess. Dry weather and a falling river will save them: another rise, heavy rains, or a high wind might work their destruction in an hour. The people are making the fight, a hard fight, a brave fight. If the water covers them they will wait until it goes away, plant behind the receding flood, and trust to the richest country on the earth to give them ample harvests.



In some Districts the only way to get Home during Flood-time is over Temporary Sidewalks

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Drawn by W. E. Mears

A PERILOUS MOMENT—THE BREAKING OF THE LEVEE NEAR GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI

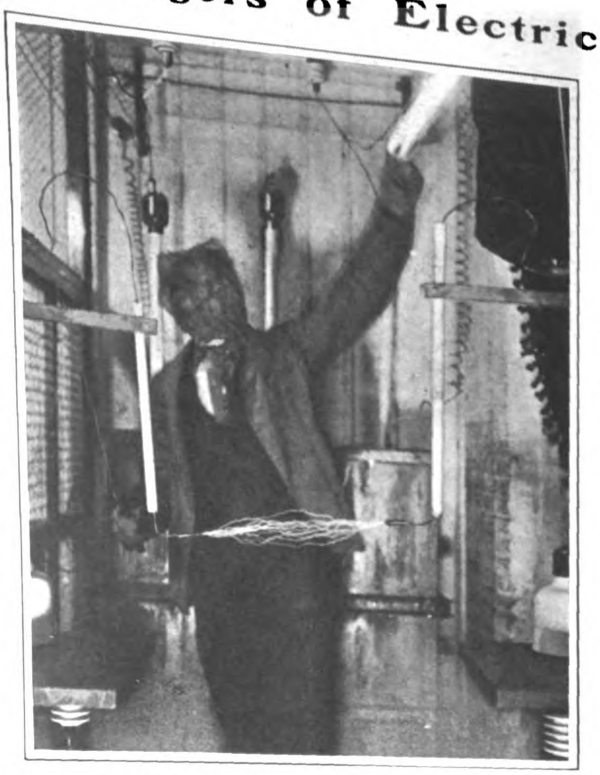
When the levees are threatened, or when the negroes are actually driven from their homes by the floods, they take all their household goods and camp out for protection on the banks of the river. It sometimes happens that the levee breaks near these camps, with the result, as shown in the drawing, that there occurs a hurried scramble for life and safety

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The Dangers of Electricity

WE have frequent illustrations of the hazards of handling electricity. Every little while a lineman at his work at the top of an electric-light pole mishandles the powerful current he has to deal with, and either falls from his perch or is shocked or burned to death, and hangs an awful spectacle from his perch. Industrially, the dangerous high currents are more and more used all the time, and scientists are constantly experimenting with them in the effort to come to a better understanding of the nature and properties of man's newest servant. Many of these experiments are more or less dangerous, and the need of caution handicaps the experimenter in his investigation and the practical electrician in his work.

The means most in use as a protection against injury from the high currents are rubber gloves and overshoes. Rubber is a bad conductor, but the protection it gives is imperfect. News of a surer safeguard comes from Europe. Professor Nicholas Artemieff, director of the Electro-Technical Institute in Kief, South Russia, has devised a dress made of a thin tissue of metal, which envelops the whole body, and makes the wearer impervious to all electrical currents. Clad in this armor, the electrician need concern himself no more about the dangers of his business, but can go on with his work or his experiments with an easy mind.



Dress and Head-Shield invented by Professor Artemieff for Protection against Electric Currents of high Power

Professor Artemieff brought his metallic dress to Berlin. We are told that there it stood all tests perfectly, and that the German artificers, working out his idea, made a dress which is a perfect conductor of high current of electricity, and which affords perfect protection without interfering with the use of the hands or the eyes.

How practical a device this is we shall not know until it has been more fully tried, but it would seem likely to prove useful both to experimenters and workmen in work which involves special risks. Certainly for linemen, and men who work on our elevated railroads, where the third rail is charged with a deadly current, some sort of protective armor is very much to be desired. In the thunder-storm season too there might be a market for lightning-proof garments which timid ladies could put on to the relief of their nerves. Getting under the bed is a fairly effective precaution against lightning, but it is undignified.

The tenth part of an ampère passing through one's body may produce fatal results. Just what keeps this tenth part of an ampère in its proper course is just enough of a mystery to the ordinary unscientific layman to make Professor Artemieff's invention of very possible popularity.

The Kaiser Borrows from American Art



The Design for a Fountain on the Estate of Mr. George Gould, at Lakewood, of which the German Emperor has ordered a Replica for one of his private Parks in Germany

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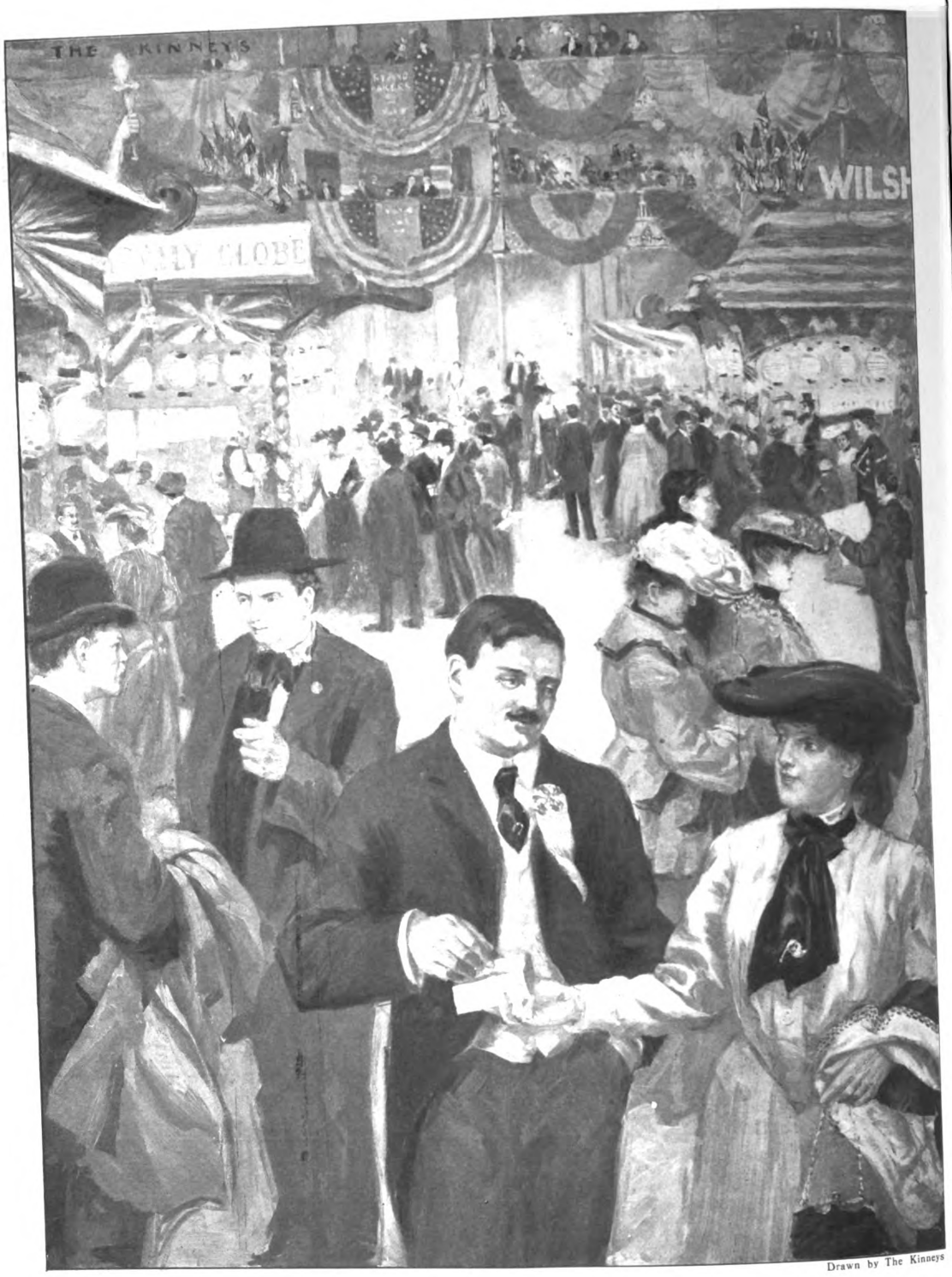
Miss Elsie De Wolfe in her new play "Cynthia," at the Madison Square Theatre

The Reappearance of Miss De Wolfe

MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE has been somewhat deliberate in making her appearance as a star in New York this season, but she is none the less welcome. She is one of the fortunate few players of the present day whose following is sure because it attaches itself to her personal qualities rather than to what the more enthusiastic of them choose to term her art. It is to Miss De Wolfe the woman, not the player, to whom a certain class of the New York play-goers are devoted, and in the *succès d'estime*, as distinguished from the merely theatric success, there is no one on the American stage to-day who can boast more enduring laurels. It is to be regretted that Miss De Wolfe's abilities are not so well suited in the comedy of "Cynthia," written for her by Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, as in Mr. Fitch's "Way of the World," in which she appeared last year. A somewhat kittenish rôle is not precisely the sort of thing in which one who is noted for a certain calm reserve and distinction of manner is likely to make the strongest appeal, and in this respect Mr. Davies has fallen far short of giving to his star a dramatic garment that fits to a nicety. Miss De Wolfe's talent falls more easily into a modish rôle than into one of ingenuousness, so that she does not quite create in the first act the exact illusion that is necessary wholly to enlist our sympathies; and when, on top of this, we are given a last act that is wholly unnecessary, and in which the natural grand manner of the star is subordinated to the exigencies of a skirt-dance, the general result is not all that one could wish. This particular star and skirt-dancing are as unrelated as a Vicar to a Midway, and one would as soon expect to see Ellen Terry in Miss Katie Barry's rôle in the "Chinese Honeymoon" as to find Miss De Wolfe essaying to win the terpsichorean honors of a Letty Lind.

Nevertheless, "Cynthia" is a pleasant and wholly refined performance. There is nothing in it that grates upon one's sensibilities, and it holds much that is bright and amusing. It is a sort of *de luxe* drawing-room affair, toward which one is disposed to be amiably polite rather than severely critical, and since no claims to greatness are made for it, it may be said that it amply fulfils its purpose. It serves as a gently enlivening evening's entertainment, and occasionally tickles the sense of humor by an epigram or two that has real wit and significance.

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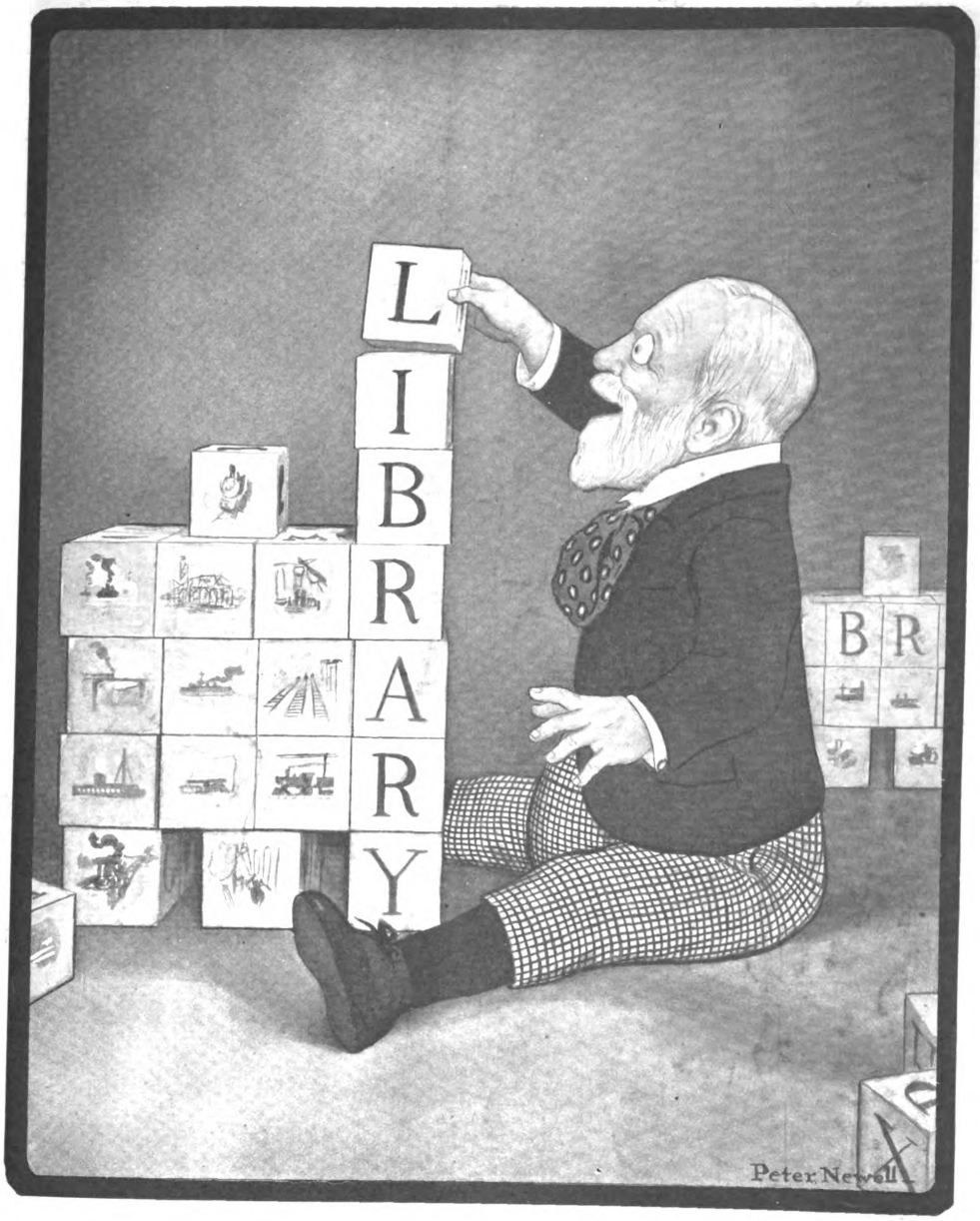


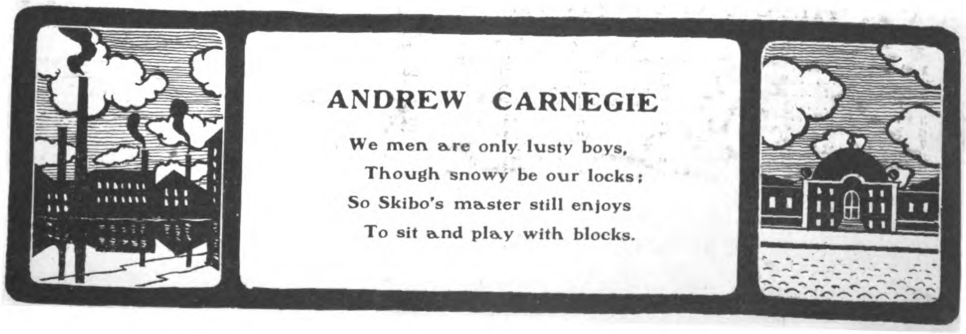
Drawn by The Kinneys

A SOCIAL FUNCTION FOR WORKINGMEN

A Workingman's Fair, attended by about one hundred and fifty thousand representatives of all branches of labor, has just been in progress at the Grand Central Palace in New York. Apart from the plan of the organizers of the Fair to have these representatives of labor meet together socially, enough money was raised to start a newspaper in the interests of labor and of the various organizations represented by unions throughout the country

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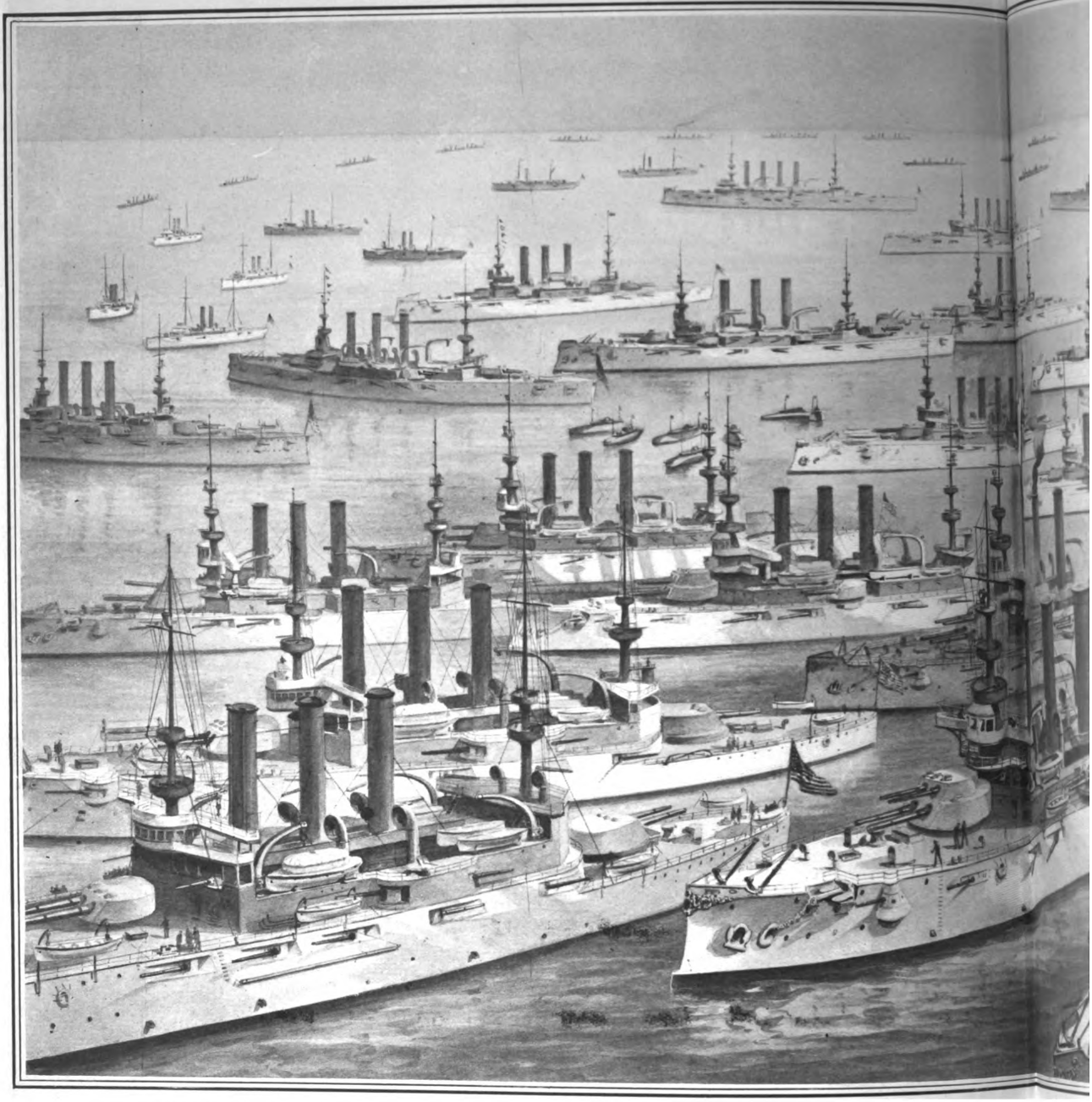




ANDREW CARNEGIE

We men are only lusty boys,
Though snowy be our locks:
So Skibo's master still enjoys
To sit and play with blocks.

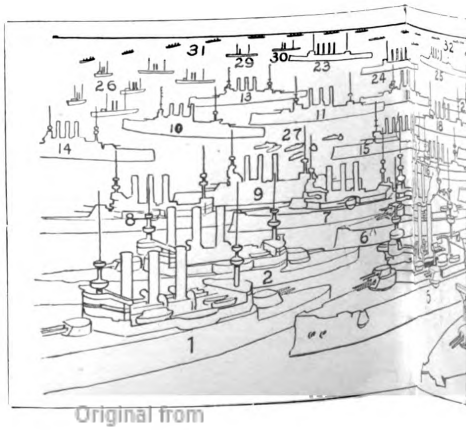
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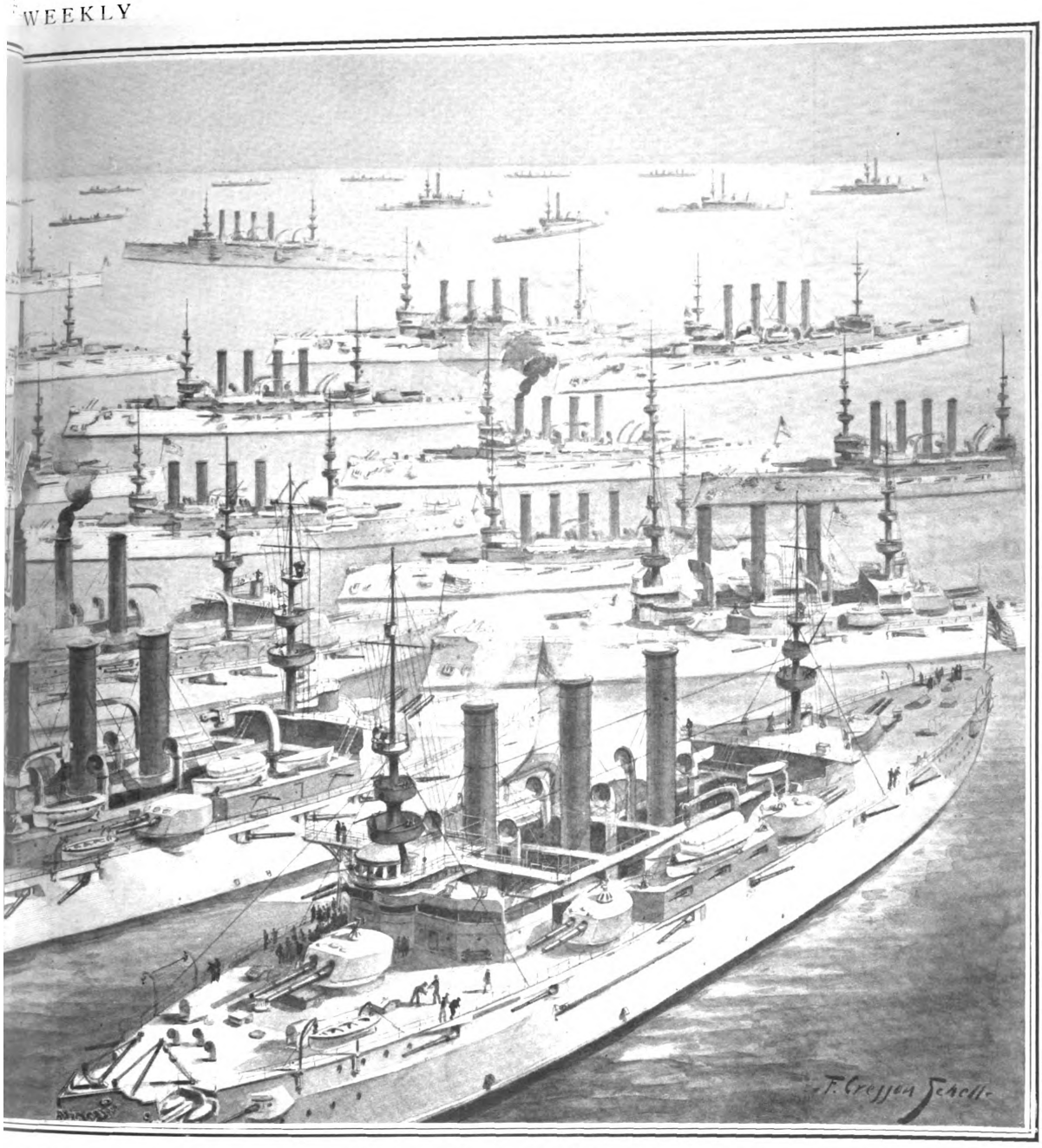
AMERICA'S NEWEST NAVY—THE SIXTY VESSELS NOW

	Name.	Tonnage.	Type.	Horse-power.	Guns. (Main Battery.)	Speed. (Knots.)
1	Missouri	12,500	First-class Battle-ship.	16,000	20	18
2	Ohio	12,500	" "	16,000	20	18
3	Connecticut	16,000	" "	16,500	24	18
4	Louisiana	16,000	" "	16,500	24	18
5	Virginia	14,948	" "	18,000	24	19
6	Nebraska	14,948	" "	18,000	24	19
7	Georgia	14,948	" "	18,000	24	19
8	New Jersey	14,948	" "	18,000	24	19
9	Rhode Island	14,948	" "	18,000	24	19
10	Vermont	16,000	" "	16,500	24	18
11	Kansas	16,000	" "	16,500	24	18
12	Minnesota	16,000	" "	16,500	24	18
13	Mississippi	13,000	" "	?	?	?
14	Idaho	13,000	" "	?	?	?
15	Pennsylvania	14,000	Armored Cruiser.	23,000	23	22
16	Maryland	14,000	" "	23,000	23	22
17	West Virginia	14,000	" "	23,000	23	22
18	South Dakota	14,000	" "	23,000	23	22
19	California	14,000	" "	23,000	23	22
20	Colorado	14,000	" "	23,000	23	22
21	Washington	14,000	" "	23,000	23	22
22	Tennessee	14,000	" "	23,000	23	22
23	St. Louis	9,600	Semi-armored Cruiser.	21,000	14	22
24	Milwaukee	9,600	" "	21,000	14	22
25	Charleston	9,600	" "	21,000	14	22
26	Denver	3,100	Protected Cruiser.	4,700	10	16½
	Des Moines	3,100	" "	4,700	10	16½
	Chattanooga	3,100	" "	4,700	10	16½
	Galveston	3,100	" "	4,700	10	16½
	Tacoma	3,100	" "	4,700	10	16½
	Cleveland	3,100	" "	4,700	10	16½

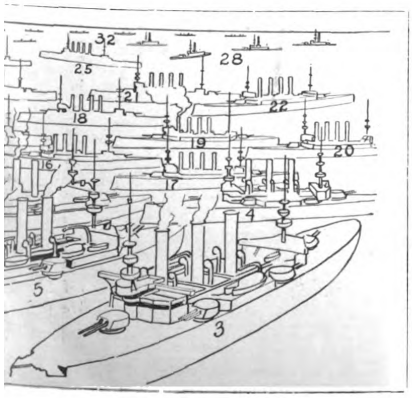
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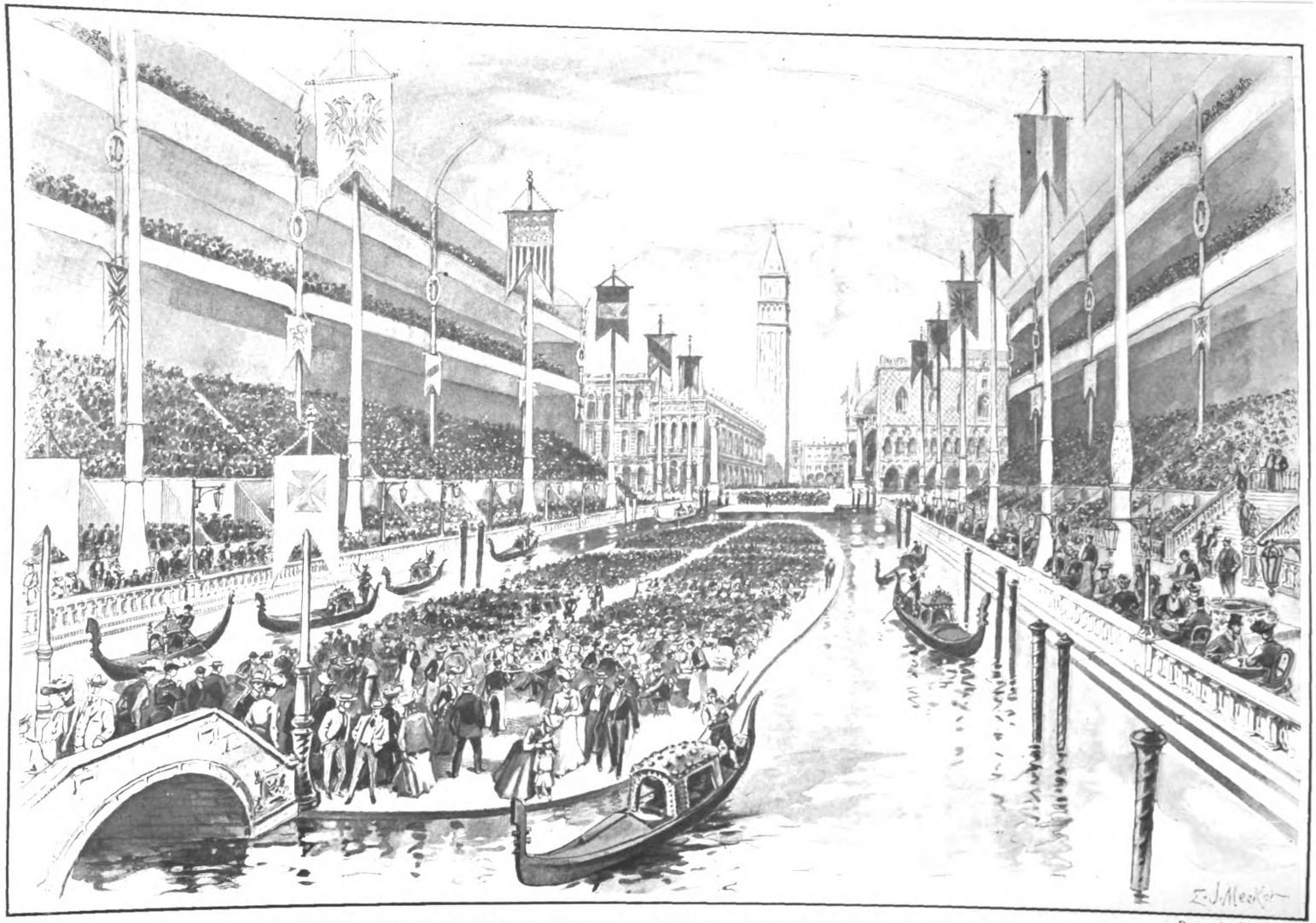
	Name.	Tonnage.	Type.	Horse-power.	Guns. (Main Battery.)	Speed. (Knots.)
27	Plunger	120	Submarine Torpedo-boat.	160	A— 1	B— 8
	Adder	120	" "	160	A— 1	B— 8
	Grampus	120	" "	160	A— 1	B— 8
	Moccasin	120	" "	160	A— 1	B— 8
	Pike	120	" "	160	A— 1	B— 8
	Porpoise	120	" "	160	A— 1	B— 8
	Shark	120	" "	160	A— 1	B— 8
28	Arkansas	3,214	Sea-coast Monitor.	2,400	6	12
	Nevada	3,214	" "	2,400	6	12
	Wyoming	3,214	" "	2,400	6	12
	Florida	3,214	" "	2,400	6	12
29	Paducah	?	Gunboat	?	?	12½
30	Dubuque	?	"	?	?	12½
31	Bainbridge	408	Torpedo-boat Destroyer.	7,200	A— 2	29
	Barry	420	" "	8,300	A— 2	29
	Chauncey	420	" "	8,300	A— 2	29
	Hopkins	420	" "	8,300	A— 2	29
	Hull	420	" "	8,300	A— 2	29
	Lawrence	420	" "	8,300	A— 2	30
	Macdonough	420	" "	8,300	A— 2	30
	Stewart	408	" "	8,300	A— 2	29
	Whipple	433	" "	8,300	A— 2	30
	Worden	433	" "	8,300	A— 2	30
32	Stringham	340	Torpedo-boat.	7,200	A— 2	30
	Goldsborough	248	"	6,000	A— 2	30
	Blakely	165	"	3,000	A— 3	26
	Nicholson	174	"	3,000	A— 3	26
	O'Brien	174	"	3,000	A— 3	26
	Tingey	165	"	3,000	A— 3	26

? Details not yet decided.
A— Torpedo tubes.
B— Surface speed, 8 knots; submerged speed, 7 knots

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Drawn by E. J. Meeker

THE TRANSFORMATION OF A PLEASURE PALACE

For musical concerts this summer Madison Square Garden will be turned into a Venetian fairy-land. The principal buildings of Venice will be reproduced, and gondolas, with Venetian gondoliers, will ply on the miniature Grand Canal shown in the drawing. The Piazzetta of St. Mark's will serve as the band-stand for the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Duss. For the first concert, on May 31, Madame Nordica and Edouard de Reszke will be the soloists

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Knowledge is mental food, and is exactly to the spirit what food is to the body. . . . It may be mixed and disguised by art, till it becomes unwholesome; it may be refined, sweetened, and made palatable until it has lost all its power of nourishment; and even of its best kind, it may be eaten to surfeiting and minister to disease and death.

Ruskin.

"I think as my land thinks," said a landowner: a saying full of meaning, that we may apply every day. Some, in fact, think like their land, others like their shops, others like their hammers, and others like their empty purses aspiring to be filled.

Joubert.

Whatever it be which the great Providence prepares for us, it must be something large and generous, and in the great style of his works. The future must be up to the style of our faculties—of memory, of hope, of imagination, of reason.—*Emerson.*

We are immoderately fond of warming ourselves; and we do not think, or care, what the fire is composed of.—*Landor.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

ALL SEAMEN

know the comforts of having on hand a supply of BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK. It can be used so agreeably for cooking, in coffee, tea, and chocolate. Lay in a supply for all kinds of expeditions. Avoid unknown brands.—[*Adv.*]

OF course you can live without telephone service, but you don't live as much as you might, because telephone service saves time, and time is the stuff of life. Rates for Residence Service in Manhattan from $48 a year. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey Street, 111 West 38th Street.—[*Adv.*]

AFTER the opera a chafing-dish and a pint of COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE is always appreciable.—[*Adv.*]

CLEAR complexion indicates pure blood—result from use of ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION has cured Coughs for forty years. It is still on the market.—[*Adv.*]

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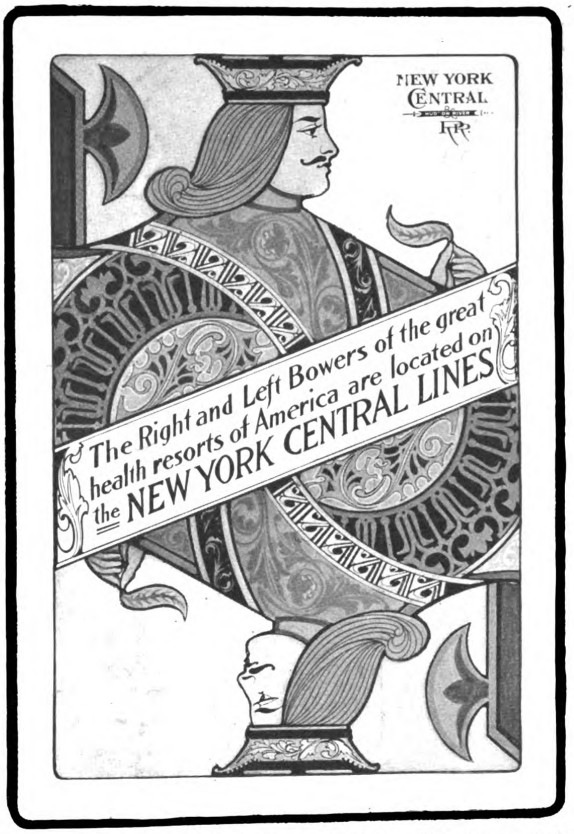
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VIOLETTES DU CZAR

THE EVER FASHIONABLE PERFUME OF

ORIZA-L. LEGRAND (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

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FATHER'S PORTRAIT

DRAWN BY ALBERT LEVERING



He. "Now, how's that?"
She. "Little bit too high on that side, dear."



He. "A-l-l-l right. Li-t-t-le bit on that side."
She. "Well, of all the—"



He. "How's that?"
She. "Oh, you stupid! On THAT side, I said."



He. "Oh, on THAT side, eh? Well, I'll bet it will be straight now!"



He. "I wonder if she'll speak to me now? Those gowns cost twice as much as the 'Old Master.'"



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The "Newest Navy" of the United States

See double page

EVER since 1885 the United States has had what has been called the new navy. The expression has meant generally new war-ships of various types, of improved modern construction, in commission and available as a fighting force. This new navy has included in its development from time to time gunboats and protected cruisers, then armored cruisers and battle-ships, then torpedo-boats and torpedo-destroyers, then battle-ships of the highest power and armored cruisers of the swiftest speed—fast battle-ships really—and then practical and effective submarine boats.

There have been so many additions to the navy since 1885 that the expression new navy has come to be top-heavy and almost meaningless, and the words newest navy have been substituted. The newest navy means the war-ships that are being built and that are not yet in commission. What would be called the new navy of the United States, using the expression that is becoming obsolete, now consists of 110 war-ships. That is to say, we have 110 steel naval vessels, built and equipped in the last eighteen years, which are either in service or fit for service. All these vessels rank with the best of their types, at the time of their construction, in the other navies of the world. Some of them, however, owing to improved methods of construction, are almost out of date. All the other navies of the world have vessels in a similar condition.

The newest navy of the United States consists of sixty war-ships. With the exception of the five battle-ships just authorized by Congress, all are under construction. In less than four years all will be ready for service. Many of them will be ready within a few months. This newest navy means that a tonnage of 375,000, in round numbers, with a horse-power of about 630,000, is being built. It means an expenditure of more than $80,000,000.

The most important significance of this extensive plan of naval building is that the United States is actively and persistently in the race for naval superiority, and that on paper—that is, until the boats now being built by this and other countries are actually in service—the United States is already the third naval power in the world. It has passed Russia and Germany, and is fast approaching France. It will probably never overtake Great Britain, but it may catch up to France in a few years if the present rate of increase is maintained. Here are the figures of tonnage, built and building, of the chief naval powers, as gathered by the Navy Department, and published under the date of November 30, 1902: Great Britain, 624 ships of a tonnage of 1,807,874; France, 453 ships and a tonnage of 804,274; United States, 153 ships and a tonnage of 578,743; Russia, 275 ships and a tonnage of 509,568; Germany, 225 ships and a tonnage of 483,428.

It will be observed that Russia and Germany, although behind the United States in tonnage, exceed this country in the number of ships built or building. This is accounted for by the fact that Russia has no less than 196 torpedo-boats built or building of various grades, that Germany has 120 of these vessels, while the United States has only 52. Torpedo-boats are going out of fashion, so to speak. Their usefulness has never been proved in naval warfare—in fact, if anything has been proved regarding them, it is that they are useless, compared with other war-ships, in time of war.

Great Britain has had a sorry experience with them in time of peace. Spain's torpedo-boats were blown to pieces in the recent war with the United States, and our own torpedo-boats in that conflict were used chiefly for scouting purposes and guard duty. Germany is building no more of them. The United States has given up appropriations for any more. Great Britain is fighting shy of them. The latest designs of ships for this "underhanded kind of sea fighting," as it has been called, is to build sub-

(Continued on page 595.)

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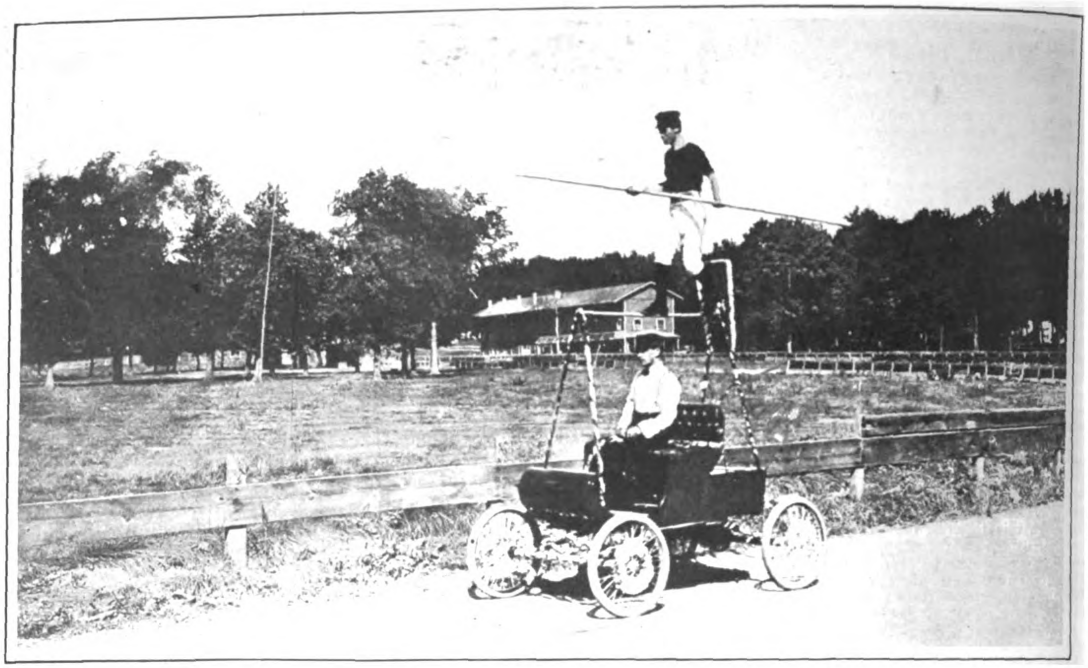
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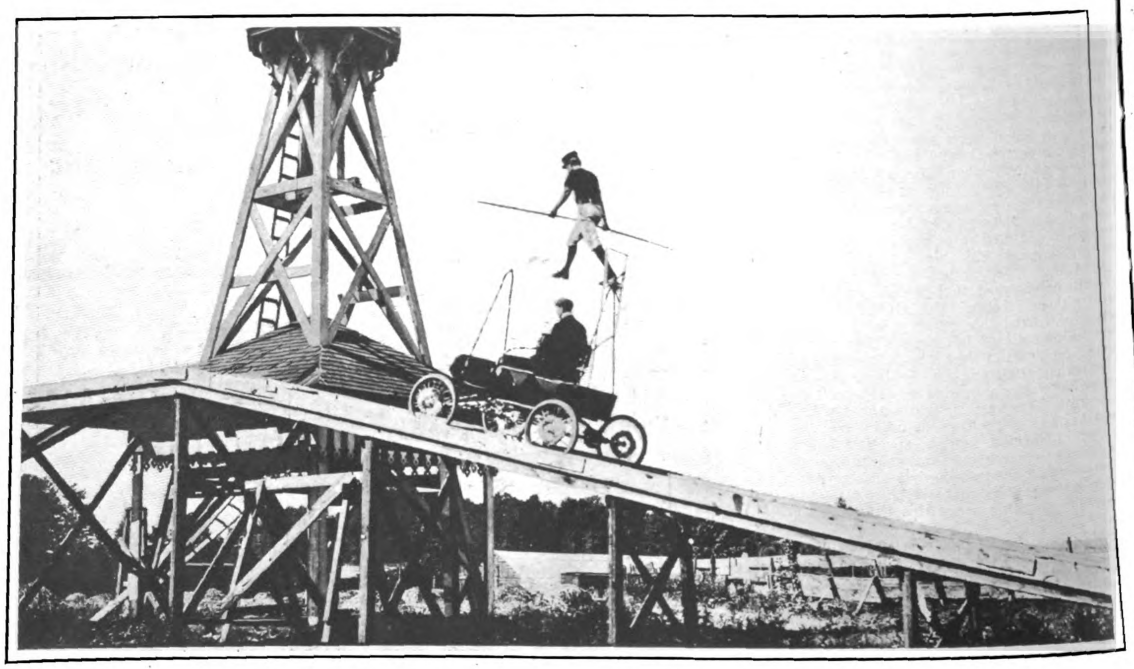
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(Continued from page 593.)

marine boats. France, the United States, and Great Britain are now engaged in constructing these boats rather than torpedo-boats. The race between them is about equal. So, it may be seen that, eliminating torpedo-boats, the United States is ahead of Russia and Germany in sea-going war-ships. It will probably remain in that position.

The call nowadays in the navies of the world is for great fighting-ships, battle-ships and fast armored cruisers. They are the ones that count in naval rank. How do we stand in this respect? On November 30 last the Navy Department figures show that Great Britain had forty-six battle-ships built and eleven building,—a total of fifty-seven. France had thirty-nine battle-ships built and six building,—a total of forty-five. Germany had thirty-two built and five building,—total, thirty-seven. Russia had twenty-four built and eight building,—total, thirty-two. The United States had twenty built and eleven building,—total, thirty-one. In battle-ships, therefore, the United States ranked fifth, being just behind Russia, and close to Germany. The United States, however, was building within one as many battle-ships as Great Britain, and more than the other powers. Since then five new battle-ships have been ordered, a record that surpasses all but Great Britain. In battle-ships, it will be seen, the United States is taking rank with Great Britain, so far as new construction is concerned.

In armored cruisers—those fast war-ships of about 14,000 tons, 23,000 horse-power, and 22 knots speed—Great Britain is building twenty, France is building ten, Germany is building two, Russia is building none, while the United States is building eight. Again the United States scores high rank in this grade of vessel, being third and close to France. In protected cruisers, vessels from 5000 to 9500 tons, the United States is building six; Great Britain, four; France, one; Germany, one; Russia, five. In new construction in this field the United States is leading, but all the others surpass it in the number of boats already built in this class. However, these are the boats that become obsolete the quickest, and our deficiency in this respect need not cause alarm. They are not effective fighters in time of war; they are essentially valuable in times of peace.

The newest navy of the United States undoubtedly should be classed third in the naval powers. It consists of no less than fourteen battle-ships, with a tonnage of more than 200,000, nearly equalling Great Britain's, and surpassing all the rest; eight enormous armored cruisers of the *California* class, 14,000 tons each, all of the same type, and valuable for the homogeneity of the grade; three semi-armored cruisers of the *St. Louis* type, each with a tonnage of 9600; six protected cruisers of the *Denver* type, and of 3100 tonnage; six improved submarine boats; four sea-coast monitors of the *Florida* type and of a tonnage of 3200; two small gunboats, not yet laid down; ten torpedo-boat destroyers; and seven torpedo-boats.

All of these vessels, with the exception of the battle-ships, are of what might be called standard types. That adds immensely to their effectiveness when acting together. There will be no laggards to keep the others behind. In battle-ships, too, this country is fast approaching a type. Three of the new ones just authorized, 16,000 tons each, are to be of the *Connecticut* type, ordered a year ago. Two of them, those of the 13,000 tons, will probably be like the *Ohio* type, of which two are under construction.

The United States will soon have its battle-ships grouped into three or four grades, which may be duly separated and made cogent fighting forces, according to the varying standards. What Charles H. Cramp has called "battle-ship seamanship" may be developed easily by keeping these vessels together in their work.

The recent activity of Germany as a naval power has caused some alarm in this country lest we should not be prepared to cope with that country in case of trouble growing out of Germany's evident determination to be aggressive in reference to the Monroe Doctrine. The naval programmes of the two countries do not show any cause for such alarm. The United States is now in the

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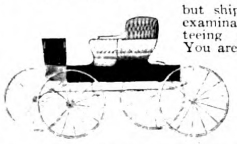
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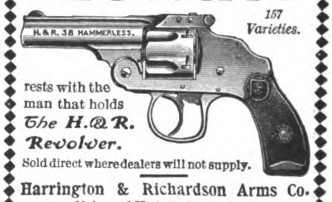


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lead, and the temper of the people is to keep it there.

Germany, however, has made great strides, and has adopted a naval plan that might be emulated to advantage by others. It laid down an exhaustive naval programme in 1898, which was amended in 1900, calling for a thorough and gradual upbuilding of her navy. That programme has been adhered to strictly, with the exception that it has been finished in one-half the time, so far as it has gone, allotted for the work. It has included in this programme a complete scheme of rebuilding its vessels as fast as they get out of date. The United States has rebuilt several of its vessels, notably the *Chicago* and *Olympia*, but there has been no well-defined plan of continuing this work.

Germany has taught all the naval powers a lesson in this respect, and the United States would do well to take immediate heed of it. This country not only wants first-class vessels in its navy, which it is now getting, but it also wants no lame ducks in that force. In guarding against this Germany leads the world.

The New Artists' Studio Building

THE new Co-operative Studio Building, in Sixty-seventh Street, New York, is the only one of its kind in America which is owned by artists. It is a fourteen-story skyscraper, giving to every studio in it the advantage of a north light. There are also a number of apartments for the artists and their families. These apartments are arranged like tiny country cottages, with three rooms on the first floor and three above, with a private stairway, hall, and elevator, quite as one would have it in an exclusive cottage isolated in the centre of a lawn.

Mr. Henry Ranger, now president of the stockholders, originated the plan two years ago, and has been one of the most active promoters. The artists own their own homes, and, together, own the land upon which the structure is built. The cost of the building is about $350,000. Each artist occupant is his own tenant, and pays rent to the co-operative landlord. The artists owning and occupying apartments are: Mr. Henry Ranger, president; Mr. V. V. Sewell, vice-president; Mr. Jules Turcast, treasurer; Mr. Louis Paul Dessar, secretary. The other stockholders are Allan Talcott, Childe Hassam, Sidney Smith, Edward Naegele, Frank V. Dumond.

The Studio Building commands a magnificent view of Central Park, with a glimpse of the Hudson in the distance. There are fourteen large studios, two on each floor. A private entrance from the main hall brings one into the private hall of each apartment. Leading from the studio and facing the west are a reception-room, drawing-room, and library beyond. The dining-room, kitchen, wash-room, all well equipped with modern appliances, are on this floor. There is a private entrance and elevator from the basement for the servants. The sleeping-rooms and bath, also facing the west, are reached by one flight of stairs, and are situated directly over the drawing-room and library. The cutting in two of the inevitable city apartment gives a cozy, homelike atmosphere entirely foreign to the usual New York city home. The large apartment studios are leased for $2000 a year. Each stockholder pays his yearly rental dues to the general fund, and draws dividend from the stock. The plan diminishes his rent, and at the same time piles up capital and slowly pays the purchase debt.

To the rear of the building are the bachelor quarters, consisting of three rooms and a bath. These rent for $750 a year. There are also apartments consisting of two rooms and a bath which rent at $600 a year. The apartments in the latter category will be rented to bachelors of either sex, the Studio Building being chaperoned, as it were, by the artists' wives and families.

A co-operative restaurant owned and conducted by the stockholders will be situated in the basement. Elevator service, steam heat, gas, electric lights, and telephone service will be furnished individually

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to each studio and building. For the exclusive telephone $1 a month additional to the rent will be required. The top floor of the building is given over to servants' quarters, and for a small sum those occupying the apartments can secure the servant's room apart from their home.

The decorative scheme throughout the building will be one of the most attractive features. A frieze fifteen feet long, contributed by V. V. Sewell, will be placed on either side of the main entrance hall. The subject is a group of Roman boys, semi-nude, riding in the wood, and is suggestive of the Parthenon frieze. The tone is low, the action admirable; the decoration will add materially to the building, and is a valuable gift. The rooms are finished in hardwood with waxed floors. An item important to the housewife is that there is a plentiful supply of closets. The color scheme carried out in the decoration is left to the individual taste of the occupant, but the expense is carried by the stockholders. Each room has not less than forty feet of outer light and air. There is no enclosed air-shaft or court on the premises. An unobstructed view and good light have been provided for in the lease. For twenty-five years no sky-scraper will be permitted in the vicinity of the Studio Building.

The Co-operative Studio Building will set a good example for more co-operative homes on the same plan. In fact, the renting and general promotion of the original plans laid by Mr. Ranger and his associate artist friends have been so particularly successful that another building owned and conducted on the same order will soon be in the course of construction.

"People have no conception of how difficult it is for one to find a suitable studio in New York," said V. V. Sewell, the vice-president of the stockholders, and one of the most enthusiastic of the artists who with families are to occupy the sunny apartments. "There are, of course, plenty of buildings where studios are to rent, but they have been finished without even a thought as to the lighting or even minor advantages. Any old skylight or hole in the wall, when it has outlived its usefulness for anything else, has been placarded with the sign 'Studo to let.' Landlords are generally under the impression that inspiration needs no light, not much ventilation, and for the privilege of being dissatisfied artists are anxious to pay a goodly sum each month in rental and janitor service. Heretofore artists have been obliged to occupy studios in one part of the city and have their homes in another, and most of these studios have been situated in wholly undesirable quarters. With the march of time offices have moved into sky-scraping buildings that are scarcely less than towers, leaving untenanted the rambling old blocks with their small windows, winding stairs, poor elevator service, mysterious corridors, and mouldy walls. These, under the landlord's eye, are ideal quarters for genius. Hence the only studios to let have been in these buildings, and have been the cause of general dissatisfaction. To leave a musty studio, ride an hour in a crowded train, and at last reach the prosaic home situated in the centre of a solid row of houses, where every room may be predicated from the outside — narrow hall, narrow stairway, bay-windowed front parlor, dark back parlor, stuffy dining-room, pleasant kitchen—oh, you know them all—the inevitable rooms of an inevitable city house may be all right for some, but they are death-blows to originality. However, the Sixty-seventh Street Studio Building, which is appropriately termed a Barbizon without the Fontainebleau, will have nothing prosaic. There is sun here in plenty."

The artists who have promoted the plan as well as those who are to be benefited by it are to be congratulated on the completion of the new building. It marks a very practical step forward in art, one that might well be imitated by artists in all our large cities.



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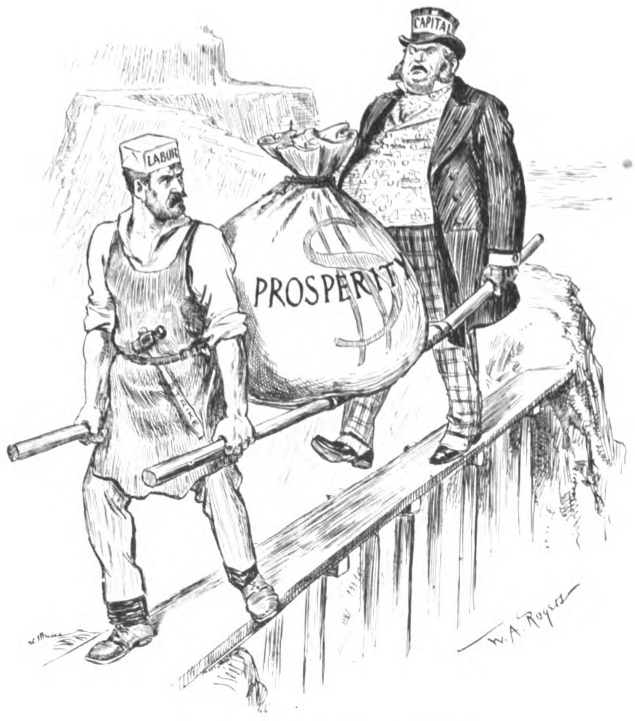
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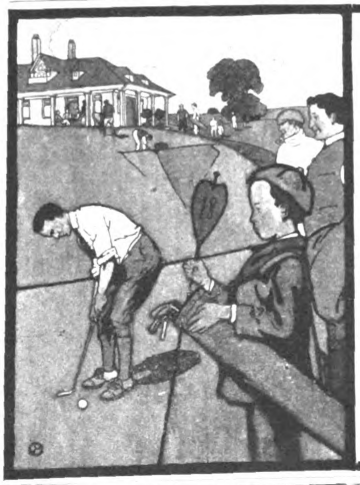


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HARPER'S WEEKLY
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending April 11, 1903

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COMMENT

THERE is no reason to suppose that Admiral Dewey will be rebuked either by President Roosevelt or the Secretary of the Navy for the recent interview in which he compared the navy of the United States with that of Germany, to the disadvantage of the latter power, and added that our recent naval manœuvres in the Caribbean were an object-lesson to European governments, and especially to that of Emperor William II. In such expressions of opinion there was nothing necessarily offensive to Germany, although some German newspapers seem to have taken umbrage at them. It is not strange that Admiral Dewey should be proud of the past achievements and of the present efficiency of the American navy. Foreign naval experts would cheerfully admit that, from certain points of view, the manœuvres of the large fleet recently assembled by our Navy Department in the Caribbean deserve careful study. It is also true that they are especially worthy of attention on the part of that European power, namely, Germany, the naval strength of which corresponds most closely to our own. England and France, both of which possess a sea power much greater than ours, would manifestly derive less profit from observing how, with a navy of moderate size, a large fleet may be promptly concentrated in a given quarter. It will do neither England nor France, however, any harm to note how effective would be our defence of a Panama Canal.

It is probable that German newspapers would show themselves less sensitive to Admiral Dewey's remarks if these had not followed our polite refusal to permit our Atlantic Squadron to visit Kiel, which itself followed our polite suggestion that the gift of a statue of Frederick the Great should be postponed. These incidents are coupled by newspapers with Admiral Crowninshield's courteous declination of the offer to let one of his vessels, which had been injured near Christiania, be repaired at Kiel. He sent the vessel to England instead. On the whole, it must be admitted that ill luck has attended Kaiser William's overtures to the United States, and it is no longer possible to make the German ambassador at Washington the victim of his chagrin. We can afford to laugh at the ill-humor provoked by these little incidents in certain representatives of the German press. The *Vossische Zeitung* opines that the American navy is suffering from a disease of infancy—lack of modesty; and that superheated Deweys need to be cooled down. The *Tageblatt* sees in our Admiral's words confirmation of its oft-repeated assertion that our easy victory over Spain has produced exaggerated self-conceit. The German navy is somewhat of an infant itself, and we have not yet heard of its achieving any victories, easy or difficult, unless the destruction of a Haitian gunboat and the bombardment of Fort San Carlos can be ranked in that category. Our own notion is that if military conceit is rampant in any European country, it is in Germany, and that there, if anywhere, a cooling-down process might be useful.

When we consider the enormous losses caused by the coal strike to the operators, the mine-workers, and the community at large, the cost of settling it seems trivial indeed. Of the fifty thousand dollars which, it will be remembered, was appropriated for the expenses of the commission by Congress, more than a fifth will be returned to the Treasury. It is computed that the whole cost of the investigation will not exceed thirty-eight thousand dollars. Of this sum a large part goes for salaries. Three of the seven members of the commission received salaries of four thousand dollars each, besides a daily allowance of fifteen dollars for expenses. The other four members and the two assistant recorders drew fifteen dollars a day. As the board was appointed on October 24, and remained in existence until March 23, each per-diem allowance amounted in the aggregate to about $2250. The stenographers worked cheaply for the commission, because they were allowed to furnish outsiders with copies of the testimony. It is a creditable fact that the special train chartered for the purpose of enabling the commissioners to inspect the anthracite region was paid for out of the per-diem allowances. When we bear in mind that, if the mine-workers are faithful to their promise, the commission's award will assure tranquillity in the anthracite district for three years, we must recognize that the remedy applied by President Roosevelt was extraordinarily cheap. Can we take for granted, however, that recourse will again be made to it? That depends on the mine-workers. If they strike during the next three years, they cannot expect the operators again to assent to an arbitration by the outcome of which one of the parties refuses to be bound. Even if the mine-workers, influenced by Mr. Mitchell, who has shown himself a long-headed man, should refrain from breaking their agreement, it begins to look uncertain whether they will a second time consent to refer their claims to arbitration. Already there are signs of dissatisfaction on their part with the award, and some of their representatives assert that they would have done better to accept the offer made by Mr. Baer on the part of the operators last autumn. We shall get more light upon the views prevailing among the miners after they have received the lump sum coming to them by way of increased wages from November 1.

One of the most important events of the last week was the unconditional ratification by the Cuban Senate of the reciprocity treaty as amended by the Upper House of our Federal legislature. The insular Constitution does not prescribe a two-thirds vote, but permits ratification to be made by a majority. The vote was pretty close—12 to 9—and, by a vote of 11 to 9, a resolution was passed recommending the Cuban Executive to take action conducive to making reciprocity effective as soon as possible. That the resolution was purely academic and perfunctory is evident from the fact that it contained an express statement that the recommendation must not be regarded as an amendment to the treaty, or a modification of it. As we have formerly pointed out, it was hoped by the Havana friends of the European countries that are rivals of ours for Cuba's import trade, and also by the opponents of the treaty in the United States, that the amendments made by our Senate would prove an insuperable obstacle to ratification by the other party to the contract.

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Señor Sanguilly, who is the most persuasive speaker in the Cuban legislature, did his best to make them so. His principal argument, however, that the treaty was a step toward the political absorption of Cuba by the United States, was clearly fallacious. Senator Newlands, who opposed the treaty on the explicit ground that it would postpone annexation, was right. Whatever increases Cuba's prosperity will obviously assist her to maintain an independent existence, and will minimize the motive for seeking absolute free trade with the United States through annexation. It has been alleged, indeed, that the reduction of duties on imports from the United States will materially curtail the island's customs revenue. Well-informed Havanese, however, believe that any loss resulting from the lowering of duties will be more than made good by a signal augmentation of purchasing power. That was the gist of the reports made by the industrial, commercial, and financial associations whose expert opinions were requested by President Palma. It is doubtful, nevertheless, whether the treaty would have been ratified had not Señor Quesada, the Cuban minister at Washington, been authorized by Secretary Hay to telegraph an assurance that President Roosevelt would convoke Congress in extra session in November in order to secure the approval of the treaty by the House of Representatives. Now that the document can be presented as an accomplished fact, we deem it almost certain that the approval will be given. It will go hard with those Representatives who in this matter venture to set themselves against the tide of public opinion. We believe that, before the present year has ended, Cuba will enter upon a career of prosperity unexampled in her history. Not only will the reciprocity treaty enable her planters to sell their cane sugars at a profit in the United States market, but the agreement signed by the parties to the Brussels Conference, which will become operative early in October, will deliver them from the competition of bounty-fed beet sugars.

As Senator Morgan of Alabama voted for Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900, he is undeniably "regular," and, therefore, the friends of the ex-candidate cannot well refuse to consider his views of what should constitute the Democratic platform next year. They were set forth on Saturday, March 28, in an interesting interview with the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. The Senator advocates the dropping of the issues put forward in connection with Mr. Bryan's candidacy, and the adoption of a platform based on the traditional principles of the party. The silver and the Philippine questions he regards as dead. He would insist upon a revision of the present tariff, which, confessedly, was made too high in many particulars, on the plea that the very excess of taxation would enable us to make bargains with other countries on the reciprocity plan. The tariff as it is, Senator Morgan thinks, is a shelter for trusts and a nesting-place for monopolies. He believes in a tariff for revenue, but if, in raising revenue, a tariff furnishes protection for particular manufactures, he holds that nobody should wish to prevent it. As to the trusts, he suggests a remedy which, in his opinion, would prove effective. Why should not the government, he asks, declare by act of Congress that any person or corporation which produces, or transports from State to State, any article that is used by the government, and enters into any combination to monopolize or forestall the market for such article at any place, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of the Sherman Act? He points out that the government of the United States is a very large consumer of a great variety of articles that enter into inter-State commerce. It is, in truth, the largest single consumer.

Look, he says, at the equipment of the army and navy, and the post-office, and the different government establishments throughout the country, and at the vast number of servitors whom the government has to supply with materials. He calls to mind the fact that for centuries it was the common law of England that the government could enact a law declaring that men and corporations that combined to monopolize and raise the price of beef, pork, lard, flour, iron, steel, copper, or any other articles used by the government, should be amenable to punishment. It is obvious that such legislation would be a reversion to paternalism, and most people would say that a recourse to that remedy should be postponed as long as possible. Senator Morgan is not frightened in the least by the term paternalism, however, and maintains that it is the duty of a government, considered as a consumer, to protect itself against monopolies. As regards the section of the Union from which a Democratic candidate should come, Mr. Morgan sensibly says that, for some reasons, he would prefer a Northern man. He seems inclined to think that the Federal government would be safer in the hands of such a man. Moreover, it would be easier to elect him. He would be more likely to carry doubtful States at the North. Mr. Morgan would deem no nominee objectionable on the ground that he had failed to support Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900. The word "bolter" has no terrors for him. On the contrary, he considers it Democratic doctrine, as well as Christian doctrine, that when a man repents, he should be taken back on the same ground as if he had never sinned.

As we expected, President Castro's resignation of his office proved to have been modelled on the sham exits of Bismarck. It will be remembered that, during the latter years of the Emperor William I., his famous Chancellor used periodically, when annoyed by court cabals against him, to offer to resign. As his imperial master was keenly conscious of his obligations to the man of blood and iron, the latter was invariably urged to resume his official functions, and the designs of his enemies were brought to naught. The Venezuelan Congress in like manner seems to have recognized that in the existing situation Castro was an indispensable man, and, without waiting even twenty-four hours, besought him by a unanimous vote to reconsider his purpose of retiring to private life. He graciously accepted the request as a vote of confidence, and announced his consent to retain his post until all the questions in dispute between Venezuela and foreign countries shall have been settled. So neglectful of international law are many South-American politicians that Minister Bowen, who has nearly completed the task of arranging protocols with Venezuela's creditors, might have found himself in an awkward position had Castro been succeeded by a President who might have held himself at liberty to repudiate some of his predecessor's promises. Not that even a Venezuelan Chief Magistrate would have ventured to repudiate a protocol actually signed, for it is well known that even a *de facto*, and much more a *de jure* government, such as Castro's ultimately became, has power to bind its successor. Another President, however, might have preferred to negotiate privately with those creditors who had not come to terms with Mr. Bowen.

There is still current some misconception about the scope of the reference to The Hague. The international tribunal will have absolutely nothing to do with the validity of the claims put forward by the creditor powers. It is simply invited to say whether, in pursuance of the principles of international law, the countries which undertook to enforce the payment of alleged debts by blockade and bombardment shall be preferred, as regards the time of payment, to those countries which refrained from resorting to acts of war. The damages demanded for pretended grievances have already been assessed, and, where they have not been paid in cash, the time, mode, and amount of payment have been agreed upon. As to the ordinary debts alleged to be due from Venezuela or her citizens to the subjects of Germany, Great Britain, Italy, or any other foreign power, these in each case are to be verified by mixed commissions, on which the debtor and creditor countries will be equally represented, a provision being made, moreover, for an umpire in the event of disagreement. How long thirty per cent. of the customs revenues of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello will be sequestrated for the benefit of creditors depends, of course, on the aggregate amount of the claims allowed by these commissions. It is not improbable that the total, including costs of collection, may reach $45,000,000. It should be borne in mind that if Castro or his successors in the Presidency should fail to turn over monthly the promised thirty per cent. to the agents of the foreign creditors, the two custom-houses mentioned must be placed in the hands of officials appointed by the King of the Belgians. This stipulation may lead to trouble that will open the eyes of the American people to the possible significance of the confiscation of customs revenue for the payments of ordinary debts. We presume, however, that the intervention of Belgium will not be called

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for, unless Castro's fiscal resources should be exhausted by the task of putting down the revolutionists, who are still giving him some trouble.

Along with the announcement that President Castro has been graciously pleased to withdraw his resignation comes a harrowing tale of the woes of certain American merchants in Venezuela, with pictures of the manner in which President Castro endears himself to his subjects and to the stranger within his gates. Here we have the wail of a firm which obtained certain concessions from the predecessors of the present ruler, and was permitted to import, duty free, about half a million dollars' worth of machinery. The precise nature of the industry involved we are not told, the reason being that an identification of the complainant would mean a short shrift, and a funeral in the cool of the tropical morning. Having imported its machinery, this firm thought it saw the way open to great wealth. The way was open all right, but it led in the wrong direction. Tawny gentlemen belonging to the government immediately developed a habit of dropping in and making forced loans, explaining that, if the subsidy were not forthcoming, something might happen to the plant; and something invariably did happen, we are told, so that the bleeding process went gayly on. Then came a really painful incident. The government commandeered four mules belonging to the firm, and this led to a fierce complaint to Castro in person. Castro was truculently sympathetic, and promptly gave orders that the mules should be paid for. In fact, he sent his commissioner of stamps the next day to pay for the mules—in stamps. The commissioner sat around and smoked and smiled. Then he remarked that the weather was very warm, and that the government of his dear master was in great straits. He further remarked that there was a considerable sum in gold, some two thousand dollars, in the safe of his dear friend the American manager. Finally, he declared that this sum was in danger from the revolutionists, and that, to assure its safety, his dear master had decided to take it over, paying for it in stamps. The wretched manager had to acquiesce. The gold went to Miraflores, and the stamps took its place. A few days after, a notice came that the whole issue of stamps had been cancelled, because some had been stolen from a sub post-office up in the Andes.

It is noteworthy that the Balfour cabinet has been able to gain a victory at Chertsey, not only in the face of all sorts of predictions of defeat, but, what is much more important, after the Irish policy of the government was made known to the electors. It has been said again and again that the Irish tenants, and therefore the Nationalist members who represent them, are naturally favorable to Mr. Wyndham's land-purchase scheme, that the Irish landlords, and the Ulster Unionist members who represent them, are also naturally very glad to be able to sell their lands on very favorable terms, but that it remained to be seen whether John Bull would stand for the cost. So far as the Chertsey elections show, and, taken after the two defeats at Woolwich and Rye, it seems a fair index, John Bull is quite willing, and is, indeed, impressed with the fact that the investment is a good one. All the same, with consols at a phenomenally low figure, with the Transvaal loans in sight, while Mr. Brodrick's tremendous army expenditure has raised the cost of the army alone to an amount which used to pay for army and navy both, and, finally, with the payments on the national debt for the last forty years altogether swept away, one cannot but hope that the government may shortly see its way to turning the tide in the direction of retrenchment and economy. Among other news from across the ocean, there are rumors of the resignation of Mr. Brodrick, as a result of his hotly criticised army scheme, and, what is more important, though hardly likely to be true, that his example will shortly be followed by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

The tragedy that closes the life of General Sir Hector Macdonald is a subject of universal regret, and it is fairly established that the mind of the distinguished soldier has for some time been seriously unbalanced as a result of a sunstroke received at the great fight at Paardeberg, where Sir Hector was also somewhat seriously wounded. The chief matter for regret is that the army authorities did not realize this in time before sending Sir Hector out to Ceylon, which has its charms and its beauties, certainly, but is not the best place in the world for the cure of sunstroke. When the gloomy circumstances which surrounded his death have been forgotten the valor and intellectual force of this distinguished soldier will be remembered, and, even more, the conspicuous example of merit rewarded which lies in the history of his rapid rise from raw recruit and ex-draper's assistant to the culmination of his life on the field of Omdurman.

We have pointed out that Italian statesmen are deeply interested in the outcome of the next Conclave. Will the successor of Leo XIII. adopt a conciliatory attitude toward the Quirinal, or will he pursue the middle course which the present Pope has followed, or will he be a representative of that uncompromising faction in the Curia which desires the pontiff to abandon the Vatican and take up his residence outside of Italy? Our own belief is that the Moderates will prevail, and that the next Pope will not depart to any serious extent from the path traced by Leo XIII. as regards the treatment of Italy or of France. It must, at the same time, be admitted that the irreconcilable cardinals are exhibiting a good deal of confidence, and the fact has revived the discussion of the country in which the papacy would be likely to take refuge. An asylum has twice been offered at Malta by the British government, and there is no doubt that the Emperor William II., about two-fifths of whose Prussian subjects are Catholics, to say nothing of the Bavarians, would willingly afford a domicile to the Holy Father within his dominions. There is a fatal objection to either of the proposals. The very idea of a Pope residing in *partibus infidelium* would be shocking to Catholic traditions. For the same reason the Pope could not take up his residence in the United States. To seek an asylum in the French Republic, as his predecessors sought one at Avignon, would be impracticable at this time, when even the maintenance of the Concordat is doubtful. The Hapsburgs, on the other hand, and the Spanish Bourbons, are zealous Catholics. It follows that the occupant of Peter's chair might find a convenient place of refuge in one of the Austrian towns on the Dalmatian seacoast, or in one of the Balearic Isles. The island of Minorca, for instance, would be an ideal sanctuary. But, as we have said, we think that the Moderate party in the College of Cardinals is likely to win, in which event the next Pope, like the present one, will cling to Rome.

It is pleasant to have something to record of China other than wars and rumors of wars. The present news is that an agitation has been started to protest against the barbarous custom of bandaging the feet of Celestial girl babies and thus making artificial cripples of the mothers of the Chinese race. There are many absurd and idiotic fashions and customs in the world, but this is perhaps the most idiotic of all. There are great hopes of enlisting the active sympathies of the Empress Dowager in the movement, not only because, as a Manchu, she herself never submitted to this torturing deformity, but also because the Manchus have opposed the custom of foot-binding all along, and have again and again issued edicts against it, but hitherto all in vain. It is said that the prime mover in this campaign is the reformer Kang Yan-Wei, of Canton, who has added example to precept, and being himself the father of fair daughters, has refused to send them hopping and hobbling through life, and has further prevailed on numbers of his personal friends to follow his example. This is the real solution of the difficulty, in China as elsewhere, and doubtless the pioneers will have to pass through the same stages of social ostracism as did the strong-minded and enlightened persons in India who began the campaign for the remarriage of infant-widows,—of girls, that is, who, having been betrothed when they were babies, or even before they were born, were bereaved of their lords and masters while still mere children, and who, under the interpretation of Manu's law, were held to be widows, deprived of the right of remarriage, and doomed to perpetual servitude, privation, and hardship. We may well compare their lot with that of their sisters in China who are tortured and maimed by the bandaging of their feet in infancy. It is pleasing to find the initiative in this reform being taken by the Chinese themselves. That is the true and healthy path of national progress. Outside forces can never accomplish genuine reforms, as was shown, for instance, in the repeated failure of the Manchu

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dynasty to abolish this very evil. The Manchus, by the way, are responsible for introducing the pigtail into China; they made the conquered nation wear it as a sign of loyalty.

Cotton-manufacturing in New England is momentarily in an uncertain state—and chiefly on account of the nearly universal unrest of the labor on which it depends. It has been difficult, and a work of many years, to bring the mill-workers into unions; and even now some classes of the help are so loosely organized that the organization is effective for not much except agitation. The spinners, who are comparatively few in number, and who are all men, have the strongest union, including nearly all the spinners in New England; the weavers, who number more than any other class, and who are largely women, have a union which lacks power because many weavers have never joined it. Wages vary for the same kind of work in different parts of New England, those in Fall River and New Bedford generally running a little higher than wages in Lowell and Lawrence, and in Manchester, New Hampshire. Large numbers of the workers are among the smallest wage-receivers in the New England States, and are thus naturally the most dissatisfied. At the present time all the Lowell mills have shut down, the managements closing just before the unions were ready to carry out a strike threat, throwing 20,000 persons out of work; while there is scarcely a mill centre in New England where differences with employees concerning wages are not acute. Strikes of some magnitude are imminent in Fall River and New Bedford, and small strikes in cotton-mills may be expected anywhere at almost any moment. It is no secret that the managers of the cotton industries are much concerned, but it may be accepted that refusals to advance wages are not made carelessly. As a rule, the strikes of cotton-mill employees in New England have proved disastrous to the strikers; but they have also been so costly to mill-owners that even a possible strike is never viewed lightly. For two or three years the cotton industry has been profitable in New England—with some exceptional mills, very profitable—but at this moment the general condition is not quite as encouraging, and the attitude of the labor organizations is causing stockholders considerable anxiety.

In a report to Mayor Low, dated March 12, Commissioner Robert Grier Monroe declared that the appropriation for public lighting in Greater New York for the current year was inadequate to buy at present prices the light that the city needs. In view of circumstances and conditions, which he explained in detail, he recommended that the charter, which now requires the commissioner to make annual contracts with the lowest bidders for lighting the city, be so amended that he may make contracts without public bidding, and for a term not exceeding three years, when authorized by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. He also urged that legislation be asked for to give the Mayor power to establish and maintain an electric plant for street-lighting. The commissioner has made these recommendations because he thinks the city is paying altogether too much for its light. The plan of annual contracts with the lowest bidders was devised in 1897, when a number of companies competed for the city light. Since then the companies have all come under control of the same organization, so that there is no longer competition between them. In Manhattan the price bid this year for a 2000-candle-power lamp is $146. The price in Brooklyn for a 1200-candle-power lamp is $124 50. The average price in sixty-eight American cities for 2000-candle-power lamps is $88 60. The average price in twenty-three cities for 1200-candle-power lamps is $81 08. More street-lamps with incandescent mantles are needed. It costs Chicago $2 40 additional for these mantles. It costs New York $11 50 additional, and Brooklyn $15 additional. Upon the bids that make these prices the commissioner has been unwilling to execute contracts, and has recommended that all bids be rejected. The Consolidated Gas Company and the New York Edison Company, and various companies controlled by them, are the concerns which at present supply New York with light, and there is no competition between them. Pursuant to the commissioner's recommendation, a bill has been introduced into the Legislature empowering New York city to install an electric plant for public purposes. Chicago has had such a plant since 1887. The cost of its 2000-candle-power lamps last year was estimated to be $53 51. Detroit also has such a plant, and the highest estimate of the cost of its 2000-candle-power lamps last year was $80.

Will Mayor Low, whose nomination seems assured, be re-elected? That is a question to which we might venture to reply if we could foresee the political effect of certain bills which are known to be favored by Governor Odell, and which seem likely to be passed by the Albany Legislature. We refer to the excise measure, which increases by fifty per cent. the cost of licenses in the larger cities, and the proposal to tax mortgages. Thus far the brewers and distillers have shown themselves vehemently opposed to the projected increase in the cost of licenses, and talk of making the change odious to consumers by augmenting the retail price of beer and whiskey. It has been suggested that the price of beer in the city of New York should be made ten cents, and that of whiskey fifteen cents, a glass, but it is most improbable that retailers will agree to the plan. Without recurring, however, to such a course, there is no doubt that the brewers and distillers can affect in several indirect ways a large section of the metropolitan vote. They are credited with defeating Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency in 1888, and with electing Mr. Hill to the Governorship at the same time. Their field of influence is believed to lie mainly among the German and Jewish voters, without whose support Mayor Low could not hope for re-election. Nor could Mr. Low escape responsibility for the new excise measure, because he has signified approval of it. The mortgage-tax bill also, as originally framed, was calculated to make the Republican party and most of its leaders extremely unpopular, not only among the large associations which invest a considerable part of their resources in bonds and mortgages, but also among the multitude of small capitalists who prefer that form of security. It is now understood, however, that, in deference to the wishes of Senator Platt, the mortgage bill is to be so amended as to minimize its political effect. The tax is to be reduced from four mills on the dollar to two mills, and mortgages held by savings-banks, by building and loan associations, and by life-insurance companies are to be exempted. Even thus modified, the bill is certain to encounter a great deal of resistance, on the ground that a tax on mortgages is practically a tax on real estate, which would thus be subjected to double taxation.

An event that promises to be of greater importance to the city and State of New York than any that has occurred since the Erie Canal was thrown open to navigation was the approval given on Thursday, March 26, by the Lower House of the Albany Legislature to the Canal bill, which had already passed the Senate. This bill gives the people of the State the right to vote upon the question whether $101,000,000 shall be expended upon one-thousand-ton-barge canals connecting Lake Erie, Lake Ontario, and Lake Champlain with the Hudson River. The bill could not have been carried without the concerted support of the Democratic members, all but three of whom voted for it. It may fairly be termed a Democratic measure, because, although it is favored by Governor Odell, the Republican leaders in the Assembly were bitterly opposed to it. The line of political cleavage becomes intelligible when we call to mind that the strength of the Democrats lies chiefly in the cities, and that of the Republicans in the rural districts. Whether the Canal act—we take for granted that the bill will be signed by Governor Odell—will be sanctioned by the people depends upon the answer to the question whether the urban will outnumber the rural vote. We hope and believe that it will. The bill has been criticised on the curious ground that the cost of the proposed improvement—more than half that of the Panama Canal—is out of proportion to the resources of a single State. Compared with the population and wealth of the State of New York at the time when the Erie Canal was constructed, the cost of that artificial waterway was immensely greater than will be that of the proposed improvement to-day. At that time the city of New York was outranked in population and wealth by Philadelphia, and there is reason to believe that, but for the Erie Canal, it would have continued to occupy a secondary position. Such, certainly, would have been the fate of New York city if, while De Witt Clinton's plan was defeated, the Philadelphians had carried out the project of connecting Lake Erie and the Ohio River by means of a canal across the Alleghenies with the

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Delaware. Nobody thoroughly acquainted with the conditions governing the transportation of grain from the West to the seaboard doubts that on the completion of one-thousand-ton-barge canals the port of New York will begin to regain all of the grain-export business that it has lost in recent years.

It appears that the point reached in the antarctic circle by Captain Scott of the exploring-steamer *Discovery,* which left England in 1901, was 2° farther south than was at first announced. In his final sledge journey he pushed forward to latitude 82° 17′, when he was about 460 geographical miles from the south pole. It was well known that explorers have come considerably nearer to the north pole, less than 4°, or less than 240 geographical miles, remaining to be crossed in the arctic circle. Captain Scott has unquestionably shown that Victoria Land stretches much farther south than had hitherto been demonstrated, but it remains uncertain whether the land extends to the south pole. It is said that a rich collection of marine fauna, including many new species, has been made by the scientists attached to the expedition, and we may take for granted that due attention has been paid to seismographic records, and to magnetic and pendulum observations. As the explorers were revictualled toward the end of January by the relieving-steamer *Morning,* they will be enabled to live with an approach to comfort during the next six months, which are, of course, the winter months in the southern hemisphere, after which they can resume their southward journey, and may possibly succeed in reaching the antarctic pole. Should this feat be accomplished, it will undoubtedly cause a revival of arctic expeditions.

The early history of our fleet was recalled at the recent dinner of the Transportation Club in New York, at which Senator Depew so eloquently presided. We were reminded, and the story has a very curious flavor now, that when Mr. W. C. Whitney, as Secretary of the Navy, was about to form the nucleus of our fleet, the committee on naval work made special provisions in their bill allowing the Secretary to import engines for the future war-ships from Europe, it being their opinion that this country was quite unable to manufacture the necessary machinery. That sounds strange at the present day, when we are acknowledged masters in this very matter, and have turned out fully equipped fighting-ships not only for ourselves, but also for Russia, for Turkey, and Japan. It was further said that this country had not a single dockyard where a first-class battle-ship could be built, and at the time that was doubtless true. But the need soon brought the dockyards, and the vigorous competition for the recently authorized ships illustrates the present situation in that department of enterprise. As a speaker said, the country was swarming with men ready to undertake the building not only of battle-ships, but even of submarines or air-ships, or anything else under heaven, if they could only get the contract.

At the same dinner, Mr. Lewis Nixon, famous as designer of the *Oregon,* and sometime chief of Tammany, spoke vigorously on behalf of our mercantile marine, which is at present at about the same stage that had been reached by the navy when Secretary Whitney was empowered to buy his engines abroad. The point was well brought out that the demand for ships for the navy had brought into existence a number of ship-building yards which could now be admirably used to turn out ships as good as those of the German lines or those which have enriched Belfast. And this led him on to a story of an English lady who happened to invade Ireland, and was struck by the backward state of civilization in the sister isle. She met an Irishman called Michael, who was carrying a bucket of water from the well. She talked to him patronizingly of improvements and opportunities, and when he informed her, in answer to her inquiries, that ducks brought two and six in his out-of-the-way corner of the world, told him regretfully that if he had the same ducks in London he could sell them for twice as much. "True for your ladyship!" said Michael. "Indeed, there's nothing like having the right thing in the right place at the right time!" Here the audience laughed heartily, but somewhat prematurely. The point was still to come. "Now, your ladyship," continued Michael, "if I had this bucket of water in Hades, I could sell it for a guinea a drop." The moral of the tale was, of course, the expediency of ship subsidies to the right men at the right moment.

So far as the Rhodes scholarships are concerned, the most unkindest cut of all comes from Australia. The *Argus,* which is the most influential paper in Melbourne, points out that, setting aside social polish, and looking only to intellectual acquisition, Australians, at all events, should recognize that the student who seeks merely to graduate, and who does not take the so-called "honor" course, has nothing to gain from Oxford. In the opinion of the *Argus,* the colonial would be, for the most part, better taught at Melbourne, Sydney, or Montreal, because the B.A. degree conferred at the larger colonial universities means more as regards quantity and quality of acquirements than the "pass" degree obtainable at Oxford. It adds that, hitherto, when rich Australians have sent their sons to graduate, or to try to graduate, at Oxford or Cambridge, rather than Melbourne or Adelaide, they have done so candidly on social grounds. As regards an equipment for the struggle of Australian life, the step is pronounced injudicious.

The matter of water waste, which is always under consideration in New York, is a problem of importance in every large city, but especially so in New York, which is big already, and expects an enormous growth in population. The allowance here now is said to be 120 gallons a day to each inhabitant. It cannot be long maintained without the acquisition of more watersheds. They will have to be acquired in time in any case, but meanwhile the experts tell us that from 40 to 60 gallons a day apiece is a liberal allowance of water, and that about half the water the city gets now is wasted. Where the waste is is not clear, because it has not been fully investigated, but part of the surplus water is lost through leaks in the pipes underground before it reaches the houses, and part is wasted in buildings by undetected leaks and careless consumers. The City Club through its committee on water supply has taken up this question of water, and has made investigations on its own account, the results of which it has submitted to the Mayor. Its action is timely and important. Water is not only expensive, but it is limited in quantity. The supply cannot be increased indefinitely, even though there is money to pay for it.

It seems that about six months ago the Staten Island Chamber of Commerce was invited by Commissioner Willcox, president of the New York Department of Parks, to appoint a committee for the purpose of elaborating a system of parks, parkways, and playgrounds for Richmond County. The committee has reported in favor of raising the two and three-quarter acres at present used for park purposes on Staten Island to 3500 acres. As experience has shown that land required for parks has to be obtained by condemnation proceedings, and that the prices exacted of the city of New York are always exorbitant, we may fairly presume that the park scheme proposed would draw from the city treasury four or five million dollars. Our estimate is based on the assumption that land would not, on an average, be procurable by the city for much less than fifteen hundred dollars an acre. Now a tunnel under the Narrows is of infinitely more importance than a park system to the Staten-Islanders themselves, and to their fellow-citizens in the Borough of Manhattan, who would have to bear most of the expense. If four or five million dollars are to be expended for the benefit of Richmond County, they should be devoted, so far as they will go, toward the assurance of quick, frequent, and regular communication by means of a tunnel under the Narrows with the business part of the metropolis. To give a park system and withhold a tunnel would be to put the cart before the horse. As we have previously said, Mayor Low and his coadjutors in the municipal government ought to recognize the imperative duty of relieving the congestion of Manhattan Island below Canal Street, and on the east side as far north as the Harlem River, by enabling the swarming millions of the tenement houses to acquire homes in the only section of New York where land is still relatively cheap.

For some time farmers in our prairie States have been deeply interested in the report that a new cereal known as "corn wheat" has been discovered. According to the exaggerated statements that have been current in the West, the kernels of the new grain are about midway in size between wheat and

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maize, and the proportion of crop to seed is far greater than in the case of wheat. Just how much foundation there is for the story has been made known by the Department of Agriculture. Not only is there no such thing as "corn wheat," but, in the opinion of the department's experts, no hybrid of corn and wheat could be produced, or, at any rate, no hybrid that would be fertile. The true name of the cereal which has been incorrectly designated is "Polish wheat," so called because it is largely grown on the Polish steppes, though it is not native there, its original home being believed to be in the Mediterranean region. As regards the size of the kernels of this grain, there is no doubt that, while much smaller than the kernels of maize, they are often twice as large as those of ordinary wheat. The assertion that the normal yield of this grain is from sixty to one hundred bushels the acre is pronounced exaggerated, though the department does not discredit the reports from Idaho and Washington that in those States from sixty to seventy-five bushels per acre have at times been garnered. It seems that Polish wheat is restricted as regards adaptability to soil and climate. So far as the United States are concerned, the Department of Agriculture thinks that the new cereal could only be grown successfully in the region of the great plains and in the territory on the western side of the Rocky Mountains. It should be a boon to eastern Kansas, and to all sections where artificial irrigation has been accounted a condition of fertility, because a characteristic of Polish wheat is its exceptional power of resistance to drought.

James Smithson, Englishman, who founded the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, died in Genoa in 1829, and was buried there. The cemetery wherein his bones lie has been abandoned, and the land is to be used as a stone-quarry. All the bodies in it are to be removed. The Regents of the Smithsonian propose that James Smithson's remains shall be brought to this country and reinterred in the grounds of the institution which is so noble a monument to its founder. James Smithson was the illegitimate son of Hugh Smithson, who became Duke of Northumberland. From the family of his mother, a well-born woman, he inherited a fortune. He became a noted scientist with a strong political preference for republican institutions. He never married, and when he died left nearly all his estate "to the United States of America to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The money, £104,960, was sent to the United States in 1835, and the institution was established by Congress in 1846. Smithson once wrote: "The best blood of England flows in my veins. On my father's side I am a Northumberland, on my mother's I am related to kings; but this avails me not. My name shall live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and the Percys are extinct and forgotten." He hitched his wagon to the right star, and his forecast is well on the way towards fulfilment. His bones should come to Washington. Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, one of the Regents of the Smithsonian, strongly advocates bringing them over-seas, and has offered to pay the expenses of removal.

Gustavus F. Swift is dead at the age of sixty-four. He was the celebrated Swift, the great Chicago beef-packer. He began business with a meat-market in Sandwich, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod, moved in due time to Boston, and from there, in 1875, to Chicago, where he got rich in the beef-packing business. He seems to have been a shrewd, industrious, and worthy man, of simple tastes, interested in meat, money, the Methodist Church, and his own family. He left a fortune of a number of millions—some say seven, more sanguine estimators say twenty—certainly more than he seemed to have use for. Mr. Swift appears to have regarded himself as a successful man, and in several particulars he was so. He made money superabundantly; he was the head of a concern that employed 22,000 men, and that was known all over the world, and he doubtless enjoyed the power that went with the place he had won in the commercial world. He seems, moreover, to have been a decent, upright man, whose pleasures, such as they were, were legitimate. But it is hard to see that he had any more fun than he could have had on an income of twenty thousand a year. A number of maxims which the newspapers attribute to him, all favor diligence in business and moderation in expenditure. No young man, he thought, was rich enough to smoke twenty-five-cent cigars; no one "had money enough to waste in putting on style." "Business, religion, and pleasure of the right sort should be the only things in life for any man." "The richer a man gets, the more careful he should be to keep his head level." These are fairly sensible maxims, but they show some lack of imagination and little talent for epigram. Devery or John L. Sullivan could make better maxims. Mr. Swift did not care for New York men. "They want too much luxury," he said. "I don't like their city any better than I do them."

After all, and without disparaging Mr. Swift's endeavors, the thing that he seems to have succeeded in was the distribution of meat. With that he began and with that he ended. The opportunities which his success in that opened to him he seems not to have been qualified to appreciate or improve. There are many rich men in the country who regard themselves as marvels of success, and are so regarded. Some of them are respectable men like Mr. Swift, and some are not. Many of them are valuable citizens because of the work they do. But very few of them are especially enviable. Their chief happiness is in work—their work, as a rule, is not of an especially uplifting sort, and, as a rule, it drives them too hard and cuts them off before their time. To work hard is *good*; to make a sufficient living is very important; to amass a competence is highly desirable; but there is great choice in work, and as between the men who make more money than they need in work that is not uplifting, and the men who make as much as they need in work that is uplifting, the latter really seem the more successful. Mr. Swift was extraordinarily successful as compared with market-men who make two or three thousand a year, but his success is not attractive as compared with that of Senator Hoar or President Eliot. It was, however, precisely the kind of success that the youth of this generation are continuously urged to emulate. Writers and speakers by the hundred are continually dinging into the ears of the rising generation, "Make money! make money! make *money*!" Periodicals exist for the special dissemination of this gospel. Men who have made money pose, or are exhibited, as examples of success, and every sort of success which does not find expression in dollars is disparaged by comparison. There is too much of this sort of talk. Mr. Swift succeeded certainly, but it is worth while remembering that there are thousands of Americans who would not have spent their lives in doing the work that he did, even if they could have been assured that they would die "worth twenty millions." To work out the best that is in you is success. Mr. Swift, doubtless, succeeded, even according to that test. He was able in his line, and stands as a shining example to butcher-boys.

Not all the Buffalo police and New York and Buffalo newspaper men have been able to make sure as yet who killed Mr. Burdick. A great deal of pains has been taken with the Burdick case. Expense has not been spared to discover what was hidden and to publish what has been disclosed. But so far as concerns the actual murder, publication has far eclipsed disclosure, for a vast deal has been printed, and the murderer has not been positively identified. What we do know, as a result of the inquest, is that Pennell was infatuated with Burdick's wife, and she with him, and that if Burdick had lived and prosecuted his divorce suit as he intended, the facts that came out at the inquest would have come out in that suit, to Pennell's discomfort and discredit. He had a strong motive for stopping the divorce suit. It was stopped. If he killed Burdick or caused him to be killed, he had motive enough for self-destruction to escape detection. The fact that he had policies of life and accident insurance, some of which would have been void in case of suicide, afforded him a motive for self-destruction so effected as to seem accidental. These facts work together in a fashion very detrimental to Pennell, and very effectively adapted to increase respect for the seventh commandment. The story does pretty well as it stands. It is easy to believe that Pennell was responsible for Burdick's death and for the death of his own wife and himself. But if that is true it is probably incapable of proof. If Pennell's wife knew that he was the murderer, we have a motive for her destruction. She was the person most likely to know whether he had killed Burdick or not. The story has been interesting. We have probably had as much of it as we shall ever get.

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A New Device for an Old Crime

THE science of criminology is of great human interest, and none of its revelations are more curious than those of apparently unconscious crimes. We mean by unconscious crimes offences against both the moral law and the law of the state, which are not recognized as crimes by their perpetrators, nor, at a glance, by the community itself. It apparently requires that an important victim, or many victims, shall suffer before the public indignation is aroused, or before the dulness of perception bred by use and custom is shaken up.

Recently we have had an illustration of this sort of psychological phenomenon in the raid which was attempted upon the Interurban Street Railway Company, a raid that was accompanied by certain tangible acts which in a recent suit for criminal libel have revealed the most obvious, if not the most active, of the operators. Without attempting to prejudge, or to express any opinion whatever, upon the merits of the case before the court, we may tell the story of the development of what the New York *Commercial* has happily called a "brand-new occupation." Stripped of all its disguises and half-disguises, this occupation has, thus far, been pursued by a company of young and youngish men in search of business openings. It is said that the arch-instructor—the Fagin of the enterprise (not to be offensive)—stands in the background, and sees his artful dodgers play the trick which he has taught them. The person suspected of being the astute leader is the last of the wreckers, the last of a bad old school which began its dazzling career in the early seventies, under the leadership of the notorious adventurer Fisk. This man, whether he be suspected rightly or wrongly, is the living reminder of a time when a good deal of the power and energy of Wall Street were directed to making fortunes for the operators by the destruction of values. The criminal classes of high finance then sat in their Wall Street offices and concocted schemes for lowering prices—in short, for taking away other people's property just as dishonestly as Fagin's pupils "swiped" handkerchiefs and watches from unsuspecting old gentlemen who ventured in their neighborhood. The wreckers took away other people's property by slandering corporations and titles, and once they destroyed hundreds of fortunes in a single day by slandering the government by base attacks upon its credit.

The new game is to "investigate corporations." In the case under consideration, the investigation was begun by intimations that a great defalcation had been discovered, which had materially injured the railway company. This first step was perhaps a trifle bolder than will hereafter be taken by the new trade, if, indeed, the new trade continue to flourish. At any rate, in consequence of this hardihood, the district attorney's office was called in, as it had been called in before by the "investigators" themselves, and we have the revelations of "investigators" and detectives. The purpose of the group of operators and "investigators" was to discredit the street railway company in order that the price of the stock might be lowered—whether this end was sought because the members of the group were short of the stock, or because they felt like owning the corporation, and wanted to buy it cheap, history has not yet informed us. What we do know is that an "investigator" has for many months been examining into the company's affairs for the purpose of injuring it as a property. It was a surreptitious and unauthorized application of that great principle of publicity of which we have heard so much of late, and we have thus an intimation of what might be accomplished, under law, by our ingenious politicians. The money to pay for the investigation, a tidy sum, came from a well-known firm of brokers. The friends of the young men of the firm, and of the person shrewdly suspected of being the careful head of the enterprise, were greatly excited as the revelations came out, and were eagerly inquiring as to whether it was time to buy now, or whether the stock was to be had at even a lower price. It is here that we see the phenomenon in criminology of which we spoke at the beginning of this article. Men of repute in the community were engaged in a conspiracy to enrich themselves by slander of a property which, if believed, would bring unmerited disaster and ruin upon others. If this is not criminal, what is? In truth, there is no room for doubt on this score, and it is odd that any human mind capable of reasoning does not, at a glance, comprehend that there are few crimes more cowardly or meaner. It is cowardly, as all conspiracies are, and it is mean because, if the crime be successful, the victims who are most seriously injured are those who can least afford the loss.

The wrecking business is not widely pursued at the present day. In the evil times of the war, and of the years immediately following, it flourished, and men grew rich by raids upon the properties of others. In these raids the large men sometimes suffered, but they who suffered most were the small owners, estates, widows, and orphans, the helpless people who were not in Wall Street, who did not understand its methods or its ethics, and who could not defend themselves. The wreckers took the property of these people by indirect methods, perhaps, but they were robbers, and as much deserving of prison as if, in the ordinary course of burglary, they had broken into the houses of their victims and stolen their securities, instead of sitting in the safety of brokers' offices "knocking out values." Wall Street got its worst name from these old wreckers, and adverse public opinion and improved morality gradually drove them out of business, until now, as we have said, only one of the conspicuous old leaders remains doing the bad old business at the same old stand. Whether it is true that he is the inventor of the trade of "investigator of corporations" we do not know. The evidence certainly points to him. At any rate, the "investigator's" business seemingly is wrecking. The affairs of corporations are to be pried into for the purpose of blackening their reputations for reasons already pointed out. To slander a title is a criminal offence, and he who is able to back his slander by an array of statistics, every figure in which may tell a truth, whereas the *ensemble* may be the blackest kind of a lie, is a much more dangerous offender against morality and the law than the mere expander of oral slanders. In these days, when Wall Street is led by strong builders-up of properties, the wrecker is not only a criminal, he is an anachronism. If he should return in numbers, it would be as if our streets should once more be filled with the hired bravoes and assassins of the early sixteenth century. As it is, the difficulty of bringing to the law any conspirators against property except the meanest, perhaps, of the paid "investigators," is evident. The best that can be done, because the most effective, is to create a healthful public sentiment which will recognize in such a business as this new trade a criminal occupation, the pursuit of which, or the sharing in the fruits of which, shall exclude a man from decent company, either financial or purely social. As time and civilization advance, the functions of the Stock Exchange become too important to permit the playing of the old games or the presence of the old players. Honest business has no place for the man who preys upon the community by pretending to bet upon his pessimism, and the nature of the offence cannot be changed by the recently invented pretence that he is betting on his "investigator's" discoveries.

Mr. Cleveland and the Presidency

SOME of our contemporaries imagine that they detect signs of a concerted attempt on the part of certain influential Democrats to put forward Mr. Cleveland as a candidate for their party nomination for the Presidency in 1904. It is even asserted that Mr. Cleveland himself is countenancing the movement. If we ask for evidence, we are invited to observe that the New York *World* earnestly advocates the selection of the ex-President by the next Democratic national convention, and that a similar course has been pursued by a number of newspapers published in various quarters of the Union. It is further pointed out that, simultaneously with Mr. Roosevelt's westward journey, Mr. Cleveland has emerged from his retirement, has accepted an invitation to attend the dedication of the St. Louis Exposition, and was urged to make an extensive tour through the trans-Mississippi States lying north and south of Missouri. How, we are asked, can we account for these phenomena on any other theory than that Mr. Cleveland is tentatively a candidate for the Democratic nomination? It seems to us that the facts are susceptible of a much simpler explanation. They are easily reconcilable with Mr. Cleveland's oft-repeated declaration that he is not, and never expects again to be, a candidate for any public office. But, while his personal ambition is satisfied, as well it may be, his physical and intellectual powers are unimpaired, and it necessarily follows that he has lost neither his lively interest in public affairs, nor his profound conviction that the upholding of the Democratic party is indispensable to the welfare of the country and to the progressive but constitutional development of American institutions. Like all upright and conscientious men, he recognizes his deep obligation to the party that has trusted him and honored him. He acknowledges a great debt to the Democracy, and he desires to pay the debt by devoting what strength remains to him to promote its reconsolidation, and to assure the triumph of its principles. This is a sentiment that reflects high credit upon his character, and it is a pity that all ex-Presidents have not been equally ready to attest it, even at a considerable sacrifice of leisure and convenience. One illustrious example, indeed, he has for the solicitude with which he watches the drift of the great political party with which his name is inseparably associated. From the hour when Thomas Jefferson left the White House on March 4, 1809, until he died some seventeen years later, his correspondence with his two Virginian successors in the office of Chief Magistrate was ceaseless, and his desire to see the party which he had organized continue to deserve the confidence of the country was unwavering and anxious. In the case of Andrew Jackson also, throughout the eight years for which he survived his retirement from the Presidency, his name remained a spell to conjure with, and the active leaders of the Democracy continually turned to the Hermitage, and sought the veteran's advice in the formulation of their

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party policies. The friendly and monitory service which Jefferson and Jackson deemed it incumbent upon them to render is rightly at this time held to be a duty by Grover Cleveland. The country needs the Democracy, and the Democracy itself needs help if it is to present a united front and to march forward once more to victory. Mr. Cleveland would have shown himself deaf to the dictates of gratitude and blind to a great opportunity of usefulness if at a crisis in the fate of his party he had remained an impassive spectator of the earnest and multiplied efforts making to rehabilitate it in public confidence, to redeem it from error and from folly, and to launch it on a triumphant career.

Sincere well-wishers of the Democracy like Colonel Henry Watterson are ill-advised when they endeavor, by imputing a selfish motive, to discourage Mr. Cleveland from the fulfilment of a sacred obligation. There is probably no Democrat alive who has it in his power to offer so great a service to the party as may be rendered by the ex-President. He speaks from the bedrock of experience, and his voice is clothed with unique authority. There is no other man whom Democrats would go so far to see, and to whom they would listen with such serious attention. The citizens of the trans-Mississippi States are certain to regard his projected visit as an honor. They would rightly feel that for such a man to traverse thousands of miles, in order to meet them at their homes and to confer with them on questions of great public moment, was a memorable tribute to their intelligence, and to their character. From his entrance into public life, Mr. Cleveland has given indisputable proof of his trust in the good sense and in the probity of the plain people. He knows them, and he loves them, and he has never been brought face to face with them without arousing corresponding sentiments. Such a man may do incalculable good to the country, as well as to his party, by such a tour as has been suggested. Nor do we for a moment believe that private prejudice and personal rivalry would avail in the slightest degree to chill the reception given by the people of the West to the only Democrat who has occupied the White House since the civil war.

But, it will be said, may not the tour suggested to Mr. Cleveland, while undeniably useful to the Democracy on general grounds, prove detrimental to the prospects of the party from a tactical point of view? Is there not some danger that the impression made by the ex-President might be so profound that the demand for his nomination in 1904 would become widespread and irresistible? We are troubled by no such misgivings. It is our conviction that Mr. Cleveland is entirely sincere in disclaiming all political aspirations, and that he would refuse the nomination, even though it were unanimously tendered. Nothing is more certain, however, than that unanimity would be unattainable. That a fraction of the delegates to the next Democratic national convention will obey Mr. Bryan is indisputable, and he has repeatedly proclaimed himself inflexibly opposed to the ex-President. Just how large the fraction will be is one of the questions which Mr. Cleveland's tour may help to determine. Should he meet with only a lukewarm reception, the inference would be that Mr. Bryan's hold upon Democrats in the trans-Mississippi States is still unshaken. If, on the contrary, the reception should be enthusiastic, as we predict it will be, an opposite conclusion might be drawn. That is one of the reasons why men interested in public affairs will watch Mr. Cleveland's progress with interest, not to say anxiety. Whatever may prove to be, however, the numerical strength of Mr. Bryan's friends in the convention, Mr. Cleveland, as a far-sighted politician, will appreciate the necessity of disarming them by putting forward a candidate to whose "regularity" no exception can be taken. This he will recognize and earnestly enjoin if, as we firmly believe, he has only the triumph of the Democracy at heart. Our faith is steadfast that, in the reorganizing and reinvigorating work upon which Mr. Cleveland has entered, he is building, not for himself, but for another, and that any standard-bearer likely to unite the scattered columns of the Democracy may depend upon his strenuous support.

Are Democrats to Look Forward or Backward?

SEVERAL Democratic Senators have recently expressed their opinions as to the issues that should be set forth by their party in the next Presidential campaign, and as to the character of the candidate whom it should nominate.

There is a sort of commonplace politician who prattles opinions for the purpose of meeting the prejudices of those who do no thinking for themselves, but who are pleased to accept the platitudes of the multitude for the verities of a real political philosophy. If the politician be a Democrat, he is bound to utter what he fancies will gratify a large majority of those who voted for Mr. Bryan in 1896 and in 1900. Tradition says to him that he must, first of all, gratify the men who composed the bulk of his party three years ago and seven years ago, and, therefore, he prates on subjects concerning which the country has plainly told him that he and his party have been wrong, and that there is no chance of succeeding with them or under the leadership of any one who stands for them. Thus, Senator Carmack of Tennessee, in many respects a most promising young man, says that no one can be nominated in 1904, as the candidate of the Democratic party, but one who vigorously supported Mr. Bryan in 1896 and, again, in 1900. Nearly all the Democrats who did support Mr. Bryan in those years, when interviewed, follow Mr. Carmack's example and say this sort of thing. To one who hopes that something will happen between now and next year, something to build up a real, vigorous, and hopeful opposition to the Republican party, this sort of talk is most discouraging. If the Democrats and Populists who nominated Mr. Bryan and made his platforms in these campaigns, so fraught with misery and defeat for all opponents of the Republican party, are to insist on fighting over again their old campaigns, of refusing to be the nucleus of a new party contending for the issues of to-day and for the future, there is to be no obstacle in the way of Republican success in 1904, and no check upon Republican wantonness, if the party becomes wanton, until, at the earliest, after the election of 1908.

The political situation is plain. The Republican party is in power mainly because there is no party opposing it which can, by any possibility, command the confidence and the support of the country. This condition of affairs is due to the fact that Mr. Bryan gained possession of the Democratic party and turned it into a party of Socialism, into a party representing and speaking for all the elements of discontent in the country. This attitude of the Democratic party while it was under the influence and the leadership of Mr. Bryan united necessarily with the Republican party all property interests, all conservative elements, all the sober-minded people who, in this country and in the long run, invariably win. Not only did the protected interests and those trusts which live and thrive because of protection, not only did what we may call the predatory property interests, remain Republican, but these were joined by all who had a stake in the country, by the business man whose interests would be promoted by free trade or lower duties, and by the working-man or mechanic who owns nothing but his home. There was, it is true, a good deal of unreasonable fright manifested by conservatism, but conservatism is frequently timid, and Mr. Bryan was astutely made to appear as the enemy of property. The consequence was that property generally became his frightened foe, and when we say this we but repeat the assertion of the voters of 1896 and 1900, which showed that the majority of the people of the United States were against him and his principles and his policies. The wide distribution of property in this country among all classes makes the property vote, once united, invincible. It is not naturally a united vote; a large part of it is diametrically opposed to those favored interests whose wealth has been increased by legislation; but Mr. Bryan, it was fancied, made it necessary to defend all property and business interests, and, whether this view of him and his cause was correct or erroneous, it brought together all the thoughtful, prudent, saving classes, eminently American in their characteristics, and united them, for the moment, for the purpose of putting an end to Bryanism.

Now it may be said that this feeling toward Mr. Bryan was unjust and even extravagant; that he was not, and is not, the enemy of prosperity and the prophet of discontent. Unfortunately it is the nature of democracy to settle its problems not necessarily as they are, but as they seem to be. Candidates are not always successful because of what they are as of what they appear. In an election, reputation, if it differs from character, is stronger than character, for the people vote not for what they know, but for what they think they know. They, or a large majority of them, think that they know that Mr. Bryan was the leader of the forces of discontent and of failure, and they have, therefore, defeated him.

As a matter of fact, most of those who followed Mr. Bryan believe in a good many policies and principles which are not thought of when the campaigns of 1896 and 1900 are talked about. They have cast behind them the issues of the past. They are thinking of the problems of the present as they bear upon the future. With them are many men who agree with them on the questions of to-day, and who never followed Mr. Bryan. They either refrained from voting or they voted with the Republicans. In doing so they thought they were acting for the best interests of the country, and were, therefore, patriotic. Some of them were even more than merely patriotic; they courageously made sacrifices. Among them were men who had filled some of the highest places in public life, but they thought that true Democracy had been abandoned by their party; that its essential principles had been flouted; that the welfare of the country was of more importance than the triumph of their party, especially of a party which had, for the time, abandoned its principles. Therefore they went apart and, in doing so, risked all chance of future political preferment. To men like these, to men who, whether they were right or wrong, manifested a high-minded patriotism without which democracy cannot long exist, Mr. Carmack and such as he propose to deny leadership.

When they say that no man shall be nominated in 1904 except one who, accord-

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ing to the popular verdict, was aggressively in the wrong in 1896 and again in 1900, they say in effect, that the country must withdraw the verdicts which it found in those years. They insist that the opposition to the Republican party of to-day shall be based on the mistakes of the past. There is, in fact, only one question to ask as to party standing, and that is, "Does the man who professes to be a Democrat oppose the present policies of the Republican party?" There is also but one question to ask as to a candidate, and that is, "Does he believe in the Democratic side of to-day's issues, and will he command the confidence and support of those who left the party when Mr. Bryan was its candidate?" The country is interested in the building up of a real and vigorous opposition to the Republican party. Such an opposition can be constructed only by ignoring the fact, and by recognizing the issues and the candidate of 1896 and 1900 as of that past. The man who raises the question which Senator Carmack, following Mr. Bryan's example has raised, is inviting disagreements, discord, the continuance of enmity, the maintenance of confusion of counsels, and defeat. Are you in agreement with us now? Are you opposed to the Republican party to-day? Are you ready to stand side by side with us in the fight of the future? These are the questions of moment, and the man who would rule out as a possible candidate any one who can answer them in the affirmative, would prevent the organization of a hopeful opposition, and would restrict the choice for a Democratic candidate to some one whose nomination would enable the Republican party to elect to the presidency any candidate running on any platform. On the great issues of to-day, Gold Democrats are in harmony with Free Silver Democrats, whose issue is dead, and the narrow mind that would not hail with delight the union of the two is a mind that was not made for leadership or for counsel. The country, including the most intelligent and patriotic Republicans, wants an opposition which Mr. Carmack's policy would prevent.

The Literary Outlook and Inlook

At a spring opening of publishers' goods held by *The Dial*, of Chicago, we have been interested to note some facts which we hope may also interest the reader, and may afford him a breath of relief, if he is gasping in the odors everywhere rising from the artificial flowers of fiction. He may be surprised, as we were, to find that these flowers are not so abundant in prospect as he had supposed, and that their stifling effect is very largely the work of his own imagination. We do not wish to be rashly hopeful as to their nature, but a cursory glance at their labels has given us the impression that they are rather less than more of the nature of the blossomed weed.

We were of course first attracted by the show contributed at this opening by the publishing-house nearest to ourselves, and vigorously affirmed to our secret heart that if the display of Messrs. Harper & Brothers could contain books by Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Wilkins, Mr. Howard Pyle, Messrs. Boone and Brown, and Mr. Will Harben, as well as younger writers whose quality we had made sure of in their occasional magazine work, the outlook was by no means so baleful as the inlook. Our terrors, we decided, were in great measure subjective, and from a glance at other exhibits we gathered fresh courage to combat them. Here were novels by Mr. James Lane Allen and Israel Zangwill, promised by Macmillan; stories of Mr. Henry James, by Scribner's Sons; a new story by Mr. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, a fresh volume of Bret Harte's ever-new tales, a novel by Miss Alice Browne, and best, raciest, tangiest of all, a collection of Mr. George S. Wasson's Kittery Point story-studies by Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.; the first novel of Miss Edith Wyatt, the most artistic and delightfully natural of all our admirable women writers, by McClure, Phillips, & Co.; and in considering these, and others, we gained sufficient hope to match the quantity with the quality of the coming fiction, and were less and less dismayed. The quantity appeared to us much smaller than in former seasons, and although fiction seemed to lead all the rest, yet when we put together history, and biography and reminiscences which are also forms of history, we found that these much surpassed fiction in mere quantity.

The books of verse in which we are always supposed to be weltering, formed the slenderest of all the tributary rills of the great tide of literature. They were outnumbered fivefold by collections of letters and literary essays, which seemed to our casual glance very uncommonly promising; and there was an exhibit of titles in travel and description which was quite as engaging. Art, music, and the drama were well represented, and there was a greater abundance of nature and outdoor books than we could have asked for since Mr. John Burroughs has taught us so much doubt concerning them. In theology and religion we found ourselves fully half as rich as in fiction, and in the cognate branches of profane thinking, such as science and technology, politics, economics and sociology, philosophy, psychology and ethics, very much richer. Books on education and for school and college use were in such force as to inspire the lively belief that no array of romance could make head against them. Besides these, we were offered a choice of standard literature in new editions, and books too numerous to classify (though we do not see why Mark Twain's essay on Christian Science should have been found so miscellaneous as to be excluded from the list of religious books), and upon the whole we came away from that spring opening in a gayety which we should be very glad to impart to the reader.

The fact is that the world, even the literary world, is never quite so bad as the other world within us would like to make out. Pessimism is so easy, and at the same time so impressive, that only a very strenuous conscience can keep us from making it our pose. But we ought really to try to look upon the bright side, especially the bright side of books; and if this is oftenest the outside, why, there is no power which obliges us to penetrate within. The publishers make books so pretty nowadays that it is a pleasure to have the very worst and poorest of them about; they furnish a room so agreeably, or they contribute decorative qualities to the shelf or the table that take the mind off the wall-paper and the upholstery. If, in many cases, it is wiser to regard them purely as charming spots of color, and not interrogate them, take them as appeals to the intelligence at all; there is also no denying that their effect is not wholly sensuous. It is not well to shy off from every new book; even a new novel is not to be shunned as such; some quite new novels may be good, as we have been trying to encourage the reader to believe.

We might push our contention still farther, and insist that there are always more good books than bad. A bad book is very, very perishable. How many of the poor novels of last year have survived into this? They have all ceased to be; and of the last year's books that still exist, there is not one in a hundred that is bad. This reflection is immensely consoling; we commend it to the author who is trying to write good books, and to the reader who is afraid of being cumbered by bad ones. We say, let the reader occasionally seek to buy a good book, instead of the bad books which his ignorance of differences in literature renders him liable to buy, and he will be surprised to find how lively and vigorous it is at the end of a year. If he will look into it after that lapse of time, he will find it far more interesting than the bad books which he forgot a year ago. He was induced to buy these by the ambient craze, by that most insulting and stupefying device of the advertiser that they were the largest-selling books of the moment; but probably he never enjoyed them. He only enjoyed saying he had read them, so as to be in the swim; and if he was young, he got a topic out of them that carried him over the conversational spaces left bare by the inadequacy of the theatre as a whole evening's proposition.

The people who make books,—even the people who materially make them, like the publishers, — probably never really understand how the average reader, or the average non-reader, as he more truly is, regards them. For him we suspect that they always remain impersonal and unvital. They are something queer, something out of the scheme of his being. He can grasp the notion of going to the theatre; that is something tangible. You ask a girl to go, and if you must you ask her chaperon, and you pay your four or six dollars for seats in the orchestra, one of them behind the pillar; and you pass the evening interpreting the action on the stage to the luminous intelligences beside you, or in accepting their construction of the meanings of the drama, if it has any. But a book is a very different thing. That is something you must grapple with in your own room, and make the most you can of it without the help of a smiling companion, and the agreeable sense of being in the brilliant world which you buy with your tickets to the theatre. Then you must take your chances of getting enough out of it to be able to talk of it without slipping up. With a good cigar you may get through the evening, but that is only the beginning of your triumph. This eventually comes when you have asked the girl whether she has read it, and she has said she has, and asks you if you have, and isn't it fine; and you say it is out of sight.

Yet it is not an appreciable victory, then. What you really want is a book that you can get a funny point out of, and that you can reproduce in original epigram, and this happens to you from few novels, even the worst. If you are that drollest and yet driest of human creatures, the average American man, your juiceless whimsicality is not affected by your experience of popular literature. It is the mistake of the author and the publisher to suppose that it is, and they keep on making books for you, which the critics justly censure for their worthlessness, but which, if they were ten times as bad as they are, would not really mean anything to you. You remain unaffected by them, but your amusing and charming womenkind read them, and suffer or enjoy, as they are less or more enlightened. They have certain strong prejudices; they prefer the romantic and the heroic; but after several years of unintermitted partridge, even partridge begins to pall. This is perhaps why there is an apparent change in the literary outlook and inlook; why there actually are fewer novels threatened this spring than last; why their quality is better, and why of serious, but not less attractive, books there is an increasing number. We cannot believe that we have

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evolved this conclusion from our inner consciousness, though but for that spring opening in *The Dial* we might fear that our fondness for good literature had abused our perception. Unless our eyes have been made the fools of the other senses, there is evidence that the worst is over, at least for the present, in what has been so bad, and we think we have woman to thank for this improvement, as we have her to thank for most others. Woman is becoming refined, civilized, enlightened to the point where she cannot any longer stand the literary truck of the last four or five years: this is our firm belief. It is her mute and yet powerfully emotional demand for better things which has made itself felt in the superior quality of the books at the spring openings. We cannot allege any proofs of our conclusion, indeed, but if woman was as articulate as she is voluble, we do not believe they would long be wanting.

Instruction from the Laity for the Clergy

A GREAT newspaper of this city, which our sense of the higher journalistic etiquette restricts us to mentioning as a solar contemporary, has come to the support of a distinguished naval authority in his contention that what he believes the present decay of church influence is the result of the church's practical teaching of works instead of faith. In his remarks to the members of a religious club lately, this authority held it error to prefer one's neighbor, not merely to one's self, but to one's God. He regarded this, he said, as "symptomatic of decline in spiritual life and aspiration in the Christian body," and he affirmed an immediate personal relation to God, through our love of Him, to be the ideal Christianity. It is this position of his which our solar contemporary, in the habitual mood of Mr. Mayor Low, cordially approves, and so reinforces as to give the altruist seeking to assail it very little hope of carrying it against them. It is true that the report of the naval authority's words does not give the sense of unbroken logic in his thinking, but enough is clear from them to justify our solar contemporary in backing him against the whole tribe of the charitable who have been palming themselves off, more and more, as the sort of Christians that Christ intended his followers to be. We are not so hardy as to question their joint position ourselves, for in the small love we have to our neighbor we feel that we have no right to dispute with such a naval authority, or such a *lumen ecclesiæ* as our solar contemporary: and in venturing to reconnoitre their position out of rather a vague curiosity, we have no other purpose than to note what Christ himself had to say of it.

In the words of God's Son there seems to be a good deal of excuse for the spiritual decadents, if we may call those so who have taken, or mistaken, love of one's neighbor to be the supreme expression of love to one's God. In one place the Son of God said that the commandment to love one's neighbor as one's self was like unto the commandment to love God: that is of an equally supreme validity. In another he said to his disciples that men would know them for his disciples if they loved one another. In a third place he said, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast and give to the poor," and he also said that their Heavenly Father could not forgive them their trespasses unless they forgave their brother's trespasses against them. Yet again he said, that when they did so to the least of their fellow-men, they visited himself in prison, and gave him to eat and to drink. Not on one occasion only, but a hundred, on every occasion that offered, he taught that religion—that is to say, Christianity—was nothing more mystical than doing good to others; and one of the most spiritual-minded of his apostles declared this alone to be true religion before God and the Father. It is apparently upon the sands of such texts that the spiritual decadents have built the house which the waves, in the naval authority, have beat upon, and which our solar contemporary, the *lumen ecclesiæ* we have cited, has pierced with its intolerable rays; and there can be little doubt that the inmates have been jarred and troubled. In the course of the debate in that religious club one of its members asked a brother clergyman who had deplored "the craze for parish houses and institutions, and the tendency to identify religion with charity," whether there had been a decrease in the spiritual influence in two churches peculiarly famous for their good works, which he named, and got what comfort he could from the rather reluctant admission that there had been none. Apparently what the champions of love to God, as distinguishable from love to the neighbor, both in the case of the naval authority and our solar contemporary, desire is a state of preparedness for the decline of faith if works should multiply. Neither has cared to indicate the point at which charity should begin to control itself in the interest of a more mystical aspiration; and unless they are of the impression that many of Christ's words touching the conduct of life are to be taken in a Pickwickian sense, their conclusion is not without its difficulties, its defects. Only upon some such ground is their union one of inexpugnable strength, and if they do not now enter together upon an aggressive campaign, the decadents have perhaps not the worst to fear. These may still go about succoring the widow and the fatherless, and if only they will not venture to the extreme of selling all they have and giving to the poor, the community will hardly accuse them of a want of spirituality. It is possible that being so largely pagan as it is, the community will not concern itself with the question of their spirituality, but will ask itself how any man is to experience or to manifest love to God except by doing good to other men, descending even to acts of the grossest philanthropy, and sounding all the turbid depths of altruism.

Porto Rico a Territory?

THE Porto-Rican House of Delegates, which has been recently in session, has asked for Porto Rico's admission as a Territory, but the Executive Council (with its six American and five native members) has declined to concur in the petition.

One of the last official acts of Mr. James Harlan, who has just returned to the United States to resign the Attorney-Generalship of Porto Rico, must have been the draughting of the report of the Judiciary Committee of the Executive Council on the memorial and resolution which came up from the House of Delegates expressing this desire for adoption; for it bears a date but a few days before that of his sailing. It is a document to bring envy to the people of our Territories, who, denied Statehood, are subject to restrictions and deprivations which the fortunate little island has escaped as an "insular possession." The whole import of this considerate veto is that it would involve for Porto Rico a distinct degradation and great financial loss to be put under the constitutional limitations of a Territorial government, which is but "a crude method for governing a frontier."

This report, signed by Mr. Harlan and Mr. Garrison, the auditor, the two American members of the Judiciary Committee, notes appreciatively the loyalty and devotion to the national government which the memorial and resolution indicate, but urges upon the Delegates the moral duty of examining the question not from the standpoint of their personal sentiments (which would immediately and narrowly be to the advantage of the United States), but from the broader standpoint of the real interests of the whole people—that is, of the island.

It is urged, in the first place, by this report, that there has been and is no impediment to progress in the present form of government. This is supported by the remarkable advancement which has been made since civil government was organized in the island. No greater powers are needed than are delegated under the organic act. But the appeal of the Porto-Ricans has undoubtedly had other motive than this. It is thought by them that their insular government has not the dignity of a "Territorial government." There is a vague hope for something higher and better which the latter seems to promise. It is answered by the committee that in the popular estimate "a Territory has no place of special importance in the American system," and, further, that it is not necessary that the people of Porto Rico should pass through this period of probation, for there is precedent for admission to Statehood without such tutelage. The political and social status of Porto Rico has been on a higher plane than that of an ordinary Territory of the United States, and superior even to the most populous and commercially aggressive of the regular Territories in its form of government and in the efficiency of its system of laws. The economic advantages of the present status seem unquestionable. The people of the island are not required to contribute to the national defence. The only national item in their budget is the amount which they expend for the maintenance of the Federal court. They keep the customs duties and the internal-revenue taxes for their own use. Every dollar of revenue remains in the island to be utilized for the public weal. Hawaii, as a Territory, is clamoring for what Porto Rico enjoys as a "possession." And there is no limit, it is urged, to what may be accomplished in the future if the present conditions continue.

The disadvantages of the extension of the Constitution "in all its parts" are serious. While under the present relationship all the constitutional guarantees are enjoyed, the people are free from certain restraints which would inevitably work hardship to their island. One of these hardships would be the loss of all their customs duties and internal-revenue taxes, which would fall into the Federal Treasury, and thus deprive Porto Rico of more than three-fourths of her present income. The total receipts for insular purposes last year were $2,202,531 50, of which gross sum the amount received from the regular property tax was only $407,414 05. The rest came from the sources just named. The present property tax, it is felt, ought not to be largely increased until conditions of commerce and agriculture are radically changed.

It is certainly an indication of the loyalty and devotion of the Porto-Ricans that they are willing or seem to be willing to sacrifice this financial advantage for the one thing they lack—the statutory declaration of citizenship. It is proof also of a very high order of patriotism in our representatives that they should show such solicitude about our doing the best thing for Porto Rico regardless of our own narrower interests.

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British Expenditure

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *March 28, 1903.*

THE price of empire comes high. For the current year the English army and navy estimates reach the staggering total of nearly $350,000,000. No nation in the world is now spending so much on its defences, either actually or per capita, as Great Britain. Twenty years ago the entire expenditure of this country for all purposes was very little more than its present outlay on the army and navy alone. Ten years ago the combined estimates for both services were less than is now spent on each. Within the last five years alone the army estimates have increased by over $60,000,000. Is the wealth of the country increasing in the same ratio? Statistics return a dubious and, as usual, an insufficient answer; but they make clear the fact, for whatever it may be worth, that within the past decade the trade of the country has increased by little more than twenty-five per cent., as against a cent-per-cent increase on the national defences. One conclusion, at any rate, is being patently accepted by the people. It is that "this sort of thing cannot go on forever," that a halt must be called somewhere. But where? Cobden used to say that nothing was easier than to raise a cheer in the House of Commons by praising economy, and nothing harder, nothing more certain to lead to defeat, than to propose some specific reduction. The nation feels its expenses are running too far ahead, but where to retrench it does not know. It is nervous and apprehensive. The weariness that always follows a great war is stealing over it. The burden of empire is making itself felt. A profound distrust of the capacity of their rulers agitates the masses. In no one except Mr. Chamberlain have Englishmen the confidence that Americans place in Mr. Roosevelt, in Mr. Hay, in Mr. Root—the three strongest, most capable, most sagacious administrators in the world of Anglo-Saxon politics. Consols which a few years ago stood at 115 are now at 91, and in all probability will fall still lower before long. One-sixteenth of every man's income is claimed by the income tax. And all the time this appalling increase of expenditure continues, the strain grows yearly greater, the demands on the exchequer multiply with each fresh session of Parliament. Where will it all end? The country asks the question with feverish anxiety, but without receiving any very satisfactory response. It is haunted by spectres—of an immensely widened basis of taxation, of sheer inability to stand the pace, of socialism, and much else. Never was the weary Titan groaning so audibly under the too-vast orb of her fate.

And yet on one thing all agree — that, come what may, the British navy must be supreme. By every Englishman that is regarded not merely as a question of "insurance," but of life. "The fleet of England is her all-in-all," wrote Tennyson, and the nation unreservedly subscribes to it. The naval estimates are never criticised as being too high; there is the utmost rivalry among admirals, politicians, and popular "experts" to prove that they are not high enough. Parliament, as I write, is voting over $172,000,000 for the naval expenses of 1903-4. It would vote twice as much were there any need for it. That the British fleet must more than equal the combined maritime power of any two rivals is not the platform of any particular party, but the faith and policy of all. It is as much a national axiom as the Monroe Doctrine. There are some who even declare that the "two-power standard" is not enough, that Great Britain ought to prepare to meet the strongest combination that any three powers could bring against her. But there is no one who would be content with a mere one-power standard, who would maintain that so long as the British fleet was stronger than the French or the Russian or the German all was well. It is the destiny and the pride of England to gauge from year to year the naval forces of her two most formidable rivals, and then to go one better.

This is a matter which has long been withdrawn from the barren jugglery of party politics. Twenty-odd years ago the nation took it into its own hands and forced it upon the government. Reforms in England are often effected in this way. They work, that is, from the bottom upwards, not, as in Germany, from the top downwards. Like the free-trade movement, the demand for an overwhelmingly strong navy was a popular long before it was an official policy; and the nation has always more or less insisted on its being treated as an issue outside of party. It would overthrow any government that was suspected of starving the navy, and it is ready to foot any bill that the Admiralty cares to run up. The periodic "scares" that sweep through the country over some alleged defect in the size or efficiency of the fleet show the intensity of its determination to maintain the mastery of the seas. During the last few years those "scares" have been frequent and prolonged. The Boer war and Mr. Balfour's avowal that at one time there were not more than 3000 cartridges in the national arsenals, could not help making Englishmen ask whether the Admiralty might not, when put to the test, prove another War Office, whether the squadrons would not turn out to be as unready and as ill-equipped as the army corps. It was a grim and harassing doubt, that would not down. It brought the average Englishman to a yet fuller sense of the distinguishing qualities of modern naval warfare—its suddenness and its finality. It made him grasp the fact that a naval war is precisely one of those things it is impossible to "muddle through"; that a defeat on the ocean is decisive and irreparable; that while a beaten army is still an army and may do better next time, a beaten fleet is no fleet at all, but a chaos of useless steel and iron. It made him realize that at sea there is no second chance, no time to reorganize or effect new dispositions or send round the corner for a maritime Roberts; and that everything that is not done for the fleet in times of peace will have to remain undone in times of war. The reflex action of the Boer war was to stimulate almost as much interest in the navy as in the army, and the amazing blunders of the War Office undoubtedly put the Admiralty on the *qui vive*. As a result, large and well-considered reforms have been planned and are now being carried out; a new naval base—to offset the growing power of Germany—has been decided on; the training of seamen has been revolutionized, and gunnery is at last taking in the British the foremost place it has long held in the American navy. The Admiralty, in short, is setting its house in order. It is an expensive operation, but nobody minds that. So long as Englishmen can feel that the fleet is really ready, a weight is lifted from their minds of which Americans, in their happy security, have no knowledge—indeed, no conception. For that feeling no price can be too high.

It is not, then, the expense of the navy, but of the army, that is terrifying England. For the current year the army estimates are actually larger than the navy. That fact alone, argue a good many Englishmen, is their best condemnation. England's first and main line of defence must be the fleet. It is "on the navy," in the words of the old Elizabethan statute, "under the good providence of God, the wealth and welfare of this country mainly depend." How, then, has it come about that she is spending more on her army than on her navy? Some, at any rate, of the cost must be put down to the fact that Mr. Brodrick is attempting a thorough reorganization of the whole army system. Mr. Brodrick is not by any means a great war minister. He is not a Roon nor a Root. But he is honest, painstaking, splendidly grounded in details and technicalities, and has the bulldog courage, obstinacy also, that often goes with a slow-moving mind. I have it from Colonel Arthur Lee, whom all Americans will remember as the English military attaché during the Spanish war, that Mr. Brodrick has really effected many valuable reforms—reforms that cost money to make, but save it in the long run. Let this go to his credit. Also let it be remembered that though the Boer war is over, a large garrison has still to be kept in South Africa, and that the increased pay is likewise an important item in the estimates. But after making full allowance for Mr. Brodrick's good work in decentralizing the War Office and improving Woolwich and Sandhurst, and for the exceptional and inevitable expenses left by the war, the country is still convinced that the true reason for the abnormal size of the estimates is to be found in Mr. Brodrick's scheme of six army corps. The attacks on that scheme have within the last few weeks been extremely damaging, both in and out of Parliament. It was first brought forward in 1901, during the stress of the Boer war, hurriedly, and, as was thought, because the government felt that "something must be done." The Germans would not have set about the business in that spirit. They would have waited till the war was over and all its experience had been gathered—sifted. Mr. Brodrick, however, was anxious to score a run off his own bat, and could not wait. It will be always considered a curious and characteristic fact that what is perhaps the most sweeping change that has ever been made in the English military system should have been decided upon without taking the advice of England's greatest military organizer. From first to last Lord Kitchener was not consulted. The scheme is Mr. Brodrick's, and Mr. Brodrick's alone. It has been criticised from innumerable points of view, but chiefly from this—that it is altogether too big for England's necessities. "If the navy is efficient," says the popular voice of the country, "we do not need three army corps of professional soldiers to be kept at home for emergency purposes. If it is not, then three army corps are not enough." It is because Mr. Brodrick has not studied this argument that the country finds itself loaded with his wasteful, grandiose, altogether disproportionate scheme. He seems to have forgotten, first of all, the navy, secondly, the volunteers, and thirdly, the fact that even England's purse is not bottomless.

If men would but observe the golden Mean in all their Passions, Appetites, and Desires, and if in their Gratifications they followed the uncorrupt Dictates of Nature, and neither spurred her on beyond her Cravings, nor violently restrained her in her innocent Bias, they would enjoy a greater Measure of Health than they do, live with less Pain, and die with less Horror.

George Cheyne.

We easily tolerate an authority that we hope some day to exercise ourselves.

Joubert.

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Joan of Arc Not to Be Canonized

About three months ago the Congregation of Rites at Rome announced its resolution to deny canonization to Joan of Arc, giving, among its several reasons for its action, a declaration to the effect that after a careful consideration of all evidence presented both for and against the fair Joan, it was impossible to arrive at any other conclusion but that the dame in question was not entitled to the surname of "maid" accorded to her by her admirers. The Congregation, moreover, held that she was guilty of faults of the most grave character in attacking Paris on the feast of the Blessed Virgin, and in signing a confession to the effect that her pretensions to a divine mission were based on fraud, in the hope of escaping thereby the death to which she had been sentenced by the English. Besides these there were other and minor reasons. But the principal ones are that she was neither a heroine nor a maid, and these are held to destroy for all time the prospects of her canonization by the Roman Catholic Church.

The Roman Curia has always been hostile to the demands of the French Catholics for the canonization of Joan of Arc. The idea was first started during the closing years of the reign of Napoleon III., and it is possible that, had he remained on the throne and continued to keep his troops in the Eternal City for the protection of the Papacy against the Kingdom of Italy, the shapely head of Joan of Arc would have been surmounted ere this by the halo of the saints. But with the overthrow of the Empire, the consequent withdrawal of the French army of occupation from Rome, and the subsequent seizure of the Eternal City by the Italian government, the Vatican showed a disposition to become hypercritical with regard to the Maid of Orleans, and the matter dragged along until Leo XIII. became Pope. He at once realized the importance of pleasing the French Catholics, and of identifying, as far as possible, French national sentiment with Catholicism.

Accordingly, after duly inquiring of Queen Victoria whether she had any objections to offer to the canonization of the Maid of Orleans, and receiving a reply in the negative, Joan of Arc was duly proclaimed "blessed," which is the first step towards canonization.

The fact that the Queen of England—that is to say, a Protestant sovereign—should have been consulted by the Vatican about the canonization of a Roman Catholic saint may excite some comment. But it must be remembered that the Maid of Orleans was put to death by the English, and that her alleged martyrdom at the hands of the latter constituted one of the chief reasons advanced for her canonization. Moreover, at the time of his accession Leo XIII. was most anxious to establish friendly relations and, if possible, diplomatic intercourse with Great Britain, and did not wish, therefore, to do anything which might be construed at the Court of St. James as unfriendly.

This declaration by the Congregation of Rites that Joan of Arc was not entitled to the qualification of "maid" lends a new importance to the pretensions put forward by several French noblemen, of a more or less authentic character, to include her among their ancestresses. There have been some noblemen, including a pseudo-French duke, who have brought to this country family parchments and genealogical trees in which the name of the Maid of Orleans figures among their forebears. It is only fair to add, however, that the general public has always been agreed that Joan of Arc left no descendants—at any rate of a legitimate character. True, she had a brother, and from this brother are descended—not in the male line, but on the distaff side—the Marquis and the Counts de Maleyssie, one of whom, Count Stephen, is married to an American girl, who was a Miss Stears of New York, and who would have figured prominently in the grand ceremonies in St. Peter's at Rome, which were to have signalized the canonization of the Maid of Orleans, had not the Congregation of Rites decided against it. The lineal male line in direct descent from Joan of Arc's only brother became extinct with the death of Charles du Lys, advocate-general of the so-called Court of Aids in 1632. One of his daughters, however, married a certain M. Barentin, whose daughter in turn became the wife of the Marquis de Maleyssie in 1684. The eldest son of this marriage was killed at the battle of Malplaquet, and left no issue. From the second son, who in 1723 married Philiberte de Bouillon, are descended the present Marquis and Counts de Maleyssie. The American-born Countess de Maleyssie has among her most treasured possessions three authentic letters of the Maid of Orleans, signed "Jehanne."

A Retort from the Underworld

Homer to Carnegie

By Telephone to John Kendrick Bangs

Of Carnegie I fain would speak, and of the
solemn things he says,
Of me and mine? Ha-ha! Excuse, I pray,
this un-Homeric smile,
Yet doth it fill with lively mirth, not only
self, but all my friends
And neighbors in the seven spots wherein
'tis rumored I was born,
From Cyme unto Smyrna doth the merry
laughter loudly ring.
I mind me not the pratings of this sage;
this Pennsylvania Highlander,
Who, like Colossus of ye ancient days, doth
stand astride the sea,
One foot at Skibo placed and t'other 'mid
the sooty depths of Pittsburg,
And with a wondrous lavish hand dispenseth monuments to letters.
He likes not me? Well, what of that? In
this he is consistent since
From immemorial time the sage hath been
disciple of Protection;
Arrayed against things foreign made,
though self-exotic to the land,
I blame him not. With Dooley, Ade, and
Mrs. Wigg's Cabbage Patch,
With Tarkington and Churchill, and the
Man whose Hoe hath scarred our souls,
Embroiled in competition with the Sages of
our Grecian days,
What use hath he for Homer and his most
stupendous fighting crew?
Yet when my dear Achilles he red-handedly
doth strike, I would
Return to Earth and give him one, straight
from the shoulder such as Gog
To Magog might have given for that he
hath sat upon Achilles.
A fighting-man? Aye, so he was indeed,
but what of him
Who sits in judgment and would have his
gloried song made mean and low?
Hath Carnegie himself ne'er made, e'en as
I made Achilles bold,
A thing to fight, to battle and embroil?
I've heard a pleasant tale
Of battle-ships, and cruisers said to be of
strength invulnerable;
Of steel wrought but for castings used in
war; guns, armor-plates, and such—
In which this critic was so deep-involved
there was no alibi.
And hence it is if I were asked to write
for some small syndicate,
To fill the Sunday papers up with stuff
that's really fit to print,
I'd choose the subject, dearer now than ever
to my Grecian heart;
"Achilles and the Modern Man of War:
Who Was It Builded Best?
The Poet of the Ancient Greeks, or He Who
Makes an Iron Clad?"
The one a minor god, perhaps, yet full of
flesh and blood and soul;
The other a Machine, an Engine cold, designed to deal out death.
And to receive with imperturbability the
enemy;
A thing of iron, not of flesh, no blood, no
semblance of a soul,
But marlin-spikes and turrets round, and
easy garboard strokes instead.
And as for the construction it hath sometimes happed, or so I'm told,
That in the latter plates defective have been
found in numbers large—
Say twelve—while in mine own Achilles'
heel but one small blow-hole was.
Eheu! and Hoi Polloi! Why send to exile
one and not the other?
The question may be Greek to some, but
not to me who am a Greek.
Yet, spite of all, do I forgive this sage for
times are sadly changed,
And surely he but speaks as he doth think
with perfect honesty.
He in his own queer age ranks high amongst
the figures 'mongst whom I
Would seem to be most like a quarter and
a plugged nickel coin;
An age that is Homeric in the things that
he is strongest in.
So let it not be chidings that I send. Let
him and all of his
For his own time sufficient be, let me and
mine suffice for mine.
In *my* time he was not, why should I
strangely seek to be in his?
And for the end, let that which ends all
things, whatever it may be,
Present the Verdict that shall give to each
the place that he hath won.

Men in the Woman's Hotel

New York, *March 23, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

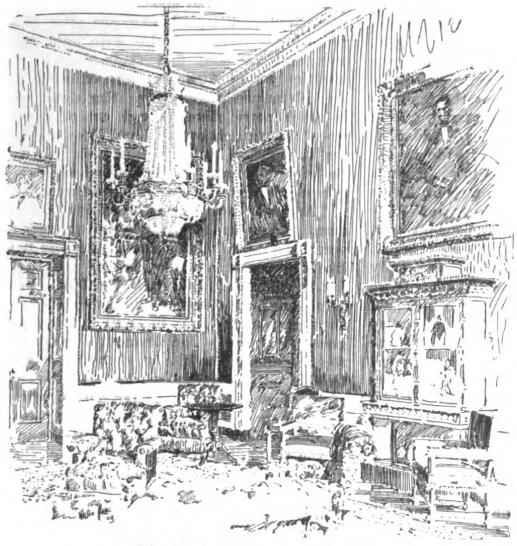
Sir,—Referring to the article in your issue of March 21, permit me to say that your informant was under an entire misapprehension in the statement that men are not allowed in the dining-room of the Hotel Martha Washington on the second floor. Men are not only allowed there, but the patronage of men and their families who reside in apartments in the immediate neighborhood is welcomed. The difference between the two rooms is that the second-floor dining-room is conducted upon the American plan, and the first-floor restaurant upon the European plan. If you will kindly make this correction, you will greatly oblige,

Yours truly,
The Woman's Hotel Company.

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The Restored White House

THE people of the United States, in their warm affection for the White House, have always been jealous for its appearance. They have been reluctant to have any changes made that would alter its architectural character or detract from its dignity as a suitable home for the President of the great Republic. Moreover, the people have always liked a President who received them freely in the White House, and whose entertainments there were in keeping with their ideals of the Presidential office.



The Red Room as Restored

The people liked it when Mr. Roosevelt discarded the pretentious name Executive Mansion, and called this house by the name the people have always given to it, The White House. They were pleased when Mr. Roosevelt threw open its doors and invited there all men of varying degrees who had a claim upon his attention. They resented the absurd talk in Congress of extravagance and valued it at its worth—cheap oratory for political effect. They knew that they did not provide sufficiently by public appropriation for the scale of entertainment that Mr. Roosevelt established, and that the heavy expense involved made serious inroads upon the private income of the President, an expense that he bore ungrudgingly and without even private complaint.

But when it was given out that alterations were to be made to the White House which, including furnishings, would cost nearly $500,000 there were some misgivings. It would seem impossible to spend that amount of money without altering the appearance of the simple structure or modifying its character. The appearance has been changed, but only slightly, and that in accordance strictly with the original design. The building has become what it was intended to be, the home of the President, and not his business office with living rooms annexed. The White House has simply been restored, made safe, healthful, habitable, that is all, and as the people have come to understand this, they have given their complete approval to the changes that have been made.

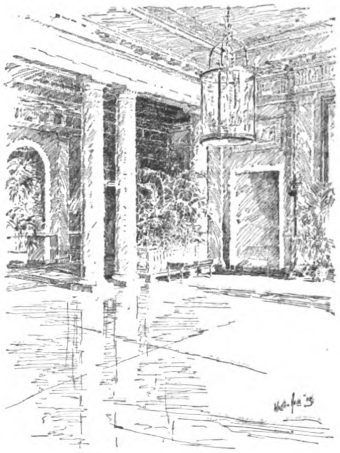


A Corner of the Green Room

Few persons even now realize the serious conditions that existed in the White House before the improvements were made. It was not safe. At every great entertainment it was necessary to shore up the floors to keep them from breaking down. When the waiters walked about in the State dining-room the dishes on the sideboards rattled. What is known as the Garden floor, the one apparently in the basement as one enters from the north, but really the ground floor as one enters from the south (the White House faces the south), was cluttered up with pipes and wires suspended from the ceiling. Arches had been cut away and the woodwork was all out of repair. The second floor, the living-room of the house, was so uneven that a new one had to be put in. The attic, where the servants slept, was a fire-trap, reached only by an elevator. The roof drainage was carried through the house in old troughs hollowed out of logs, which, as they rotted away, were lined with copper. Many of the beams were actually charred by defective insulation of electric wires, and the wonder was that the place had not burned down. The roof was almost ready to fall in and a new one had to be put on. The truth was that the house was frightfully dilapidated and unsafe from top to bottom. It had to be rebuilt from the inside.

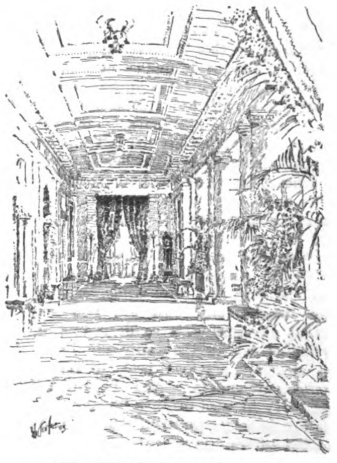
The architects found the original plans in the Congressional Library. The President insisted that these should be complied with strictly. The names for the various rooms—Blue, Green, Red, East, and State Dining-room—were ordered retained. The heating apparatus was lowered from the garden floor to the basement. The lighting apparatus was made modern and safe. The only outward change in the appearance of the house was to build two porticoes, provided for in the original plans, one on each side and stretching clear across the White House grounds. These give the fine architectural effect, from which as a base the house rears itself in singularly effective dignity in the centre.

The west terrace was partly in existence, but it was used for workshops and servants' quarters, and was marred by ungainly greenhouses in front of it. The foundations of the east terrace were found in putting up the new one. The old one had been removed before 1870.



A View of the Main Entrance

An office for the President was placed inconspicuously at the end of the west terrace —a temporary affair. It would not do to mar the White House grounds by an imposing office building. The garden floor was remodelled so that on state occasions guests could enter by the east terrace and make use of dressing-rooms designed for their comfort. Heretofore the guests have had to assemble on the north portico and run chances of taking cold, exposed to the weather. The State dining-room was enlarged to seat 107 guests instead of 60. Two historic mantels, beautifully carved, that had been imported from London, about the only historic furnishings in the house, were removed from the State dining-room, being too small for the places they occupied, and one was placed in the Green Room and the other in the Red Room. The new furnishings were strictly in accordance with what they should be.



The White House Corridor

And so the White House, enlarged in its interior appointments and made safe, has been restored to its original design and purpose. It is now a fitting habitation for the First Citizen of the land. Its quiet dignity satisfies the eye and appeals to the patriotic impulses of every American.

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The Canterbury Club Tales

By James MacArthur

Two weeks later the Canterbury Club held its second meeting. It was found that there were thirteen books on the table, and when the Matron discovered the fact, she at once moved that one of the books be removed. Thirteen was an unlucky number. There seemed to be some difficulty in choosing a victim, and the Cantankerous Critic grumbled in his beard about idle superstitions and old wives' fables. The Humorist said he knew of at least one Thirteen Club. The Matron scowled at him, and said 'twas flying in the face of Providence. Finally they decided on a meek, dapper, little volume that looked as if it wouldn't be missed, but I am not going to name the title or author, for obvious reasons. The round dozen that remained were as follows:

Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice (Century Co.).

Horses Nine. By Sewell Ford (Scribner).

What Manner of Man. By Edna Kenton (Bobbs-Merrill).

Under the Rose. By Frederic S. Isham (Bobbs-Merrill).

Before the Dawn. By Joseph A. Altsheler (Doubleday, Page).

The Lieutenant-Governor. By Guy Wetmore Carryl (Houghton, Mifflin).

A Daughter of the Pit. By Margaret Doyle Jackson (Houghton, Mifflin).

Spinners of Life. By Vance Thompson (Lippincott).

A Lad of the O'Friels. By Seumas Mac Manus (McClure, Phillips).

Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse. By Dora Greenwell McChesney (John Lane).

The Substitute. By Will N. Harben (Harper).

Walda. By Mary Holland Kinkaid (Harper).

The meeting was called to order, and the Cantankerous Critic at once rose with a copy of *Lovey Mary* in his hand.

"Lovey Mary"

"I took up this little volume," he began, "with a marked prejudice against it, for which I do not hold the author responsible. I notice that she has protested against the use of her portrait for purposes of publicity, and in commending her for this nice reserve I must also condole with her abused sense of delicacy in seeing her little book blazoned forth as a cure for biliousness. The first time I caught sight of this placard in an 'L' car, shouting at me that it 'Cures the blues,' it was flanked to right and left by similar placards of some quack specific also claiming to 'Cure colds, coughs, bilious attacks, etc.' To me, this sort of blatant advertising is so degrading in the service of letters that only my liking for the author's previous book overcame my intellectual nausea. And I should have been sorry to miss reading *Lovey Mary.* As a tale it is better threaded than *Mrs. Wiggs,* and the author has wisely avoided straining for effect in constructing her story, recognizing that it is in the humorous delineation of character her power lies, and not in any novelty of incident or situation. The story, like the people in it, is elemental, simple, obvious. It is Mrs. Rice's gift of humor blent with 'humanest affection' that disarms the critic and takes captive the man. Nothing in the book became Lovey Mary so well as the way she went out of it. Do you not see her as she waves from the train platform at the receding Cabbage Patch? 'It ain't hard to be good when folks love you,' she said, with a little catch in her voice. 'I'll make 'em all proud of me yet!'"

"And she'll do it," nodded the Merchant with emphasis. "And when she does, and Mrs. Rice comes to tell it, may I be there to see and hear it. You may speak about the humor of *Lovey Mary* and *Mrs. Wiggs,* and of course it makes you laugh and grin till you're ashamed of yourself, especially if you read them in the cars or the train as I did, but it's the grit and brawn in Mrs. Rice's characters that rouse one's admiration, the determination to smile down adversity and win out somehow. There's nothing mawkish or silly about them. There is a story of how Mrs. Wiggs sent Billy out on the horse for two watermelons, and how he brought them home, that is worth any number of Sunday-school yarns. Billy was told not to come home without those watermelons. But when he got to the field he found them all so big he couldn't carry one, let alone two. What did he do? Come home without them? No, sir, that wasn't the way Mrs. Wiggs brought her children up. Let me read you what he did: 'He jes set on the fence an' thought awhile, then he took offen his jeans pants an' put a watermelon in each leg an' hanged 'em 'crost old Rollie's back an' come ridin' home barelegged.' That's the kind of boy the world hears of, sooner or later, mark my words."

"There is a profound lesson for all of us," remarked the Young Clergyman, "in the chapter called 'A Denominational Garden,' but especially for the minister—a lesson of charity and tolerance with men's beliefs and creeds and ecclesiastical crotchets. 'There's all sorts of Christians;' as Miss Viny says, 'some stands fer sunshine, some fer shade; some fer beauty, some fer use; some up high, some down low. There's jes one thing all the flowers has to unite in fightin' ag'inst—that's the canker-worm, Hate. If it once gets in a plant, no matter how good an' strong that plant may be, it eats right down to its heart.' Mrs. Rice is not only a humorist and a humanist; she is a good theologian."

"I should like to observe," quoth the Humorist, "that my friend the Editor submits that though Mrs. Rice's humor is individual and original with her, it is distinctively American, and springs from the same source as that of Bret Harte. In fact, he claims that Mrs. Rice alone, of all our humorists, has caught the quintessence of Bret Harte's humor, consciously or not, though the manner is her own."

"A Daughter of the Pit"

"Now if you want an example of what a woman of intelligence and some literary talent is liable to write when she lacks humor," went on the Humorist, "take *A Daughter of the Pit.* This book is an illustration of what can be accomplished by plodding industry and fidelity to the fact without imagination or humor. The result is dulness and tedium, though it pains me to say so, for there is an abundance of rich material, some good scenes and characterization, and much painstaking in the effort to lay bare the workings of a young girl's heart and mind, reared as the daughter of a pitman, but with strivings of soul above her station. Eliza Whitlake ought to have become an interesting personality in the hands of an imaginative writer; in the pages of this book she remains a colorless prig."

"I could almost fancy," said the Cantankerous Critic, "that I was reading one of Dinah Mulock's household tales, hoary with piety and priggishness, as I conned wearily the pages of *A Daughter of the Pit.* No light or shade—the wicked are unmitigatedly wicked and are punished accordingly; the good are *so* good and are rewarded accordingly. Eliza's hankerings after material advancement, mingled with mild goodness and pietism, find their goal in the wealthy young American who comes to the English mines prospecting. Her sister, who is much more alive, though cut to a well-worn pattern, chooses ill, and bites the dust for it. Yet, I suppose this book will find its way into many a Sunday-school library because of its innocuous and mild morality."

"And why not?" asked the Young Clergyman. "You are altogether too crushing in your judgment of this book. Suppose it is like the works of the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman,* and *A Noble Life.* Have these books not had an influence for good on the young? And is there not a young generation to-day for whom *A Daughter of the Pit* and books like it, elevating in tone, teaching the nobility of goodness, the law of kindness, the ugliness and heinousness of sin, are needed? There is not any great complexity or weighty problems in the lives of the struggling poor with whom this story deals; their aims and needs are fundamental and their conditions circumscribed. I think that the only problem that enters into these lives was stated by one of them when he commented thus on another character in the book, a hard, selfish woman: 'I often wonder why God lets such people be. Maybe it is that we may understand better what the world would be without love. Perhaps it is to teach us the beauty of kindness one to another.' This simple problem—a problem of character that more especially needs to be considered by the young—is, to my mind, presented in the working out of this story with great clearness and conviction. I trust that I am showing no disrespect to the author when I hope that *A Daughter of the Pit* will be placed on our library shelves beside the worthy works of Dinah Mulock."

The Matron and the Sentimentalist purred approvingly and shot glances of admiration at the Young Clergyman as he sat down. The Scholar lightened the strain to some extent by remarking: "By the way, I read on page 255 of *A Daughter of the Pit* that the '*Oceanic* sails in three days from New York.' It is one of those curious anachronisms that an author sometimes perpetrates, for, as a matter of fact, the *Oceanic* wasn't built at the period in which the story is laid. I remember about a year ago reading an historical romance of the times of Alfred the Great, in which a number of besieged Christian ladies were described as lifting up their voices in singing Cardinal Newman's hymn, 'Lead, Kindly Light'—all three verses being printed in full to add to the impression on the reader!"

"Horses Nine"

"Speaking of the Sunday-school library," observed the Matron, "here is a book that ought to go on its shelves beside *Black Beauty. Horses Nine* will delight everybody who loves horses, and the writer takes the point of view in telling his stories that insures interest, especially young readers. Not unlike Mr. Thompson-Seton's manner, he gets, as it were, inside the horse, and tells what happened to him, viewing men and things through the horse's eyes. There is the story of 'Skipper' who became a 'Blue-ribboner'; of 'Calico' who began life on a farm and landed in Barnum and Bailey's; of 'Old Silver' of the Gray Horse Truck,

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the firemen's favorite; and so on. The author has not only a wide knowledge of the horse and its ways, but, what is more essential, a strong affection for the equine race which enables him to treat his subject very sympathetically."

"And he has humor, too," quoth the Humorist. "The story of Barnacles and how he assisted at the splicing of Captain Bean and Stashia Buckett is one of the funniest stories I have ever read."

"No doubt about it," remarked the Cantankerous Critic, sententiously, "*Horses Nine* is the best volume of horse stories that has ever been written. Both as an artistic product and a humane gospel it is worth all the *Black Beautys* that were ever penned. I'd like to see a copy of the book in the hands of every young person, and every carrier and coachman ought to read it."

"I shall call the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the book," concluded the Sentimentalist.

"What Manner of Man"

"I like *What Manner of Man*," said the Sentimentalist, "for its touching portrait of Clodah and its picturesque descriptions of the wild western coast of Scotland. In the latter respect it recalled the pleasure William Black's novels used to give me. And Clodah is not unlike some of the Scottish novelist's attractive heroines. How well Edna Kenton reveals the young tumultuous soul of the Highland girl when the mounting fever within makes her turn from the commonplace life about her to follow the great natural instinct of every woman child toward the luring fascination of the unknown. She was what Mrs. Ward in *Lady Rose's Daughter* calls 'a child of feeling.' And when the great London artist appears on the Island of Rohan in search of a model for his painting of 'The Christian Martyr,' it is natural that her dreams and imaginings should fasten upon him, and that she should fall an easy prey to his artistic rapture, mistaking it for a deeper emotion. They are married and proceed to London, and then begins Clodah's disillusionment and martyrdom, ending in her flight back to her island home, closing her eyes on the scenes they first opened upon, but what an experience lay between! As for Thayer the artist, one cannot hold him accountable as one would other men. His art engrossed him; it was his life; he meant no harm to the gentle Clodah; his seeming cruelty was a moral obsession. His remorse was keen and genuine, and he suffered for his blindness in self-abasement and renunciation. He was an artist, be it remembered, and to sin against the artistic temperament was more heinous than to sin against any moral code."

"That is a very dangerous doctrine, my young friend," observed the Clergyman. "The artistic temperament is too often used to cover a multitude of sins, and is synonymous with selfishness and self-indulgence. Temperament is not intended by nature to be the master; temperament is the servant of the mind, and character must always be the master if temperament is to serve noble ends. As for this book, frankly, I do not like it. Clodah in her maiden sweetness and purity is an exquisite picture, but she is used as a fillip to the sensual æstheticism of Thayer, who, the author tells us, was a man in whom the passions had had so much indulgence that it took more than a passing whim to rouse them to keenness."

"He was a selfish beast," interrupted the Matron, "and when he carried off that sweet young thing, all dreams and innocence, from her Highland home to his den in London, it was like seeing a dove in the brute grasp of an ourang-outang. I shall certainly not allow my daughters to be contaminated by it."

"I want to rescue one passage from the book," resumed the Young Clergyman, "which embodies a truth that marks the sincerity of the author in writing her book. Clodah says her father used to tell her that 'too much thinking on evil things leads one to evil deeds, an' that no man is strong enough to stand before evil to learn it, for he has to take some o' it into his heart. An' that evil desire leads him to take others into sin an' shame, an' that there's no thing on earth to be desired good enough to need the sacrifice o' a living soul.'"

"I wonder," spoke up the Scholar, gently, "if Edna Kenton was ever in the northwest of Scotland. I hardly think so, or she would have known that they do not speak the Lowland Scots dialect there which she puts into the mouths of her characters. Besides, on an island like Rohan, sequestered from the mainland, they speak Gaelic only, to this day. Her Scots dialect is, as a matter of fact, an American corruption of the real thing. However, there is little of it, but it is a pity that in what there is of it she did not stick to pure English with a Gaelic word here and there to suggest the original. Again, the postal address of Clodah's home would not be 'Rohan Island, Great Britain,' within the realm, but North Britain or Scotland, the latter being really the correct form."

"*What Manner of Man* is simply a woman's attempt to blend Zola and William Black," observed the Cantankerous Critic, "and they won't blend — Gallic or Gael, French or Anglo-Saxon, never will blend or meet at any given point. The races are poles apart. No Englishman would have acted as Thayer did. I hope when Edna Kenton writes her next novel she will refrain from making her serious people talk essays like Thayer and Hilda on almost every occasion of their meeting."

"Before the Dawn"

"Mr. Joseph Altsheler, who has entertained us with several good stories of American history," said the Sentimentalist, "has further enlivened us with a story of the fall of Richmond, appropriately called *Before the Dawn*. The interest is centred in Lucia Catherwood, a Northern girl who finds her way into Richmond and is suspected of being a spy. Of course there is a gallant young Southerner who falls in love with her, and favors her, while fighting on the opposite side. It is prettily told, though a trifle long. I was disappointed not to learn who the spy really was that stole the papers, if it wasn't Lucia, and the author seems to have forgotten to tell where Lucia hid that time the officers searched Miss Grayson's cottage and couldn't find her—but it is a good story."

"I'm tired of these civil war stories," blurted the Cantankerous Critic, "especially when written by merely clever authors. This one hasn't even the merit of an original plot, although one could say the same thing of Hamlet. It is on the old lines; the hero and heroine on opposite sides of the war; the heroine a suspected spy, and the hero torn 'twixt love and honor; then the usual rendezvous for the heart-to-heart talk, the hospital, where the heroine nurses the hero. Then it is time writers were letting up on the threadbare formula, how he or she did so and so 'in the usual Southern fashion,' or 'with the ornate courtesy of the old South,' or 'like the cream of the old South.' Then there are 'our Southern women, my boy, who stand supreme for beauty and wit!' and the man who 'seemed different, indeed, from the average Southerner,' and so forth. 'The trouble with Redfield,' says some one in the book, 'is that he wants all the twenty-four hours of every day for his own talking.' The trouble with this author is that he has the same fault in his fiction; there is too much tall talk in these 372 pages—it interferes with what is, after all, a pretty interesting story."

"I think you are too sore on him," retorted the Merchant. "I rather enjoyed the story as I read it on the train going out and in to my business. Prescott was a fine, manly fellow, and Lucia was worthy of all he went through for her. There must have been many such incidents during the war, and it is interesting to have it brought home to you in this pleasant way. I do wish, however, with the Sentimentalist, that the author had not forgotten to acquaint us with Lucia's hiding-place, but that is the veriest trifle, and does not mar one's wholesome enjoyment."

"The Lieutenant-Governor"

"There is a class of novels," resumed the Cantankerous Critic, "which is not literature, and yet which represents a very thick crop among the fiction that is being daily produced in this country, a class which I should designate as belonging to the Fourth Estate. They are the work of certain aspiring young journalists, ambitious to enter the ranks of the writers of fiction. Now take Mr. Carryl's story, *The Lieutenant-Governor*. Mr. Carryl has written some clever short stories, nonsense verse and other verse; indeed, he has written some very beautiful poetry. But when he comes to write a novel it is a strange jumble of observation, experience, pedantry, and obstinate theory. There are good bits in *The Lieutenant-Governor;* some fine character sketches, a spirit of true patriotism and a dramatic climax when the way out is opened for the Lieutenant-Governor by the shooting of the Governor. But all through the narrative there is a sense of failure to realize the characters and their action in the situations which are meant to develop the story. One of Mr. Carryl's weaknesses is his tendency to drop into long rhetorical speeches for the explanation of his motives. And then the ending is all wrong and contrary to all the dictates of art or reason."

"Yes, that ending made me furious," replied the Matron. "There surely was some other way of solving the difficulty than allowing patriotic principle to hang the friend who, by shooting the Governor, freed the State from ignominy and ruthlessness and gave Barclay his opportunity to serve his country. Besides, the act was really inspired by a fanatic insanity."

"It is a bad anticlimax, I must admit," remarked the Scholar, "and seems quite unnecessary. It does not add anything to the dignity of Barclay's stubborn stand for equity and justice, and gives him a taint of priggishness that one had not suspected in him. It almost seems erratic on the author's part, and lacks the convincing power of sincere art."

"Spinners of Life"

"Another novel that comes under this category," continued the Cantankerous Critic, in pursuit of his argument, "is Mr. Vance Thompson's *Spinners of Life*. When a writer uses such phrases as 'Silence is most golden in the specification of friendship, and when employed in the particularizing of intimate emotion, the silver of speech is apt to turn to veriest tinsel,' or the 'pachydermatous inertia of the citizens of Alleghenia,' or the 'Achilles' heel of the community,' as Mr. Carryl does; or when Mr. Thompson says, 'There was a bell at his elbow and he spun a silver ripple of sound out of it,' then you detect the earmarks of the journalist and the facile

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phrase-maker. Style in its last analysis discards all affectation and tricks of rhetoric. Even Stevenson, 'sedulous ape' though he called himself, knew this and put the inimitable stamp of his own mint upon his rememberable phrases before issuing them. Another grievance I have against these books is that instead of appealing to life they depend upon something bizarre, eccentric, or extraordinary in their situations to attract. The conclusion of *The Lieutenant-Governor* was undoubtedly planned in this way, and the whole fabric of *Spinners of Life* rests on the following proposition from Rousseau: 'If, in order that you might inherit a good fortune from a mandarin, living in some far-away China, whom you had never seen, nor heard of, it were necessary for you merely to touch a spot on your wall—would you touch it and kill the mandarin?' This is actually what Gaffney, out at elbows, does, and the rest of the story is an unfolding of the result. It is interesting, if fantastic, and is built together, piece by piece, almost like a play; indeed, it is as a theatrical experiment, very clever, very ingenious, very amusing, that we view it, and I don't think Mr. Thompson wants us to take it too seriously."

"A Lad of the O'Friels"

"I wonder," said the Sentimentalist, "how the Critic would classify *A Lad of the O'Friels*. It isn't a novel, for it has no plot; it isn't even a story, for it can scarcely be said to have beginning or end. It opens among the gentle Irish peasantry of Knockagar on the eve of Nuala's coming, and it ends with young Toal's return from the States without any apparent reason except that the author chooses to drop his rambling tale there. But it is no less than he claims. It is a novel as a poet would write it, and Seumas MacManus is, in the heart of him, a poet, and never poet loved his native land as he loves Ireland. It is the story of his heart. Dinny O'Friel—'always dhreamin'—tells the tale, and there is undoubtedly much of Seumas MacManus in Dinny. He has that magic quality of making the land and its people so human and picturesque, you want to make a pilgrimage to the home of his thoughts and behold its beauty for yourself. But the secret of it all lies in the soul of the poet."

"And what a wag he is!" quoth the Humorist. "Such a lover of fun and pure mirth and rollicking humor, for Seumas MacManus would be no Irishman if he wasn't continually alive to the humorous side of things. It is the salt of life to him. Indeed, it is through his humor that he weaves his spell in legend and story and song as he keeps your interest alive in his handful of quaint, lovable characters."

"It is one of the quiet books," said the Scholar, "to be cherished by the few who care for work that is genuine in feeling, sincere and beautiful in its art—a book that will crave to be read now and then, just as some old familiar strain comes into your mind and clamors to be heard again. And it is the books and the melodies that endear themselves to fond remembrance that have a lien on life."

"Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse"

"If there is one kind of novel that bores me worse than the civil-war novel," observed the Cantankerous Critic, "it is the story of Roundhead and Cavalier. *Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse* is no better and no worse than dozens of Puritan novels that I have read, and if you like this sort of thing, you will like this one; if not, you won't."

"I think the story is hampered by one serious defect," remarked the Sentimentalist. "It is in the main a battle-field tale in which woman and love don't begin to figure until the book is drawing to a close. Then the character of Cornet Strong is drawn with such masculine firmness, and so lacking any trace of womanliness, that when the surprise of the climax comes, revealing the sex of the soldier in disguise, it does so with a shock that is disagreeable and far from pleasing."

"Yes," interrupted the Matron, "and especially as the disclosure occurs just after you learn that Cornet Strong has struck down Captain Standish, who is her son, because of his love for the Irish Royalist girl. That act is so abhorrent to the maternal instinct that it is practically inconceivable."

"Just so," cut in the Cantankerous Critic; "my argument again. It is the tendency in amateur novelists to resort to artifice and theatrical expedients for startling effects and climaxes."

"The Substitute"

"You have noticed," observed the Humorist, "that there are books which seem to shout 'cheer up!' at you from every page. Well, here's a book that had just that effect on me. *The Substitute* is written by an optimist, one who sees life whole, who believes that it is good and wholesome. Yet he is not blind to its aches and ills, and there are several characters in this Georgia tale who have their share of trouble before their meed of joy comes to them. Mr. Harben is as genuine a humorist in this book as he proved himself in *Abner Daniel*. Even the most pathetic figure in the story, old Hiram Hillyer, is not without his humorous side.

"Hiram Hillyer is, to my mind," said the Young Clergyman, "one of the most interesting and touching human problems I have run across in a long time. An old man paying a lifelong atonement, suffering agonies of remorse, for the crime of murder done in self-defence and hot anger years ago—so many years ago that everybody has forgotten it and exonerated him as the court did at the time of his trial and acquittal—and yet he is in a worse state than if he were in jail. 'The fear o' meetin' my God was awful,' he tells George Buckley, whose life is bound up with his efforts at atonement. 'I come clear in the eyes o' the world, but, as God knows, not in my own. That crime is before me, wakin' or sleepin'. I often dream that I never done it, an' daylight gives that the lie.' The haunting misery of that soul, suffering in silence and despair, is a living, throbbing reality. There is a spiritual force in the slow-working leaven that gradually leads to light and joy which has the true ring of life in it. And the author's triumph is in the natural, or rather, the spiritual, triumph of the old man, which has nothing accidental or artificial in its solution; it just happened as it might have done in real life. I think that to many who may be groaning under the burden of remorse for some past deed of guilt this book will have a message, a gospel which is not a vain thing, but which partakes of that hope which saves mankind."

"You have spoken for Mr. Hillyer," remarked the Matron; "now I want to say a word for Mrs. Hillyer. The endurance, the good-nature, the smiling countenance hiding the heavy heart which divined, all unknown to her husband, the secret sorrow which ate like a canker at his hidden existence, were heroic. Yet she bore herself as other women, and accounted herself as no more than they. She had always a hearty word and a kindling smile for the dejected and struggling. You may feel grateful for old man Hillyer, but for my part I thank Mr. Harben for this good, sensible woman, who, 'when folks was continually a-complainin',' as she says, exhorted them in scriptural language, 'Don't kick agin the pricks.' And that's good philosophy. As she goes on to illustrate, 'Ef you set down on a board with a tack in it, the harder you set the more tack you git, an' that's so with life; it's full of tacks, an' don't you forgit it.'"

"I guess that's what Mrs. Wiggs meant," said the Merchant with a laugh, "when she said that she made it a practice to put all her worries down in the bottom of her heart, then 'set on the lid an' smile.'"

"Walda"

"*Walda*," said the Sentimentalist, "is the book that I like best of all the dozen. If for nothing else, it is so refreshing to have a heroine who is good yet womanly, and not one of those vexed, tormented souls stretched on the rack of psychological analysis or physiological dissection. Walda is a simple, pure, beautiful maiden who has been set apart by the Zealots of Zanah—somewhere out West, I believe—as their coming prophetess. Meanwhile, a stranger, an artist from the outside world, enters by chance and is of timely medical assistance to Walda's father. Love draws the twain together, and the gradual awakening of this human passion, deprecated in Zanah, is exquisitely portrayed and as subtly unfolded as the opening of the bud into flower beneath the warm sun. There is opposition, and Walda suffers in the conflict betwixt religious and filial duty and the call of love. The setting is fresh and unconventional and lends zest to an old theme."

"The author of *Walda*," observed the Scholar, "evidently knows the power that lies in restraint and the beauty that resides in simplicity. There are several situations in the story which fairly tug for melodramatic treatment, but she has kept a firm hand on the movement and preserved its refined and restrained action intact. Yet for this reason, the appeal of Walda as a living, pulsating being is stronger and more individual."

"Walda is the figure upon whom the drama centres, of course," said the Cantankerous Critic, "and a most appealing figure, I grant, notwithstanding her conventional lover; but the character that to me stands head and shoulders above all others in this book is the schoolmaster, Gerson Brandt. His is the most human, as it is the most memorable portrait in *Walda*. There is a heroic fibre, an endurance in silence, a capacity for sacrifice in him, which comes out clear and distinct before our eyes, as if the man had lived and suffered to our knowledge. Mrs. Kinkaid has every reason to feel proud of this creation, as it remains in the memory—lone, silent, enduring in a great pathos of loneliness."

"Under the Rose"

"*Under the Rose*," continued the Cantankerous Critic, "is a merry-going tale of courts and court fools in the France of Rabelais, when Francis was King and Charles I. was Emperor, which might have won a wider hearing a few years ago when 'Zenda' was the password to the heart of the reading public. Of course it is romance, and is cooked after the romantic recipe, though, to be sure, the ingredients have been well mixed to present a rather novel and attractive dish. It has a certain charm and fine air which are pleasing, and the style passes well for a thin counterfeit of *The Forest Lovers*. My pleasure in the story might have been greater but for the pictures. I like Christy all right in half-tone, but these crude, staring color plates gave me mental jaundice."

"I enjoyed *Under the Rose* thoroughly," the Merchant burst in. "I could scarcely

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lay it down, once I had started it. It held my interest right up to the last, and I couldn't tell, for the life of me, just how it was going to come out until I was well in sight of the finish."

"I think *Under the Rose*," observed the Sentimentalist, "a most beautiful romance, full of warmth and color, and bathed in an atmosphere of the most exquisite and tender charm. The style is not a counterfeit, the Critic notwithstanding, but is of a part with the tale, of a flexibility and delicacy, a virility and refinement, a humor that is sweet yet oftentimes biting, woven into the very tapestry of true romance. This is no swashbuckling, roystering tale, but that finer, rarer, more gracious art descended from the *Romaunt of the Rose*."

The Scholar was appealed to for an opinion. "Well," said he, "I should say the truth lay between the Critic and the Sentimentalist, and I think that it lies nearer the latter than the former." Then, smiling, he added, "I shall read it, and let you know if my guess is right."

The meeting was then adjourned.

Books and Bookmen

THE latest claimant for public suffrage is *Wee Macgreegor*. There is no tyrant like the *enfant terrible*. In Scotland, where our hero rose to power and reigns supreme, we understand that for the moment all theological differences have been waived in favor of Wee Macgregor's absolute monarchy. There is only one power in Scotland that can overthrow the cast-iron grip of theology and metaphysics, and that is humor. *Wee Macgreegor* is the usurper of the hour. "And a little child shall lead them." Isaiah's words are as true to-day as they were in his own time; indeed, he is the most modern of the prophets. There is something very beautiful, very touching, very wonderful in the sight of a little child arresting the busy, bustling mart in its hurrying drift, to lead it into the quiet shelter of a humanizing atmosphere, loosening its heart-strings and slackening the terrific strain under the beneficent influence of a gladdening humor and a refreshing simplicity. This is the spectacle that has been witnessed during recent weeks by our kinsmen across the sea; this, too, is what we may witness erelong if Wee Macgregor succeeds in touching the hearts of his kin in this country. For is not the child at home in any land, the offspring of the universe?

There have been many children of fiction who have had the world at their feet—who of us can ever forget *Helen's Babies?*—but Wee Macgregor differs from them all. He has his own quaint, boyish individuality, and, as the critics have one and all agreed in saying, recent fiction has given us no more delightfully whimsical or quietly sympathetic creations than this sturdy, human wee laddie, his father and mother and his small sister Jeannie. Long before you are half through the book you are on intimate terms with all four, and as keenly interested in their experiences as if they were a living family, and you were actually acquainted with them. Yet those experiences are absolutely of the ordinary, and are related without a trace of extravagance or exaggeration. The family goes out shopping together of a Saturday afternoon, and Wee Macgregor keeps up a running fire of questions; they pay a visit to the Zoo; they go out to tea at Aunt Purdie's, a trying and onerous ordeal, for Aunt Purdie's goodman is a well-to-do grocer, and they are getting up in the world; they visit Macgregor's grandparents at the seaside, and Macgregor insists on taking an oar when they go out rowing; Macgregor is unwell and his father nurses him;—whatever it is, and wherever they go, you follow them with the warmest interest and the kindliest, heartiest laughter in the world. It is in the homely naturalness and simplicity of its humor that the supreme charm of the little book lies. Yet underlying its comic and amusing element there is a fund of tenderness and sympathy which is most touching. Your true humorist is also a humanist, and the author of *Wee Macgreegor* knows that the well-springs of laughter and tears lie close together, and has blent them with delicate art and sureness of touch.

Not since Mr. J. M. Barrie quickened our sense of humor and aroused our sensibilities with *A Window in Thrums* has there been any Scottish writer who could claim to rival him as a gentle humorist as does the author of *Wee Macgreegor*. Subtle and delicate in insight, playful in his touches of humor, deeply in love with his characters, there is much to suggest Barrie. But the creator of Wee Macgregor is a distinct personality, as Wee Macgregor himself is an original creation. The author of *Wee Macgreegor* is Mr. J. J. Bell, a native of Glasgow, and about thirty years of age. He was educated at the Glasgow University, where he began his first attempts at writing. In 1898 he became assistant editor of *The Scots Pictorial*, an old-established Glasgow weekly. Through Mr. John Lane he published two books, *The New Noah's Ark* and *Jack of all Trades*, consisting of clever jingling rhymes for children, and revealing the intuitive knowledge of child life which is evident in *Wee Macgreegor*. He has been a constant contributor of sketches, stories, and verses to the leading London magazines, as well as to several Scottish periodicals, most of his work appearing over the initials "J. J. B." Lately he resigned his editorial work to devote his whole time to writing. One feels certain that Mr. Bell has a future in literature, whatever form it may eventually take. Meanwhile we are grateful for *Wee Macgreegor*. The Scots dialect is a hard nut to crack, but a little perseverance will well reward the reader with a kernel worth biting into; after the first few pages it is astonishing how familiar one becomes with the dialect and how easy it is to comprehend the meaning. We should not be surprised to see *Wee Macgreegor* rivalling in popularity the famous *Bonnie Brier Bush* stories.



"Wee Macgreegor"

The death of John Henry Shorthouse, the author of *John Inglesant* — the book that Andrew Lang declared he had denied himself when he was beguiled into reading *Robert Elsmere* — recalls the interesting fact that the book was rejected by the firm of Smith, Elder, & Co., on the advice of Mr. James Payn, their literary adviser. Payn denied this, and talked of bringing an action against those who could so accuse him of gross unfitness for his post. He took his complaint to the late Mr. George Smith. Mr. Smith listened quietly to Payn's indignant remonstrance, and then said:

"I should let it alone if I were you. What does it matter what that kind of people say about you?"

Payn insisted, until the twinkle in Smith's eye caught his attention.

"Is there any reason," he asked then, "why I should not contradict this man?"

"Well, yes; the fact is we did reject the book."

"What? Do you mean to say I rejected *John Inglesant?*"

"I am afraid so; at all events we did it amongst us. I don't blame you; I think it even now a dullish book."

"And you never told me? Never let fall a word of it all these years?"

"Certainly not. I thought it might distress you. I should not have told you now but that I was taken unawares."

Payn used to tell this story as a tribute to the admirable qualities of Mr. Smith.

COLORABLE IMITATION.

Or, a J. M. Barrie'sment of Titles.

Punch says that the sincerest form of flattery has already overtaken *The Little White Bird*. A publisher announces *The Little Red Fish*. *Punch* understands that the following works are in preparation:

The Little Blue Bottle;
The Little Blue Pill;
The Little Black Eye;
The Little Pink Pearl;
The Little Purple Emperor;
The Little Brown Boot;
The Little Yellow Jaundice;
The Little Scarlet Fever;
The Little Gray Hair;
The Little Gold Stopping.

The Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son, by Mr. George H. Lorimer, was published recently in England, and is already making a record sale there. The heads of large business houses, it is said, are giving it away to their clerks. One firm is known to have bought a thousand copies for this purpose. On this side the book has just gone into its hundredth thousand. The reason for the success of the book is not far to seek. Its shrewd humor and homely aphorisms together with the quaint personality of old John Graham make it appeal with equal interest to the lettered and unlettered. Mr. Lorimer is the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, in whose pages the "Letters" originally appeared, and first attracted wide attention.

If public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling.—*Ruskin*.

Before you look for something to eat, look for some one to eat with.—*Epicurus*.

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Correspondence

THE HOOK-WORM AND AMERICANITIS—A REPLY.

PIERCE CORNERS, NEW YORK, *March 16, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am much disturbed by your recent article attributing to "Hook-worm disease" the apparent laziness of the shiftless "poor whites" of certain Southern States. I scent trouble in the near future, a whole lot of trouble; trouble that may be serious. I am sure my office boy has read in the WEEKLY that inconsiderate biologist's announcement that laziness is due to a germ, or a bug, or a worm with a hook on it. It may be merely the annual attack of "spring fever"; but his steps are certainly slower than they were a week or two ago.

There is no doubt, in my mind, that hired men on half the farms in America will sit on the fence, this summer, twice as much as they ever reposed thereupon before; and when brought to account, they can go scot-free by calling attention to the statement that rest and sunshine and fresh air are absolutely necessary in curing "hook-worm." According to the WEEKLY, this disease is a good deal like the grip; when you've got it, you've got to go to bed and stay there until it's over. If this is true, manufacturers of beds may reap a harvest, but all the rest of the world will go backward. No, not all the rest of the world; for a great majority of people living in New York, and other great cities, are afflicted with a disease exactly opposite, in its effects, to "hook-worm"—the malady generally known as "Americanitis," because it is more common here than elsewhere in the world, although certain well-known persons abroad seem to be suffering its acute stage. The intelligent reading public may be pardoned a little surprise when it sees the Kaiser settling questions of Biblical inspiration with one hand, and kicking up a war in South America with the other; persuading England that he is its best friend, and simultaneously bracing the Boers for a final struggle; writing operas with his left foot, kicking China into smithereens with his right; encouraging his people toward breadth of mind and freedom of expression, and at the same time slamming prison-gates on editors who merely asked what made him butter his ice-cream. The intelligent reading public, I repeat, is somewhat surprised at these manifestations, and is justified in wondering whether the Kaiser is a being, or a syndicate. Likewise is it interested in Mr. Chamberlain's sweep of activities from Scotland to the Cape of Good Hope. And as for our own American people, select at random any one of a dozen men in Boston, Chicago, New York, who is president of a bank, president of two or three railroads, director in trolley companies, manufacturing and mining concerns, realty corporations; member of ten or fifteen clubs; active in church work; prodigal of time, thought, energy, money, spent in carrying on educational institutions, hospitals, asylums, dispensaries, fresh-air funds; and also is a patron of literature, an encourager of art, an attendant at the opera, yet finds sufficient leisure to take part in city, State, and national politics, to make presentation speeches, to address missionary conventions, to play golf, manage a motor-car, oversee one or two country-places, enjoy yachting, run across to London or Paris every year, and bring up a family. Such a man, at the close of the civil war, say, would have been regarded as an impossibility—like the telephone, or wireless telegraphy, or any other marvel then unimaged, or almost unimagined. Why do we of to-day regard him simply as unusual? Merely because the disease is "catching"—as old-fashioned folks used to say; because the germs of "Americanitis"



THE BOOKLOVERS LIBRARY

A Two-Minute Talk

TO INVESTORS

The Shares of THE BOOKLOVERS LIBRARY *Corporation* have had an unparalleled record. The stock is held in the United States, Canada, and England by widely known literary, professional, and business people. Among the library's shareholders are hundreds of names familiar to almost every cultured home. No broker, or banker, or underwriter has had a hand in the sales. The sole backing of the concern has been its enterprise, its continuous push, and its far-seeing business policy. Every dollar invested shows a hundred cents' worth of extended and established earning capacity.

The plans outlined from time to time have been carried forward in the most aggressive sort of way. We have done what we said we would do. We planned to extend the *Booklovers* to every important city in the United States; the libraries are there. We promised to include Canada; the two successful centres of Montreal and Toronto are the result; from these cities the service extends to outlying Canadian cities and towns. We made arrangements for extending the work to England; to-day the *Booklovers* is the talk of London; it is delivering books throughout Great Britain, and includes among its patrons scores of the most distinguished families. We promised an auxiliary library to take care of the field not occupied by the *Booklovers;* the *Tabard Inn*, with its revolving book-cases and five-cent exchanges, is extending the library privileges to thousands of country towns; the earnings of **this one department** at the present time exceed one thousand dollars a day with only one-twentieth of the field covered. This new library department was started only a year ago. In another year it will have earning capacity largely in excess even of the *Booklovers.* Last fall we announced the preparation of a monthly magazine to round out our publicity plans; to-day *The Booklovers Magazine* sells out its complete edition by the fifteenth of each month; it is owned independently by shareholders of the parent company, and presents all the elements of an excellent property.

We are building into the future; the whole book and publishing trade is undergoing rapid and far-reaching changes; there is a new book published in the United States every hour, day and night, and this enormous output must have its distributing machinery. Millions invested in central storehouses of granite or marble can never change the popular current. The American people want an up-to-date service in books as well as in newspapers, and they are willing to pay for it with their own cash. There is no denying the fact that the *Booklovers* is already a tremendous power among the book interests of the country; it has battled its way to the front, where it means to stay.

We need a central library and office building of our own, and we intend to build one just as soon as a desirable central property in Phila-

[*Continued on next page.*]

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[*Continued from preceding page.*]

delphia can be secured. This is the next important thing to be done. The block of 50,000 Shares of Stock referred to below has been set aside largely for this purpose.

In connection with this public offer of a comparatively small block of *Booklovers* stock there are four inside facts which I want to make public over my own signature: 1. The *Booklovers* earnings during the three months ending February 28th were **the largest in the history of the enterprise**; 2. The operating expenses per library member were never smaller than at the present time; 3. The "used books" are wholly taken care of at good prices by auxiliary library departments; 4. The Corporation pays cash, and has no debts other than its current monthly accounts.

No additional capital is needed for the *Booklovers*; the increased capital is being used at the present time to extend the *Tabard Inn* and other departments; these auxiliary libraries are necessary to round out the best interests of the enterprise at large; they are the "by-products" of the business, and they offer opportunity for very large profits.

The Corporation is capitalized for **$2,600,000** (260,000 Shares at $10 each). Of this amount **190,000 Shares** have already been subscribed and paid for at the par value of $10, making the present cash capital **$1,900,000.** There remain in the treasury only **70,000 Shares.** Of this remaining block the Directors have authorized the Treasurer to set aside 50,000 Shares to be offered for sale on May 15th, next, at $12 a Share. The remainder, consisting of **20,000 Shares,** is now offered to the public in lots of Ten Shares or more at **$10 a Share.** The terms are 10 per cent. with the application and the balance in sixty days. Stock applied for by telegraph will be held five days to await deposit and formal application. (See form of application below.) The sale of this block of 20,000 Shares at $10, and of the remaining block of 50,000 Shares on May 15th at $12, will give the Company **a completely paid-up Capital.** This announcement gives investors the last opportunity they will have of buying *Booklovers* at $10 a share.

The *Booklovers Corporation* has paid dividends at the rate of **10 per cent.** per year since August 1, 1900. The last half-yearly dividend was paid on February 20th. The half-yearly dividend periods end June 30th and December 31st, respectively. The Corporation has no bonded debts, and its stock when fully paid is non-assessable. All Shares become dividend-bearing from the date of final payment. Dividends are payable in February and August.



1323 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA *President*

Application Form for Booklovers Stock

(Use wording below in writing out your application)

(*Date*)

Mr. JOHN E. BRYANT, Treasurer
1323 Walnut Street, PHILADELPHIA

Dear Sir:

Please enter my name for.....Shares of the Stock of The Booklovers Library at Ten Dollars a Share. I enclose my check for $.....being Ten Per Cent. of the par value, and I agree to pay the balance in sixty days.

Name.....

Address.....

have inoculated millions of our citizens until they are all of them, to a greater or less degree, affected and afflicted like the typical example referred to. Some people—living in deliberate towns or in the backwoods—may term this affection "insane hustle," but the real name for it is "Americanitis"; and none but the incompetent is immune, when once a man gets within a zone where it holds sway, such as New York.

Take a boy from a New Hampshire farm who never has been off a slow walk in his life; who has had from forty-eight to sixty hours in every day; who thinks not twice but twenty times before he speaks once. Bring that boy to New York, give him a job, and find him a comfortable boarding-house, and watch the results. At the end of the first week he will be dodging like a panther through the Broadway maze of trolley-cars, trucks, cabs, vans, carriages, wagons, and automobiles. In ten days he will be tramping along at the rate of ten blocks in eleven minutes. In a fortnight he will be clean-shaved every other morning, his shoes will be polished at least once a day, and his clothes will be brushed three or four times a day. In a month his voice will have a ring, and his words a crispness thitherto unknown; and in six weeks after he first steps out of the Forty-second Street station, he will be planning what he will do when he gets to be president of the Chemical Bank. By that time he will have "Americanitis," and he will also have a clearly defined idea of some day buying the State of New Hampshire to be used as a country-place for three months each year.

Now I am not holding such a case up as a commendable example—far from it. I do not believe that the best in life is to be obtained from madly rushing into fifty great undertakings, any one of which is enough to absorb all the time an ordinary man ought to devote to business. Of course there are extraordinary men—not only men like Moses, Napoleon, Gladstone, Washington, but some of our own great Captains of Industry,—whose powers are so enormous that they compel tremendous activity in a hundred directions. But the ordinary man, or the ordinarily brilliant man, in this land of endless opportunities for preferment and enrichment, needs to struggle against the temptation to overwork. Of our population as a whole, the "poor white" of the South, afflicted by "hook-worm," offers one extreme; the New Hampshire boy (afflicted with "Americanitis"), exemplifies the other.

As I said, some time ago, the "hook-worm" bacillus has been trapped, and scientific sharps are now trying to find an enemy to overcome him. I concede the importance of this, but we beg, through HARPER'S WEEKLY, to suggest to aspiring scientists that immortal fame is open to the man who, as the WEEKLY proposed in the recent editorial on the Hook-Bug, will find an antidote for "Americanitis," and administer it in quantities to suit. I am, sir,

A. O. FARMER.

"AS TWIG IS BENT."

TRINITY CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
March 26, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Will your correspondent, Mrs. M. Alexander, kindly tell us in what part of the "Good Book," chapter and verse, she finds "as the twig is bent the tree is inclined?" A certain Mr. Alexander Pope has given us those lines in "Moral Essays," Epistle I., line 149 (see Bartlett's Familiar Quotations). As to the general question whether reading fairy stories interferes with the subsequent proper education of a child, Mrs. Alexander will find the vast majority of persons who have had anything to do with children distinctly opposed to her contention. I am, sir,

R. P. WILLIAMS.

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Finance

It has been stated in this column frequently that the art of stock-manipulation is but the sublimated art of advertising, and that no display of statistics, however alluring, and no promises of a prospectus, however invitingly worded, can compare, for efficacy, with the effect produced on the public's mind by the manipulated advance in the price of the security which it is desired to "distribute," or, less euphemistically, to unload on the public. Similarly, there is nothing that will bring home to the public the disagreeable features of the financial situation so strongly as a sharp decline in quoted values. This has been demonstrated most interestingly—if disagreeably to unfortunate speculators—during the past few weeks. That is to say, what the speculative community heard but did not heed last year, it is once more hearing and heeding, because of the strong corroboration of a sharp break in security prices. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip several months ago delivered a speech, which by reason of his former position as the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and as the vivid chronicler of the American invasion of Europe, no less than because of his present association with the largest bank in the United States and world-famous capitalists, attracted widespread attention. But even before Mr. Vanderlip pointed out the potential dangers of the financial situation and their ultimate bearing upon industrial and commercial conditions, the same menaces had been discussed and warnings given by the more serious financial critics. Notwithstanding the obvious seriousness of the unpleasant possibilities, the warnings were considered to possess an academic interest rather than actual stock-market value; they were, in other words, too general and too broad to constitute good "tips." Men are no better than women in believing only what they enjoy believing, and the wilful closing of one's eyes to the disagreeable is by no means a merely feminine attribute. These past few weeks, as prices of stocks, good, bad, and worse, have fallen, the same arguments unheeded two months ago were repeated impressively and possibly wofully. The corroborative eloquence of the stock-ticker had done the trick.

There can be no question that to a great extent the present downward movement was due to the aggressive operations of skilful bears. But no bear, however skilful, can achieve success unless he has natural or technical conditions for allies. One week the bank statement made a poorer showing than the Street expected. Stocks declined. The bank statement—that is, the money-market—was, as a matter of course, blamed for the decline in stocks. On the next week, the bank statistics were far better than had been looked for. And still, on the following Monday, stocks were particularly weak. It was evident that the "big men" did not mean to fight the bear operators. The speculative community was obliged to look further for "reasons." Since the country at large is prosperous, factories very busy, railroads eclipsing all previous records for volume of traffic, it is evident that the trouble must be financial rather than commercial, industrial, or agricultural. And the financial trouble arises from the fact that not only does the unprecedented legitimate business require a great deal of money to carry it on, but that there is much capital tied up in huge stock and bond deals. There is, in other words, an insufficiency of the sinews of war and a superabundance of newly manufactured securities for sale. From these conditions has arisen the agitation concerning the investment interest rate and its inexorable bearing upon values. The congestion in the security market is great and serious. It avails nothing to sermonize on the folly of financiers whom greed blinded to the extent of overdoing the security-manufacturing business and undoing their own peace of mind; or, the mad rush on the part of corporations to pay exorbitant prices for the stocks of other companies, and issue new securities for the old in the ratio of two or three for one. It merely means that great financiers miscalculated the public's power of absorption or, rather, that too many financiers went into the business at one time. But success means imitation, whether it is in literature, painting, feminine fashions, horses, or finance. And as for having gone to extremes, there never lived the great man, the man who achieved greatly, who was not an extremist. The railroads, on the other hand, cannot be blamed, if, taking advantage of the great prosperity, they have revolutionized the theory and practice of railroad operation and of corporation finance. For the most part they have acted wisely, intelligently, along lines which make for stability. The concern of the public should not be so much whether the railway generals have lost their heads, but whether present and prospective conditions justify the purchase of the securities of the same railways at the prevailing prices.

IN HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week (out April 15) there will be, among other features, an interesting article by Maeterlinck, the well-known French writer and essayist, on his Personal Impressions of Monte Carlo.

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION
(CONDENSED)
Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902
RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

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By Mrs. Humphry Ward

Author of "Eleanor," "Robert Elsmere," etc.

Readers have rarely been led with such interest along the course of any novel. —*William Dean Howells.*

The creator of "Lady Rose's Daughter" has given her a personality which tempts and tantalizes.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mrs. Ward has played with edged tools, and to the beholder's delight, and there has been nobody hurt.—*E. S. Martin.*

We touch regions and attain altitudes which it is not given to the ordinary novelist even to approach.—*London Times.*

She is not moral enough for the majority, but for those who are blessed with a clearer view of what matters her character will prove a deep and never-failing well of delight. —*Philadelphia Item.*

No woman whose moral standards were primarily conventional could have understood the temperament of Julie Le Breton. —*Hamilton W. Mabie.*

Love is not here the sentimental emotion of the ordinary novel or play, but the power that purges the weaknesses and vivifies the dormant nobilities of men and women. —*The Academy, London.*

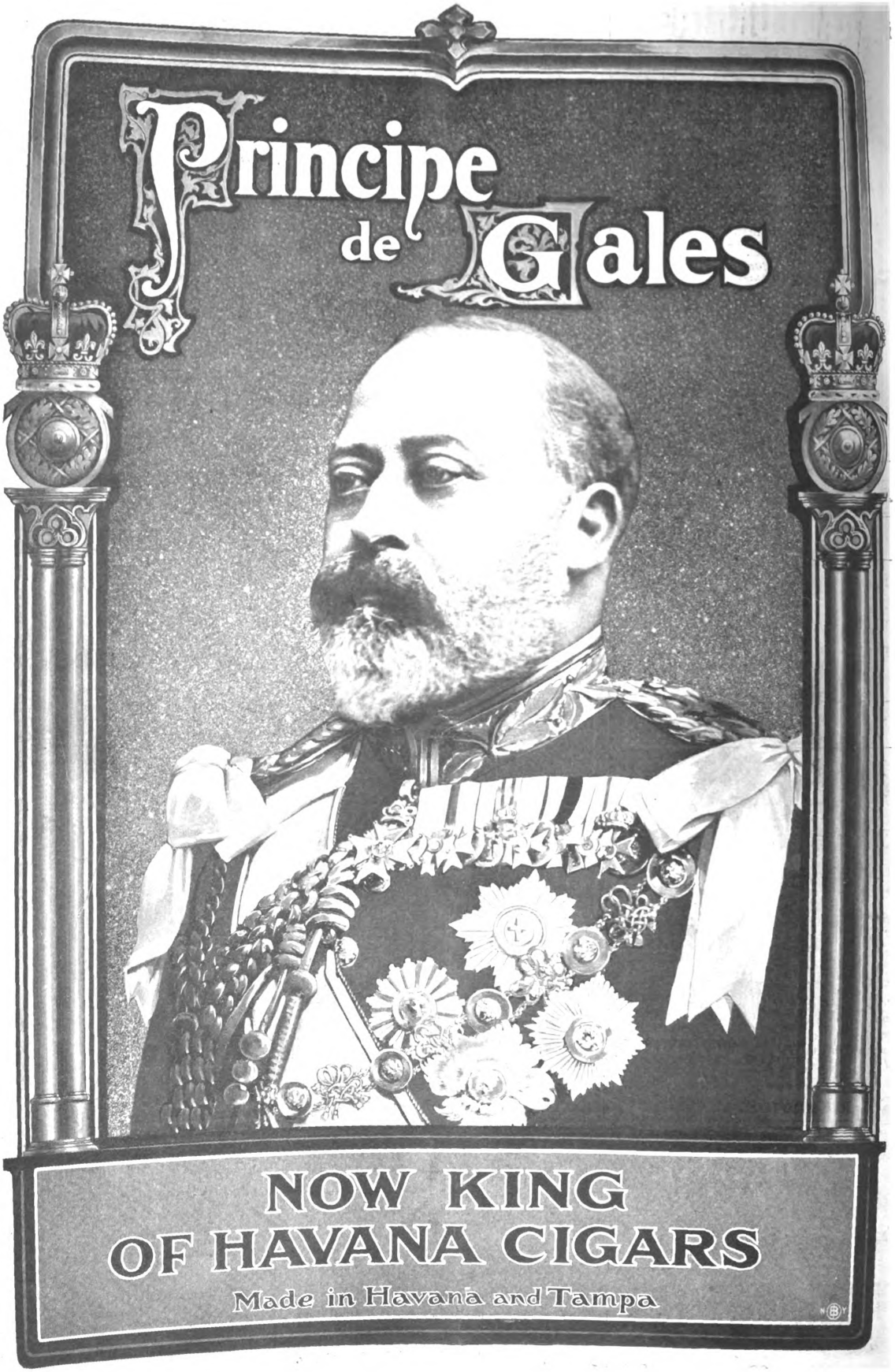
The temperament of Julie Le Breton, who had such a contradictory carriage, animation, artfulness, and the intense fascination of something over-brilliant, over-living—a charm that both repelled and attracted.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Julie Le Breton is a very glorious human creature, tingling with vitality, actuality, and individuality.—*Chicago Post.*

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STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY
GEORGE HARVEY



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By Dr. Louise Fiske Bryson

A SHORT STORY

"Mrs. Van Nostrand's Perfect Treasure"

By ELIZABETH G. JORDAN

Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory

"OUTDOOR COSTUMES"
"GOWNS FOR OLDER WOMEN"
"FLORAL BOXES"
By Margaret Hamilton Welch

"LONDON FASHIONS"
"FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN"
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AMERICANS OF TO-MORROW

XXXI.—HENRY L. STODDARD, *AET. 41*

See page 648—Editorial Section

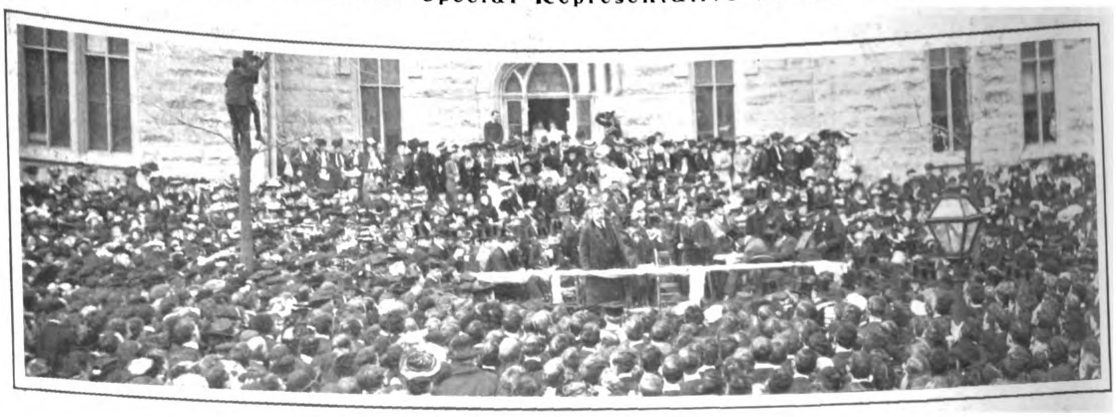
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The President's Trip West

With Photographs from our Special Representative on the President's Train



The President Speaking at Northwestern University, Evanston



The President and President James on the Steps of Northwestern University

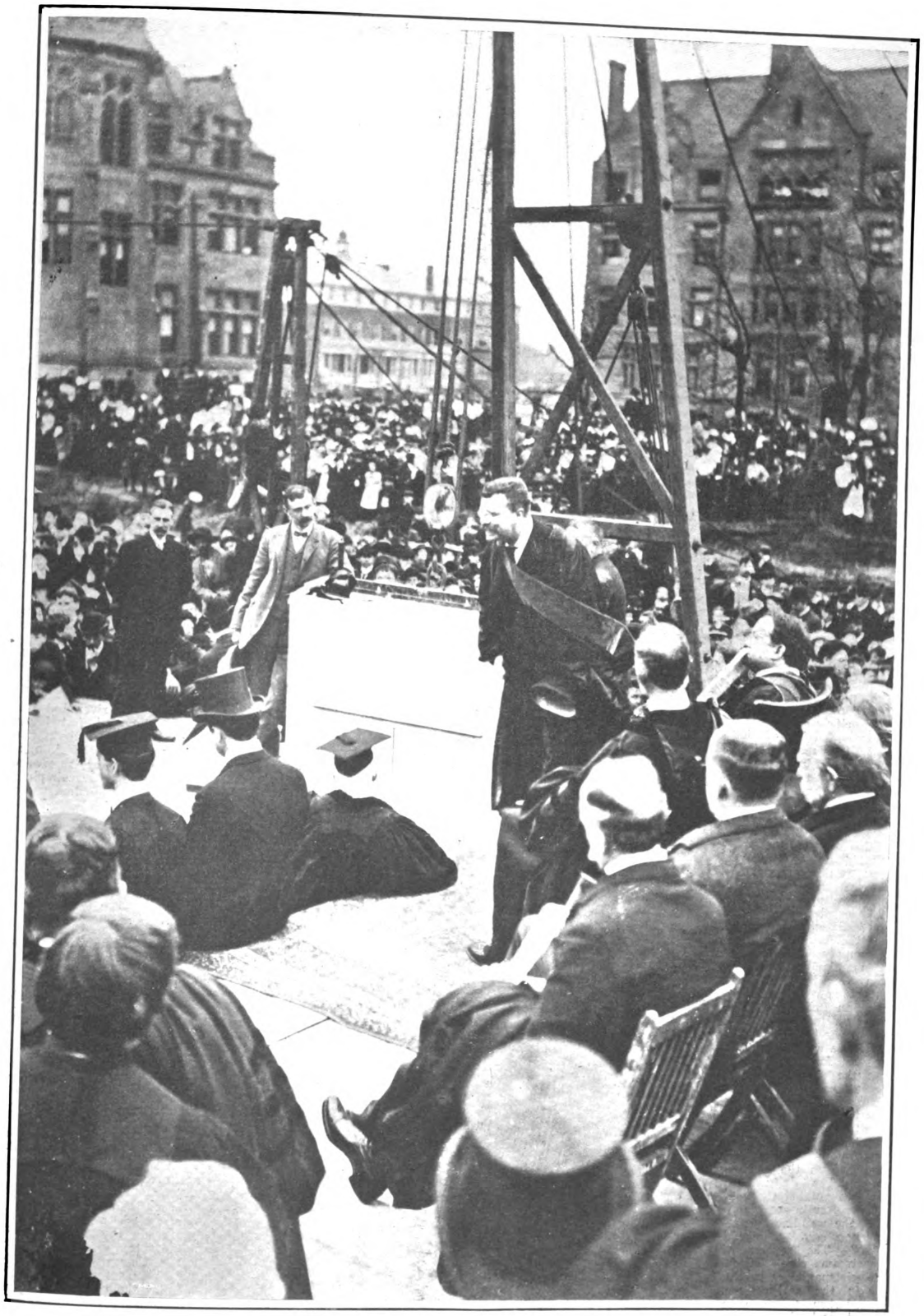


At Madison, Wisconsin—Governor La Follette at the President's Left



The Reply to the Mayor's Address of Welcome at Evanston, the first Stopping-place in Illinois

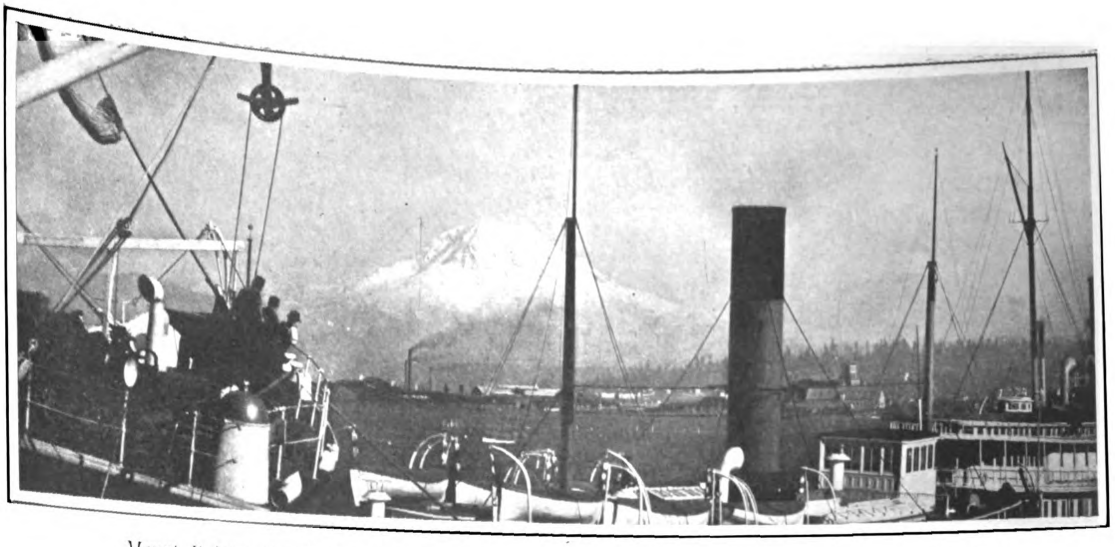
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The President at Chicago

The President speaking at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Law School at Chicago University

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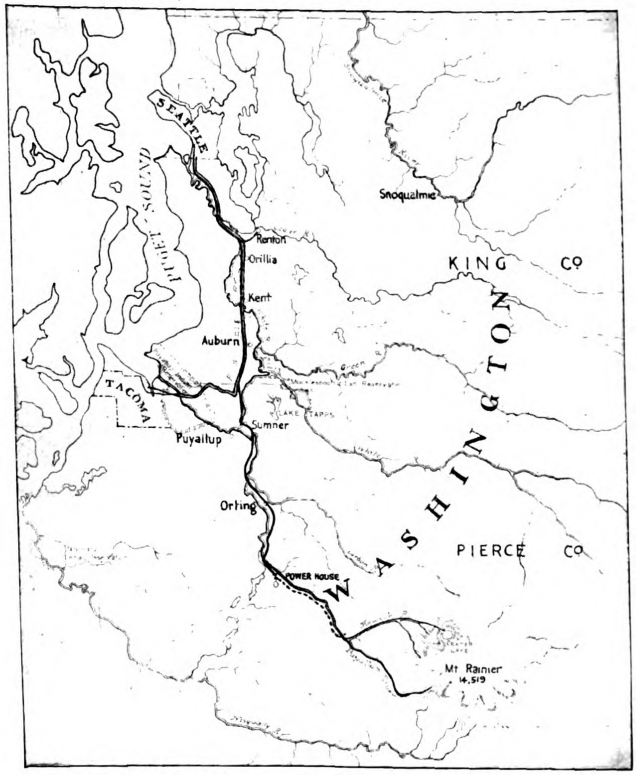
Mount Rainier, the Glacial Peak which is to furnish Power to Many of the large Cities of the West

Harnessing a Glacier

NO more remarkable enterprise has ever been projected in the great Pacific Northwest than the plan, now well under way, of harnessing the mighty glaciers of Mount Rainier to supply the growing cities of Puget Sound—Seattle, Tacoma, Everett—with light, heat, traction, and industrial power. Next to the harnessing of Niagara no electrical enterprise in the whole country, perhaps, presents more striking and picturesque features.

The outpourings of the Mount Rainier glaciers offer a practically ideal source of electrical power, both on account of the constancy of their flow and the remarkably sharp descent at which they pitch down the mountain-side. The peak itself, rising to a height of 14,500 feet, and exposed to the moisture-bearing winds that for certain months of the year blow almost incessantly from the Pacific, gathers an immense weight of ice about its summit. The average annual rainfall on Mount Rainier is not less than one hundred and fifty inches—or more than three times as much as in New York city. Nearly all this moisture is precipitated in the form of snow, which, converted into ice under pressure, melts continuously about the lower edges of the sixteen great glaciers which form the Rainier ice-cap. This supply of water, too, is singularly constant. Even the slight diminution of flow in winter—which on Puget Sound is rather a rainy season than a winter as Easterners understand a winter—is compensated for by the fact that the spongy soil of the national forest reserve below the snow-line is then the source of an unusually heavy flow of water, thus fully making up for the lessened volume issuing from the glaciers above. The daily flow, too, is regulated throughout the year in accordance with the well-known phenomenon of "glacial tides." The sources of the streams rise—that is, to their maximum height, during the early afternoon, when the sun is hottest and the glaciers melt the fastest,—so that the increased volume of current reaches the power-house down stream just at the hour of early evening, when the demand for electricity is greatest in the cities in the valley below. The credit for this unique enterprise of glacier-harnessing is due to the Stone and Webster electrical management of Boston, which already control traction and lighting plants in the Puget Sound cities, including the new "Interurban" between Seattle and Tacoma; and work on it is already progressing, with the expectation that it will be completed early in 1904. When finished it will include some of the most remarkable arrangements known to engineering science. For one thing, it involves the creation of a waterfall nearly nine hundred feet high. The Puyallup River has been dammed at a point near where it emerges from the glacier, and from the pool thus formed water is carried through a flume of very gradual descent along a loop which follows the course of the river for rather more than ten miles. Having reached a point where the river bed lies nine hundred feet below in the cañon, the flume discharges itself into a "forebay," or reservoir. Out of this reservoir pipes seventeen hundred feet long and leading downward at an angle of forty-five degrees hurl their streams against four giant impulse-wheels set in the power-house. The pipes, which are of one-inch steel with a diameter of four feet at the upper end, taper to a five-inch nozzle at the bottom, from which the water will issue at a velocity of nearly three miles a minute. One of these streams, it is calculated, would instantly break through the thickest oak plank or penetrate in a short time a sheet of ten-inch steel. In appearance it will resemble not so much a stream of water as a great, unmoving bar of ice. Strike it with a crowbar and it will ring out like an anvil. All this overpowering force, instead of destroying the wheel, will set it rotating at the tremendous velocity of seven thousand feet a minute, generating twenty thousand horse-power, capable of raising ninety-nine thousand tons a foot a minute.

It seems probable that eventually most of the work done in a whole chain of cities—from Olympia to British Columbia—will be performed by this gigantic volcanic peak.



Map showing the exact Lines to be followed in the Transmission of Power from Mount Rainier to Tacoma and Seattle

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The Street-Dwellers of our Big Cities



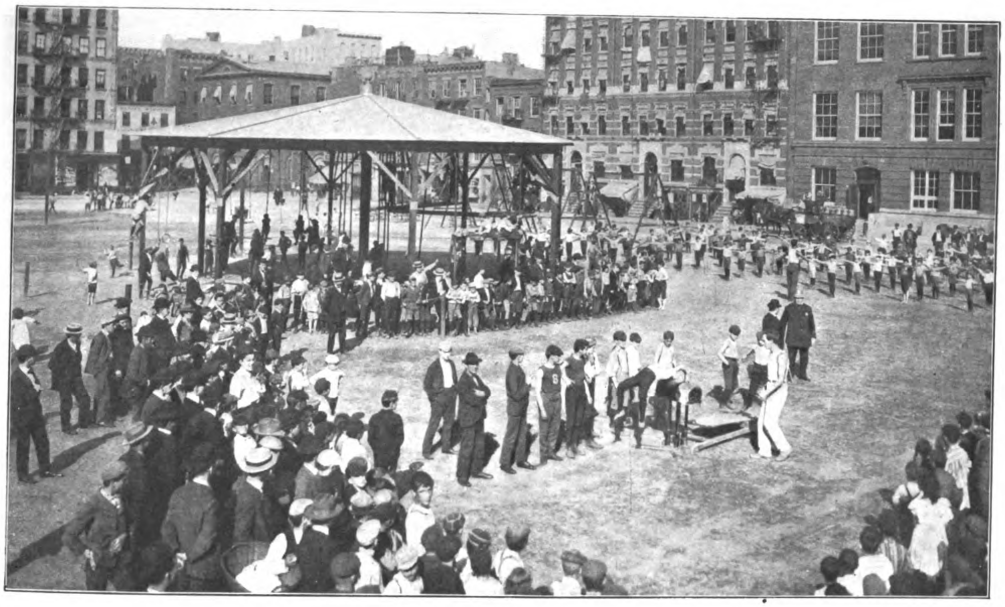
An East-Side Gutter-Boy



Those who Live and Play in the Streets



A Little Mother



The Solution of the Problem

The Hamilton Fish Park, on the east side of New York, is an example of what can be done with the waste spaces in the midst of the tenement districts for the health and amusement of the street children. In a few days the new Seward Park, Hester and Division streets, will be opened for a similar purpose



Without Play-room the Children of the Streets must use the Gutters for their Games

See page 637

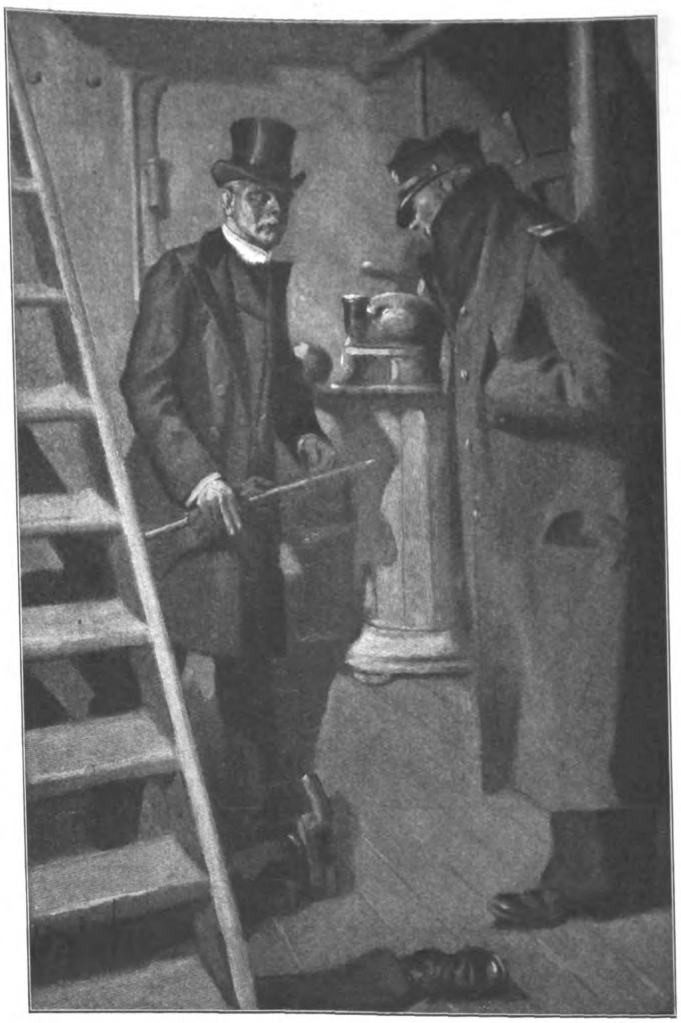
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The Reformation of Bullfinch

A Complete Short Story by W. E. Cairns

ONE morning I was finishing my breakfast in the ward-room when the concussion of a gun fired by a neighboring ship aroused the attention of us all. The clammy white vapor surrounding us hid from our view all but a few yards of tumbling gray-green seas, which shouldered their lazy way past our black sides. Yells and groans swelling and vibrating through the clinging fog around us told in deafening discord of the neighborhood of our unseen consorts. The fleet was arranged in three parallel columns, and we were the last ship in the column of cruisers; the columns were only a few hundred parts apart; the ships in each column were closer still, but no eye could pierce the white mist which enshrouded us, and the infernal din alone told us of the accompanying fleet. As I made my way forward I saw the captain, bulky in his shiny oilskins, watchful on the bridge, his figure looming in grotesque exaggeration through the fog. I must have stood, fascinated by the novelty of the situation, for some considerable time, when I became suddenly aware that some one was standing beside me in the shadow of the gun-shield. I looked round with a start. It was Private Lester, his ruddy face shining over the turned-up collar of his great-coat, his mustache covered with little beads of moisture, little beads of which also sparkled on his grizzled hair and were thickly powdered over his clothing. Lester saluted me, and apologized for his intrusion.

"Ever seen the fleet in a fog afore, sir? Lord, I remember just such another scene a few years ago. Bullfinch, 'im as I pointed out to you, sir, when we was talkin' the other day, 'e was officer of the watch in us. Ran up almost aboard of our next a'ead in a fog, 'er not 'avin' no proper buoy out. Well, the officer of the watch in 'er 'e got scared and opened on Bullfinch, and then we 'ad a fair treat. My word, Bullfinch 'e fair wiped the floor with 'im. All in good part, you understand, sir, but 'e 'ad the gift of language 'ad Bullfinch. That were before 'e were reformed, as you might say. 'E wouldn't talk so ornermental now. Not unless 'e were excited fearful."



Drawn by E. W. Deming

"Why haven't you placed him under arrest?"

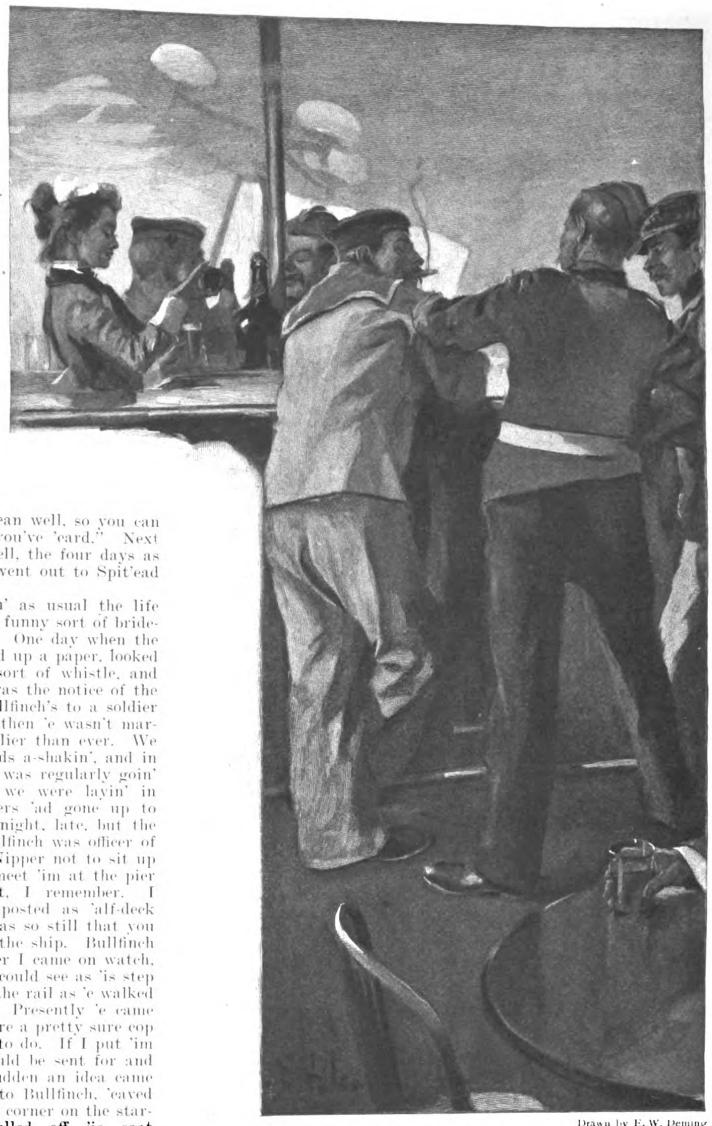
"Tell me how you converted him, Lester. You promised me the yarn the other day."

Lester grinned. It's a good many years now since I was first shipmates with Bullfinch. It was in the Channel, sir, and I was in the *Bella*, a third-class cruiser of the same type as the *Pleione*, the first of her class. Well, as usual we got talkin' about the *Bella's* officers, and soon got good characters of all on 'em but the captain. 'Is name it was Kerr-Smith. Like most captains 'e 'ad a lower-deck name, a sort of fancy name you know, sir, and there weren't no 'yphen about it, sir, not much. No, 'is pet name was plain "Satan," and you can take your oath as 'e 'ad earned it. The first lieutenant 'e was Nipper Jones, no bloomin' 'yphen about 'im, just plain Jones called the Nipper. There was three other lieutenants, one for navigatin' duties, the junior being Bullfinch. Now Bullfinch 'e was the pet of the ship in a month. 'E kept us all a-goin'. 'E 'ad pals in every ship. 'E was a good man was Bullfinch. No one could 'elp a-likin' 'im. And a ladies' man! Whenever a bit of skirt came aboard, and you'll understand, sir, that in the Channel, there's sometimes a good deal of serciety work a-goin', when most of the officers they 'ides in their cabins with their curtains drawed a-pretendin' as they was fair sick at seein' the ship a-turned into a fancy fair; till they've been dug out into their number one frock-coats, when they goes a-smilin' and a-chattin' round the ladies, a-'andin' them cups of tea, and a-showin' the guns and such other gear. It fair sickened me at times, me knowin' the way they used to pretend as it was all a fair nuisance and so on. But with Bullfinch it was quite different. 'E loved 'em all and was proud of it, which was 'onest anyway, though for myself I couldn't 'elp lookin' at it as 'is weak point. Well, the cruise went on and at last we found ourselves a-layin' at Spit'ead. It was in the summer time, and Southsea is a pretty lively place. The officers 'ad a great time, and Bullfinch, as usual, he fairly shone. One of the ward-room servants 'e told me that Bullfinch 'ad been fair copped by one of these 'ere Southsea girls. Instead of flyin' about from one bit of skirt to another 'e was always a-glued to the side of one in pertickler. I saw the girl several times. Bullfinch used to 'ave 'er and 'er ma to tea in 'is cabin. The Pay, whose wife lived near Devonport, used to take on the old woman, who 'ad an eye like a recruitin' sergeant, showin' 'er photergraphs and such like, and Bullfinch 'e used to set a-makin' eyes at the gal and a-whisperin'-like. Oh, it was a fair case. The officers began to get scared that 'e meant to marry 'er, and was very much concerned about it. We went back again to Portsmouth after our run to Portland, and again we was sent inside, though this time they anchored us out in the stream. We'd no sooner got things settled down than Bullfinch went off on shore in 'is very best number-one blue suit with a stror 'at on, all smart. In course 'e'd gone after 'is girl. Directly afterwards we 'eard that 'e'd got four days' leave on "urgent private affairs," which is a good guff for a spell o' on shore. Every one was glad to 'ear of this, because we thought that it would take 'im away from the girl, but it was much more serious than that. And this is where *I* comes in. Just after we'd 'eard about Bullfinch's leave, I was on shore one afternoon on a little bit of urgent private affairs of my own. Now I 'adn't been ashore for two months, and I met a lot of pals, 'avin' belonged to the Forton division at one time, and my private affairs took me into a good many pubs, in fact from one end of the 'Igh Street to the other. Afterwards I thought I would take a stroll down to the beach. I fetched up all right, and after walkin' a little way along the beach I found a boat a-layin' on its side. It was just beginning to get dusk, being early in September, and though plenty of people were about no one took no notice of me as I went down the shingle and lay down under the lee of the boat where no one could see me unless they looked for me special. I put my cap under my 'ead and fell fast asleep in a brace of shakes, and slept on, as peaceful as a child, till I was wakened by voices just beside the boat. At first I couldn't rightly think where I was, but the 'ard shingle soon reminded me, and then I see that there were two ladies a-settin' on the

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boat as I was a-layin' underneath of. They seemed to be talkin' confidential-like, but I didn't take no perticklar notice till I 'eard one on 'em say something about the *Bella* and Mr. Finch. Then I cocked my ears, as you may imagine, especially as I spotted that one of them was the young woman as was carryin' on with Bullfinch. "Yes," she was a-sayin', "to-morrow will see the end of all this shilly-shallyin'. I've got him to the scratch at last, but it's taken longer than I expected. He's to meet me in town to-morrow mornin', and I shall be Mrs. Finch by this time to-morrow evenin'," and she heaved a sigh, fit to bust herself. My blood almost ran cold at the thought. Now I saw what the "urgent private affairs" were. In course, it was to-morrow as 'e was goin' on four days shore leave, and to think that 'e'd come back to us a married man, with a wife as couldn't 'ardly a-bear the sight of 'im. Well, I went back to the ship and asked to see Number One. Nipper 'e were very short with me at first. "Now, then," 'e said, "You want to see me, do you? Well, out with it." So I pulled myself together and told 'im what I 'ad 'eard. When I 'ad finished 'e said, "Well, of all the 'ard cheek! 'Owever, I suppose as you mean well, so you can go below, but keep your 'ead shut on what you've 'eard." Next mornin' Bullfinch was due to go on leave. Well, the four days as 'e 'ad leave for slipped by. We weighed and went out to Spit'ead to join the rest of the squadron.

When Bullfinch came back, instead of bein' as usual the life of the ship, he was always mopin' by 'imself. A funny sort of bridegroom, 'e was. 'Owever, there came a change. One day when the officers were at breakfast, Number One 'e picked up a paper, looked at the births and marriages column, gave a sort of whistle, and shoved it across to Bullfinch. In that paper was the notice of the marriage of that bloomin' Southsea girl of Bullfinch's to a soldier officer in London by special license. By gum, then 'e wasn't married after all. After that 'e began to get livelier than ever. We soon spotted as 'is eyes were bloodshot, 'is 'ands a-shakin', and in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, that 'e was regularly goin' in for drink. The end came one night as we were layin' in Lough Swilly. Satan and some of the officers 'ad gone up to Derry by train; Satan was comin' back that night, late, but the others were not comin' back till next day; Bullfinch was officer of the day, and the Owner 'ad left word for the Nipper not to sit up for 'im as 'e would be late. 'Is galley was to meet 'im at the pier at twelve midnight. It were a dark night, I remember. I came on watch at twelve o'clock, and were posted as 'alf-deck sentry. Everythin' was quiet, and the night was so still that you could 'ear anythin' movin' some distance from the ship. Bullfinch took a turn or two across the quarter-deck after I came on watch, and then went to his cabin. As 'e passed me I could see as 'is step seemed uncertain like, and 'e slid 'is 'and along the rail as 'e walked as if 'e liked to 'ave somethin' to steady 'im. Presently 'e came back, sat down, and soon fell into a doze. It were a pretty sure cop when Satan came aboard. I didn't know what to do. If I put 'im in 'is bunk and reported 'im sick, the Doc. would be sent for and the truth was bound to come out. All of a sudden an idea came into my 'ead. I ran across quick as lightnin' to Bullfinch, 'eaved 'im up in my arms and carried 'im into the dark corner on the starboard side under the poop ladder. I pulled off 'is coat and cap, threw my coat round 'im, and stuck *my* cap on 'is 'ead. Then I pulled on 'is coat, turnin' up the collar as 'igh as it would go, jammed *'is* cap on my 'ead, pullin' the peak well down over my eyes, a fashion in which 'e used often to wear it, and went to the gangway to receive the Owner. Satan stepped on board and we all saluted. Well, 'e went aft and I followed 'im respectful like, as I've noticed the officers do. Suddenly 'e said, "Where's the 'alf-deck sentry?" I thought I should 'ave fainted. 'E didn't wait for no answer, for at that moment 'e spotted Bullfinch with my coat and cap on 'im, layin' in an 'eap on the deck. 'E went on, "Why, there 'e is!" Then 'e turned fierce-like on me. "Why 'aven't you placed 'im in arrest. Who is 'e?" "Private Lester, sir," said I; "I only just noticed 'im." Well, send for the Master-at-Arms and the sergeant of marines. Relieve that sentry, and place 'im under arrest." With that 'e turned on 'is 'eel and went into 'is cabin. 'Ere was a pretty do! 'Owever, as well be 'ung for a sheep as a lamb, so I nipped across the deck, picked up Bullfinch again, Lor' bless you, sir, 'e weren't no light weight—and ran to 'is cabin with 'im. I 'eaved 'im into 'is cot, threw 'is own cloak and cap on to 'im, put on *my* own coat and cap again, went back to my post and sung out, "Pass the word for the Sergeant of Marines and the Master-at-Arms." I felt my voice sort of tremble I were that excited. The Quartermaster of the watch 'e came back to where I was. "Ullo," 'e said, "what's wrong with you?" "Captain's orders," I said, quite respectful. "The captain said as I was to be put under arrest for drunk." The Quartermaster 'e said nothin', but caught me by the arm and pulled me over to the deck light. 'E took a good look at me then. "Well, I'm ———!" said 'e, "why the man's as sober as me." Meanwhile I could 'ear the snores of Bullfinch from 'is cabin, faintly in course, but quite distinct. What was more, both the Quartermaster and Sergeant could 'ear them too, and I see them look round to listen for a moment and then look at each other. Well, by and by Thompson 'e came along with two men, one 'e left in my place, with the other 'e escorted me to the torpedo flat where I was to spend an 'appy night.



Drawn by E. W. Deming

"I was on shore one afternoon on a little bit of urgent private affairs of my own"

In the morning—it were only a little after seven o'clock—I sent a message to Mr. Finch to tell 'im I must see 'im for 'alf a minute. At last 'e came down the ladder and then I up and told 'im exactly what 'ad 'appened. Well, 'e was fair knocked out. I've never seen a man take on so and 'ope as I never will again. 'E walked up and down the flat with the tears a-regular coursin' down 'is cheeks, a-cursin' 'imself for a senseless fool. Well, he left me and came back in about an hour looking more cheerful. "It's all right, Lester," said 'e, "I've seen the captain, and 'e 'as been as kind as if 'e were my father. 'E 'as noticed this curse as 'as been over me for some time, and 'e said 'e calculated on some shock bringin' me to my senses, so I'm to 'ave another chance."

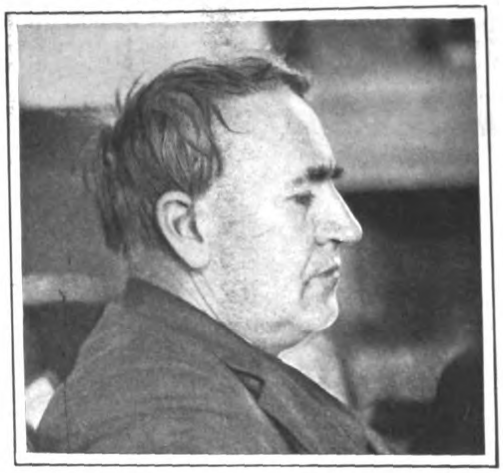
There was one thing I wanted to know, so I made so bold as to ask Mr. Finch 'ow 'e 'ad got ashore at Portsmouth when 'e 'ad gone on 'is leave. I didn't say nothin' about the weddin', not wishin' to 'urt 'is feelin's—and likewise 'ow 'e 'ad got back to the ship. I could see 'e didn't much fancy tellin' me, but 'e smiled sort of sickly and said as 'e 'adn't been out of the ship all the time. In fact that the night afore 'e was to 'ave gone some of the officers—'e didn't say which—'ad tied 'im up while 'e was asleep and 'ad stowed 'im away in the ward-room store, down in the steerage flat below the water-line, where 'e couldn't possibly make 'imself 'eard. "They wanted me to promise not to do somethin', Lester, somethin' as my 'eart were set on, and at last I promised not to do it for a month, so I was let out the night as my leave was up." My word, so that were 'ow it was. "I 'opes as you've fixed it up all right now, sir." I said. "Oh," 'e said, said 'e, "I don't bear no malice. I think now as per'aps they acted for the best." And so they 'ad.

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The Edison of To-Day

By T. C. Martin

A RECENT item of news from the United States Patent Office furnishes reminder of the manner in which Thomas Alva Edison maintains his primacy as the typical American inventor. By the end of March he had taken out no fewer than 791 patents, and his ordinary fees have amounted to the neat little sum of $51,000. Such figures relate, however, only to this country. Every Edison invention of any importance has also been protected by patents abroad, so that the actual patents bearing his name, in many languages, count up into the thousands; and the mere cost of securing them, in the way of fees, would be a handsome fortune. As to the preliminary work of experiment, the incidental legal labor in getting the strongest claims, and then the herculean task of defending these grants against all comers— that is represented by millions of dollars.



The latest Portrait of Mr. Edison

It is this expense of maintaining a patent that induced Mr. Edison to go slow of late years in resorting to the Patent Office. He still takes out patents. Despite the fact that he is between fifty and sixty years old, he is likely to be paying for such documents through the next quarter of a century; but he prefers now the policy of concealment, and operates more and more under a régime of "trade secrets." To his way of thinking, the American patent system is the best in the world, but it does not safeguard the inventor as it ought. The cost of patent litigation is tremendous; the delays are frightful; and often by the time a favorable decision is won, he has effected some radical improvement that renders earlier ideas useless. A few years ago, sitting with some friends in his private library at Llewellyn Park, on the Orange Mountains of New Jersey, he made a calculation of the royalties fairly due on a prime invention then under trial in the courts. The amount was three million dollars. The case has been won, but up to this time neither Mr. Edison nor his plaintiff company has ever received a cent of that money; and neither of them will ever get a cent. One need hardly wonder, then, that a man who has been obtaining a patent every fortnight for over thirty years should slacken, influenced by the logic of such facts, and be a bit pessimistic nowadays as to the inestimable value of mere sheets of parchment with a red seal.

But the tide of invention flows as strongly as ever in the Edison laboratory, and while its master may not, as of old, crowd a volcanic lifetime of explosive discovery into continuous sleepless vigils of forty-eight or seventy-two hours, he is just as facile, fertile, and resourceful as of yore. No inventor was ever more skilful in gaining the support of capital; none was ever more successful in keeping the enthusiasm of his associates up to white heat. An "Edison man" remains an Edison man to the end of the chapter, and is proud of the stamp left upon his career or his personality by the great spirit with whom trials and triumphs have been shared. It is a curious fact often overlooked in Edison's life that he has always been surrounded by a willing host of coworkers, but has always held easily his leadership among them. This is by no means true of other inventors and workers; and thus may be explained his frequent successes and rare failures. Some powerful thinkers, whether from instinctive distrust or unavowed jealousy, endeavor to hammer out their conceptions in lonely struggle, and names could be mentioned here of electrical inventors whose curse seems to be this sterile seclusion. In Edison's case, the sunny, kindly temperament of the man makes for friendship; and the readiness to use anything that lies handy as a means of attaining the goal, compels him to employ talent as freely as he does raw material.

And he could keep a whole army busy. There never was an inventor who had more irons in the fire. It is the fault of frail human nature that they are not all kept hot at once. With brief fallow seasons, he has been at it, hammer and tongs, planning and scheming and perfecting, ever since he was a gaunt, lank telegraph operator roving the West, and marking his course by the stains of his battery solutions. A great many first-class inventors are sharply concentrated along one line. Edison is, if anything, spread out too thin. His keen curiosity, alert mind, and undying discontent with things as he finds them, drive him into a dozen lines of investigation at once. Just at the present moment, for example, the public has a notion that he is simply striving to perfect a new storage-battery about which so much has been said. He is; but, like the Japanese juggler, he is also balancing half a dozen other little affairs in the air, and giving them the deft spin or kick at the moment when they might drop. Besides the battery, there are the cement-works near Easton, Pennsylvania, where a score of new ideas and devices are being licked into shape, and cement turned out meantime. Sundry improvements have lately been made in the phonograph. Over in Europe his magnetic ore-crushing inventions are being applied on a big scale to replenish the supply from the exhausted iron-beds of England. Half a dozen new things are going forward in electrical experimentation at Orange; and cheaper, better metres are among them. Nor has the earlier interest in recondite phenomena been lost; while aside from work of his own, Mr. Edison has, it is said, placed his own ripe genius and weighty experience back of the Marconi wireless telegraph enterprises.

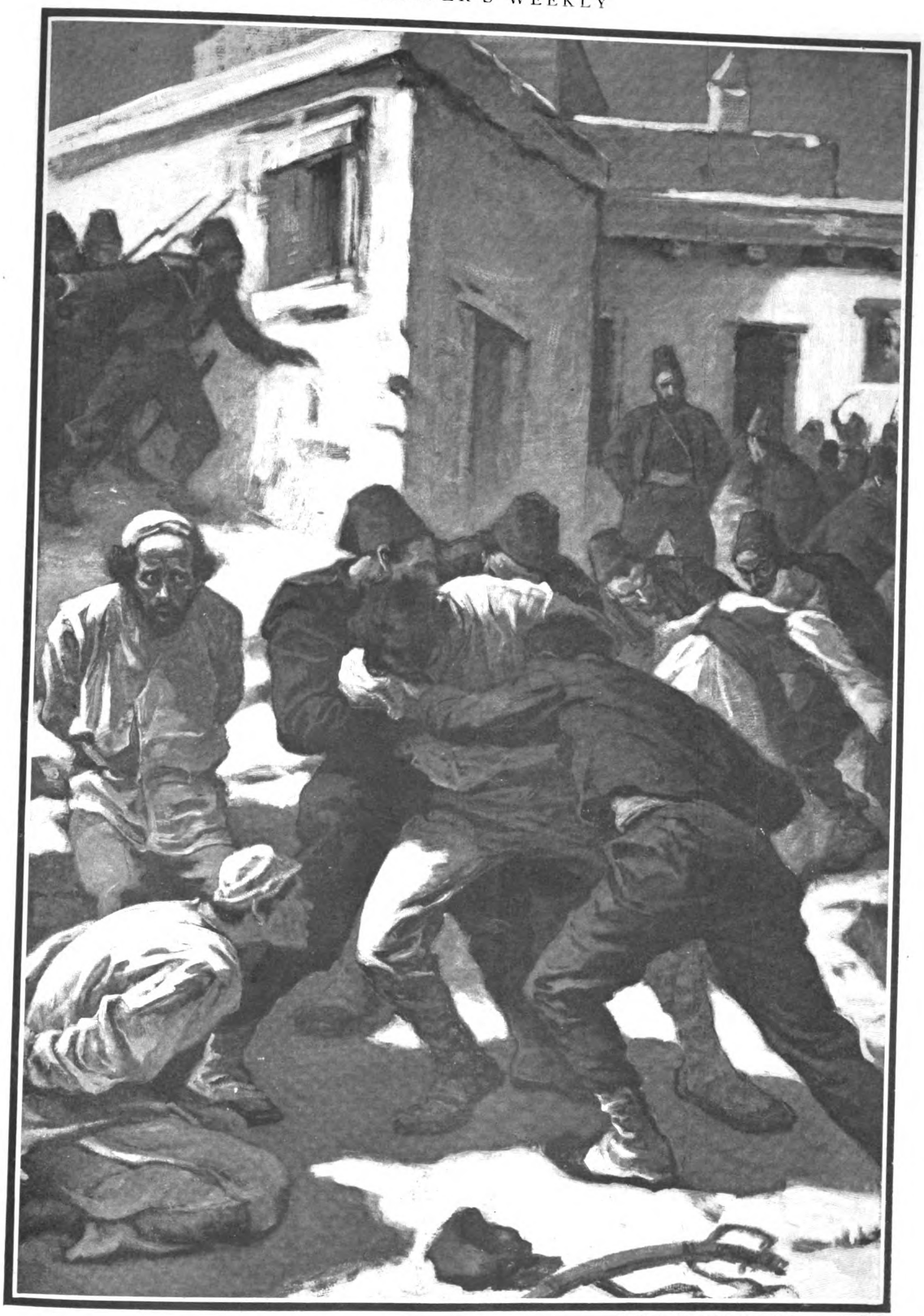


Mr. Edison in his Study

Photographs taken especially for Harper's Weekly

As to the new storage-battery, there is little to add that people who care about such matters do not already know. Familiar forms of battery are of lead, to which the objections are usually made of great weight, small storage capacity per pound of active material, and rapid deterioration. Edison has brought out a battery with a sheet-steel jar, thin perforated sheet-steel plates or elements, an alkaline solution, and active materials of iron oxide and nickel intermixed with graphite carried in tiny briquettes in the windows of the steel plates. Since the battery was first brought out, the rates of charging and discharging its current have been doubled, the weight has been considerably reduced, and other improvements have been effected. For automobile operation, it has already had encouraging tests.

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Drawn for Harper's Weekly by Sigismond Ivanowski

THE WAY THE TURKS UNDERSTAND REFORM

In spite of the agreement of the Sultan to adopt the reforms suggested by Russia and the powers in Macedonia, the latest news despatches bring word of continued massacres and atrocities by the Turkish troops. It is due in large measure to this state of affairs that the natives and mountain-dwellers of Macedonia are carrying out, on an alarming scale, their plans for war and revolt against Turkish government and authority

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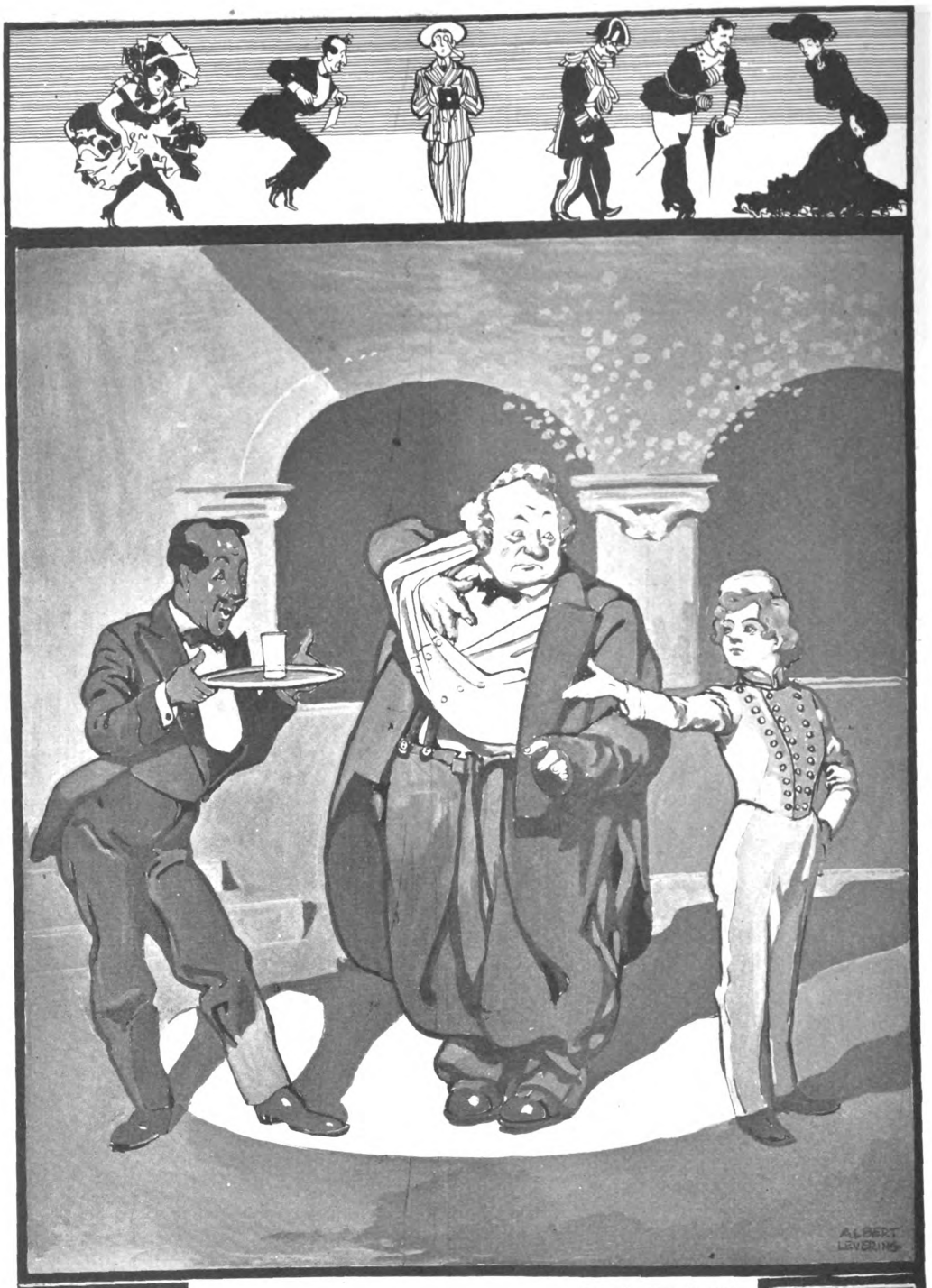


Drawn for Harper's Weekly by Granville Smith

VANDERBILT—NEILSON

The two latest portraits of Reginald Vanderbilt and Miss Cathleen Neilson, whose wedding took place at Newport on April 14

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Drawn by Albert Levering





"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN"

A musical comedy, by the authors of "King Dodo," now playing at the Broadway Theatre

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Wealth is simply one of the greatest powers which can be entrusted to human hands: a power, not indeed to be envied, because it seldom makes us happy; but still less to be abdicated or despised: while, in these days, and in this country, it has become a power all the more notable, in that the possessions of a rich man are not represented, as they used to be, by wedges of gold or coffers of jewels, but by masses of men variously employed, over whose bodies and minds the wealth, according to its direction, exercises harmful or helpful influence, and becomes, in that alternative, Mammon either of Unrighteousness or of Righteousness.

Ruskin.

We cherish life; we abhor bloodshed; we have no sympathy with your juvenile points of honor: we are, in short, a civilized people: and seeing that Success has made us what we are, we advise other nations to succeed, or be quiet.—*George Meredith.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

MANY BEVERAGES are so vastly improved by the added richness imparted by the use of BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK. The Eagle Brand is prepared from the milk of herds of well fed, housed, groomed cows of native breeds. Every can is tested, and is therefore reliable.—[*Adv.*]

TIME, said Franklin, is the stuff of Life. Telephone service saves time. *Verb. sap.* Rates for Residence Service in Manhattan from $48 a year. N. Y. Telephone Co., 15 Dey St., 111 West 38th St., 215 West 125th St.—[*Adv.*]

PURE blood, bright eyes, bounding step, high spirits, good health—synonymous with ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters, intelligently used. Test it.—[*Adv.*]

DON'T show your bad taste, but insist on having COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE of purest vintage always.—[*Adv.*]

BRONCHIAL Troubles are often permanently cured by PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. 25c. per bottle.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

People have no idea how crude and cruel soap can be.

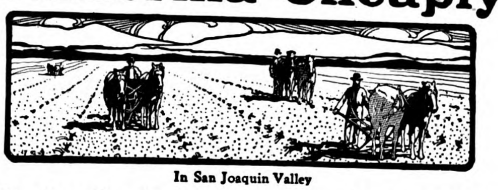
It takes off dirt. So far, so good; but what else does it do?

It cuts the skin and frets the under-skin; makes redness and roughness and leads to worse. Not soap, but the alkali in it.

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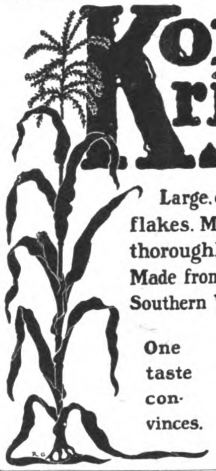
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ROYAL L. LEGRAND

THE LATEST SUCCESS OF THE ORIZA-PERFUMERY (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

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THE PROVIDENT LAWN MOWER

AND HIS UNCOMPLETED GRASS PLOT

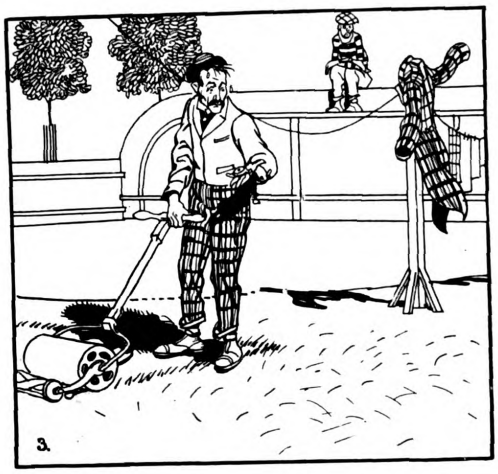
BY ALBERT LEVERING



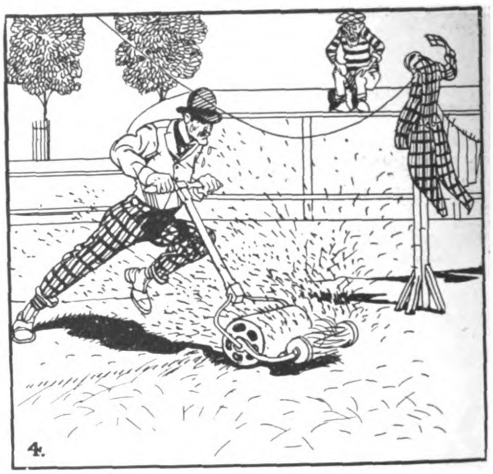
"What! A dollar and a half to cut this insignificant little patch of grass?"
"Dat's wot it's worf ter me, mister."
"Well, I'll cut it m'self."



"Never earned a dollar and a half easier before breakfast."



"Hello! What's that? The first breakfast bell? Finks! I'll—



—have to hurry it up, or I won't catch the—



—Trolley!"



"Never again!"

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Parks for Street Dwellers

By Samuel Howe

See page 627

THE East Side is to be congratulated! At last, after years, playgrounds, gymnasiums, running-tracks, and shower-baths are an accomplished fact. The next few weeks will see the completion and formal opening of Seward Park—a playground for the children of the East Side of New York which is practical rather than a picturesque scheme of gardening.

In the former park plans there were picturesque winding walks, pretty flower-beds, many shade trees and bushes, but few, only a few, feet of space in which play was at all possible. The new design embodies shade trees in the right place, a solid bank of green shrubs and flowering plants, well protected with wire and iron fences, a shelter for the mothers and little ones, a liberal bath-house, with retiring and toilet rooms, accommodations for the band, properly accentuated features for statuary and for fountains, and a big, liberal open space laid out as running-track, covered with a preparation of fine cinders and clay, and an open gymnasium.

Many of the thieves' dens in the crowded tenement quarters of the East Side have been cleared away. Cat Alley, Bottle Alley, Bandits' Roost, Gotham Court, are merely unsavory memories of the past. Other undesirable rookeries have been torn down. Mulberry Bend has become Mulberry Park; Bone Alley, Hamilton Fish Park; Thieves' Alley, Rutgers Square; The Hook, Corlears Park. On the West Side, Little Italy will in future appear as the namesake of Thomas Jefferson. Tompkins Square is to have a gymnasium in one corner arranged so as not to destroy the trees. Two new parks are about to be made, one at the foot of Thirty-first Street and First Avenue, covering three acres, and another, of the same size, running from Seventy-fourth to Seventy-sixth street and extending to the river.

Thomas Jefferson Park, running from 111th to 114th street, contains fifteen and a half acres, and will have two seven-lap running-tracks, a forty-foot bulkhead promenade, gymnasia, shelter, and bath. De Witt Clinton, Fifty-third Street and Eleventh Avenue, contains seven and a quarter acres, and will also have a running-track and gymnasium, with farm gardens for the children.

The rest of the parks named contain from three to four acres, each having running-track and gymnasium, in addition to a shelter and bath-house. Connected with these buildings are clubs for the study of languages, history, cooking, stenography, civic responsibilities, and even of ethics and æsthetics. The very existence of these clubs shows that there is a vital inherent reason prompting us to foster the love of art among the people by good architecture, sculpture, painting, and music.

The modern spirit here indicated has prompted the construction of parks in Cleveland, Buffalo, Harrisburg, Milwaukee, and Baltimore, following the inimitable lead of Boston. Philadelphia also is to have parkways, changing the course of the Schuylkill River with an embankment five-eighths of a mile long. The new designs for parks in Washington are ambitious beyond anything ever attempted in this country.

Is it all worth while? Can these young citizens do their work of life the better for what is being done for them? Speaking from actual knowledge and close personal touch with them, I believe in the East-Siders—in their ultimate lasting improvement by the patient and timely introduction of athletics. I believe in the great value of their humanity, in their quick response to appeal, in their keen competition as illustrated in out-of-door exercises.

This equipment for the making of an American citizen, who shall be an intellectual workman, robust, healthy, is a paying investment. Gymnastics and athletics manufacture energy. The young people jostle each other to examine the sculpture, and listen breathlessly to a lecture on the subject of art. Their whole attitude is imbued with the desire to learn, to understand, to love.

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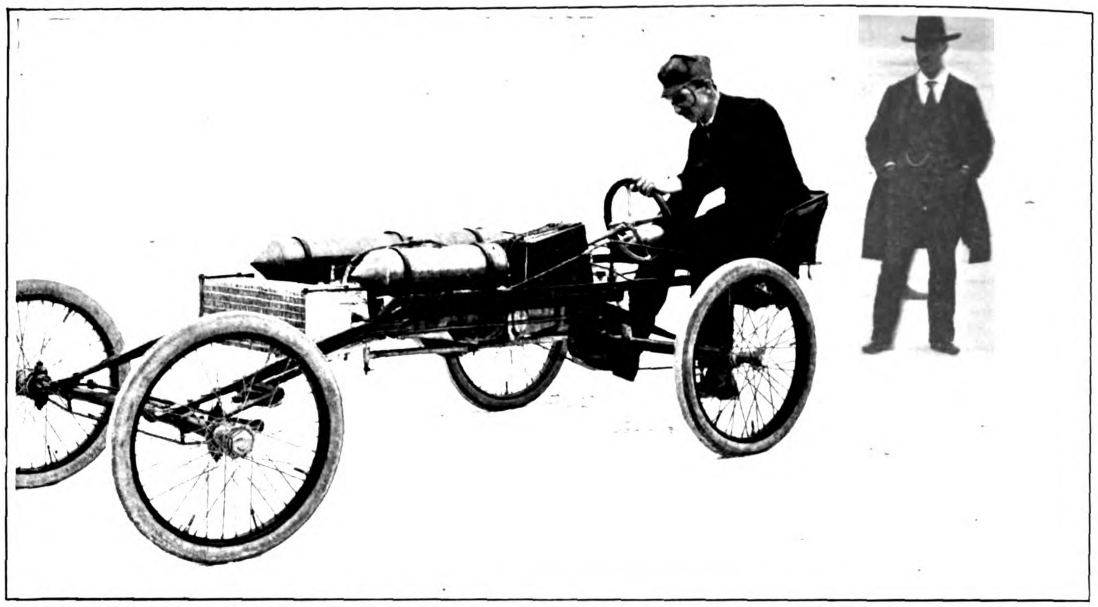


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CONSUMPTION

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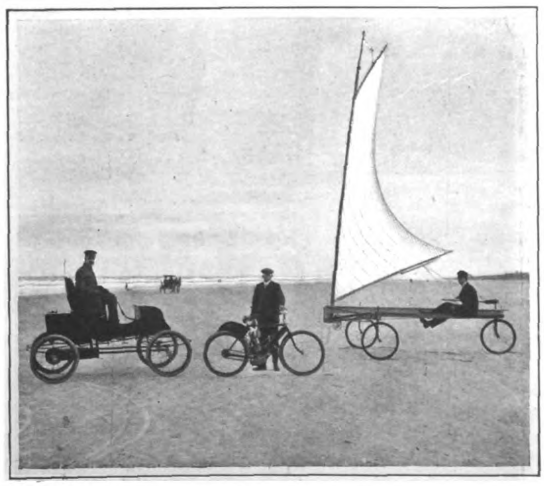
W. T. Thomas in his Oldsmobile Racer "Pirate," on Ormond Beach

Racing on the Sand

AT Ormond Beach, Florida, there are thirty miles of smooth, solid beach. Such a speedway has its advantages. The auto tournament recently held there showed that the sand course is almost ideal for tests of speed and endurance. In Europe the autoist—driver and manufacturer—has the benefit of good roads and the co-operation of the government in important racing events. The coming Paris-Madrid race, in which three hundred machines are entered, would be impossible here under present conditions. Speed contests are not permitted on the public roads. Our racing events have been confined to circular tracks and to short and insufficient straightaway courses. Henri Fournier's record of a mile in fifty-one and four-fifths seconds on a straightaway course, contrasted with Winton's one minute two and a quarter seconds on a circular track, pointed the way. Clearly the end to be sought was a course of natural construction, straight, unobstructed, and extensive; and this is found in the Ormond-Daytona Beach. There are only two feet of tide, permitting a racing surface from three hundred to five hundred feet in width at low tide, and a practicable surface of sufficient extent at nearly all hours, except during storm tides.

The races of last month took place at the Ormond end of the beach. The course was surveyed for twenty miles, and mile-posts were erected over the entire distance. The timing arrangements were elaborate. Ten miles of telegraph-wire was strung along the beach, and the Morse electric timing-clocks were used. Captain Henry G. Opdycke, of the Automobile Club of New York, with the assistance of the vice-president of the Chicago Automobile Club, acted as official timer.

The results of the three days' racing were notable. On the first day Winton did a mile in fifty-six seconds, his previous record being one minute two seconds; Oscar Hedstrom broke the American motor-bicycle record for one mile, making the distance in one minute nine seconds; and W. T. Thomas, of Detroit, surpassed the record of one minute thirty-five and three-fifths seconds for machines under 1000 pounds, doing his mile in one minute six seconds on an Oldsmobile. On the second day Winton made a mile in fifty-eight seconds; Thomas, on his 825-pound Oldsmobile, a mile in one minute eight and four-fifths seconds; Hedstrom did a mile in one minute fifteen and one-fifth seconds on his Indian motor-cycle; and W. W. Austin won the one-mile motor-cycle race for the Florida championship, making the distance in one minute thirty-six seconds. On March 28, the last day of the races, Winton, in his famous "Bullet," came within two-fifths of a second of Fournier's American record for one-mile runs, doing the third heat of the race in fifty-two and one-fifth seconds, and Hedstrom broke his own and previous American mile records for motor-bicyclers, making the distance in one minute three and one-fifth seconds.



Three Twentieth-century Flyers on the Beach at Daytona

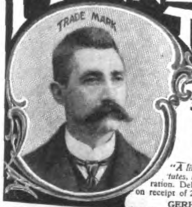


Winton and his "Bullet," in which he did a Mile in 52 1-5 sec.

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Modernized Existence

ALADDIN and his wonderful lamp are not more astonishing than the possibilities of the apartment-house to-day, where the dining-room is both joy and beauty without the thralldom of care which accompanies the employing of the servant.

The servant question has become, with its complications, a problem with an answer in fractions, the only real and equal solving of which seems to be found in the elimination of the prime factor. And at this suggestion we hear the repetition of that most hackneyed of quotations from Meredith in which man may live without literature, sociability, and mirth in general, but must ever hang to the cook. But so complicated has become the problem, that neither friends nor books avail to comfort when the cook is rampant. The answer has come, however, in a way most pleasing, the demonstration of which is neither public dining-room, nor practicability evinced in the long-promised by scientists, the pill and pellet system. But it is the encouraging of a healthy and vigorous cultivation of appetite by the promise of fulfilment "in the good old way"—the way which has formed a feature in all festivities of man since the beginning of time.

The solution is a dining-room delivered to order, with all the necessary units which unite to make the all-glorious whole intact.

In a recently erected apartment-house we find the wonderful demonstration of "all the comforts of home" without the discomforts of home rule. All the conveniences, the most modern of man's ingenuity, are here.

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Standing in her own apartment in slippered feet and summer gown, with a blizzard raging outside, she may order a dinner of strawberries or turkey and plum pudding, as her mood dictates. Appoint the hour, name the number of plates, and her part of the family repast is accomplished. No irate cook or waiting-maid can pounce upon her at the eleventh hour before the arrival of the guests, with a threat of sudden leave-taking, or burned dinner, to be appeased by what only the skilled housewife of to-day may tell. The reason why this common domestic catastrophe may not occur is a simple one: there is no cook known to the mistress, or at least only one with whom she has but a speaking acquaintance.

When the appointed dinner hour arrives there is a gentle knock, soft-footed attendants enter, and, presto, change! the billiard-table is billiard-table no longer, but a dining-table to which the mistress of the house need feel no hesitancy in inviting the most fastidious of guests.

Linen, silver, glass, china, service, and food all appear as though by magic from behind the confines of the hall doorway. Even the bouquet on the table appears as though from the magician's wand. In course after course comes the dinner, hot and smoking as though but just lifted from a fire no farther distant than the next room.

The wheels and cogs of this pleasing scheme may be found in a little serving-room which is built on each floor of the house. The food is sent from the kitchen in the basement, where the white-clothed cooks make merry with kettles of copper and tin, to the serving-room on the designated floor by means of an elevator especially contrived for the purpose, and which connects immediately with the serving-room. In this room the carving and last preliminaries are accomplished, and each course is served from here.

In a corner of the basement kitchen sits


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the bebuttoned butler in his pantry, to his ear a telephone, at his hand a pencil, busy taking the orders for the day. And no small allotment of the labor of this great union is his. To him fall allotment and selection of viands, home-bred and foreign, of all seasons and kinds. And a vigorous mentality must be his to withstand the strain which a hundred housewives so gladly escape. But in the period of strenuous living the great machinery of system is called into play, and the mountains of difficulty become as mole-hills of simplicity in its mighty grasp.

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Correspondence

DRIVING RASCALS INTO THE ARMY

April 4, 1903.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—New York papers, dated April 3, 1903, report the case of George Archer, convicted in the Court of Special Sessions of petit larceny. While being tried, Archer was recognized by a court officer as a man convicted a year ago on the same charge, and at that time "paroled on the promise that he would enlist in the army." He did enlist. Justice Holbrook sent him to Governor's Island to be identified, and he was there recognized as a man who deserted five months ago from Fort Crook, Nebraska, after stealing $300 from officers.

It is possible that the magistrate who paroled the criminal "on the promise that he would enlist in the army" would feel insulted if told that he was unpatriotic. And it is quite probable that his Worship would have been more than astonished if any one had suggested that, instead of being palmed off on the service (to enlist in which a *certificate of good character is a prerequisite*), the offender should be given a position about the court, where he might be watched by those who knew him.

The man must have imposed on the recruiting officer who enlisted him when called upon to furnish evidence of good character—or did the *magistrate vouch for him?* When a man of this class creeps into the service, and later on his antecedents become known, his comrades are apt to make things very warm for him. Such may have been the reason why this man deserted.

It would seem that, from the view-point of civilians generally, the army is made up of the riffraff. Soldiers, as a rule, are willing to put up with all sorts of treatment for the good of the service and the country, and this without complaint. But they would prefer that the hardest blows did not come from their countrymen. It would be interesting to know how the non-military element feels on this subject.

I am, sir, L.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending April 18, 1903

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COMMENT

WE have discussed elsewhere the latest revised edition of the President's views of the Monroe Doctrine, the trusts, and the tariff, as these were expressed in the interesting speeches delivered at Chicago, Milwaukee, and Minneapolis. What we would here consider for a moment is the probable effect of the tour which Mr. Roosevelt is making on his political prospects. Ostensibly, of course, his journey has no political purpose, but it is obviously impossible that some influence upon his chances of nomination and election in 1904 should not be exerted by his forceful personality, and by the utterance of his opinions concerning questions of vital moment to the American people. As we have repeatedly said, we have no doubt that if the Republican national convention were held next month Mr. Roosevelt would receive the nomination, and we have as little doubt that were the election to take place next November he would be chosen President. Many things may happen, however, in a twelvemonth, and one of the things, which is already in the course of happening, is the present tour, by which the attitude of party leaders, as well as that of the voters at large, toward the President may be affected. Our opinion is that what he has thus far said in regard to the tariff and the trusts will tend to conciliate party leaders in the East and in the Middle West, where alone a formidable opposition to him might possibly have been organized.

That most of the delegates from the Northern States west of the Mississippi will zealously support him seems as certain now as it seemed a month ago. That most of the delegates from those Southern States wherein the party organization is controlled by Lily White Republicans would oppose him if they saw a likelihood of success, still continues to be probable. In view, however, of his latest and relatively conservative declarations about matters of capital importance to industrial, commercial, and financial interests, the party leaders in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois no longer have such plausible reasons for opposition to his candidacy as they might have adduced five months ago. Meanwhile, Mr. Roosevelt is unquestionably stronger with the rank and file of the voters than he was before he effected a settlement of the coal strike. His hold upon their confidence and sympathy is attested by the enthusiasm with which he has been received everywhere during his tour. That such popularity may prove an irresistible factor in a national convention was shown in 1896, when, it is no secret, some of the most powerful party leaders preferred another candidate. On the whole, recent events confirm the conclusion which we had previously reached, that Mr. Roosevelt cannot be beaten for the Republican nomination, and that his defeat must come, if it come at all, through the triumph of the Democratic candidate at the ballot-box.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. McKinley differ in this respect, that the former goes on his travels with his opinions ready made, whereas the latter used the opportunity of meeting representative men in various sections of the country to ascertain the prevailing drift of public sentiment. Mr. McKinley also strove to allay factional quarrels, and a subsidence of such dissensions was generally observed after his visit to a particular State. Whether Mr. Roosevelt will also essay the rôle of peacemaker is as yet unknown, but undoubtedly there is ample room for the exercise of the conciliatory function. Of the States that he has visited, or means to visit, no fewer than eight have party troubles of their own. In Wisconsin, for example, the followers of Governor La Follette believe him to be quite as worthy as Senator Spooner of consideration at the hands of Republican voters and of the Federal Executive. In Michigan there are Alger and anti-Alger factions. Among the Iowa Republicans there is a sharp line of cleavage between the tariff-revisers headed by Governor Cummins and the anti-revisers, of whom Secretary-of-the-Treasury Shaw and Representative Hull are spokesmen. The two Senators from Minnesota are rivals for Federal patronage, and the State, having an important beet-sugar industry, is still to a certain extent divided with reference to the Cuban reciprocity treaty. In Missouri the partisans of Kerens and those of Hitchcock are still far from being reconciled, and there is a contest in Nebraska between the Rosewater and the Mercer factions. When he gets to Oregon and California, the President will find plenty of work for a pacificator, if he has any inclination for the rôle. No doubt he will try to be impartial, but impartiality is not always satisfactory when the stock of Federal patronage is small. Few Presidents have had Mr. McKinley's knack of making a little patronage go a long way. In any event, there is no doubt that the duties of hospitality will enforce a lull in factional controversies during Mr. Roosevelt's visit.

Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Olney, Mr. Gorman, and Judge Parker are not the only men who have been mentioned as possible recipients of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in 1904. Five other names have lately been suggested, to wit, those of David R. Francis, of St. Louis; of Melville E. Ingalls, of Cincinnati; of Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago; Tom Johnson, of Cleveland; and W. R. Hearst, of New York city. Only the three last-named would be acceptable to Mr. Bryan. As Mr. Hearst could not possibly secure the delegation from the State of New York, his pretensions to the nomination can scarcely be regarded as serious at this time. As Mr. Johnson and Mr. Ingalls are citizens of the same State, their ambitions are hardly reconcilable. Each might have strength enough to prevent the other from getting an undivided delegation from Ohio. As between these two Mr. Johnson is ahead, for he has been elected Mayor of Cleveland, whereas Mr. Ingalls has failed to be elected Mayor of Cincinnati. But Mr. John R. McLean must always be reckoned with in an Ohio State convention. Though Mr. Carter H. Harrison has been re-elected Mayor of Chicago, he will have no chance of being nominated for President, but if the nominee of the Democratic convention were an Eastern man, Mr. Harrison might possibly be named for the Vice-Presidency, in the hope of carrying Illinois. Of the five new candidates whom we have mentioned, Mr. Francis has by far the most distinguished record in

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public life. He has been Mayor of St. Louis, Governor of Missouri, Secretary of the Interior in a Cleveland cabinet, and is now president of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. We take for granted, however, that, as he was a Gold Democrat in 1896, he would be opposed by Mr. Bryan in the Democratic national convention, if not afterwards as well. From the Bryanite point of view Mr. Ingalls is open to criticism on the same ground, but, unlike many representatives of capital, he would probably be able to accept the platforms framed at Chicago and Kansas City if they were freed from the demand for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. He is opposed to the coercion of labor, he is a believer in the taxation of franchises, and he has expressed regret that the United States Supreme Court pronounced the income tax unconstitutional. Mr. Bryan must by this time perceive that the insertion of his silver plank is an impossibility, and, therefore, he might be expected to recognize in Mr. Ingalls an almost ideal candidate. We apprehend, however, that Mr. Ingalls's failure to support Mr. Bryan in 1896 would be deemed an unpardonable sin. On the whole, we adhere to the opinion that Judge Parker, if he can secure the delegation from his own State, has at present much the best chance of securing the Democratic nomination.

The latest news from the anthracite-coal region is that so many of the miners are dissatisfied with the practical results of the commission's award that another general strike must be regarded as at least conceivable. It seems, to be sure, incredible that the union mine-workers should fail to recognize the tremendous advantage gained by them through the appointment and outcome of the Coal-Strike Commission. It will be remembered that the operators originally denied that there was anything to arbitrate, and refused to recognize in any way, direct or indirect, the miners' union. Through the President's interposition, the operators not only consented to refer all the questions that were or might be at issue between them and their employees to arbitrators, but, inasmuch as Mr. Roosevelt had called into consultation Mr. Mitchell as the representative of the labor element, they were virtually constrained to recognize the miners' union as a party to the controversy. Thus they practically acquiesced in the establishment of a principle for which theretofore the union-labor leaders had vainly contended. That principle will be hopelessly discredited if the union workers now decline to abide by the award which they promised in advance to regard as obligatory for three years. It is true that employers and employed may differ as to the meaning of certain terms of the award. Such a divergence of interpretation was foreseen, however, by the commission, and a safeguard was provided in the form of conciliation committees. If Mr. Mitchell deserves the reputation for sagacity and foresight which he has acquired, he will insist that the miners, instead of recurring to a strike and thus committing industrial suicide, shall request the appointment of conciliation committees, and abide by their decision. Instead of waiting for such a decision, the employees of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, and also of several individual collieries, have taken the law into their own hands, and refused to work after half past two on Saturday afternoon. It appears that, before the award of the commission became operative, the employees of the anthracite companies were accustomed to work only eight hours a day on Saturday, and to stop at half past two, although they were allowed pay for ten hours' work on that day. The commission reduced the number of working-hours from ten to nine, but said nothing about Saturday. The operators, whose expenses have been materially increased by the findings of the commission, insist that their employees shall work nine hours on Saturday, as on every other day. Whether this was the intention of the commission is just one of those things which conciliation committees were expected to find out. We take for granted that Mr. Mitchell will not permit the principle of arbitration to be made a laughing-stock thus early in its application, before the mine-workers have even received their arrears of back pay.

An unanticipated quarter for the promulgation of socialistic or semisocialistic doctrine is the Committee on Federal Relations of the Massachusetts Legislature. The usual function of this committee is academic, as to it go many of the debating-society questions which find their way into the Legislature, and generally it is expected to do no more than to report a series of fluent and more or less hazy resolutions, to afford chance for an afternoon of tall talk on the part of the orators of the general court. This is not precisely what it has done in the matter of the national control of the anthracite-coal mines, a subject on which some sort of action was made necessary by the appearance of an immense number of petitions looking to that end. The surprise is found in the fact that the committee, composed of eight Republicans and three Democrats, have unanimously reported a resolve asking Congress "to take such measures as will place the anthracite-mining industry under government control or supervision; and if this prove ineffective, then to take such measures as will lead to ownership of the said mines by the national government." All the members of the committee, except one, come from the cities and larger towns, where the stress of the coal famine of last winter was most severe, and they probably reflect to a great extent a certain vociferous sentiment rather than any carefully decided conviction. Some indication to the same conclusion is seen in the action of another committee, which has been investigating the retail coal business in the State, but which went out of its way to make a special report in support of the Committee on Federal Relations. Two committees of the Massachusetts Legislature, including in all about twenty fairly astute politicians, standing sponsors for such a revolutionary and far-reaching proposition as governmental ownership of coal-mines constitutes a spectacle which is in many respects a wonder among the political curiosities of the hour. Either the current is actually running pretty strong, or these gentlemen have made themselves believe that it is.

An incident which, it is to be hoped, will have far-reaching consequences, was the conviction on Saturday, April 4, in Philadelphia, of three school directors accused of conspiring to extort money from persons seeking to be employed as school-teachers, and also of having accepted bribes for the promotion of teachers. The verdict carries with it a maximum penalty of $500 fine and an imprisonment of two years. It is well known to those who are conversant with municipal affairs in our larger cities that the position of school director, although usually unsalaried, is eagerly sought by politicians of questionable reputation. It is not customary for men of that type to perform public services gratuitously, out of single-hearted devotion to the good of the community. The motive which has been currently imputed to them is the desire to levy blackmail, not only on the actual or prospective teachers who desire appointment or promotion, but also on the business firms which wish to furnish text-books and other things needed in public schools. The extortion of money under such circumstances is a crime, but, for obvious reasons, it is a crime very difficult to prove. The exposure of an attempt to blackmail would ordinarily prove fatal to the hope of procuring an appointment or a promotion, or of obtaining orders for text-books or school supplies. The only possible mode of purging and rehabilitating school boards in our larger municipalities is by making the position of school director undesirable to rascals through the discovery that it can be turned to pecuniary account only at the imminent risk of a sentence to the penitentiary. From this point of view, the fate of the Philadelphia school directors should prove of signal benefit to more than one municipality. What went on in the school department of the New York city government under the Tammany régime should be subjected to rigorous scrutiny, and we have no doubt that the state of things in Chicago and St. Louis would also repay investigation. The conviction of the Philadelphia scoundrels reflects the highest credit on District-Attorney Weaver, and it is a happy augury for the city of which he is Mayor-elect.

It is fortunate that the date for the meeting of the Colombian Congress has not been as yet fixed by executive decree, for it is known that many of the members-elect are opposed to a ratification of the Panama Canal treaty, and it is desirable to ascertain the grounds of their opposition. It is barely possible that, although elections in Colombia have long been a farce, the Bogota or provincial authorities may have carelessly permitted the return of some intractable persons. It is even conceivable that such a thing as disinterested patriots may exist in Colombia, and that such men might be

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foolish enough to suppose that their country's interests would be seriously impaired if the canal treaty were ratified. We call such an hypothesis foolish, because all intelligent Colombians must know that their own country could never complete the canal; that the United States would never allow any European power to do it, and that we ourselves will not undertake the work, except upon the equitable conditions that we have prescribed. The treaty sanctioned by the Senate is the very best that Colombia can get. She must, therefore, take it or leave it. In the event of the treaty's rejection, we should, of course, proceed to negotiate with Nicaragua. We do not apprehend, however, that the needy officials of Bogota will miss the chance of fingering ten million dollars in gold. They are probably not much surprised at the ostensible opposition to the treaty, and impute it, doubtless, to a natural desire to secure a share of the spoils. Experience has rendered them familiar with several ways of disarming opposition. One way is intimidation: when the late President, San Clemente, proved inconvenient, he was consigned to prison. Another way would be to promise a modest fraction of the purchase money receivable from the United States. There is a report that by promises of this kind some of the leaders of the recent revolution in the State of Panama were persuaded to lay down their arms. A third way would be to offer a member-elect who proclaims his intention to vote against the treaty a lucrative federal office, the acceptance of which would render his seat in Congress vacant. It is said that this mode of silencing opponents has been successfully employed in several instances during the last two weeks. One thing is certain, namely, that ten million dollars in gold represents the maximum amount of cash that the Colombian Confederation will ever get a chance of dividing, and, as by this date the fact must have been driven home to them, we entertain no doubt that the treaty will in due time be ratified.

No reasonable man will question the soundness of the position taken by Mr. Bowen, the representative of Venezuela, with regard to the provision which the three blockading powers desired at the last moment to insert in the protocol defining the issue which is to be presented to the Hague tribunal. The original agreement was—the agreement accepted by all of the non-blockading powers which have entered into negotiations with Mr. Bowen, as well as by Great Britain, Germany, and Italy—that the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague should simply be invited to determine whether in the distribution of the thirty per cent. of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello, which is to be set aside for the payment of foreign creditors, the blockading powers should have preference over those other creditor powers that have refrained from an attempt to enforce their claims by acts of war. Now Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, possibly foreseeing an unfavorable decision at The Hague, propose that, if the international tribunal should deny preference to the blockaders, it should then be requested to answer the two additional questions, first, whether Venezuela ought to make good to the allies the cost of blockading her own ports, and, if so, what sum of money should be paid for such purpose, and under what conditions. It is obvious that, if the Hague court should establish a precedent by condemning Venezuela to pay the cost of the blockade, two things would almost certainly follow. In the first place, the European creditors of a Latin-American republic would be even more eager than they are now to extort the payment of claims by acts of war; and, in the second place, having once started a blockade, they would be tempted to prolong it. That is to say, a result precisely opposite to that desired by our government would be attained, for it is the manifest wish of the United States to discourage the creditors of American commonwealths from resorting to blockades and bombardments which might bring about unpleasant complications.

Another amendment proposed by the allies, but rejected by Mr. Bowen, was to the effect that, in deciding the question of preferential or separate treatment for the blockading powers, the tribunal should take into consideration the resources of Venezuela other than the thirty per cent. of the customs revenue to be set aside, which outside resources might be available for the claims of other powers. Mr. Bowen declined to acquiesce in either of these proposals, on the ground that they constitute entirely new demands or claims, and that the blockading powers are bound not to add anything to the protocols into which they respectively entered on February 13, 1903, and in pursuance of which the blockade was suspended, and the Venezuela controversy was presumed to have been adjusted. As to the request that the Hague tribunal shall determine whether Venezuela ought to pay the cost of the blockade out of the thirty per cent. of the customs revenue to be set aside, Mr. Bowen points out that this is irreconcilable with the original protocols, which provided that the thirty per cent. should be applied to the payment of the claims therein designated, and to be alienated for no other purposes. There is not the slightest doubt that the United States and all the other non-blockading powers will sustain Mr. Bowen's position, so that Great Britain, Germany, and Italy will either have to withdraw their additional demands or try to enforce them by a renewal of the blockade. They are not in the least likely to recur to the latter alternative.

According to the latest news from Shanghai, the stability of the Peking government is threatened not only by sporadic uprisings among the native Chinese in the southern provinces, and by the widespread discontent caused by the increased taxes which the mandarins levy on the pretext of providing for the indemnity due to foreign powers, but also by a split among the Manchus, who constitute the bulwark of the dynasty. It will be remembered that among the high Manchu dignitaries who were implicated in the Boxer outrages, and the condign punishment of whom was exacted by the allied powers after the capture of Peking, were General Tung Fu-Hsiang and Prince Tuan, whose son, Pu Chun, had been declared heir of the throne by the nominal Emperor, Kwang-Hsu, acting under the orders of the Empress Dowager. The demand was nominally granted, but the sentence could not be executed, the designated victims having fled to the western provinces. Here the banished prince and fugitive general have collected a large force, which, although mainly composed of Manchus, they have managed to organize and discipline and to equip with modern rifles and cannon, in the use of which the soldiers have been trained by European renegades. As was expected, it has proved impossible, owing to the difficulty of watching the vast maritime and land frontiers of China, to enforce the treaty stipulation by which the importation of European firearms and artillery was prohibited. There are no soldiers at the disposal of the Peking authorities who could possibly cope with the formidable body of rebels collected in Kansu, except the foreign-armed and foreign-drilled army which has been created by Jung Liu and Yuan Shih-Kai in the metropolitan province of Chih-li. Jung Liu, however, is in very poor health, and it remains to be seen whether he will march against the rebels or content himself with the protection of Peking.

He will quickly have to decide, if there is truth in the twice-repeated report that Prince Tuan and General Tung Fu-Hsiang have sent an ultimatum to the Dowager Empress insisting on the deposition of the Emperor Kwang-Hsu and the immediate enthronement of Pu Chun, still nominally heir apparent. Should the Empress refuse, they announce that they will transform the provinces of Shensi and Kwangsu into a separate kingdom, which will have Sian-fu for a capital. Students of Chinese history will remember that for centuries an independent kingdom existed in the northwestern provinces of China, and that its capital city was Sian-fu. It will be observed that the contemplated movement differs essentially from the Tai-ping rebellion, which was a revolt of native Chinese against their Manchu rulers. Now, on the other hand, we find Manchus arrayed against each other, and there is but little doubt that the reactionary element throughout the empire would side with the faction headed by Prince Tuan. If the rebels should succeed in placing Pu Chun upon the throne, it is hard to see how the allied powers could refuse to recognize him, inasmuch as, at the suggestion of our State Department, they forbore, when the treaty of peace was signed, to insist upon the deposition of the heir apparent. There is not the least doubt, however, that the regeneration of China would be signally promoted if the rebellion under Prince Tuan could be extinguished, and if Jung Liu and Yuan Shih-Kai could carry out their plan of placing in the line of succession as heir apparent Tsai

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Fong, Prince of Chun, the brother of the present Emperor, who evinced, it may be recalled, remarkable discretion in his conduct of the expiatory embassy to Berlin.

Although it seems to be absolutely certain that for fiscal and industrial reasons brought forward by Mr. De Witte, the Minister of Finance, the Czar Nicholas II. earnestly desires to defer for at least a year any armed interposition in the affairs of the Balkan peninsula, it looks as if his hand might be forced, as was that of his grandfather in 1877. By the Russian-Austrian agreement, by the resultant ultimatum with which the Sultan has ostensibly complied, and by the peremptory orders addressed to Sofia, which Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is afraid to disobey, diplomacy must be admitted to have done its utmost to avert the necessity of sending a Russian army across the Danube. The Sultan, however, by announcing an intention of applying the reforms demanded for Macedonia to Albania also, has provoked the Arnauts to rebellion, has caused the death of a Russian consul, has set the whole western half of the Balkan peninsula in an uproar, and has compelled the Montenegrins and Servians, who are neighbors of the Albanians, to arm in self-defence. Whether these results were premeditated it is not easy to say, for, although they manifestly afford a pretext for bringing across the Bosphorus scores of thousands of Kurds and other loyal troops from Asia Minor, they expose his person, on the other hand, to grave danger at the hands of his Albanian bodyguards, who are said to be exasperated by the knowledge that the insurrection has already cost the lives of 600 of their compatriots.

It seems, upon the whole, most probable that the Sultan will use his Anatolian levies, not to punish the Albanians, beyond some perfunctory demonstrations, but to exterminate the Macedonian rebels. The wholesale massacres that would inevitably result from such a policy will compel the present Czar, however reluctant, to intervene, just as the atrocities perpetrated in Bulgaria and Servia in 1876 so inflamed Russian public sentiment that Alexander II., much against his will, consented to give the order to advance. For Russia's hesitation at the former epoch there were international reasons which do not now exist. At present neither England nor Austria would lift a finger to avert the entrance of the Czar into Constantinople. Never again will the British people permit their government to commit the crime of which Beaconsfield was guilty at the Congress of Berlin, when he condemned the Christians of Armenia and Macedonia to remain for a quarter of a century longer under the heel of Abdul the Damned. As to Austria, there is no doubt that, by the agreement recently concluded with Russia, the part of the Balkan peninsula which will pass into Hapsburg hands in the event of a partition has been exactly defined. Austria's share will probably include Bosnia and the Herzegovina, which hitherto have been only provisionally occupied, but also a part of Albania, the district of Novi Bazar, and a strip of territory stretching thence to the Aegean, and including Salonica. So far as the heart and conscience of Christian onlookers is concerned, the sooner the partition takes place the better.

On the other hand an element which makes for peace in Turkey is the fact that Germany has at last decided to come forward and support the reform policy of Russia and Austria. The attitude of Germany has all along given cause for uneasiness, in view of the friendship—the alliance, it might almost be called—between the Kaiser and the Sultan. This friendship was manifested in the visit of the Kaiser to the Sultan's dominions, in his sending the Crown Prince and his brother to renew that visit just at this time, and in the part Germany has taken in developing and arming the Turkish army. It is well known that Germany is pecuniarily interested in Turkey to an enormous extent, and seeks to be interested there still further, especially in the railways in Asia Minor. Further, Germany is instinctively hostile to everything Slav, whether within her own borders in Prussian Poland, within the bounds of her neighbor and ally Austria, in the Balkan peninsula, or across her eastern frontier. These causes all combine to incline Germany to thwart the policy of Russia and Austria in Macedonia; and it is, therefore, a matter for international congratulation that better counsels have prevailed in the Berlin Foreign Office, and that Germany will throw in her great weight on the side of peace, reform, and liberty for the Macedonian Christians. One thing more is needed to make the Russo-Austria policy wholly successful; and that is that the revolutionary leaders and their followers should come to understand that the object they have in view is more likely to be reached through the policy of peaceful pressure exerted by the great powers, now practically unanimous, than by armed revolutionary outbreaks, which of themselves are quite hopeless and helpless against the organized army of Turkey, and the real purpose of which is to provoke armed intervention by the powers. Once the revolutionists become convinced that this is so, they will see that their true good lies in co-operation with the powers, for the pacific amelioration of conditions.

A new element, and a very picturesque one, is introduced into the Balkan situation by the appearance of a claimant for the throne of Albania, in the person of Prince Don Juan Kastrioti, who is apparently directing his revolution from a safe distance, being at present in Paris. Prince Kastrioti is an elderly man, who was born in Spain, and has held posts in the Spanish diplomatic service. His grandmother was a Princess Kastrioti, a descendant of George Kastrioti Scanderbeg, famous in Albanian revolutionary history. The Albanian claimant has for several years made his home in Paris, where he has engaged in railway enterprises in the peninsula, and has amassed a considerable fortune, which he wishes to spend in setting Albania free and raising her to the position of an independent monarchy, with himself as monarch. It must be said that we do not very clearly see what material and political forces this good gentleman can look to to help him to a throne; his hopes seem to us rather chimerical. Yet we are impressed with the fact that recent years have seen the resurrection of several thrones in the Balkans, and it is certain that the Albanians are a vigorous and robust, if somewhat turbulent, little people. It is said that they are the descendants of the original Pelasgians, whom the Hellenes found in Greece and in part dispossessed; if this be true, then they may claim to be the oldest of European nations, and rivals with China for the honor of being the oldest nation in the world.

The close shave of the Balfour cabinet in a recent division in the House of Commons, where the day was saved no longer by the passive neutrality of the Irish Nationalists, but by their active intervention, has already caused rumors of a dissolution of Parliament at the end of the session, with a general election to follow. The prophets who claim to reveal the future aver that the Conservatives will make local government for Ireland one of the main planks in their platform, in case of a new general election, perhaps dropping the very unpopular Education bill, or at least modifying some of its more extreme features. One thing they will find it impossible to drop, however, and that is the burden of taxation arising from the South-African war. This, more than anything else, will make votes for the Liberals, and, if the Conservatives win at all, they will win by a very narrow majority. Then they will once more be dependent on Irish support, which will make the outlook for local autonomy very good indeed. Mr. Wyndham said a good thing at Manchester the other day, when he declared that Ireland should be a bridge between England and Canada, and not a chasm; and he said an even better thing when he added that this was even more true of the United States. Nothing would have greater influence for good on the relations between this country and the British Empire than a settlement of the Irish question in a manner satisfactory to Ireland, and this is what the Conservative government is evidently seeking to bring about. It is noteworthy that the Parliament of the Dominion has recently declared in favor of home rule for Ireland, by an overwhelming majority, and this emphasizes the influence of Canada on the policy of the empire—an influence which was most beneficially used when the extreme Chauvinists in South Africa sought to annul the Constitution of Cape Colony, and were prevented largely through the wiser counsels of Canada and Australia.

At the very hour when a distinguished Yale student, himself of African race, was triumphantly sustaining the contention that the black republic of San Domingo was incapable

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of self-government, and should be brought under the tutelage of the United States, the inhabitants of the island-republic were doing their best to strengthen his position and justify his views. It is always a delicate question to decide whether the malcontent party in a Latin republic should be called revolutionists or rebels; but, at any rate, the malcontents in San Domingo seem to have decidedly the worst of it. In a contest fought on the last day of March between the insurgents and the government troops at San Antonio de Guerra, some twenty miles from Santo Domingo city, the former lost nearly a hundred and fifty in killed and wounded. Another force, under Miguel Febles, which was marching to Macoris, lost twenty-five men in an encounter with the government troops. Apparently the world of international politics has had a narrow escape, for which we must all be devoutly grateful; we read that a shell fired by the Dominican cruiser *Presidente,* which is fighting for President Vasquez, fell on the German consulate. Fortunately, it did not burst. If it had, the reverberation would have been heard all the way to Kia-chau. Incidentally, our own *Atlanta* put fifty bluejackets ashore, to keep watch over the American consulate. San Domingo is in a fair way to get that supervision which the distinguished Yale student pleaded for so eloquently.

The quarterly report of the United States Steel Corporation shows net earnings for the month of March of about $9,500,000. The annual report shows the amount of cash on hand to be about $50,000,000, to say nothing of the proceeds of $250,000,000 worth of second-mortgage bonds, which are now authorized and will soon be issued. To appreciate the magnitude of such resources, we must compare them with those of the Federal government itself. It has been asserted, and not contradicted, that the amount of cash in the Federal Treasury now available for immediate payments does not much exceed $70,000,000. Then, again, the gross earnings of the United States Steel Corporation for 1902 have been computed at some $500,000,000. Now the average trade balance in favor of the United States during recent years has not much exceeded the aggregate just named. There is thus far no other combination of capital in the United States which can figure in the same rank, although the Northern Securities Company and the Pennsylvania Railroad are not far behind. It is a fact less generally recognized that the total assets of three life-insurance companies, namely, the Mutual, the Equitable, and the New York Life, represent about a billion dollars. Nothing approaching such aggregations of private capital exists in Europe, or has ever been witnessed in the history of mankind. The largest accumulations of money in Europe are to be found in the Russian Treasury, where gold has been for years collected, and in the vaults of the Bank of France and of the Bank of England. There may seem at first sight no limit to the influence that might be exercised on the market for iron and steel products by a combination equipped with pecuniary resources so unprecedented as are those of the United States Steel Corporation. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Carnegie has expressed the belief that aggregate capital can always be beaten by an individual capitalist, provided, of course, the latter has means enough at his disposal to withstand competition for a considerable period. That the United States Steel Corporation recognizes that its power has limits is evident from the prudence with which it has refrained from increasing the prices of its commodities, even when the demand for them largely exceeded the supply. So long as such excess continues, no industrial crisis in the iron and steel industry need be feared. It is only by overproduction and by the resultant glut of the market that an industrial, as distinguished from a merely financial, crisis is caused.

We heartily welcome the announcement that in 1906 the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia will celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin. The association which he founded has done well to start a movement in which the whole American community will cordially co-operate. If we were asked to designate the eighteenth-century Americans who are held in highest honor by their countrymen, we should name them in the following order: Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and Hamilton. Franklin differs from Jefferson and Hamilton in that, during the period of political discord which followed his death, he was respected, admired, and liked by Federalists and Anti-Federalists alike. In this particular, indeed, he was even luckier than Washington. Not even Jefferson was a man of so wide and various acquirements, or had it in his power to render so many and so diverse services to his State and country. Franklin, of course, was no soldier, but there is no doubt that as a patriot he stood only second to Washington in the eyes of his countrymen when the Federal convention met at Philadelphia in 1787. He had many other titles to distinction. He was recognized on both sides of the Atlantic as a civil administrator, an educator, a moralist, a man of letters, a scientist, a diplomatist, a political thinker and statesman. More than any other man he should be credited with the repeal of the Stamp Act. He had been Postmaster-General of the colonies, and for years before the Revolutionary war he had been the agent of Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Georgia in London. The maxims to which Franklin gave currency in his *Poor Richard's Almanac* have long since been incorporated with our proverbial wisdom. His contribution to electrical science gained for him admission to almost every learned society in Europe, and his general intellectual eminence was cordially acknowledged by Voltaire. It is probable that no other man could have overcome the natural reluctance of Louis XVI. to enter into an alliance with England's rebellious colonies, an alliance which, we may now admit, was indispensable to our success. As for Franklin's memorable achievements in the field of political thought and statecraft, they stand embodied in the organic laws of Pennsylvania and of the Union. It was his unique privilege to sign all four of the most fateful documents in the history of the United States, to wit, the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Alliance with France, the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain, and the Federal Constitution. These four signatures should suffice to make the man immortal. Curiously enough, though Franklin left no legitimate son, he has through his one daughter numerous descendants. Had he died, however, like Washington, without any heirs of his body, he would have found in his country and his State grateful inheritors of his renown. It is impossible for any visitor in Philadelphia to gaze at Independence Hall without recalling Benjamin Franklin. *Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.*

In the English 'varsity contests, Cambridge is carrying everything before it this year, and greatly exalting and glorifying the light blue above the dark. In the athletic contests of a few days ago Cambridge came forth victorious in no less than eight events out of ten, and to this fine achievement has now been added the supreme honor of the boat-race, the original and model of all boat-races the world over. This makes the fourth victory for Cambridge in the last five years, while the nine years before that were a series of unbroken triumphs for Oxford. These Oxford and Cambridge boat-races have been rowed, with a few short intervals, for seventy-four years, Oxford winning thirty-three times, as against twenty-six, including the present year, for Cambridge. The time this year, nineteen minutes thirty-two and a half seconds, was good, but by no means a record.

Some writer who lately preached the gospel of adornment to cities argued that it paid cities to be beautiful and interesting, because it made them attractive to visitors. He suggested that for Boston (the piece must have been in a Boston newspaper) there would be "good money" in a splendid memorial to Emerson,—a kind of memorial temple, which all sight-seers in Boston would wish to visit, and which would come to be a Mecca for the admirers of the Yankee sage. The suggestion is still unimproved by Boston, but Harvard College has got so far as to propose to have an Emerson Hall, to be devoted to the study of philosophy. The proposal is far on towards realization. Some one has subscribed $50,000; some one else $10,000, and the Visiting Committee on Philosophy had raised, some weeks ago, as much as $65,000. The minimum amount needed is $150,000, and that is likely to be in hand before May 24, which is the hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birth. It is desired, however, to raise as much money as possible—$200,000 perhaps—to make the memorial the more significant and adequate. The treasurer of Harvard College will be glad to hear from all Emersonians who want to contribute. It would

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seem as if a statue of Emerson might well be placed near this new building. He never got rich, nor ever distinguished himself as a gainer of yards against Yale. He was not physically strenuous, nor meteoric even in his intellectual feats. But he took time to think. That was very creditable to him, and should be imputed to him as righteousness just as faith was to Abraham. And having taken time, he thought to remarkable purpose. That was all he ever did; just thought about things—things in general—and wrote his thoughts down and spoke them from pulpits and lecture platforms and in conversation. It is a good time to put up a statue to a thoughtful man. We are all for *doing*, just now—for hustling, and getting there; for rushing the ramparts of fame and fortune and immortality in automobiles; for cashing in our speculations before they are fully ripe, and selling experience short. Emerson, the serene, would look very proper in Harvard's new quadrangle, and his influence would be good there. For, after all, the highest product of civilization is not war-ships, nor devil-wagons, nor wealth, nor any material thing whatever, but wisdom. It begins, just as it always did, in the fear of the Lord, and it ends, doubtless, as it always did, in love.

The discovery made by the *Sun* and the *Evening Post* of the criminal record of Edgar S. Bellairs, author of *As it is in the Philippines*, has deprived that adventurer's opinions of any weight. He had reviewed in his book the course of Governor Taft in the Philippines, and had been unable to recognize in Judge Taft the qualities which his important office demands. If Bellairs's credit had remained unimpaired, his representations would at least have received attention, for he is the same Bellairs who was the chief representative of the Associated Press in Cuba after the Spanish war, who was transferred from there to Manila, who went with General Chaffee on the China expedition, and who, on leaving Manila last July, was the guest of forty-three distinguished Americans at a farewell dinner. His services to the Associated Press seem to have been highly satisfactory until in some way its manager discovered his record and discharged him. His record is interesting. He is, it seems, not only Bellairs, but Ballentine, Cheriton, Elaine, and Cameron; a clever man, undoubtedly, but a swindler and confidence-man, who within ten years had served a term in a Florida prison for forgery. Both the *Sun* and the *Post* have pointed out in detail the close relations of this person with General Wood in Cuba, and have recorded with something like glee his boast that he "made Wood" by his newspaper dispatches. That he did back Wood faithfully and effectively is true enough, and that his attack on Taft was a step towards securing further preferment for Wood seems probable. But it is not fair to blame or disparage General Wood on account of Bellairs. Wood was deceived by him, but so was Colonel Melville Stone, of the Associated Press; so was General Chaffee, General Humphrey, and pretty much every one with whom Bellairs came into contact at the Philippines. He is an adroit rogue, and diligent in business, and it will take some watchfulness even now to make sure that he does not continue to mould public opinion.

Dr. Isaac K. Funk has received an impression that he has seen the spirit of the late Henry Ward Beecher, and has been exhorted by that respected shade to return to the heirs of Professor West of Brooklyn a "widow's mite" which he borrowed some years since of Professor West to use in his business. The mite is a rare coin and valuable. Dr. Funk supposed he had returned Professor West's mite years ago, but being told by Dr. Beecher's spook to look in his safe for it, he looked, and found it, and sent it back. Now he wonders whether it was really Dr. Beecher's ghost that communicated with him, and if not, who did. He is taking deep thought in the matter, and consulting such psychological experts as Dr. Richard Hodgson and Professor Hyslop. Dr. Funk has in the past been subject to delusions about spirits, but not of this sort. Ardent spirits have been the subjects of his errors heretofore, and he has devoted much time and energy to the hopeless work of abolishing the use of them by prohibitory legislation. Ardent spirits are hard enough to deal with, but they are easy compared with the Brooklyn spirits that Dr. Funk has tackled now. Here's wishing him a clear head and much patience. The only modern who seems to have had real comfort with spirits was Swedenborg. He got much information from them which was satisfactory to himself, and has been more or less edifying to thousands of his readers. No more recent seer seems to have got anything more out of them than confusion of mind.

We are spending a good deal of money on our navy. It is well worth the close attention of citizens who care to know what our government is doing, and it needs such attention. That it may get it, and that citizens may readily get the information about the navy that they ought to want, the Navy League of the United States has been organized. Its headquarters in New York are at 52 Broadway. Its officers include Mr. Benjamin F. Tracy (former Secretary of the Navy), president; Mr. William McAdoo, vice-president, and Mr. George B. Satterlee, secretary. Its purpose, as set forth, in its constitution, is "to acquire and spread before the citizens of the United States, through branch organizations and otherwise, information as to the condition of the naval forces and equipment of the United States, and to awaken public interest and co-operation in all matters tending to aid, improve, and develop their efficiency." The League has three classes of members; life members who pay twenty-five dollars, and are exempt from annual dues; members who pay one dollar a year, and junior members who, being minors, may join in groups of ten, each group paying one dollar a year. Membership is open to any citizen who is not in the active service of the navy, or a member of Congress. Applications to join should be made to the Secretary of The Navy League at 52 Broadway.

It seems that Pennell, of the Buffalo Burdick case, added to his other crimes the embezzlement of trust funds. The uncovering of his character which has proceeded so gradually is very interesting, and if the processes of his degeneration could be traced in detail by a competent hand they would probably make a remarkable book. His reputation in Yale College seems to have been excellent. He made warm friends there, who testified immediately after his death to the nobility of his character. There is no doubt that they utterly misconceived their man, but the signs indicate that Pennell was a decent man at first, and that somehow he lost all his holds on virtue and "went miscellaneously to hell." His embezzlement of trust funds began, apparently, ten years ago, and was marked by notable changes in his habits of life. He seems from that time to have deliberately planned to end a career of pleasure by suicide, and having robbed his clients, to reimburse them finally by the proceeds of life-insurance. Speaking of the embezzlements, Pennell's lawyer, Wallace Thayer, has been quoted as saying: "While others condemn him I see something which removes much blame in his carefully planned-out system of striving to right his wrong after death. He misappropriated a vast sum of money; used it for his own pleasures for a short time, and paid for it with his life, for that is the reason that he carried a quarter of a million life-insurance. It was to repay after death those whom he had wronged in life." Mr. Thayer's own moral sense seems to have become somewhat warped by his close consideration of his client's malfeasances. The life-insurance companies will hardly admit that it is any less blameworthy to rob them than to rob others. Pennell did not pay for anything with his life. His death was merely another form of theft to which he added murder. There was a good deal of George Eliot's Tito Melema in Pennell. One could almost wish he had left an autobiography—the record of the descent of a damned soul.

Henry L. Stoddard, editor since 1899 of the *Mail and Express*, is of the fourth generation of newspaper men in his family. Born in New York in 1861, he was educated in the public schools and the College of the City of New York. His newspaper work began in his grandfather's office at Hudson, New York, from which he came to the New York *Tribune*. Beginning in 1882 he took service with the Philadelphia *Press*. Later for two years he was editor of the New York *Graphic*, which he left to join the staff of the *Mail and Express* under Colonel Elliott F. Shepard. In 1897 he joined Messrs. R. C. Alexander and R. E. A. Dorr in buying the paper from Colonel Shepard's estate. He was war correspondent in Cuba for his paper in 1898. In 1899 he succeeded Mr. Alexander (who died) as editor, and when Mr. Dorr died, in the following year, he became the controlling owner of the company. He is forty-one years old.

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The President and the Tariff

THERE is manifested a certain hard-hearted inclination to hold the President responsible for his utterances on the subject of tariff revision. Undoubtedly the subject of tariff taxation is important; it is also difficult in its technical features, and very few of our public men understand it, or, indeed, have given it a perfect examination. The President's critics are unjust to him because he is not really talking or trying to talk economics, but politics pure and simple. No one would have dreamed of consulting Mr. Roosevelt about the tariff before he made his laugh-compelling Minneapolis speech. That speech did not change this fact, unless it be that men who would not then have thought of consulting him, a negative state of mind, now know precisely why they would not discuss the subject with him, which is a positive state of mind.

Mr. Roosevelt is a young man still, but when he was much younger than he is now he was a free-trader of such vigorous hue that, on one occasion, he announced that he would "die for free trade." Practically, he has since learned nothing concerning the tariff, but he has accepted the *post hoc propter hoc* sort of philosophy to which protectionists have resorted in these days of the degeneracy of their doctrine, and he is, therefore, ready to say, with home-market clubs and other like disinterested authorities, that because we are now prosperous we are so because of the tariff law. This is utter folly, of course, but the President does not know it, because since the days when he was a crusading knight of free trade he has learned that the doctrine of extreme protection is essential to the life of his party. Mr. Roosevelt, besides being very young, younger perhaps than David Copperfield seemed to be to Steerforth's valet, is an ardent party politician. He has, indeed, the disposition to "reform within the party," but this disposition does not carry him very far, once it has brought him in conflict with the party leaders who write the platforms and make the nominations. So, after trying for a time to be that impossible thing, a free-trade Republican, he has gradually settled down into a protectionist of the most advanced type. He is of the school which says, "stand pat"; "no revision at all"; "revision only by its friends," which, being interpreted, means revision only by those who insist upon maintaining the existing exorbitant rates of duty which are so enormously increasing the cost of living in this country, and which are, also, incidentally giving to some of the trusts, those which are most flagrant from the President's own point of view, that monopoly of the home market that substantially kills the competition which the President believes to be the life of healthful trade. This school of protection recognizes the breakdown of the system as logically defensible. The arguments which once moaned over infant industries are out of place, now that the infants have become, even in Mr. Roosevelt's imagination, brooding giants breeding evils. The protectionists, therefore, consciously sustain their cause by clamor. This clamor is not made for economic, but for party, reasons, and there is a species of injustice in the attempt to transform a patent party howl and to make it appear to be a serious argument. It is true that Mr. Roosevelt, in imitating this howl, may think it an argument, for he undoubtedly lacks information on the subject, but there is no doubt that even with him the purpose of tariff speeches is purely political.

And yet it is a pity that his own and his party's exigencies should have led him into what, if we were speaking of a better-informed man, we would be obliged to call misrepresentations. For example, Mr. Roosevelt said at Minneapolis that our tariff system is "based upon ample recognition of the difference between the cost of production—that is, the cost of labor—here and abroad." In the first place, we all know,—we who want more protection, we who want to "stand pat," we who want lower duties, and we who want free trade,—that our protective system has no such basis; that, on the contrary, it is based on the world-old theory of taking as much from the patient public as that public will "give up." It is not true, as every well-informed person knows, that those American industries alone are protected whose cost of production is greater than that of their possible foreign competitors. We make many articles, which are protected by rates of duty ranging from 50 to more than 100 per cent., which actually cost their manufacturers less than the cost of producing like articles to their foreign makers. Glass, iron and steel, cotton goods, some woollens, and other articles are in this class. We know, for example, that steel rails made in Pittsburg could be landed in New York for less than Scotch rails if the duty on rails were wholly removed. We know that the same is true of structural forms and of armor plate, and of a score or more of other forms of iron and steel. We know that the protection on glass is not only pure robbery of the American consumer, but that it tells distinctly to the disadvantage of the glass industry in this country: that we do not make such good glass as we might, because the exclusion of good foreign glass by our tariff enables our manufacturers to sell an inferior article for an exorbitant price. Every expert on glass knows that we might stand at the head in the production of plate and cut glass, but the tariff makes it unnecessary for our manufacturers to strive for this preeminence. A similar story may be told as to our manufactures of woollens. Some mills have demonstrated our ability to manufacture good woollen cloths, but our tariff gives to shoddy the opportunity to keep out sound foreign cloth of the cheaper grades, so that those who must wear low-priced goods are compelled to buy the imitation instead of the real. Illustrations of the President's error might be multiplied indefinitely. As we have already said, however, the President is probably quite unconscious of his error. Indeed, any one who can gravely assert that the cost of production is the cost of labor cannot be held morally accountable for any economic blunder. The President also asserts, or at least suggests, that we must have protection in order to pay higher wages to our "better-educated, better-fed, and better-clothed workmen, of a higher type than are to be found in any foreign country." Now it is one of the settled economic facts that the labor cost of articles produced by the kind of workmen whom the President describes as ours is less than the labor cost of articles produced by uneducated, ill-fed, and insufficiently clothed workmen.

It would be idle to follow the President for the purpose of making further exposures of his blunders. Moreover, we should thereby lay ourselves open to the charge of taking his oratorical economics seriously. Consciously or unconsciously, he is but repeating the lessons which have been taught the Republican party and the country by the leading apostles of the protective principle. The difference between these apostles and the President is, very likely, that while they know that their talk is for the deception of the people and for the profit of the beneficiaries of the present tariff, he may think that he is uttering economic truths. Whether he does think so or not, he knows that he is talking for personal and political effect, for his own renomination, and for his party's triumph in 1904. If he is as ignorant as he seems he is to be pitied, and his youth is to be deplored. If he is not, if he knows the truth, and says what is false, or what is only half true, for the welfare of his party, its leaders, its beneficiaries, and himself, he ought to be heartily ashamed of his task and of his performance.

The President's Latest Definition of the Monroe Doctrine

IN his speech at Chicago Mr. Roosevelt dealt exclusively with the Monroe Doctrine, which he pronounced a cardinal principle of our foreign policy. He undertook to define the principle as he understands it, and as he wishes to see it accepted on both sides of the Atlantic. We cordially concur in that definition so far as it goes, and we can easily comprehend why one general statement, to which we shall presently refer, was not made more explicit by specification. It ought to be obvious, although, from the neglect of the navy by some Federal administrations, the contrary conclusion might be drawn, that, if the American people really intend to make the doctrine a cardinal principle of their foreign policy, they must be at all times prepared to uphold it by force, should it be challenged. That, of course, should be recognized as an imperative and urgent duty, unless we desire to stand forth before the world as braggarts and simpletons. What Mr. Roosevelt had to say upon this point could not have been driven home to the common sense of the nation with more distinctness or more energy. Foreign powers will respect the doctrine just so long as our naval force, by which alone it can be defended, shall seem to them respectable. Nor is it enough, as he reminded us, to build war-ships which in respect of number, size, and weight of armament, shall constitute a fleet that shall rank at least third among the navies of the world. It is equally indispensable to provide each war-ship with an adequate complement of officers and men. Neither does this exhaust the list of our indisputable obligations. The officers must have seen an amount of service at sea commensurate with all possible contingencies, and the engineers, seamen, and gunners must have been thoroughly trained. During the recent manœuvres in the Caribbean, our marksmanship was observed to be deficient, decidedly inferior to that exhibited in Manila Bay and off Santiago. That is a shortcoming which justly exposes us to foreign criticism, and might prove disastrous in the hour of trial. As Mr. Roosevelt said at Chicago, to lay up a battle-ship in a navy-yard and only send it afloat at the outset of actual war, with a raw crew and untried officers, would be not merely a folly, but a crime; and, what is also not to be lost sight of, if we only prepare sufficiently, no war will ever come. It is perfectly true, as the President avers, that, if we need and must have a powerful and efficient navy, it is not for the purposes of war, but as the surest guaranty of peace.

So much for our duty to ourselves, if we honestly intend to stand by our assertion of the Monroe Doctrine. But what about our duty to our sister commonwealths in Latin America? Has Mr. Roosevelt's conception of that duty undergone any modification since he wrote his second annual message? Then he seemed to say that European governments might go to any lengths in the enforcement of "just obligations" upon a Latin-American republic, provided they stopped short of a permanent occupation of

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the latter's territory. As we have formerly pointed out, the phrase "just obligations" was broader and more ambiguous than the word "misconduct," which Mr. Roosevelt used in his first annual message, in which he said that we should not interfere to shield from punishment an American republic should it misconduct itself, except for the purpose of averting a permanent occupation of its territory. By his choice of the word "misconduct" Mr. Roosevelt appeared to concur with all his predecessors in the office of Chief Magistrate, who, in their exposition of the Monroe Doctrine, had been careful to say that they should not oppose the coercion of an American republic by acts of war, provided the coercion were intended to obtain redress for grievances or reparation for wrongs, and provided, of course, it were not extended to a permanent occupation of territory. It is now evident that European powers understood the new term "just obligations" to cover not only the redress of grievances and reparation for *torts*, but also ordinary debts incurred under absolute freedom of contract, as to which, according to Latin-American statesmen and jurists, the maxim *caveat emptor* should apply to foreign creditors. The three blockading powers, Great Britain, Germany, and Italy, acted upon this understanding. By blockade and bombardment they extorted from Venezuela an agreement to pay, not only certain insignificant sums for the redress of alleged grievances, but also ordinary debts arising out of contract, and amounting to many millions of dollars, for which thirty per cent. of the customs revenue of Venezuela's two principal custom-houses is to be set aside. Against this dangerous precedent for the confiscation of a large fraction, or even the whole, of the customs revenue on which Latin-American governments largely depend for their support, Argentina has virtually protested through her minister at Washington. Would Mr. Roosevelt make any allusion to that protest? Would he qualify the wide and elastic phrase "just obligations," which, as he said in his second annual message, European powers were at liberty to enforce upon American republics? Would he announce that there were other acts, besides the permanent occupation of territory, which, if committed against sister commonwealths, the people of the United States could not view with equanimity? These were questions that thoughtful Americans, foreseeing the perils of the Venezuela precedent, could not but ask themselves when they learned that Mr. Roosevelt purposed to discuss the Monroe Doctrine in the course of his Western tour. We are happy to say that at Chicago the President did materially qualify the purport of the definition which he had put forth in his second annual message. He declared in so many words that the policy associated with the name of Monroe "not only forbids us to acquiesce in territorial acquisitions on the American continent by European powers, but also causes us to object to the acquirement of a control which, in its effect, would be equal to territorial aggrandizement." Such is the general principle now propounded by the President, and we would point out that it is in almost perfect harmony with the original declaration made by Monroe, who said, it will be remembered, in his annual message of December 2, 1823, that "we could not view any interposition for the purpose of *oppressing* them [Latin-American republics], or *controlling in any other manner their destiny*, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States." At Chicago the President named only one specification or application of this principle. He said, what is unquestionably true, that, had the interoceanic canal across the American isthmus been built by a European power, one or more Latin-American republics would inevitably have been subjected to a large measure of control at the hands of the power which should construct and operate the waterway. That was one of the cogent reasons that impelled us to construct the canal ourselves. Mr. Roosevelt did not go on to specify other instances in which his principle would be applicable. Without repudiating the action of his own State Department, which has acquiesced in the outcome of the Venezuela blockade, he could not at this time declare that Argentina's protest is well founded, and that the destiny of an American republic might be vitally controlled if the whole, or even a large part, of its customs revenue could be confiscated to the profit of foreign creditors for an indefinite period. It is perfectly obvious, however, that such a deduction follows logically and unavoidably from his new declaration.

Mr. Roosevelt's Advisers on the Tariff and the Trusts

DURING the week ending April 4, not only President Roosevelt, but two members of his cabinet, Secretary Root and Secretary Shaw, discussed the suggested revision of the tariff and the recent anti-trust legislation. The Secretary of the Treasury, speaking at Peoria, Illinois, on March 31, undertook to refute the Democratic assertion that customs duties ought to be removed from commodities the producers of which in the United States possess under the existing tariff a monopoly, or are making a close approach thereto. Mr. Shaw demanded that the Democratic advocates of this remedy for monopolies or monopolistic tendencies should explain whether they would remove protection temporarily or permanently from monopoly-produced goods. If the removal of protection is to be temporary, who is to say, he inquired, when it shall be restored? We answer, Congress, which brought about the temporary removal. Mr. Shaw spoke more to the point when he queried whether, if the iron and steel industry, the glass, the paper, or any other industry, has been monopolized, as is claimed, and if no Americans now dare build factories in competition with these monopolists, American courage would be reinvigorated by the removal of the tariff, which would inevitably cause an inflow of competitive products from abroad. It seemed to him that American enterprise would be quite as likely to build a factory and compete in the American market under protection as under free trade. What Mr. Shaw overlooks is the fact that under a free-trade régime individual Americans would compete against individual foreigners, whereas under the protectionist régime they have to compete against the colossal aggregations of capital which the tariff has fostered.

Mr. Root, speaking at Boston on April 2, admitted that some good and true men, by which, apparently, he meant certain members of the Republican party who have adopted the Iowa idea, recommended a substantial revision of the tariff. He thought that their desire should not be gratified at the present time, for several reasons. In the first place, he said, a revision of the tariff is a great and difficult task. That is true, but if it be a task beyond the ability of Congress to perform, our system of Federal government needs mending. In the second place, he suggested a doubt whether the evils existing under the present tariff are as great as the evils that would be experienced from the long and difficult process of revision. This, again, is equivalent to saying that our Congress is so incompetent, or so slow, that, having got a bad thing, we had better cling to it lest we get a worse. In the third place, Mr. Root bade his audience remember that out of no possible revision would any one man be likely to get precisely the kind of tariff law that he wants. Of course not. Every tariff law is the outcome of multifarious compromises. The question is not whether we can attain an impossibility—that is to say, a tariff perfectly satisfactory to everybody—but whether we can get a tariff which would be an improvement on the existing one from the view-point of the community considered as a whole.

Now let us see what the two secretaries said about the trusts. Mr. Shaw certainly has the courage of his opinions, for at Peoria he did not hesitate to avow the paradoxical belief that the present prohibitory law against trusts has generally been found adequate whenever the evidence attainable has been found sufficient to establish the alleged fact. He asserted that the trust-busting legislation of the Fifty-seventh Congress did not provide new remedies so much as new methods of discovering facts and expediting judicial investigation. The Sherman law, he said, contains quite drastic provisions, applicable to both persons and corporations, when these are once proven to have combined, or to have conspired to combine, for the purpose of monopolizing a business or a trade privilege. It is undeniable that the anti-trust acts passed by the last Congress amount to nothing, and were intended to amount to nothing, beyond ostensibly providing the means for applying the search-light of publicity to the private affairs of railway and industrial corporations engaged in inter-State commerce. Two things remain to be seen: first, whether the vaunted publicity will, in fact, be secured, and, secondly, what use will be made of it by the Bureau of Corporations and by the Attorney-General's office. We add that Mr. Shaw forestalled his executive chief in directing attention to the truism that combined capital, while not by any means an unmixed evil, is capable of evil. Unquestionably we have reached a stage in our civilization where the things that we feel called upon to undertake require associated capital. It is, therefore, as Mr. Shaw says, the province of a statesman so to legislate as to encourage the aggregation of capital, while, at the same time, guarding against the abuses of which such aggregation may be susceptible. The Secretary of the Treasury put the facts neatly when he reminded us that it requires no remarkable skill to kill a vicious colt, but it does require skill, and patience, and wisdom, to get superlative speed out of a strong animal possessed of many evil propensities. We quite agree with the Secretary in thinking that it is wiser to put kicking-straps on a horse than to hamstring the animal.

Mr. Root at Boston was firm in the belief that you cannot get rid of trusts by revising the tariff, unless you are ready to reduce the duties in the classes of manufacture in which the so-called trusts are engaged—that is to say, in all the principal kinds of manufacture—to such an extent as to put an end to all American manufactures. That is just one of the assertions that the Democrats want to test by experiment. They want to find out whether the duties may not be so lowered as to make it impossible for a heavily watered trust to pay dividends, and yet leave it perfectly possible for an individual manufacturer, working with unwatered capital, to reap reasonable profits. There is no doubt about Mr. Carnegie's opinion on the subject. He would back the individual manufacturer with unwatered capital against the watered trust every time.

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Municipalism in England

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *April 4, 1903.*

"As regards municipal ownership, we are a hundred years behind Great Britain."—HARPER'S WEEKLY, March 14, 1903.

I SHOWED that sentence to an English member of Parliament who has been twice mayor and for over ten years a councillor or alderman of one of the largest cities in the kingdom. His comment was startling. "Happy America!" he exclaimed. "Long may she remain so." He went on to make a vigorous attack on the excesses of modern "municipal enterprise." The old form of it, the form known as "gas and water socialism," he approved. Experience had convinced him that there were certain undertakings which, being monopolistic in their nature and vitally bearing on the health or safety or necessary comforts of the people, could be more efficiently and more economically controlled by a municipality than by a private company. He could not, and no more, he declared, could any one else, lay down hard and fast lines as to the sphere in which municipal enterprise might legitimately move. Local conditions, as it seemed to him, could alone determine that. But he thought it unquestionable that when a municipality branched out into all sorts of minor trades of a speculative and even experimental character, incurred immense liabilities in prosecuting them, and raised local taxation to an almost unbearable height, a point was reached where it became a matter of principle and common sense to call a halt. That point, in his opinion, England had not only reached, but passed. "Our local governing authorities," he said, "have gone crazy over municipal trading. England, without realizing it, is settling rapidly down on a Collectivist basis. The municipalities are the socialism of the future in embryo, and the men who compose them, whether they know it or not, are playing the game of the Socialists to perfection. Of course socialism has lost a good many of its terrors. 'We are all Socialists now,' as Harcourt said. But there is one thing that has not lost its terrors, and that is bankruptcy. If municipal speculation goes on at its present rate, it is my opinion we must either end in a sort of local bankruptcy or else in such a widespread atrophy of private initiative as will work our commercial ruin. That is why, as a lifelong friend and admirer of America, I am glad to hear she is a hundred years behind us in the matter of municipal ownership. That is why I say 'Long may she remain so.'"

One hears opinions like this expressed on all sides nowadays. I do not think it would be too much to say that the intelligent public spirit of this country is preparing for a revolt from the extremes of the "new municipalism." Ratepayers' defence clubs, property-owners' associations, citizens' unions, industrial protective societies, and so on, are multiplying all over the kingdom, and endeavoring to arouse the average respectable citizen, whose apathy is at the root of the mischief, into some active sense of the dangers that lie inevitably ahead. An invaluable series of articles contributed to the *Times* during the summer and fall of last year has given an immense impetus to the movement. It is not an impossible undertaking, but it is an exceedingly arduous one—how much so may be gathered from studying the example of Glasgow. Glasgow prides itself on being the model municipality of Great Britain. It is, at any rate, the most active. The Corporation—that is to say, the City Council—supply the people of Glasgow with water, gas, electric light, cable and electric cars, and telephones; they control eleven public parks and galleries, thirteen baths and washhouses, a fruit and vegetable market, a dead-meat market, a home cattle-market, two foreign cattle-markets, a cheese-market, a bird and dog market, and an old-clothes market, four slaughter-houses and offices, four hospitals, and one burying-ground; they are the owners of 2488 municipal houses, seventy-eight lodging-houses, of which they manage seven themselves; a family home, which they also direct; 372 shops, forty-nine stores, forty-three warehouses, forty-three workshops, twelve halls, two churches, two hotels, one theatre, one studio, one pawn-office, one nursing-home, one powder-mill, one laundry, one bakehouse, one golf-course, and one gospel-tent; they farm over 1000 acres of land, where large crops are grown, including all the hay used in the stables of the cleansing department, as well as crops of oats, wheat, turnips, etc.; they convert the city sewage into solid matter, and sell it to farmers for manure; they carry on business as market-gardeners; they possess stone-quarries and 900 railway wagons; they build street cars, reclaim bogs, conduct a civic granary, raise $5000 a year on the clinker from the refuse-cremating furnaces, collect and sell waste-paper, and are not above melting and disposing of the solder from the old tin cans they find in the dust heaps. The contributor to the *Times* adds that this catalogue makes no pretence of being exhaustive. Such as it is, however, it will probably suffice to startle even those light-hearted New York statesmen who proposed the nationalization of the Pennsylvania coal-mines "by the right of eminent domain."

Glasgow, moreover, is only one of many,—an extreme, but by no means unique, example of what is going on all over the kingdom. The *Times* correspondent found and collected instances of the same sort of "enterprise" wherever he looked. There are about ten or a dozen towns in England where municipal sterilized milk for babes is supplied. The local governing authorities not only furnish the milk, but feeding-bottles with it—the purchaser being required to bring the teats at specified intervals to the municipal milk-store that their cleanliness may be tested. From this to the municipalization of the entire milk-supply is only a moderate step. It has not yet been taken, but sooner or later it inevitably will be. Several local governing authorities run saloons. Several others have set up homes for inebriates. General hospitals are still, for the most part, left to the support of private charity, but sanatoria for consumptives, smallpox, and scarlet-fever hospitals are common objects of municipal benevolence. In one town tubes of serum are prepared out of the public funds for cases of diphtheria and puerperal fever, and sold at a nominal price to all who apply for them. Cemeteries and crematoria under municipal ownership and management literally abound. The control of local markets has always, and quite properly, been vested in the local authority, but municipal markets are now swiftly leading to municipal slaughter-houses, municipal cold-storage houses, municipal ice factories. Cardiff has a municipal fish-market; Torquay breeds rabbits on a large tract of land where water is collected for the municipal water-works, and the profits from the sale of them goes to reducing the rates,—the experiment having answered so well that the City Council has now gone in for sheep-farming; Tunbridge Wells grows hops, and Liverpool beet-roots, on their sewage farms; at Colchester there are municipal oysters, which those who have never tasted an American oyster may conceivably relish; Brighton and several other towns own race-courses; a few have built theatres; West Ham not only manufactures its own paving-stones, but sells its surplus to contractors; many local authorities drive a good business in the residual products of gas—Manchester, for instance, trading in soap, oil, tallow, and mortar; most of the corporations that supply gas are prepared also to furnish stoves and all the necessary fittings; Sheffield undertakes plumbing work as a side issue to supplying water; Liverpool has a municipal tailoring establishment, where the uniforms of the town officials and employees are made; Battersea cuts all the timber required for municipal buildings and street paving in its own sawmill; Cardiff does the same; Manchester manufactures for itself all the wagons, brooms, and brushes needed by the local street-cleaning department; the Westminster City Council at the time of the coronation set up as seat-speculators, and got most handsomely "left"; a good many local authorities provide bands in the parks, organ recitals, and free municipal concerts; Nottingham runs both a university college and an aviary; the London County Council makes a free distribution of plants at the end of each summer season; Glasgow, Liverpool, and Leicester provide window-boxes filled with flowers for cottages in the poor and crowded districts; Blackpool, a seaside resort, spends thousands of pounds a year on advertising its charms and subscribes considerable sums to the local "attractions"; Harrowgate goes one better by offering visitors municipal displays of fireworks; at least a score of local authorities own golf-links and cycle-tracks, and, on a somewhat higher plane, schemes are constantly being put forward for municipal insurance offices, municipal banking, and municipal ownership of coal-mines and canals.

Side by side, and intimately connected with all this, are to be noted a prodigious expansion of municipal indebtedness—it now stands at well over $1,500,000,000—and an increase in local rates almost as great. The way in which local authorities plunder manufacturers, industrial companies, well-to-do traders, and property-owners, that some fresh municipal enterprise may be undertaken, is almost incredible. The question of local rates is becoming as formidable to British industry as the question of trade-unionism. Moreover, it is a fact that the "new municipalism" is the direct outcome of the concerted movement which English trade-unionists, Socialists, and labor-men have organized for the capture of the local authorities. They have pushed forward this movement with an electioneering skill worthy of an American campaign-manager. One result of their irruption into city councils is that the best type of men are ceasing to interest themselves in local affairs; another is that while the range of municipal activity is constantly widening, its efficiency is as steadily deteriorating. At the same time a bureaucracy of municipal office-holders is being solidly formed, and even the municipal employees are now a sort of trade-union on their own account. Add to this the unfairness of a local authority competing with and finally crushing private traders and professional men, add the paralyzing effect on invention and initiative, add further the recklessness with which wild-cat schemes are plunged into and the extravagant inefficiency with which they are usually prosecuted, add finally the suspicion that a municipal balance-sheet needs as close a scrutiny as a prospectus from Mr. Whitaker Wright's pen, and you will understand why Englishmen envy America her hundred years' backwardness.

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The Effect of the Kaiser's Speeches

By Wolf von Schierbrand

If I were asked the question, What effect, on the whole, have had the Kaiser's speeches? my deliberate answer would be, On the whole, a good one. And in making such answer I am well aware that it runs counter to the preconceived opinion, both of this country and of England. But it is, I honestly believe, nevertheless, the true and fair one.

For one thing, then, it must be borne in mind that the Kaiser, in most cases, is talking to his people, the Germans. And with all their high mental culture, their many sterling qualities, the Germans are, in political education, at least a whole century behind either England or the United States. The frank and well-instructed minds of Germany, those who have travelled or resided abroad long enough to form an intelligent opinion, admit this, irrespective of party ties. Now, in speaking to a people like that—a people in their overwhelming majority composed of monarchists by conviction and tradition, steeped in the faith that good can come to them, if at all, only through and by their rulers, it must be manifest to every unprejudiced person that modes of speech and methods of style must be adopted to produce a given effect different from those that would produce a similar effect on a nation politically more advanced.

That the Kaiser himself knows this full well is proven by the fact that when speaking to representatives of other nations—to Americans, Englishmen, even Frenchmen—he never makes use of the flamboyant, dictatorial, oracular mode of delivering himself which he, as a rule, employs in his public utterances to his own people. Witness in striking proof of this his speech, on July 10, 1891, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, Guildhall, London. It might be objected that representatives of these nations, above all, Americans and English, wouldn't "stand" such speeches. Very well, admit that—they wouldn't; and the Kaiser knows it, and does not talk to them, or of them, in that *objectionable manner*, which simply proves our contention. He usually gauges his audience quite keenly and accurately, and he tells them that which he knows will be good for them. That he, with all that, is quite honest in his "ruler-by-divine-right" belief, admits scarcely of doubt, and does not alter the above fact. To the vast majority of the Germans of to-day neither the subject-matter of his innumerable speeches nor their peculiar flavor is at all distasteful. Many of them touched chords in the German soul which would not have vibrated otherwise; not only touched them, but stirred them so electrically as to produce action and lasting effect on the phases of national life.

Turning now to the peculiar conditions in which the German Empire is placed, it will readily be seen that they account for much that seems strange to us in his talk. For the young empire is all the while contending against a sea of troubles, both within and without. As to the troubles within, they are, just to mention the chief ones, three: The absolute necessity of a firmer consolidation; the splitting up of political life into a score of factions, none of which is alone able to accomplish anything; and the Socialist danger. And as regards the foreign situation, we see Germany surrounded, east and west and north, by powerful foes, forever on the watch, quick and willing to seize a really favorable opportunity for the dismemberment of the empire. We see her, besides, in the stress of a fierce and never-abating competition, political and commercial, with all the rest of the world. And yet the empire's soil is inferior in fertility and resources to that of her neighbors and most of her rivals.

Now let us see what purposes the Kaiser has chiefly had in view when speaking publicly. In the main these purposes have been the following: To preserve the peace of the world, enabling Germany to develop internally, and to calmly reap the fruits of her efforts in industry, commerce, science, invention; to strengthen the bonds of cohesion which hold the empire together; to foster and direct the expansion of Germany in political and commercial fields. A recent German compilation of the Kaiser's speeches, shortly to be published in English by Harper & Brothers, furnishes authentic and exhaustive material on which to base these claims. No one reading these speeches in their totality can help the deduction that his main programme as a ruler is bounded by the limits defined above. But it will repay the trouble to go a little more into details here.

As to his efforts to preserve the peace of the world, his visits, at the outset of his reign and since, to Russia, England, Austria, Italy, and elsewhere, and his toasts and speeches, telegrams and letters, give abundant proof that he was both sincere, untiring, and successful in these labors. In the light supplied by them there remains scarcely a doubt that it was principally owing to him that no war broke out between Russia and France on the one hand, and Germany, Austria, and Italy on the other, any time from 1888 to the death of Czar Alexander III., in the autumn of 1894. He made skilful use of the only effective means at hand to prevent this war—he convinced his adversaries that Germany wanted no war, and would do everything she honorably could to avoid it, and he convinced them equally of the fact that Germany would fight hard, and go into the fray prepared for a life-and-death struggle if forced into it. The latter conviction he contrived to convey by repeated and enormous enlargement of the German army during that period, and by knitting tighter the Triple Alliance. The evidence is as irresistible in regard to the other two tasks he had set *himself*. No close observer of German internal affairs will deny that the Kaiser has succeeded to an unprecedented degree in strengthening and multiplying the cohesive forces that bind the young empire together. He has wiped out the strife between the Catholic Church and the Protestant state in Germany, known under the name of *Culturkampf*, and which he took over as an inheritance from Bismarck. He has made loyal disaffected Alsace-Lorraine. He has made the relations between Emperor and the co-ordinated German sovereigns much more intimate and pleasant. He has vastly improved and doubled the size of the army. He has created the formidable German navy.

As to Germany's expansion, political and commercial, the Kaiser is practically responsible for it. That the world admits. And the same remark applies to Germany's internal advance in all material things—industry, trade, shipping, applied science, general prosperity. It is no mere coincidence that the last decade of the Kaiser's reign has seen Germany bound forward on the path of expansion at a marvellous rate. It is largely due to his unbending energies in that direction.

Thus, then, the Kaiser's hundreds of speeches subserving these chief purposes of his, have unquestionably produced vast good, not to his country and people alone, but to the world at large, inasmuch as they have served to render war impossible, and in that manner have contributed immensely to the welfare of mankind as a whole.

But there is an entire category of his speeches which have achieved not good, but evil. In it belong his many public utterances against political Liberalism, for whose dwindling away in Germany he is mainly responsible; his amazingly violent diatribes and insults hurled against the Socialists of Germany, comprising, it must be remembered, one-fourth or more of the entire population; those against the freedom of the press and against the new literature and art of Germany; and also those many wild and irrational sayings and orders to his officers, soldiers, and recruits. Of the latter, no doubt, some at least were momentary ebullitions, not to be taken seriously. One may arrive at that conclusion because they have been excluded, at the implied behest of the Kaiser himself, from recent compilation. But enough of them remain to make the calm observer stand aghast.

The other day, August Bebel, the Socialist leader, delivered one of his characteristic speeches in the Reichstag. It was a scathing and almost brutally frank reply to the Kaiser's innumerable attacks on his party. Anybody who has been on the inside of German affairs knows that, in sober truth, the Socialists there—who must not be confounded in their teachings with Socialists elsewhere—have been and are the most powerful check on the growth of anarchism, and have benefited the laboring classes in the empire as all other factors together have not. The Kaiser's dread of them is unreasoning.

And while the Kaiser's speeches have had a most unwholesome effect on German literature and art, they have been still more baneful as to press conditions in the empire. It is an undeniable fact that the Kaiser has throttled freedom of opinion and its expression there, and this to a degree without a parallel. The press in Germany is muzzled and powerless. The writer himself (if he may be pardoned for mentioning the fact) illustrates this, for he was expelled from Berlin for writing, as an American correspondent, the truth about the Emperor, expelled, broken in health, ruined financially. I suppose it would be but "human" in Bebel's sense if I, when opportunity offered, should confound my private wrongs with the public ones wrought by the Kaiser's illiberal policy toward the press. But that would not be fair to the reader nor to the Kaiser. It is, however, strictly within the truth to say that his practically absolute power has given the Kaiser a notion that he is infallible, and that to hold, or, above all, express, opinions at variance with his own is tantamount to high treason, tantamount to injuring the empire's interests. That again is quite "human." I do not doubt for a moment the sincerity of his convictions and notions. In fact, his most inveterate foes within the empire, the Socialists, admit that much themselves. But that does not alter the fact that Bebel's charge is true—the Kaiser goes in his speeches and in his whole public activity away beyond constitutional limits, limits which he solemnly pledged himself to adhere to on ascending the throne. However, the point at issue in this article scarcely concerns itself with that question, interesting as it is.

Striking a general balance, after carefully weighing the evidence on either side, I am constrained to say that I hold the influence of the Kaiser's speeches, *on the whole*, to be a good one. Or perhaps it would convey my meaning more clearly to say that the good effects outweigh the evil ones.

The Kaiser fills, no doubt, an anomalous position in the world's eye. He is a bundle of contradictions. His double lineage—Hohenzollern and Guelph—accounts for that. His complex nature is nowhere mirrored more dazzlingly and yet impartially than in his very speeches. But much of what is anomalous in his speeches is due *not* so much to him as to the anomalous circumstances surrounding *him* as a ruler.

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Personal Impressions of Monte Carlo

By Maurice Maeterlinck

I

I SACRIFICED—for it is a sacrifice to give up the incomparable play of the stars and moon on the divine Mediterranean—I sacrificed a few evenings of my stay in the land of the sun to the consulting of the most mystic god of this world of ours, in the busiest, the most gorgeous, and the most individual of his temples.

This temple stands down there, at Monte Carlo, on a rock bathed in the dazzling light of the sea and sky. Enchanted gardens, where blossom in January all the flowers of spring, summer, and autumn, sweet-scented thickets that borrow nothing from the hostile seasons but their perfume and their smiles, lie before its porch. The orange, most lovable of all trees, the palm, the lemon-tree, the mimosa wreathe it with gayety. The crowds approach it by royal stairways. But, mark you, the building is not worthy of the admirable site which it commands, of the delicious hills, the azure and emerald gulf, the happy meadows that surround it. Nor is it worthy either of the god whom it shelters, or of the idea which it represents. It is insipidly emphatic and hideously blatant. It suggests the low insolence, the overweening conceits of the flunkey who has grown rich but remains obsequious. Examination shows it to be solidly built and very large: nevertheless, it wears the mean and sadly pretentious air of the ephemeral palaces of our great exhibitions. The august father of Destiny has been housed in a sort of meringue covered with preserved fruits and sugar castles. Perhaps the residence was purposely made ridiculous. The builders may have feared lest they should warn or alarm the crowd. They probably wished to make it believe that the kindliest, the most frivolous, the most harmlessly capricious, the least serious of the gods awaited his worshippers on a throne of cakes inside this confectioner's masterpiece. Ah, no: a mysterious and grave divinity reigns here, a wise and sovereign force, harmonious and sure. He should have been throned in a bare marble palace, severe, simple, and colossal, high and vast, cold and spiritual, rectangular and rigid, positive and overwhelming.

II

The interior corresponds with the exterior. The rooms are spacious, but decorated with commonplace magnificence. The acolytes of Chance, the bored, indifferent, monotonous croupiers, look like shop-assistants in their Sunday clothes. They are not the high priests, but the office clerks of Hasard. The rites and implements of the cult are vulgar and commonplace: a few tables, some chairs; here, a sort of bowl or cylinder that turns in the centre, of each table, with a tiny ivory ball that rolls in the opposite direction; there, a few packs of cards, and that is all. It needs no more to evoke the immeasurable power that holds the stars in suspense.

III

Around the tables crowd the faithful. Each of them carries within himself hopes, belief, different and invisible tragedies and comedies. This, I think, is the spot in which more nervous force and more human passions are accumulated and sheerly squandered than in any other in the world. This is the ill-omened spot where the peerless and, perhaps, divine substance of substances, which, in every other place works pregnant miracles, prodigies of strength, of beauty and of love, this is the fatal spot where the flower of the soul, the most precious fluid on the plant, leaks away into nothingness!. . . No more criminal waste can be conceived. This unprofitable force, which knows neither whither to go nor what work to do, which finds no door nor window, no direct object nor manner of transmission, hovers over the table like a mortal shadow, falls back upon itself, and creates a particular atmosphere, a sort of sweating silence which somehow expresses the fever of true silence. In this unwholesome stillness, the voice of Fate's little quill-driver snuffles out the sacred formula: *Faites vos jeux, messieurs, faites vos jeux!* That is to say, make to the hidden god the sacrifice that he demands before he shows himself. Then, somewhere from the crowd, a hand bright with certainty places imperiously the fruit of a year's work on numbers that cannot fail. Other adorers, more cunning, more circumspect, less confident, compound with luck, distribute their chances, compute illusive probabilities, and, having studied the mood and peculiarities of the genius of the table, lay complex and knowing traps for it. Others, again, hand over a considerable portion of their happiness or their life, at random, to the caprice of numbers.

But now the second formula resounds: *Rien ne va plus!* That is to say, the god is about to speak! At this moment an eye that could pierce the easy veil of appearances would distinctly see scattered on the plain green cloth (if not actually, then at least potentially, for a single stake is rare, and he who plays of his superfluity to-day will risk his all to-morrow) a cornfield ripening in the sun a thousand miles away, or again, in other squares, a meadow, a wood, a moonlit country house, a shop in some little market town, a staff of bookkeepers and accountants bending over ledgers in their gloomy offices, peasants laboring in the rain, hundreds of work-girls slaving from morn to night in deadly factories, miners in the mines, sailors on their ship; the jewels of debauchery, love, or glory; a prison, a dock-yard; joy, misery, injustice, cruelty, avarice; crimes, privations, tears.

All this lies there, very peacefully, in those little heaps of smiling gold, in those flimsy scraps of paper which ordain disasters that even a lifetime would be powerless ever to efface. The slightest timid and hesitating movements of these yellow counters and blue notes will rebound and swell out in the distance, in the real world, in the streets, in the plains, in the trees, in men's blood and in their hearts. They will demolish the house that saw the parents die, carry off the old man's chair, give a new squire to the astonished village, close a workshop, take away the bread from the children of a hamlet, divert the course of a river, stay or break a life; and through an infinity of time and space burst the links of an uninterrupted chain of cause and effect. But none of those resounding truths utters an indiscreet whisper here. There are here more sleeping Furies than on the purple steps of the palace of the Atridæ: but their cries of waking and of pain lie hidden at the bottom of men's hearts. Nothing betrays, nothing foretells that there are definite ills hovering over those present and choosing their victims. Only, the eyes stare a little, while hands shiftily finger a pencil, a bit of paper. Not an unaccustomed word or gesture. Clammy expectation sits motionless. For this is the place of voiceless pantomime, of stifled fighting, of unblinking despair, of tragedy masked in silence, of dumb destiny sinking in an atmosphere of lies that blots out every sound.

IV

Meanwhile, the little ball spins on the cylinder, and I reflect upon all that is destroyed by the formidable power conferred on it through a monstrous compact. Each time that it thus starts in search of the mysterious answer, it annihilates all around it the last essential remnants of our social morality: I mean, the value of money. To abolish the value of money and substitute for it a higher ideal would be an admirable achievement; but to abolish it and leave in its place simply nothing is, I conceive, one of the gravest crimes that can be committed against our scheme of evolution. If we look at it from a certain point of view, and purify it of its incidental vices, money is essentially a very worthy symbol: it represents human effort and labor; it is, for the most part, the fruit of laudable sacrifice and noble toil. Whereas here, this symbol, one of the last that was left to us, is daily subjected to public mockery. Suddenly, at the caprice of a little thing as insignificant as a child's toy, ten years of striving, of conscientious thought, of tasks patiently endured, lose all importance. If this hideous phenomenon were not isolated on this one rock, no social organization but would have fallen victim to the injury spreading from it. Even now, in its leprous isolation, this devastating influence makes itself felt at a distance which never could have been estimated. We feel that this influence, so inevitable, so malevolent and so profound, is such that, when we leave this cursed palace where gold clinks incessantly against the human conscience, we wonder how it is that the everyday life goes on, that patient gardeners consent to keep up the flower-beds in front of the fatal building, that wretched guardians can be found to watch over its precincts for a contemptible wage; and that a poor little old woman, at the bottom of its marble stairs, amid the coming and going of lucky or ruined gamblers, for years persists in earning a laborious livelihood by selling pennyworths of oranges, almonds, nuts, and matches to the passers-by.

V

While we are making these reflections, the ivory ball slackens its course and begins to hop like a noisy insect over the thirty-seven compartments that allure it. This is the irrevocable judgment. O strange infirmity of our eyes, our ears, and that brain of which we are so proud! O strange secrets of the most elementary laws of this world! From the second at which the ball was set in motion to the second at which it falls into the fateful hole, on the battle-field three yards long, in this childish and mocking form, the mystery of the Universe inflicts a symbolical, incessant, and disheartening defeat upon human power and reason.

Collect around this table all the wise men, all the divines, all the seers, all the sages, all the prophets, all the saints, all the wonder-workers, all the mathematicians, all the geniuses of every time and every country; ask them to search their reason, their soul, their knowledge, their heaven for the number so close at hand. The number already almost part of the present at which the little ball will end its race; beg them, so that they may foretell that number to us, to invoke their gods that know all, their thoughts that govern the nations and that

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aspire to penetrate the worlds: all their efforts will break against this brief puzzle which a child could take in its hand and which no longer fills the smallest moment's space. No one has been able to do it, no one will ever do it. And all the strength, all the certainty of the "bank," which is the impassive, stubborn, determined, and ever-victorious ally of the rhythmical and absolute wisdom of chance, lies solely in the establishment of man's powerlessness to foresee, were it but for the third of a second, that which is about to happen before his eyes.

If, in the span of nearly fifty years during which these formidable experiments have been made on this flower-clad rock, one single being had been found who, in the course of an afternoon, had torn the veil of mystery that covers, at each throw, the tiny future of the tiny ball, the bank would have been broken, the undertaking wrecked. But that abnormal being has not appeared; and the bank well knows that he will never come to sit at one of its tables. We see, therefore, how, in spite of all his pride and all his hopes, man knows that he can know nothing.

VI

In truth, Chance, in the sense in which the gamblers understand it, is a god without existence. They worship only a lie, which each of them pictures to himself in a different shape. Each of them ascribes it to laws, habits, preferences which are utterly contradictory as a whole and purely imaginary. According to some, it favors certain numbers. According to others, it obeys certain rhythms that are easily grasped. According to others again, it contains within itself a sort of justice which ends by giving an equal value to each group of chances. According to others, lastly, it cannot possibly favor indefinitely any particular series of simple chances for the benefit of the bank. We should never come to an end if we tried to review the whole illusory *corpus juris* of roulette. It is true that, in practice, the indefinite repetition of the same limited accidents necessarily forms groups of coincidences in which the gambler's deluded eye seems to discern some phantom laws. But it is no less true that, upon trial, at the moment when you rely upon the assistance of the surest phantom, it vanishes abruptly and leaves you face to face with the unknown which it was masking.

For the rest, most gamblers bring to the green cloth many other illusions, conscious or instinctive, and infinitely less justifiable. Almost all persuade themselves that Chance reserves for them special and premeditated favors or misfortunes. Almost all imagine some undefined but plausible connection to exist between the little ivory sphere and their presence, their passions, their desires, their vices, their virtues, their merits, their intellectual or moral power, their beauty, their genius, the enigma of their being, their future, their happiness, and their life. Is it necessary to say that there is no such connection; that there could be none? That little sphere whose judgment they implore, upon which they hope to exercise an occult influence, that incorruptible little ball has something else to do than to occupy itself with their joys and sorrows. It has but thirty or forty seconds of movement and of life; and during those thirty or forty seconds it has to obey more eternal rules, to resolve more infinite problems, to accomplish more essential duties than would even find place in man's consciousness or comprehension. It has, among other enormous and difficult things, to reconcile in its brief course those two incomprehensible and immeasurable powers which are probably the biform soul of the Universe: centrifugal force and centripetal force. It has to reckon with all the laws of gravitation, friction, the resistance of the air, all the phenomena of matter. It has to pay attention to the smallest incidents of the earth or sky; for a gambler who leaves his seat and imperceptibly disturbs the floor of the room, or a star that rises in the firmament, compels it to modify and begin anew the whole of its mathematical operations. It has no time to play the part of a goddess either well or ill disposed towards mortals; it is forbidden to neglect a single one of the numberless formalities which infinity demands of all that moves within it.

And when at last it attains its goal, it has performed the same incalculable work as the moon or the other cold and indifferent planets which, outside, above, in the transparent azure, rise majestically over the sapphire and silver waters of the Mediterranean. This long work we call Chance, having no other name to give to that which we do not as yet understand.

"Wee Macgregor"

A Few Remarks about James Joy Bell, the coming Man in Scottish Literature, by Robert Barr

THE literary tide which, taken at the flood, led three or four people on to fortune in Scotland, began to ebb sometime since. It was a strong tide while it lasted, and the question now arises, in what shape will it return? Fashion changes in literature as it does in ladies' hats, and as rapidly. The "Hoots Mon!" novel has had a very good innings, and now it is time for another team to come to the bat. Of course I am mixing my similes, but that is a fashion set by the "Kailyard" School, so if the reader is particular in the matter of similes, I withdraw the man from the bat, and say it is now time for another wave to roll up the sandy shore of literature.



J. J. Bell
Author of "Wee Macgreegor"

The Scottish novel of the past ten years presented characters of the poor but honest brand. The people who moved about more or less slowly in its pages, were rough and uncouth, so far as exterior was concerned, but they were always pure gold within. They were capable of amazing and unexpected self-sacrifice, which usually came upon the reader unaware, for until he got well acquainted with them, he thought they were merely uncultured boors, narrow, selfish, and in chronic ill-humor. But it invariably turned out that the heart was in the right place, and that, after all, was the main thing from the Scottish novelist's point of view. Many of the discussions turned upon the matter of a somewhat narrow and harsh religion, which frequently brought about a crisis toward the final chapters. But this crisis was always soothed down or mitigated by the natural good-heartedness of all concerned. There was also a glimmer of fun of a sort in the books, very sparingly indulged in, and yet some of these novelists actually acquired the reputation of humorists.

But the great asset of recent Scotch novels has been salt water. A while since an educational primer for children was produced in America, entitled *Reading Without Tears*, which was intended to teach the infant how to tread the thorny path of knowledge without getting its bare feet scratched by the brambles. *Reading Without Tears* would have proved a most inadequate introduction to the works of the "Kailyard" cult, for the water-works idea proved so successful that the later efforts of the school began to indicate a lack of adequate plumbing. One of the most popular of the coterie rapidly degenerated into slush, until it seemed as if we would have to wear waterproof and rubbers whenever we tackled him.

One would have thought that the revulsion against this submerged state of things would have been inaugurated by either Americans or Englishmen, but the anti-slush movement was led by Scotchmen. For some time an uneasy feeling had been prevalent among the Caledonians that they were not really the white-winged angels depicted by this group of writers. I think it was the poet W. E. Henley who pinned to the coat tails of the group the placard labelled "Kailyard," or if it was not Henley, it was some writer for the magazine which the poet at that time edited. However, the great example of the swing of the pendulum was the issuing of the late George Douglas Brown's biting book, *The House with the Green Shutters*. This was a work of genius, which many of the books of the Kailyarders were not, but it was nevertheless as untrue to life in the one direction as Ian Maclaren's goody-goody contributions were on the other. *The House with the Green Shutters* could not have founded a school, as did the *Window in Thrums*, for it could not be imitated, and the author of the former told me himself that he did not intend to write such another. I heard an alleged Scottish humorist say the other day that the *Green Shutters* had closed on the *Window in Thrums*, but I think the *Window in Thrums* is the one book issued by the "Kailyard" combination that will live, and I doubt if that can be said for *The House with the Green Shutters*.

A story must be founded on eternal truth if it is to taste eternity. It must be without false note, exaggeration, or melodrama; such a work, for instance, as *Rab and His Friends*. The average Scotsman knew very well that he inhabited neither the house with the green shutters nor a cottage in Drumtochty. The coming man in Scottish literature, then, is likely to take a middle course between the bitter hardness of the one and the sentimental gush of the other.

Is this man in sight?

I think so. Towards the end of last year a friend in Edinburgh called my attention to some domestic sketches that were appearing in a Glasgow paper. I read a few of them, and found for the first time, set down in print, the kind of Lowland Scotch which I talked when I left Glasgow at the age of four years, and which was a constant source of merriment to young Americans when I imported the lingo.. Dialect, except

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for the native, is a drawback rather than a recommendation in a story. In English-speaking countries a book succeeds in spite of its dialect, rather than because of it, and it requires sterling qualities in the matter to overcome the disadvantages of the dialect. These unsigned sketches seemed to me to contain the necessary sterling qualities. There was exhibited a fine, delicate humor, and a touch of pathos now and then equally fine and delicate. Through them all ran a sweet domesticity, the touching flavor of a humble home.

There was an utter absence of straining for effect, and real life was depicted exactly as it exists in that lowly sphere which the author had chosen. Later I met Mr. J. J. Bell, the writer of these contributions to the Glasgow paper. He is a very young man, and is modest as most of them are at the beginning. It did not occur to him that these sketches were of any value; in fact, when he sent the first of them to the editor he wrote him a letter apologizing for the contribution. Mr. Bell at that time was on the staff of the Glasgow *Evening Times*, and it was his duty to furnish a column to that paper every now and then as occasion required. This column was generally on some topical subject, but one day nothing particular happened to write about, and he sent to the editor a sketch which lay by him in which his hero "Wee Macgregor" first appears. He told the editor frankly in his note that if this falling away from duty was excused, he would not offend again, and suggested that the sketch be not used unless it was absolutely necessary to fill in the space. The editor, however, was taken with it and published it. Its local success in Glasgow was instantaneous, and so many letters poured in upon the manager of the paper that he asked Mr. Bell to carry his small hero a few steps farther. Even when "Wee Macgregor" had been appearing for some time, Bell had no notion of the value of his contributions, and it was that sterling novelist Neil Munro who first suggested that they should be got together in a book. Here, however, the usual difficulty met the young and unknown author. He offered the book to two publishers, asking a modest $50 for its sale outright. Luckily both refused, and as Neil Munro and other friends urged its publication, the young man offered the book for nothing, and that being also declined, he published it at his own expense. Even then he did not venture to put his name on the cover, but contented himself with the initials that had appeared in the newspaper. It was brought out in a form which publishers recognize as little liable to produce a profit, namely, in paper covers at the price of one shilling. As was the case with Hugh Conway's *Called Back*, the printing-presses had to run night and day to supply the demand, and up to the time of writing, the profits have mounted to more than $15,000, and England is just beginning to wake up to the fact that such a book is in existence. It was only the other week that it began to appear in the bookstalls of London.

John Joy Bell was born in 1871. After the usual school life of a Scottish boy, he entered Glasgow University, where he studied chemistry. I believe it was his intention in the first place to learn the blending of tobacco, for his father is one of the chief tobacco manufacturers of Scotland. But when he left the university he was attracted toward the literary life, and took the first steps leading thereto by becoming a newspaper man. His book is soon to be got out in more expensive form, illustrated by Mr. A. S. Boyd, a fellow-townsman, but for many years a resident of London. Mr. Boyd belongs to the *Punch* staff and to the staff of the *Daily Graphic*. The artist has been almost the life-long friend of Bret Harte, and it was Bret Harte who persuaded him to leave Glasgow for London, and who was his introducer in the metropolis.

Shakespeare and the Theatre

SHAKESPEARE'S plays were written for the theatre and survive for the library. This is the truth, so far as England and America are concerned. It is not true in Germany and Austria, in Berlin and in Vienna, and in a score of smaller cities, where the tragedies and comedies of the greatest of poets are still acceptably upon the boards, still presented by actors whose minds have been dignified and whose sentiments have been elevated by familiar associations with high thoughts, by deep and moving passions, and by noble verse. In England and in this country Shakespeare has become hardly possible; his plays, apparently, are not for our stage; his lines do not fit the mouths of our actors. If we, whose poet he is, want Shakespeare, we must take him in the corner of our libraries. It is true that an actor or an actor-manager, now and then, stung into a worthy ambition by the sneer of the critic, or by the jeer of the old playgoer who goes no longer, or by the ghost of an uneasy recollection, or by no matter what—it is true that sometimes such an actor or actor-manager may "have the honor to present," to quote the lackey phrase of to-day, some one of those plays of William Shakespeare which permit of clothes and scenery. And to these scenic productions go conscientious mothers of dimly lighted virgin minds, with the purpose of the improvement thereof. Schoolmasters, fathers, the seekers after culture, go to these "revivals" of the great master as they go to church, or to the Lowell lectures, or as they read aloud, and approvingly, of the work of university settlements, or of the achievements of the tenement-house commission. These fill the seats of the theatre with restless boys and girls for the sake of the influence upon their minds and manners. They want the children to have a certain familiarity with the greatest poet of the race, and so they take them to see a stage-manager's production, and to listen to actors who cannot reproduce the living scene or repeat the lines with proper emphasis.

The truth is that we no longer have English-speaking Shakespearian actors. Time was when this was not true. Edwin Booth probably engaged the last company of old-fashioned actors who were bred in the traditions of Shakespeare. These lived on Shakespeare's imagery. They ordered their breakfasts in blank verse, and betrayed the touchy dignity of the kings and knights and villains of the Elizabethan drama, but, also, their minds were dignified, and the fibre of their intellect was toughened by the great thoughts and the great passions with which they dwelt. There are none such now, or not so many that a real Shakespearian star could find a sufficient number to fill the minor parts in "Hamlet" or "Lear" or "Macbeth" or "Julius Cæsar" or "Romeo and Juliet," to say nothing of the comedies which require, on the part of the actor, a nice interpretation—that is, a nice discrimination, a consummate art, a keen appreciation of the literary values of the lines, and a quick responsiveness to the spirit of the poet.

The reason for this lack of actors capable of Shakespeare is clear to all who know the modern stage. Actors are no longer trained to the expression of the grand passions, to the understanding of the cosmic philosophy of Shakespeare. The old race of actors who could fill the stage with the heroes, the villains, and the clowns of England, whom Shakespeare portrayed, is dead. A new race has succeeded, and the men and women of this race have not been bred on celestial food. It is impossible to train an actor for high thoughts or for the appropriate repetition of noble sentiments by way of modern farce-comedy. The actor of to-day spends his life either in displaying to society its own follies, or in amusing it by preaching to it, or in bringing a laugh to modest cheeks that ought to be blushing, or in beguiling the weary with extravaganzas. A mind devoted to mere pastime is not likely to be hospitable to Shakespeare. A hard course in Bowery slang does not open the intelligence to the mellow humor of the "Merry Wives," or to the owlish wisdom of the grave-diggers in "Hamlet," nor does it lead to an appreciation of the satire of *Dogberry*, or of the keen wit of the two who stung themselves into mutual love. The quips and jest of the modern curbstone not only lack the distinction of ancient English tavern raillery, but they demoralize the mind that devotes itself to them.

The mind of the modern actor—we speak, of course, of the many, not of all—lies in his dancing legs, his side-splitting grimaces, his "business," his exaggerations of peculiar lives of to-day. The mind thus devoted to the lighter tasks of jocularity, skipping also from one author's jokes to those of another, on a moment's notice, as its possessor skips from town to town and from stage to stage, is not a mind that can suddenly turn to the contemplation and the study of Shakespeare with any hope that the lines of the poet will get the better of the encounter. The actor who is to play Shakespeare acceptably must not frivol away his intellectual dignity. One cannot sing "Mary had a Little Lamb," with all the enthusiam of his soul, for three hundred nights, and hope to be equal to the Magnificat or a Te Deum, or *Siegfried's* Rhine journey, on the three-hundred-and-first night. The tasks to which the modern English and American manager puts the English and American actor have destroyed the old school of Shakespeare actors. Now we are not saying that this is not for the best; that in the processes of the evolution of the arts the theatre has not naturally become what it is. Still, in writing this phrase, which must be accepted as nothing in the world but politeness, we inevitably think of the stage of Paris, of Berlin, of Vienna, and of Rome, and wonder how it is that the dramatic art continues to flourish in these Continental cities, while farce-comedy is about as near as we can get to it. At any rate, this we know, that the English or American actor is incapable of giving us Shakespeare; that he reads the immortal lines with the uncouthness of one who comes to a strange task, the only quality of which, to his mind, is its inscrutable bigness; that he is out of tune with the master poet of his race—and the only reason that we can assign is that he has passed his life in unbending his mind to the expression of trivialities and commonplaces, and therefore it has lost its dignity. We know, too, that the almost total disappearance of Shakespeare from the English-speaking stage is not due to lack of intellectual interest in Shakespeare himself. He continues to charm German audiences, and when he is announced in New York the cultivated and their small charges throng the theatre, only to be disappointed. While our theatre has no place for Shakespeare, our libraries have, and the Englishman or the American who is sensible reads his poet's plays instead of going to the theatre to see them slaughtered. But it will not be always so, for Shakespeare wrote, as we have said, for the stage, and on the stage he will some day again be played by actors yet unborn, in England and in America, as he is played to-day in Berlin and Vienna.

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Books and Bookmen

THE Sentimentalist, the Romancer, the Humorist—these we know in American fiction, but where are the Philosopher and the Comic Muse? "Comedy," says George Meredith, "was never one of the most honored of the Muses. . . . It has subsided altogether as a power in the profession of morality; but it is an error to suppose it extinct." Again, he desiderates: "A society of cultivated men and women is required, wherein ideas are current and the perceptions quick, that he may be supplied with matter and an audience. . . . Moreover, to touch and kindle the mind through laughter demands more than sprightliness, a most subtle delicacy. He must be subtle to penetrate." Yet again: "The Philosopher and the Comic Poet are of a cousinship in the eye they cast on life." Wherefore we may deduce that the Philosopher and the Comic Muse come last in the progress of any civilization, and that the presence of both or either connotes the existence of a marked degree of intellectual activity and ripeness. The mind of the nation has been passing through a period of semi-barbarism and giddy pride in the lustiness of adolescent being, of a feverish commotion and emotional excitability. To all this the novel of sentiment, the romance of history, the rattle of wit, the mélange of humor and pathos, of which we have had a surfeit, have been the natural mental pabulum as they have been naturally its product. But the river runs to the sea, and a hazy atmosphere gives place in clearing to an ideal one. That we are at present in a state of intellectual transition is clear to the observing student; that it will lead to a higher and saner intellectual plane is devoutly to be hoped. Meanwhile, we are grateful for any sign that we may descry, in the exodus from intellectual apathy, of that divinity which shapes the ends of national movements in literature and art.

Such a sign we think we see in Mr. William Farquhar Payson's new novel, *The Triumph of Life*. It cuts a distinct line of cleavage, and separates itself bravely from the fiction we have been accustomed to for some years. It addresses itself to the cultivated, to the alert of mind and the quick of sight; it is that hazardous thing for the author—a perilous venture on the popular intelligence, a bold attempt to face the study of the actual world from the coign of vantage of the Philosopher and the Comic Muse. George Meredith did it in *The Egoist*. Will the American public be as slow to recognize Mr. Payson's effort at shaking and rousing our intellectual apathy as the English public was with Meredith's masterpiece? We are inclined to think not, for the American mind is more capable of quick response, of agile perceptiveness, and of a readiness to welcome new ideas and new forms. Moreover, there is an amused tolerance, a sense of comedy, that lays it open to endure the calm, curious eye of the Comic spirit and be probed for what you are. The figures that live and writhe under the sportive leading-strings of Mr. Payson's Comic spirit are essentially modern, peculiar to our tense and thorough-going civilization, types of an exalted variety thrust into public gaze by the complex currents that huddle together the noble and ignoble elements in human nature. The girl Céleste, for instance, a daringly original character, thrillingly alive, realized with a wonderful sense of vitality and diablerie, how typical of her kind, how real, how present, she is with us! There has been nothing in fiction for a long time like the visualizing process in the opening chapters by which she is revealed to us. Take this passage:

> Who else could so coquet with the proprieties, yet never actually offend? Thus are the farces of the Variétés veiled for the Madison Square. Subtly she appreciated virtue. Was it not an expedient always to be guarded as the most valuable asset of ambition? In the old dark days of the quais and alleys, come who might to the Quarter, this one possession she had hoarded, so to speak, by an unusual freak of shrewdness. Though in language and thought and knowledge of things no better than the rest, she had never forfeited, as they had, the first advantage. They had called her "La P'tite qui Refuse." Yet it had all been a question of expediency. None had considered her harmless. "Beware!" once had counselled a priest of Notre Dame; "she is dangerous. Even her virtue is evil."

When we are introduced to her she is located on lower Lexington Avenue. "What irony in her present position! Yes, but what congruity as well! Behind her, the great East Side, the under-world; before her, the highways of fashion. She was poised, one might say, between hell and heaven. Only a couple of blocks away, and there lay Madison Avenue—her dream!" And the reader guesses well that, whoever has to go down before her to bridge the chasm, she will arrive at the goal of her ambition. Two men are used by her to hoist her to the height, though in the end she is hoist by her own petard to a cruel fate, relentless as Tragedy on the heels of Comedy. Matthew Steele is one of these men, "versed only in the outright, the direct, the *big* plain, forceful methods of his beginnings in the West," where he peddled cheap novels, whereas now he publishes them and conducts a popular magazine for the *million*. Steele is as aggressively real and alive as his opposite, Stephen Lee, the publisher, of quaint eccentric habits and high ideals, seems shadowy and pathetically unreal in a day of bustle and *laissez-faire*. The other man used by Céleste as an instrument of her ambition is Enoch Lloyd, the central character of the book. His is a most interesting personality. In him Mr. Payson has conceived a character with which to play the double part of a literary Jekyll and Hyde. And here again he is modern of the moderns, while striking at the roots of moral integrity and expediency that erect or ruin a man's mind and character, and handling in an original way a problem of common conduct focused upon an individual type. To illustrate: only the other day we read in the London *Daily Chronicle* that certain novelists who used to appeal to the suffrages of the best class of readers were courting more and more the notice of editors of popular periodicals and the syndicates which supply fiction wholesale, and to regard these as their main providers of income. "Many writers of this class nowadays," to quote a significant sentence, "either because they mistrust themselves or because they still imagine that it is a derogation of dignity to cater for the readers of penny weekly journals, *try to achieve two separate reputations*. They go to the fiction editor of a great serial-publishing firm, or to the manager of some syndicate, and offer him work *under a pseudonym*." The italics are ours, and point the illustration in mind. Enoch Lloyd has published one book true to his ideals. It fails. Temptation comes his way through Matthew Steele, and he yields, using as a pseudonym the anagram on his name, of "Dolly Cohen." The time comes when Céleste, partly from motives of revenge, partly from ambition, claims the title to the authorship, and threatens Enoch with exposure if he ceases writing or attempts to rob her of the usurped title. The Comic spirit has its wildest fling here. It is Céleste's supreme hour. She is Queen of Bohemia, and her fascination plays like lightning about the young author. But—

> A good man in the direful grasp of ill,
> His consciousness of right retaineth still,

and Enoch is also drawn by the sweeter influences of the woman he really loves. The damning evidence of his literary charlatanry begins to show without and within. There lies the real tragedy—the moral disintegration, the intellectual decadence, the spiritual death. He tries to write a successor to his first novel, to rise to his pristine ideals. The truth is forced upon him. "I don't know the difference between good and evil! . . . I have gone so far that I can't distinguish between them. I'm no longer Jekyll and Hyde," he laughed, hoarsely. "I am only Hyde."

We cannot begin to give even the merest hint of the story itself here, in its intricacies of plot, its various characters, its dramatic unfolding and climaxes. The scenes are laid partly in Bristol, Rhode Island, and mainly in New York, in the vicinity of Madison and Washington squares. There are pictures and scenes that flash and glow with vivid light and color, passages that burn into the memory, characterization that penetrates and strikes home with probing intensity. And Nemesis waits for all, dogging their footsteps to the murky end, or the ultimate victory which is the Triumph of Life. There is deep feeling in the book, passionate earnestness, warm sympathy, profound knowledge of life, an unerring insight into the souls of men and women which in an author so young makes his work a remarkable and startling performance, and raises our hopes for the future of fiction in this country. And, as we said in the beginning, over and through it all there are the aloofness and sportiveness of the Comic spirit which finds its vindication in the triumph of a candid realism, the inevitableness of life which pursues and overtakes those who deviate from the moral compass that points the way of sound sense, rightness, and justice. *The Triumph of Life*, be it said, is not a book for an idle hour; but few books have appeared in recent American fiction that possess such powers of intellectual stimulation and exaltation, and which contribute to the highest and most satisfying pleasures of the imagination.

The recent death of Edna Lyall recalled for a moment the widespread interest which at one time was taken in her fiction. For years before her death she had become little more than a memory to many readers who used to swear in their youth by the author of *Donovan* and *Knight-Errant*. To such, the following letter from a correspondent, who shared this early enthusiasm, may be of passing interest: "In my school-days at Eastbourne," this lady writes, "we used to see a good deal of Edna Lyall. She was one of our heroines, and we were always delighted to catch a glimpse of her either in the street or at church. One of her favorite walks was on the sea-front—not on the central parade, before the big hotels, but on the quieter, less frequented promenade from the Wish Tower to the foot of Beauty Head. Here on windy days, when the white, spongy foam was blowing in large flakes over the shore, she used to wander up and down, wrapped cozily in a long red cloak. She was generally alone, but was always interested in all that went on around her. A bright smile would pass over her face if she became conscious of recognition by any of the numerous schoolgirls of the town. We passed very frequently the house in College Road where she lived with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Jameson. It was there, in the red-roofed home, looking over the downs, that much of her writing was done."

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Correspondence

THE COMMERCIAL PROSPECTS OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE ARGENTINE.

RICHMOND, INDIANA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In a recent issue of your paper you quote what purports to be extracts from a letter addressed to President Roosevelt by Mr. Emory C. White. Whilst entertaining the highest respect for the conclusions this gentleman has come to, I consider it my duty as an Argentine citizen to contradict his statements, and dispel the ideas imbued into your readers as to the supremacy of the German in the Argentine Republic.

Whilst Germany is undoubtedly having a good time in that country, Americans have nothing to fear as, so far without effort, they have exceeded their trade, until the beginning of 1900, when the wave of prosperity in this country started, and made Americans rather independent in view of there being more inter-State trade than they could conveniently handle. At this date I have visited manufacturers, who have informed me that while running at their fullest capacity, they are eighteen months behind with their orders (these conditions are notably prevalent in the machinery line).

I admit that the German figures show higher than those of the United States at present, but will proceed to explain the cause of this.

In the first place, the time required by the Americans, under prevailing conditions, is so long that a prospective client would have to wait so long for his goods that they would possibly be useless to him on arrival; he therefore turns to the German, who is hungry for trade, and gives him the order to be executed in a minimum of time.

Secondly, the American manufacturer does not care to make the slight modifications demanded of him to make merchandise suitable to market conditions in those countries, whereas the German will go to any expense to secure an insignificant order, and does not give a brass button for profit on the first few transactions. He has learned the old proverb, "All comes to him that waits."

Thirdly, the German manufacturer gets out a fine Spanish catalogue, with weights and measures according to the metric system, which at once appeals to the Argentine, as he is all but ignorant on the subject of pints, pounds, and ounces. The American sends him his English catalogue, or, if he sends them a Spanish one, it is in one of the vile idioms of that beautiful language, or an essay by a correspondence-school graduate that has never come nearer a live Spaniard than through a phonograph.

It is really painful to note the indifference of the American manufacturer to export trade, whilst he allows the fair-haired Teuton to have the floor to himself. The following are a few of the excuses, given me personally, by American manufacturers:

"To much bother to pack things special."

"We can't give our time to work out things' weights in 'kilogrammes.'"

"I want my money before the goods leave the premises."

"Oh! Don't worry me about it—the export agents look after it for me."

Another mistake made by American manufacturers is that generally, instead of sending a live representative to South America, they, as a rule, "tie up" with an English house that is in all probability handling the same category of goods for an English manufacturer, and the fact must not be overlooked that an Englishman would sooner sell English goods on a twenty-per-cent. profit than American at forty per cent.

A few statistical figures as to exports from England, United States, and Germany may not come amiss to your readers, and it will show that German trade is not gaining in any abnormal way when we consider the reasons I have set forth.

	1894	1897	1900
United Kingdom	39,624,270	36,392,057	38,682,753
United States	6,686,999	10,101,714	13,438,529
Germany	11,162,549	11,114,102	16,635,613

It must also be taken into consideration that owing to the difficulties of transportation between this country and the Argentine, many shipments are made from branches in England of American houses (such as the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company), and would therefore appear as exports from the United Kingdom.

As to the competition from the English, nothing is to be feared unless they "Americanize," which is highly improbable on account of their very conservative ideas. American goods are in favor, and when Uncle Sam wants the trade and really goes for it, he will find that there is not so much competition actually existing, other than the demand of foreign goods due to his neglect of the market.

Patent medicines are, of course, barred, as the Argentines are a tolerably healthy race.

I am, sir,

ALEXANDER E. HOCH.

"LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER."

BOSTON, MASS., *March 25, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have read with much interest your correspondent A. R.'s letter concerning Mrs. Humphry Ward and her latest heroine. I think he (or she) has succeeded admirably in summing up Mrs. Ward's splendid qualities as a novelist. A practised professional critic could hardly have done better. But I wonder how your correspondent would reply to a piece of severe criticism of *Lady Rose's Daughter* which, in a single sentence, a young woman threw at me across a dinner table the other evening when I ventured to express the delight the book had given me. "Julie Le Breton," said the fair critic, "is an utterly selfish young woman." My first impulse was to deny the fact and quote chapter and verse in support of my view. But as I mentally ran over the scenes of the book I grew perplexed, and I am still at a loss for an answer. Is Julie really mean and selfish?

I am, sir,

PERPLEXED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week (out April 22) will have, among other features, The President's Western Trip, with photographs from our own representative on the President's train; Putting Traffic Underground in Chicago—a far-reaching plan now under way to solve Chicago's transportation problem; Radium, the wizard metal—a scientific paper, showing results of experiments and new discoveries; The new Cup Defender, with pictures of the launching of the "Reliance," and a critical estimate by an expert yachtsman on our chances for winning the Cup; New Automobile Head-dresses and Costumes worn by the American Auto Girl; The beginning of the Fishing Season—a double-page drawing by Clarence F. Underwood—etc., etc.

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Finance

WHILE "sentiment" is perhaps not so pessimistic in the speculative community at this writing as it was a fortnight ago, the security markets are still under the influence of professional operators. It is not very long ago that every one professed to be appalled by the potential dangers of the situation, created chiefly by the huge mass of "undigested" securities and by the insufficiency of money with which to carry on the enormous business of the country at large, and at the same time permit the financial and underwriting syndicates to "carry" their heavy loads of unsold goods. But whereas at the beginning of the downward movement the bears found ample ammunition and encouragement in the liquidation by timid or weak holders, the later operations for the fall disclosed the cessation of other selling than that of the bears themselves. The market, to all appearances, was sold to a standstill, as the Wall Street phrase goes. The talk of the syndicates staggering perilously under their huge unmarketed loads, and of permanently higher rates of money, lost its potency temporarily, and professional Wall Street remembered the old admonition to "never sell stocks while the sap is running up." This is not a propitious season for a bear market, according to long and honored precedents. The last bank statement was bad; it was, indeed, much worse than the Street had looked for. But so many people endeavored to take advantage of the fancied opportunity to reduce commitments on the short side of the account, that prices, instead of falling, actually rose. It showed clearly what technical conditions were. On the following Monday, however, the overhanging menace of the Southern Pacific-Union Pacific contest disappeared by the refusal of Judge Lurton to make permanent the injunction, asked for by the representatives of the Keene pool, restraining the Union Pacific from voting its holdings of Southern Pacific at the annual meeting of the latter company. On general principles, Wall Street is always frightened by what it calls fights among "big interests," and the prospect of a campaign of annihilation by James R. Keene on the one side, and Mr. Harriman and his associates on the other side, was altogether too much for its nerves.

It is but fair to add, however, that Mr. Keene—or his representatives—raised questions of far greater importance than the declaration of dividends on a stock, which might or might not have helped the marketing of the Keene pool's holdings. If the court had decided that the Union Pacific could not vote its Southern Pacific holdings because it had no legal right to hold such stock at all, it requires no financial expert to realize the disastrous consequences of such a decision to the principal railroad systems of the United States, notably the Pennsylvania and the New York Central. However, the Union Pacific won the first round, for the language of the early bulletins sent to Wall Street was terse and "sporty," to wit, "Harriman wins!" The market rose a trifle, but lost ground when the news came that the annual election of the Southern Pacific Company had been indefinitely postponed, to allow the plaintiff's lawyers to appeal to the Federal Court of Appeals.

The money outlook is growing less gloomy. It looks as if the return movement of currency to this centre had begun, and there should be easier rates until the usual autumnal stringency. But even when the time comes for the crops to be moved it will be found that Secretary Shaw has profited by last fall's mistakes. Notwithstanding this, at this writing the stock-market continues depressed.

Financial

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CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check .	31,349,710.76
	$36,565,818.54

Financial

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HARPERS BOOK NEWS

IN THE GARDEN OF CHARITY

Since the publication of his new novel, "In the Garden of Charity," Basil King has been likened to George Eliot by more than one critic, and a well-known writer has started his review by calling Mr. King "a little brother to Thomas Hardy." The story deals almost wholly with two women of contrasting types, and one man, a handsome, care-free soldier, who brings a tragedy into their lives. The quality of humor in the story, says one reviewer, "is of the kind that is almost suggestive of the Shakespearean type."

SIX TREES

It is a curious fact about "Six Trees," Mary E. Wilkins' latest book, that although its scenes are laid in New England, the characters are brought from all over the country. There are two Southerners, a Westerner, some people from the Middle West, a sailor, as well as people from the North and East. But they all fit equally well in the environment in which Miss Wilkins has placed them.

THE PRIDE OF TELLFAIR

The popularity of Elmore Elliott Peake's new novel, "The Pride of Tellfair," is evinced by the great number of requests his publishers have received for his portrait. The author of "The Darlingtons" seems to be known and liked the country over. His recent novel tells a thoroughly human story of life in Tellfair, a small town in the Middle West. Mr. Peake lives in a small Western town himself, and he knows the people of whom he writes. Perhaps that is the reason why he has been able to make his story so vivid and real.

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Marjorie

by

JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY

Author of "If I Were King."

Love and adventure fill the pages of this beautiful book, which is sure of an enthusiastic reception from a public already familiar with "If I Were King." Mr. McCarthy is master of an exquisite literary style that places his novels in a class by themselves.

A frontispiece in colors, by C. Allan Gilbert, a number of full-page illustrations, decorated end-papers, etc., make the book as delightful to look at as to read. Size 5½ x 8 inches.

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by

CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Stories of a militant, lovable bishop, whose work among the rough-and-ready men of Western camps, forts, and villages results in his sharing in many incidents of frontier life—comedy, tragedy, always drama. He is a distinct American product, planted by the Church and grown in Western soil. His life is full of activity of the best kind, and he is a man you have to respect. He has many experiences, some amusing, some thrilling, and these stories afford excellent pictures of life in the roughest parts of the West.

Illustrated by W. T. Smedley, E. M. Asbe, and Others.

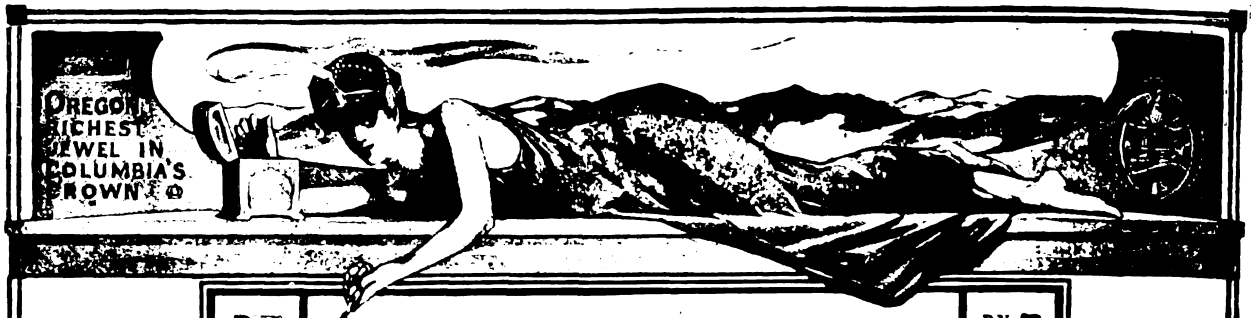
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The Blazed Trail

BY LEE S. OVITT

NO need for the investor of to-day, who is seeking a Gold Mine Investment, to go astray.

There are plenty of good stocks offered.

I hear stories of misplaced confidence in this form of investment daily. So do you.

But the man who goes in blindly and invests in stocks without thoroughly investigating them has himself to thank if the promises made for them by the promoters fail to be made good.

The road to good stocks is a blazed trail and none need miss it.

I have been one of those who persistently cautioned my public to look before they leaped.

And the result has been that to-day I have the confidence of thousands who have invested with me, because of the preliminary work of investigation which they did at my instigation.

The stock that I am at present offering is that of the Cracker Jack Consolidated Gold Mines Co., whose claims adjoin those of the far-famed Cracker-Oregon (in the Cracker Creek District, Eastern Oregon—"LAND OF GOLD"), being, in fact, a continuation of this mine.

About a year ago I offered the Cracker-Oregon stock to the public. I told in my advertisements and letters to those who asked for information that in the opinion of those competent to express an expert opinion we had a great property.

I knew we were in close proximity to some great producers (North Pole, Eureka and Excelsior, Golconda, Columbia, and others), and we expected to equal some of them.

I was not prepared, however, for the strike, six months from that time, of $50,000.00 ore!

Cracker-Oregon stock at once jumped to par, and some of it sold at $1.50 a share.

IT IS A GOOD STOCK TO HANG ON TO.

Now, then, in the face of the returns, in spite of the remarkable showing by the Cracker-Oregon, I am predicting that its blood relation, "Cracker Jack," will prove a richer gold producer.

I could go into details here and tell you the why and wherefore, but my space is limited. The prospectus does it better, and to that matter-of-fact book I shall leave the telling of the story of the Cracker Jack.

This much I know. If I have as good a proposition as I contend, YOU WANT SOME STOCK. I have never sold ANY stock that sold so easily, but that is only natural, perhaps, as the Cracker-Oregon has acted as a blazed trail that pointed the way. Those who failed to buy that good stock when it was cheap are not letting a second opportunity go by.

Are you interested?

It will cost you the price of a stamp to find out about this property.

Will you write in for the prospectus?

You will find in dealing with me that I sell Mining Stock on different lines from most brokers.

I have a record of successes behind me of which I am proud and jealous, and I shall not urge you to buy a share of my stock unless first of all you have satisfied yourself that what I offer has every appearance of being not merely a fairly good thing, BUT A REMARKABLY GOOD ONE—I DEAL IN SUCH.

Investigation is the blazed trail to success when industrial stocks are under consideration.

Let your bank help you.

Lee S. Ovitt

FISCAL AGENT

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Branch Offices: NEW YORK, A 355 Stewart Bldg. BOSTON, A 832-846 Board of Trade Bldg. PITTSBURG, A 717 Penn Bldg. ST. LOUIS, B 441 Odd Fellows Bldg.

Write me at any of these addresses, or call if more convenient.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.



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Harper's Magazine

For MAY

Photographing the Nebulae

G. W. RITCHEY

Instructor in Practical Astronomy at the Yerkes Observatory

Tells of remarkable new methods of photographing the stars, and shows the important discoveries made. His article is illustrated from many stellar photographs of the greatest interest and never before reproduced.

Sociology

A striking study of the American working woman, written by a woman of culture and refinement, who, in order to study this class, worked among them.

Literature

Hamilton W. Mabie contributes a brilliant essay on Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1903, and Joseph Knight writes on Shakespeare's "King John"; his text is accompanied by Mr. Abbey's pictures.

Nature

Sadakichi Hartmann contributes a charming nature study, "Along the Salt Meadows." His article is artistically illustrated from photographs reproduced in tint.

Short Stories

The eight short stories in the May number are a most striking collection. Among them are stories by **Margaret Deland, Roy Rolfe Gilson, Anne O'Hagan, James Branch Cabell, Arthur Colton,** and **Octave Thanet.**

Travel

Waldemar Bogoras, of the American Museum of Natural History, writes of a strange Northern people, where the old are put to death at their own wish, and where a man is allowed to kill himself when tired of life.

Arthur Symons gives a vivid, poetic picture of life in Constantinople.

Science

Carl Snyder, in an interesting psychological article, tells how the brain thinks, showing the entire material processes of mental operations.

Mr. Abbey's Pictures

There are three exquisite drawings by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., in the May Magazine. They illustrate scenes in Shakespeare's "King John," and are reproduced in tint.

Illustrations in Color

The pictures in color in the May number, in addition to Mr. Abbey's drawings, include three full-pages by E. M. Ashe, in full color, a number of dainty drawings accompanying Mr. Symons' paper on Constantinople, and some strikingly artistic photographs.

Lady Rose's Daughter

By Mrs. Humphry Ward

The Washington Post says:

"Mrs. Ward has eclipsed all her previous successes. She has given us a flesh and blood heroine—her charm is wonderful and bewildering."

The Brooklyn Eagle says:

"Neither religious problems, nor politics, nor social contests occupy Julie Le Breton's mind. She is wrapped in an o'ermastering passion of love."

The Milwaukee Free Press says:

"Julie Le Breton has the mysterious gift of the emotions, her stormy, impulsive nature sets the nerves of others vibrating."

The Boston Transcript says:

"The story is the combat between two powers of a brilliant woman's nature. Sometimes you are sure the lawless, the vagabond, the intriguing side will win. But it doesn't."

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK

HARPERS BOOK NEWS

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE

In "The Triumph of Life" William Farquhar Payson works out an absorbing problem of modern life. It is the story of a young writer, who, upon the failure of his first story—a worthy effort—finds himself tempted to write only for money. There are two influences at work, two women—one good and one bad—who seek to pull him in opposite directions. The scenes are laid in New York and Bristol.

WEE MACGREEGOR

Harper & Brothers have just brought out the American edition of a book that is creating a furor in Great Britain. This is J. J. Bell's "Wee Macgreegor"—a humorously sympathetic study of a wee Scottish laddie, of his father, who is his boon companion and can deny him nothing, and of his mother, who adores and disciplines him. Their most amusing experiences are told from the diverting and wholly unexpected point of view of "Macgreegor" and his "paw" and "maw." The humor is new and true.

THE BISHOP

Cyrus Townsend Brady's latest book, "The Bishop," just published, deals with a lovable, militant bishop, who spends his years among Western camps and army posts. The book carries us into scenes of the rough West, peopled by the full-blooded, vigorous men and women that have built up its wildernesses. The Bishop is a wonderfully human character. A clean, vigorous book, and a readable one.

MARJORIE

(Imprint of R. H. RUSSELL.)

Following the success of Justin Huntly McCarthy's romance "If I Were King," and the popular stage presentation of that book, the advent of "Marjorie"—a new novel by Mr. McCarthy—is most opportune. This story is romantic in nature and deals with the daring adventures of a piratically inclined expedition which started to establish a colony in the West Indies. Life, vitality, action, and splendid color enliven the pages and make stormy the course of a dainty love story.

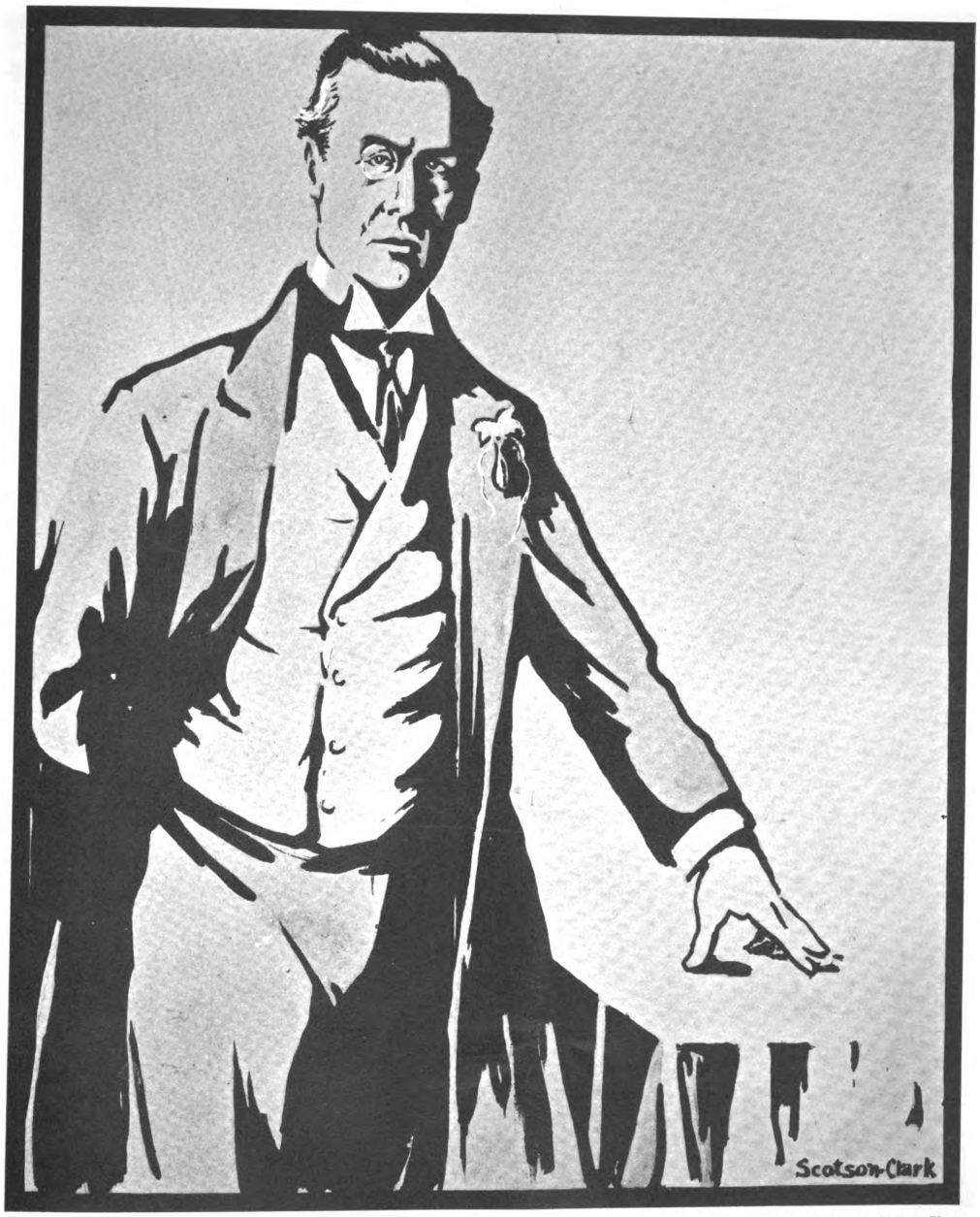
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FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII. *New York, Saturday, April 25, 1903—Illustrated Section* NO. 2418

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Drawn for Harper's Weekly by Scotson-Clark

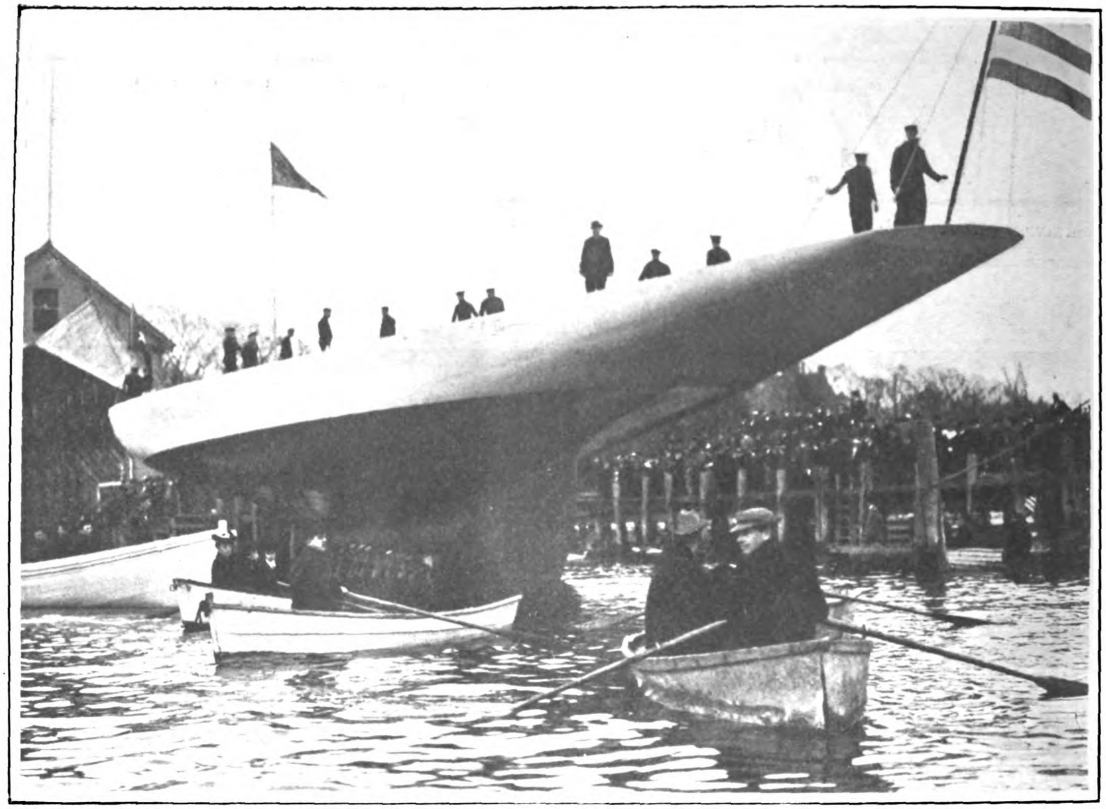
Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.

The man of the hour in England who is planning to visit America during the summer

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The Launching of the "Reliance," which is to defend the Cup against Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock III."

Are We Going to Keep the Cup?

THE *Columbia*, *Reliance*, and *Shamrock III.* afford an instructive comparison. The two new boats practically conform to the type of the *Columbia*, which has proven herself thus far the fastest yacht afloat. There are minor differences, but in essentials both of the new boats are copies of the older boat. The main feature is the form of the under body. Both of the new boats have the convex or outward curve of the *Columbia*, on the forefoot, from the fin to the cutwater. *Shamrock II.* and the *Constitution* differed alike from the *Columbia* in having a flatter line along the forefoot. As a consequence both proved inferior to the champion in windward work. It is noteworthy that *Shamrock II.* differed more in this respect than the *Constitution*, and was less weatherly. As yachtsmen say, she had less "to hold on by."

The essential differences between the *Reliance* and the *Columbia* are in the greater over-all length and beam, and shallower upper body, of the former. The Herreshoff boats, from the *Gloriana* to this latest creation, are developments of the "sneak-box" type. That is, a boat with a broad, flat, spoon-shaped upper body and a lean under body. The "sneak-box" proper has a spoon-shaped upper body, but, in the sense here employed, no under body at all. Mr. Herreshoff's improvement consisted in creating an under body and adding a fin. Thereby he produced a type of boat faster than anything that had previously set sail. All other designers, both at home and abroad, have been forced to conform to it.

From the photographs at hand it appears that in the *Reliance* the designer has come closer to the sneak-box upper body than ever before in a cup yacht. In other words, the upper body of the *Reliance* is flatter and broader, more spoon-shaped, than that of the *Columbia*. As to the under body, besides being leaner, there is less curve to the fin both 'fore and aft. It is interesting to note in this connection that, while the *Shamrock III.* does not show the forward part of the fin, the after part presents an even sharper angle than that of the *Reliance*.

It would seem that Mr. Herreshoff has preserved in the *Reliance* the convex forefoot of the *Columbia*, to insure ability in windward work, and given her a flatter hull for increased sail-carrying power, and much greater over-all length, to excel, if possible, the reaching qualities of the older boat. Her over-all length is variously estimated at from 142 to 146 feet, which is from 10 to 14 feet greater than that of the *Columbia*, and her water-line length is put at 88 feet, which is 1 ft. 7¼ in. less. Her beam is given at 25 ft. 10 in., which is 1 ft. 8 in. greater than the *Columbia's*, and only 2 inches less than that of the *Vigilant*, the beamiest of cup-defenders. In the absence, however, of official measurements these figures must be accepted with reserve.

It is likely that the sail area of the *Reliance* will approximate 16,000 square feet, considerably more spread than is carried by any other yacht. The limits of this article will not permit of a detailed description of her construction. It must suffice to say that the structural devices for combining lightness with strength, first introduced in the *Constitution*, have been re-employed. To reduce weight above the water-line an aluminum deck is used,—a step in advance of the latter. With the same object in view, Tobin bronze is used in the plating of the under body, while that of the upper body is nickel-steel—a lighter material. The new boat also has several inches less freeboard than her predecessors, to bring the hull surface to the resistance of the wind down to the minimum.

Although, if the water-line length given be approximately correct, due attention has been paid to economizing time allowance, it is probable the *Reliance* will have to allow the *Columbia* something more than a minute over a thirty-knot course.

Concerning the challenger, the indications from the trials so far had are, clearly, that she is the fastest yacht yet sent in quest of the cup, and that she is better, comparatively speaking, in light than in heavy weather. She has already shown excellent form, and that will, no doubt, be improved by tuning up. In the first leeward and windward trial, over a measured course of thirty knots, at Weymouth, on April 9, she beat *Shamrock I.* by 17 min. 26 sec.

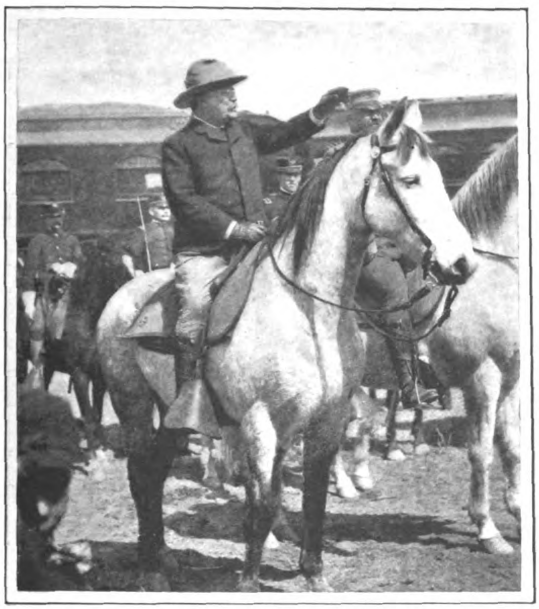
The second trial, over a three-legged course, tested better the relative merits of the yachts. The course was seventeen knots, and the yachts went twice around. At the finish the challenger had a lead of 6 min. 31 sec., but, as she allowed 10 min., the old boat won by 3 min. 29 sec.

It may be inferred from this performance that *Shamrock III.*, when tuned up to her proper form, will be from seven to ten minutes faster than *Shamrock I.* over a thirty-knot course. The *Columbia* beat *Shamrock I.* more than ten minutes under much the same weather conditions. But the *Columbia*, as her meetings with the *Vigilant* showed, was a much faster boat in 1901 than in 1899. *Shamrock II.* beat her elder sister uniformly, though not as decisively as the latest of the name, and yet, with conditions suiting her as if made to order, failed to get a single race from the *Columbia*. Leaving the *Reliance* altogether out of consideration, therefore, the cup may be regarded as reasonably safe.

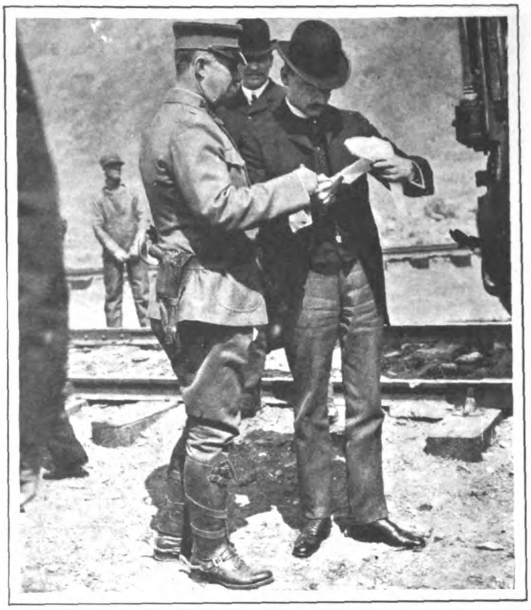
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The President's Western Trip

Photographs taken for Harper's Weekly by N. Lazarnick, our special representative



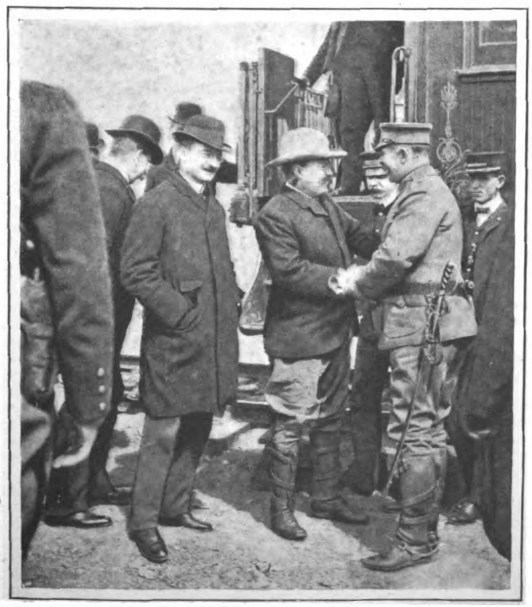
The President addressing the Cowboys at Gardiner, the Entrance to Yellowstone Park



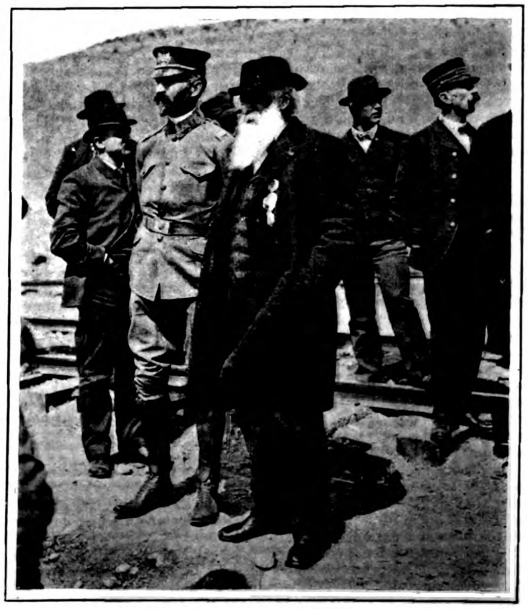
Colonel Pitcher discussing the President's Trip through the Park with Secretary Loch



A Meeting with the President in the Town Hall at his old Home, Medora, N. D.
This picture was taken at the President's special request

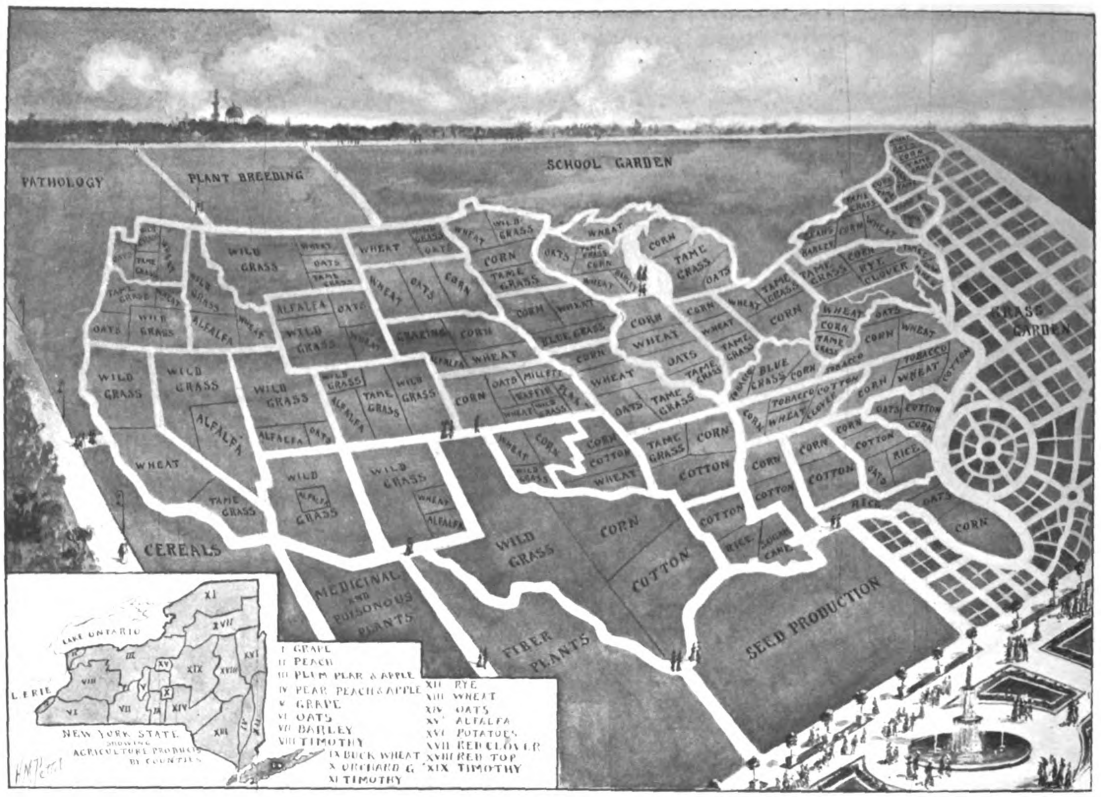


The President's Arrival at Yellowstone Park and Meeting with Colonel Pitcher, the Superintendent of the Park



John Burroughs, the well-known Writer and Naturalist, who went with the President to Yellowstone Park

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A Map of the United States, showing the Products of each State, to be laid out as a Garden at the World's Fair

A Living Map at the St. Louis World's Fair

TO reproduce the entire United States in ten acres of ground is the project undertaken by the Agricultural Department for its outdoor exhibit at the St. Louis Fair. Seven of the most renowned scientists connected with the department have been assigned to plan and complete this work. In the small space allowed for each State and Territory, its natural soil and product, as well as its relative altitude, will be reproduced in miniature. For instance, miniature fields of rice will be growing in Louisiana, Texas, and the Carolinas, with the other products of those States; Mississippi, Florida, Alabama and Georgia, the Carolinas and Texas, will have fields of cotton, wheat, and corn, and so on. A bird's-eye view of the crops grown in every State will be shown.

Through the States of Wyoming, Utah, California, New Mexico, Arizona, and a portion of Texas, the vast public ranges, and even the sheep country, will be copied. The work done by the department in reclaiming and improving these lands will be shown. There will be oil-wells in Texas; ore-mines in Alabama and Tennessee; granite and marble quarries in the States noted for those exports. The entire exhibit will be assembled with a view to illustrating the resources and industries of the Union.

The more important rivers of the country will be reproduced in miniature. Lakes will be little ponds geographically correct in outlines. The climate of St. Louis will be aided by every artificial means known to scientific agriculture to make possible the growth of the crops as in the different States.

The exhibit will be placed on a gentle slope facing the south near the Agricultural Building. The various States will be separated by cinder paths. Around the margin of the map of the United States will be a five-foot gravel walk, with a border of Kentucky blue-grass. Surrounding the map proper there will be eight separate exhibits, namely, pathology, plant-breeding, school-garden, grass-garden, seed-production, fibre plants, medicinal and poisonous plants, and cereals. Preparations are already in progress for this part of the exhibit. Many of the plants, particularly the perennials, have already been put in place. The section of land surrounding the map from Maine to the western line of Florida will show in detail a grass-garden in which will be grown every grass indigenous or naturalized in the United States.

The irregular plot at the extreme north end will be occupied by an artificial sand-dune. The object of this particular exhibit is to show that drifting sand may be controlled by growing vegetation, and to give some idea of the nature of the vegetation which may be grown in such locations successfully.

In the plant-garden eatable and poisonous plants will be grown side by side. The prime object is to show by actual contrast what plants, causing the loss of thousands of dollars' worth of stock each year, should be eliminated from the Western grazing-lands.

In the plot devoted to pathology, the valuable discoveries made by the Agricultural Department scientist in the work of arresting or preventing plant diseases will be shown. In this section plants will be shown in the process of being treated to prevent disease, while others will show the ravages of maladies in plant life due to neglect. Such things as peaches, French pear seedlings, and Delaware grapes, etc., will be among the plants exhibited.

The plant-breeding exhibit will show probably the most scientific work yet accomplished by the department. Here will be illustrated the results of crossing fruits, grains, cotton, and such other plants. The increase in vigor caused by hybridization and its progress in all the different stages will be illustrated. Altogether this "living-map" exhibition promises to be one of the most novel and interesting of any at the Fair.

The Official Opening of the Fair

APRIL 30, 1903, will be the hundredth anniversary of the sale of the Louisiana Territory to the United States. It was the original intention to open the Louisiana Purchase Fair at St. Louis on that day, but for many good reasons the Fair was put off for one year, and the anniversary will be celebrated not by its opening but by its dedication. That will be an interesting and imposing ceremony, at which President Roosevelt, ex-President Cleveland, and many other distinguished persons will be present. A procession will march and the President will review it, and there will be a succession of ceremonies, inspections, orations, and banquets that will last three days.

The Fair Grounds comprise the western half of Forest Park, six miles west from the Mississippi River. The land is hilly, and about half of it is covered with forest trees, which will add to the beauty of the Fair and the comfort of visitors. Work was begun on the grounds in August, 1901, and building construction began four months later. The general plan provides for fourteen great exhibition buildings, to wit: United States Government, Education, Art, Liberal Arts, Manufactures, Varied Industries, Textiles, Machinery, Electricity, Transportation, Agriculture, Horticulture, Forestry and Fisheries, and Ordnance. The cost of these buildings ranges from $1,000,000 to $200,000, the total cost being about seven million dollars. Some of them are finished. Nearly all are well along towards completion.

Besides these main buildings there will be a great number of others: the State buildings, the buildings of foreign nations, the great Festival Hall which will cover two acres, a cityful of "concessions" buildings, and all the multitude of supplementary show-buildings which every one will recall who has ever been to a great fair. And the landscape architecture will be especially interesting on this hilly site, and the sculpture, the electrical displays, and all the embellishments will be on such a scale, and of such a quality, as our experiences at Chicago and Buffalo give us warrant to expect.

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Drawn for Harper's Weekly by Sydney Adamson

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

One of the interesting features of the annual Military Tournament, which begins next week in New York, will be the exhibition of skilful driving by the Artillery Corps. Tent-pegs are driven in the ground at just a sufficient distance apart to allow a gun-carriage to pass between. The horses are driven between the posts first at a walk, then at a trot, and finally, as shown in the drawing, at full gallop. It rarely happens that the wheels graze the posts even with the horses at full speed

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Captain Little's V.C.

A Complete Short Story by W. E. Cairnes

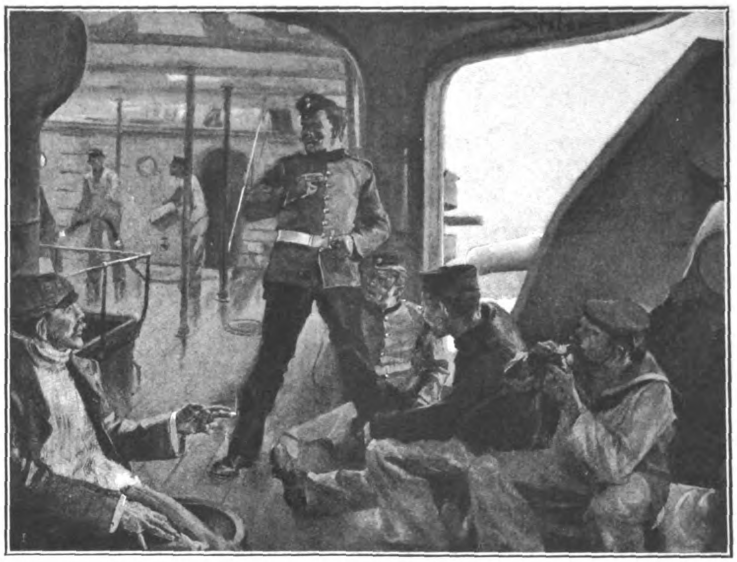
"WHAT I've promised to relate this arternoon," said Private Lester, "is the percise circumstances under which a certain captain, R.N., was given the Victoria Cross through his not being what one might call a 'orseman. Now these 'ere facts 'ave never been made, so to speak, public afore now, though in course every one is well aware that this captain has got the cross, and got it through a smart bit of fightin' in the Sudan, a bloomin' square bein' broken by Fuzzy Wuzzy, and him bein', so to say, on the spot in time to knock the beggars endways as tried to force their way in.

"There ain't many of you 'ere who know much about Suakim, which is a saloobrious spot on the west coast of the Red Sea, but soon arter we began to take a 'and in bossin' Egypt, Suakim became a place which was fairly well known to a good many blues and marines. At the beginnin' of '84, a chap called Osman Digma, who set up to be a bloomin' prophet, though I never 'eard rightly what 'e prophesied, or what 'is pertickler line of business was, began to be a bit of a noosance in the neighbor'ood of Suakim, so a soldier general, Sir Gerald Graham, a fine upstandin' figure of a man 'e was too, was sent there with a lot of soldiers, 'ighlanders, rifles, and fusiliers, not to mention other troops, and some 'ussars, to knock the stuffin' out of the bloomin' prophet, Osman Digma, and to relieve the Gippy garrison which was supposed to be shut up by the Arabs in Tokar. Now this is all bloomin' 'istory as I'm tellin' you so far, and as all 'istory shows, when they wants a job done to rights, you must 'ave a backbone of marines and British bluejackets just to give a finish to the business. So it was in this case.

"Besides the soldiers they sent a battalion of marines from 'ome, and a considerable crowd of bluejackets 'ad been landed from the fleet, chiefly to look arter some Gardner guns, and to bear a 'and generally wherever they was wanted. In command of this lot was the 'ero of my tale, Captain Josephus Little, whom I don't expects as any of you jokers knows *any*thin' about. That's so, ain't it? Ah, 'e's left the service many days now, but 'e were a proper little bantam in 'is way were Little. 'E was in command of the *Pluto*, and volunteered for this 'ere shore-goin' job; why, no one exackly could make out, and though Jo, as we used to call 'im, was nuts on fightin', and loved nothin' better nor a scrap, yet 'e was a regular blue-water sailor, so 'e was, and never seemed fair 'appy till 'e was out of soundin's, so you may imagine people was a bit took aback when Jo 'e volunteers for a real shore-goin' billet. But what surprised 'em more was that 'e was selected for the billet.

"I don't suppose as Jo 'ad ever been acrost a 'orse in the 'ole course of his life, but now that the time 'ad come, 'e was determined to do things proper, and the first thing necessary was a proper rig for ridin' in. The navigator, who was by all accounts a sort of naval Archer or Tod Sloan, 'e lent the skipper a pair of brown jack boots, and all the necessary fittin's. 'E were a sight. Well, next mornin' I was warned to go ashore with the owner's valley and his gear at two bells, arter my dinner, so Sergeant Piper 'e parades me in marchin' order and reports me present and correct, and I and the valley, Perkins by name, soon found ourselves ashore. A petty officer met us at the landin'-stage, and took us up to the camp where our men were. When we got to the camp the owner was a-standin' outside 'is tent, lookin' quite smart in his boots and breeches with a pair of the most enormous spurs which the navigator 'ad lent 'im buckled on 'is feet, upside down.

"Soon as 'e saw me, 'e sung out to me to go to the back of 'is tent, where I would find his 'orse. It was a rather good-lookin' sort of Arab 'orse, with a very mild and placid eye. So I give the 'orse a good doin' over with a rubber, for Jo 'ad brought a proper cleanin' kit ashore, where ever 'e 'ad raised it, 'avin' first made 'im, the 'orse, fast to a picketing-peg. When I 'ad finished my job, I reported myself to the skipper and asked for orders, and was told to bring 'im the 'orse for early parade at six next mornin'. Well, at six sharp next mornin' I was ready with the 'orse, and Jo, 'e came out of 'is tent lookin' very smart in his ridin' kit and 'is sword a-danglin' at 'is side. Nothin' was wrong but the spurs, and them I soon shifted for 'im, and 'e walked 'is 'orse acrost to where 'is battalion of bluejackets was a-waitin' for 'im to drill them. Oh Lord! that battalion! I don't know, sir, as whether you've ever seen the British blue at drill. If you 'aven't, don't; that's my advice. It's a cruel and a 'eart-breakin' sight. You won't 'urt their feelin's by tellin' 'em so, which is the worst sign of all, to my thinkin', for 'ow can you look for improvement where there ain't no sense of error to start with? Jo, 'e knew the drill well, much to my surprise, but there, 'e 'adn't been a-studyin' of the red book for two days and nights for nothin', and 'e made no mistakes in goin' in for complicated movements. 'E just kept them in column and quarter-columns, with a couple of deployments and one change of front, and 'e gave out the cautions in style, 'is words of commands were a treat and surprise to me. But 'is battalion didn't give 'im no fair show. The guides, who was mostly subs, and young lootenants, never led right except by accident, the company commanders never gave the right words of command, and the supernumerary ranks were a-chatterin' all the while like a lot of bloomin' monkeys. Well, I loafed about watchin' the skipper a-drillin' 'is awkward squad, and a-wonderin' 'owever it was as 'e kept 'is temper, which mine would 'ave gone long ago, when all of a suddent 'e did get a bit riled by somethin' or other, what it was I did not rightly notice, and 'e just jabbed 'is old 'orse with the spurs to start 'im towards the line, the old beast 'avin' stood as quiet as you please up to now; gone to sleep, I thought.



'Now this is all bloomin' 'istory as I'm tellin' you so far"

"'Owever, the spurs woke 'im, and 'e just gave one 'oist, and away went Jo, a-somersaultin' through the air. 'E landed fair on 'is nut, the old 'orse a-lookin' at 'im reproachful like, and a sort of titter went through the battalion. Titter! I'd 'ave given 'em somethin' to titter for! I ran forwards and picked the fallen 'ero up, and said as I 'oped 'e wasn't hurt. 'Urt be damned,' said 'e, as bold as brass, 'what the 'ell should 'urt me? 'Ere, 'elp me up again,' and 'e climbed up again on 'is 'orse and went on with the drill just as if nothin' 'ad 'appened. Oh, 'e was a well-plucked one, was Jo. Well, that evenin' 'e sent for me, and told me to come into 'is tent and pull the curtain, quite mysterious like, and I wondered what the blazes the little man was onto. 'E was a-settin' in a long chair a-smokin' a little clay pipe, which I really believe 'e loved as if it 'ad been a child, and 'e motioned to me to take a seat too on a bully beef-box. As you may imagine, I was a bit laid aback by this, but I sat down on the edge of the empty beef-box, and waited developments, as the poet says. Jo, 'e sucked 'ard at 'is pipe for a minute or two, then 'e said, quite fiercelike, 'Lester, this mustn't 'appen again.' 'Very good, sir,' I said, not knowin' what on earth 'e was a-drivin' at. 'Very good, very good! But 'ow do you propose to stop it?' and 'e shouted at me as if 'e were 'ailin' the fore yard in 'alf a gale. 'Beg pardon, sir, but I don't rightly follow you,' I said. 'Then what's the bloomin' use of sayin' "very good," you jackass, before you know what I'm talkin' about. Now, what I mean is that that there rampageous 'orse of mine must be cured of slingin' the commandin' officer over 'is misbegotten 'ead like a sack of potatoes on 'is own parade-ground. It's undignified'—and 'e got up and began a-stridin' up and down the tent—. . . . 'and it will 'ave to be stopped.'

"With that 'e pulled 'isself up and stopped short a-glarin' at me, as if it were me as 'ad bucked 'im orf that mornin'. I set still and said nothin'. After a minute, 'e said: 'Now, Private Lester, I 'ave a plan, but you must keep this to yourself. I 'ave to trust you in this 'ere matter, let me see that my confidence is not misplaced.' In course I told 'im I would do my very best, and wouldn't give the show away to no one, so 'e went on: 'Well, it's this way. As you may know, I've never perfessed to be a 'orseman, but I've taken the job on now, and I don't intend to be beaten by it. Now this 'orse isn't a-goin' to buck me orf again, and I'm *not* a-goin'

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to give up spurs. Spurs is part of a mounted officer's kit, and spurs I intend to wear. This is my plan, and this is what you must do: Go over to the 'ussar lines and get a stout black, or dark-colored strap, about 'arf an inch wide and a fathom and a 'arf long. This strap you must make fast to my starboard stirrup-iron, then take a turn through the iron on the port side, back through the first iron, and then 'and me the slack end when I mounts. Then, you see, when I 'auls it taut and belays it to a ring on the fore-end of the saddle, it will draw my feet together under the 'orse's belly, and I'll lay odds the beggar won't shift me then. But get a dark-colored strap, so as it won't be noticeable. Do you quite understand?' In course I understood well enough, but I made so bold as to tell 'im that I thought it were a very dangerous game to play, as if the bloomin' 'orse came down, why, 'e wouldn't be able to get free, and might get a very nasty roll; but 'e wouldn't listen to no reason. 'Danger be 'anged,' said he, the little bantam; 'I don't mind a roll a 'ang. Many a good 'orseman may get a roll through 'is 'orse a-fallin'. There ain't no disgrace attached to that. But I do call it disgraceful for a commanding officer to be unshipped before his bloomin' parade, and that don't 'appen again to me.

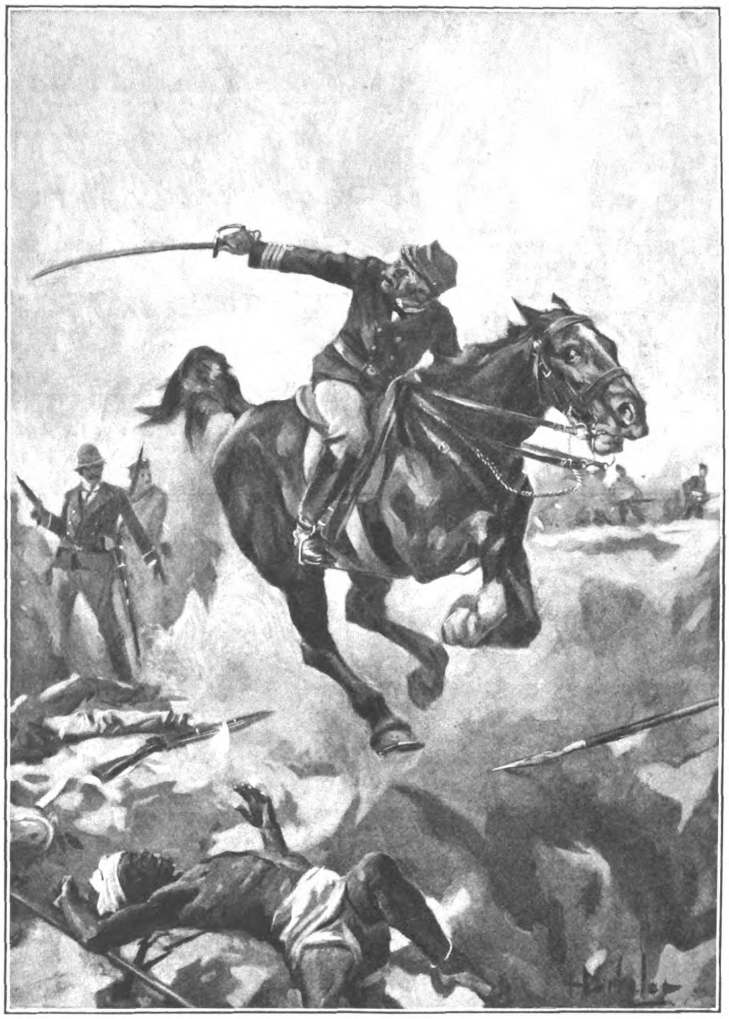
"So there were nothin' more to be said, and I went orf to the 'orse lines of the 'ussars, and soon came across just the bit of tackle as I wanted, and when the skipper came to mount for next mornin's parade I 'ad the tackle rigged accordin' to 'is directions, and 'anded 'im the slack end accordin' to 'is orders. None of the men on parade spotted 'is little 'oldin' tackle, and Jo 'e got a repitation for bein' a most wonderful sticky rider, for the 'orse played up a bit, I can tell you, in 'is first efforts to unship 'im.

"Well, by the end of February, Jo 'ad 'is command very shipshape, and it must 'ave been about the last day of that month that we was all concentrated at Fort Baker previous to marchin' on Tokar. Well, we went to Tokar, and did no good when we got there, the Arabs 'avin' all cleared out, so we was marched back to Trinkitat, and from there we went back to our old lines at Suakim, where we stuck till the 11th of March, yes, it must 'ave been the 11th, because we fought Tamai on the 13th, and that were two marches.

"On the 11th we started off again. As we got nearer and nearer the 'ills the enemy seemed to get thicker, so the general concluded to 'alt for the night, and to prevent the camp from bein' rushed we made a zareba round it of thorn bushes and such like, arter which rations of bully beef were served out, and we lay down, as the night afore, to sleep the best way we could. The night passed somehow, and next mornin' about eight o'clock we was all formed up in two brigades, and advanced towards the enemy, who was 'idin' in a lot of broken ground in front. We'd not gone very far before the Arabs came for us like a 'undred thousand wild cats. Our chaps opened fire pretty sharp, and 'undreds of 'em went down, but the others came on just the same, and things began to look a bit too warm for some of us. Just as the square got real busy, a staff officer came up to Jo, who was a-settin' on 'is old 'orse a-spending a real 'appy day, and said as 'ow the general 'ad give permission for mounted officers to dismount. Now Jo 'e couldn't very well dismount without givin' 'is patent 'olding tackle away, so 'e just took 'is chances and stayed where 'e was, and I stayed quiet under 'is lee, ready to take the 'orse if 'e should change 'is mind. The old 'orse took no notice of the firing, and stood as quiet as if 'e was in 'is own stable. Suddenly the square began to give ground a bit, the pressure on the front face bein' more than our men could stand. But they rallied quick, and made a move forward again, and, the side face not closin' up quick enough, a gap was opened at one corner, for which a gang of Arabs raced like a shot, and in another minute they would 'ave been a-slashin' around inside the square if it 'adn't a-been for Jo.

"Just a second or two afore the gap were opened the old 'orse was struck fair and square on the quarter by a spent bullet. 'Eavens, 'e lept the 'eight of 'isself, a lep which would 'ave unshipped the skipper but for 'is patent tackle, and bolted acrost the square. 'E jumped clean over a baggage camel as was a-lyin' down, knocked over a couple of mules, and went fair for the spot where the Fuzzy Wuzzies was just a-goin' to break in. Jo 'ad quite given up stoppin' 'im by that time. 'E 'ad picked up 'is sword, which was danglin' by the knot from 'is wrist, and as the old 'orse charged the leadin' Arab and sent 'im flyin', Jo gave a wild war whoop, and fair split the next chap's 'ead open with 'is old sword. In course the sword, not bein' used to that sort of treatment, went in two in 'is 'and, but Jo jabbed about with the short end to some purpose, though 'e would undoubtedly 'ave been speared in the end, if some of our soldiers 'adn't come up in time to fill up the gap, and to pull Jo and the 'orse back again into the square. The skipper 'ad filled the gap, and the situation was saved.

"Well, 'e might never 'ave 'eard no more about it if the general 'adn't 'appened to 'ave cast 'is eye in that direction just as Jo gave 'is war whoop and bowled over the first nigger. 'S'help me!' says the general, ''e gets the Cross for that! What bloomin' pluck! What 'orsemanship!' or words to that effect. And, sure enough, Jo was recommended for the Cross, and, what's more, 'e got it.

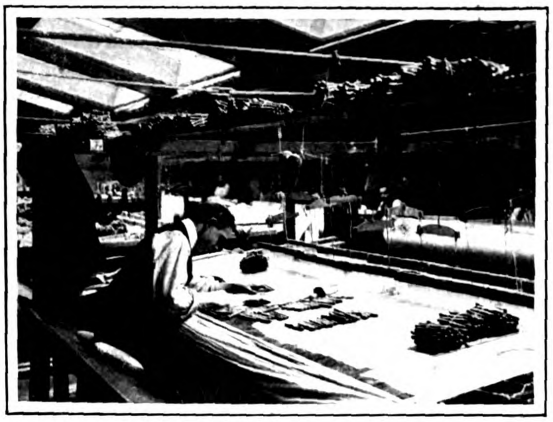


"As the old 'orse charged . . Jo gave a wild war whoop"

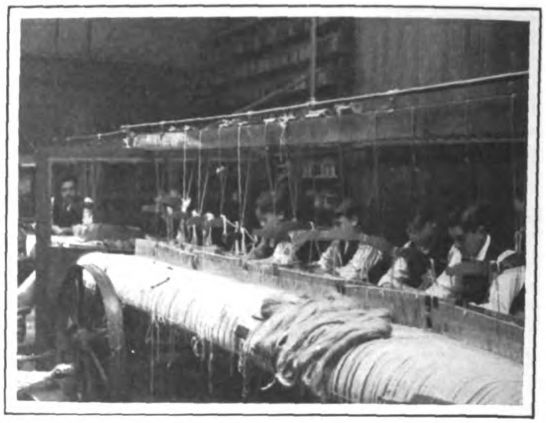
"And the horse?

"Oh, the 'orse. Oh, 'e 'ad fought 'is last fight, 'e 'ad. Jo brought 'im back, Jo smilin', and as 'appy as a girl at 'er first ball, but the poor old crock was a-bleedin' like a pig from a spear wound in the chest. Jo 'ad never noticed nothin'. When I told 'im, 'e dismounted very quick, and looked at the poor old 'orse, a-shakin' 's 'ead, quite put out I could see. Yet 'e made me laugh all the same. 'Ah,' 'e said, 'bad job, bad job. 'Ell of a collision. Fore compartment filled. 'Ere, put a collision mat over 'is bows, and tow 'im starn first. That's the only chance.' But no collision mat could do 'im no good. The poor old blighter 'e fell dead, and Jo had to walk back to Suakim. But 'e didn't care. 'E had been recommended for the V.C., and you might 'ave thought as the little man was a-walking on air, instead of Sudan sand and rocks."

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An Expert Weaver at Work on a Tapestry Design

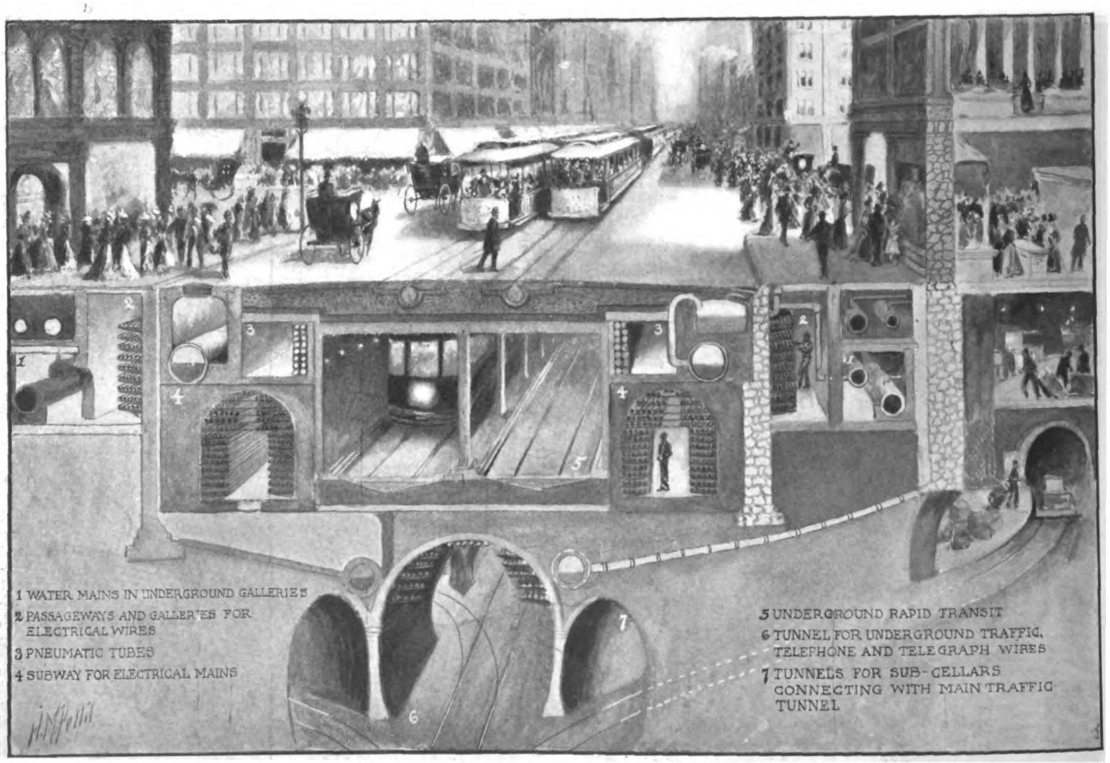


Apprentices and Overseer at the Bronx Tapestry Works

Progress in an Old Art

GOBELIN tapestry is being woven at Williamsbridge, New York. Ten years ago Mr. William Baumgarten, who is now at the head of the Williamsbridge industry, introduced the art to America. He brought with him from Europe a number of skilled tapestry workers. His foreman, Mr. John Foussadier, was master workman of the Royal Windsor Tapestry Works in England, and has long been known as an expert of unusual ability. The work is carried on in an unpretentious building beside the Bronx. Mr. Baumgarten has equipped his plant with the most modern and approved appliances, and is enabled to secure results which equal in artistic effect the best work that is being accomplished to-day in the art of weaving. The industry is similar in effect to that carried on in France, in the fifteenth century, by the Gobelins. The restoration of old tapestries is a considerable part of the venture, aside from the more important work of creating original designs. In size and the capacity for adequately handling large subjects the Williamsbridge plant has so far developed that it now exceeds the government works at Paris. The establishment of such an enterprise in this country marks a distinct advance in the development of American art.

The occasion for the introduction into our public buildings of Gobelin tapestries of American manufacture occurred when Mr. Charles McKim, the architect, assigned a conspicuous place for their exposition at the head of the grand stairway of the Rhode Island State Capitol.



Putting Traffic Underground in Chicago

By a new plan now being carried out in Chicago, all the telephone wires and heavy street traffic will be put underground. The laying of telephone wires, cables, etc., will be done in tunnels, and not, as now, from the street. It is planned to have the basements of the large stores connected with the tunnel, through which freight will be sent to all parts of the city. The plan is told about in detail on page 679

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What do you mean by "vulgarity"? You will find it a fruitful subject of thought: but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind; but in true inbred vulgarity there is a deathful callousness, which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity.

Ruskin.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD will sell account the National Conference of Charities and Correction, Atlanta, Ga., May 6th to 12th, excursion tickets to Atlanta at reduced rates, good going May 3d and 4th, and good returning to reach original starting-point by May 16th.—[*Adv.*]

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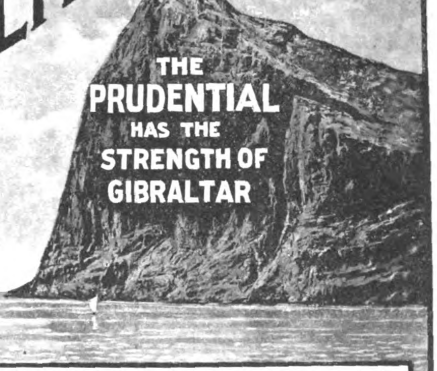
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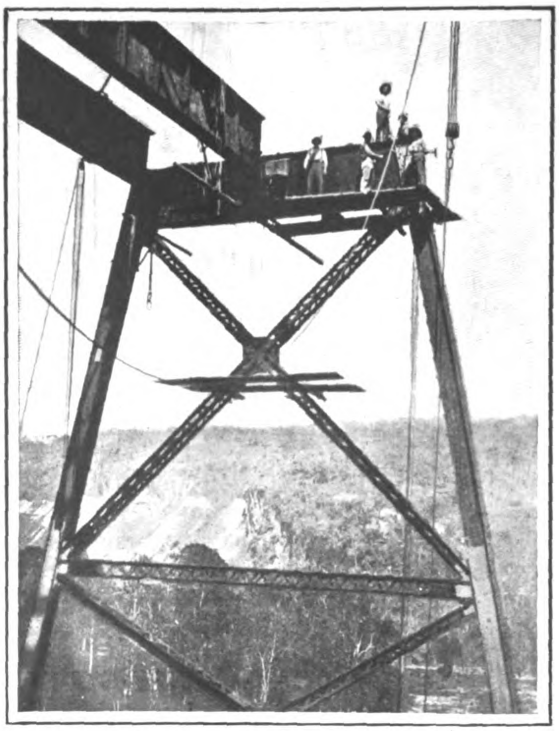
Americans Invade the East

An American Engineering Feat that gives a new Route between India and China

THE spanning of the Gokteik Gorge in Burmah is considered one of the greatest engineering feats ever accomplished by Americans outside of their own country. The Burmah Railroad Company officials let the contract to an American company only after the bridge-builders of Great Britain and the Continent had declined to take it, saying the bridge could not be completed in the time specified. An American company asserted that it could be completed, and offered to put up a forfeit if their word was not made good. As a result they were given the contract, and a little band of thirty-five Yankee workmen went to the other side of the world to execute it. In ten months from the time the first girders were put in place, two locomotives met in the centre of the structure.

The towers supporting the centre of the railroad track are about three hundred and twenty feet in height, and in some places the sides of the gorge are so steep that a plumb line may be dropped one hundred and fifty feet without grazing the rock.

Five thousand tons of steel were riveted and bolted into place before the work was completed. In constructing the towers a temporary bridge about one hundred feet high was built in the deepest part of the gorge. This was used for a tram-road, on which car-loads of material were carried and elevated to the top of the viaduct.



View of the Gokteik Gorge and the American-built Bridge, which opens a new Route from India to China

The viaduct carried a gigantic arm which did the work of a thousand men. It contained a machine-shop with tools and forges; an office for the engineer in charge; a telephone exchange, where the men on it could talk to those at either end of the gorge; and a station where signals could be made to the valley below.

A comparison with what has already been done in bridge-building gives an idea of the undertaking. The Kinzua viaduct on the Erie Railway in Pennsylvania is two thousand and fifty-three feet long and three hundred and one feet high, and contains three thousand three hundred and fifty tons of steel. The Pecos viaduct in Texas is two thousand one hundred and eighty feet long and three hundred and twenty-one feet high, and contains one thousand eight hundred and twenty tons. The Loa bridge in the Andes Mountains, South America, is three hundred and thirty-six feet high, but only eight hundred feet long, and weighs one thousand one hundred and fifteen tons. The Gokteik is two thousand two hundred and sixty feet long. It is heavier than all of its rivals, and longer and higher than all but one.

An Elizabethan Play by College Students

AN interesting phase of contemporary drama is the attempt to reproduce old plays with sufficient attention to historical setting to carry the spectators back, in some measure, to the stage conditions of the period when the play was first produced. In England these revivals of early plays have been given notably under the auspices of the Elizabethan Stage Society, and during the past winter Americans have seen with no little enthusiasm some of the work of that society in the reproduction of the old Morality play, "Everyman." For the most part, however, such reproductions in this country have been undertaken by the students of the universities—a revival of the old custom of rendering the classic drama on the college stage. At Stanford University the interest in this sort of dramatic study has already won some distinction. A year ago the students of the Greek department presented Sophocles's "Antigone" at their own college and at the University of California; and this year the members of the English Club—a voluntary students' organization—have presented Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle" at the two universities. The representation was planned to conform, in all practicable details, to the traditions of the Elizabethan stage of 1610. The stage structure was modelled after the sketch of the Swan Theatre made by the Dutch scholar De Witt, about 1596, and reproduced as closely as possible the London playhouses of Shakespeare's day.

The opening of the play was announced, after the historic fashion, by three trumpet-calls from the upper windows of the stage structure. There was no curtain-raising, and the entire stage was throughout in full view of the audience.



A Character from the Play

A Scene from the old Elizabethan Play, Beaumont and Fletcher's "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," produced by Students at Leland Stanford University

One of the Costumes in Detail

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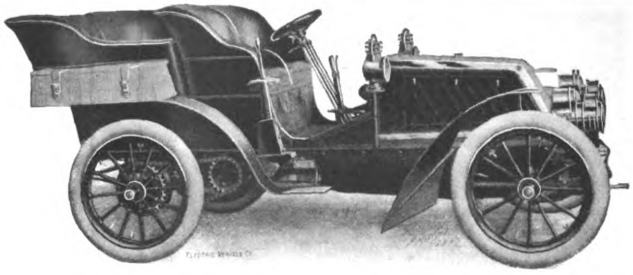
Radium—the Wizard Metal

No discovery since the Röntgen rays has aroused keener interest or more sensational speculation than that of radium, by Professor and Madame Curie. To be sure, it was already known that certain substances, notably the rare metal uranium and its salts, had the power of giving off radiations closely similar to the X-rays, but the phenomena were rather weak and inconspicuous. But when the Curies extracted from uranium ore a new and mysterious substance pouring out radiations a thousand times more powerful than those from uranium, derived from no apparent source of energy, able to penetrate wood and even metals, rousing apparently inert substances into kindred activity, and inflicting savage X-ray burns on the unwary experimenter, there was good cause for popular interest. Consequently, radium has been crowned with a sort of halo of excited hypothesis which will be very slow in disappearing.

The established facts are marvellous enough without any aid from the imagination, and while they are still far from complete, enough have come to light to justify marshalling them in order, and looking them over with something like judicial calmness. Radium chloride, the usual salt for experiments, is a whitish heavy powder, worth in an impure state nearly $150 per ounce. Thoroughly purified it would cost nearly $1000 per ounce, but an order for that amount would certainly stagger the world's market. The metal itself has never been prepared from lack of material to imperil in the attempt, but enough has been found out about it to give a fair idea of its properties. It would probably be one of the heaviest metals known, whitish, rather soft, and easily tarnished. It is a very near relation of the rare metal barium, and, like it, would be very troublesome to prepare in a pure state. The chloride glows in the dark with a faint greenish-white light, and starts a similar glow in substances—a tuft of cotton, for instance—placed near it. This phosphorescent light, however, represents only a trivial part of the total radiation given off by the radium salt. It pours out, beside, radiations very closely akin to X-rays in considerable variety. A photographic plate shielded from the light rays by black paper is affected in a few seconds when placed close to the salt. Shadow pictures of metallic objects are quickly obtained in this manner, but the rays pass almost unobstructed through cardboard and thin wood, and less easily through glass and even aluminium foil. As in the case of an X-ray tube, part of the radiation consists of streams of material particles, accompanied by a true radiation somewhat akin to light. The latter is a far less important part of the whole in the radium than in the X-ray tube. A good many substances give off a similar composite radiation after having been exposed to strong light, but very faintly and with rapid loss of power. But the radium keeps steadily at work, and imparts its radio-activity, like its light, to substances near it in a very extraordinary degree. Uranium salts have a similar power, but to enormously less extent. Even when kept in the dark for years they still give off these penetrative rays almost, or quite, as powerfully as after exposure to sunlight.

The mystery of the matter lies in the occult source of the energy thus radiated, and in the relation of the material streams to the wave radiation which accompanies them. Whether they are composed of molecules, atoms, or shattered fragments of atoms, is not yet definitely known. The weight of the present evidence tends to the last-named conclusion, but it depends on a chain of assumptions in which some links are of rather uncertain strength. As to the relation between the light, the penetrating rays, like X-rays, and the material streams, practically nothing is known. But this much is certain, that such mixed radiation is a far commoner property of matter than one would think. Radium seems now to be only a tremendously exaggerated case of a not very uncommon condition. Its immense radio-activity enables experiments on the subject to be carried on very easily, and it serves as a basis of operations in studying the more general problem. Two other

(Continued on page 679.)



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(Continued from page 677.)

allied radio-active materials have turned up, called polonium and actinium by the discoverers, but their identity is rather uncertain as yet.

Data on radio-activity are so far rather meagre and ill assorted, but it looks at present very much like the general case of which phosphorescence is a special instance. It is perfectly easy to excite strong phosphorescent light by ordinary radiant energy totally invisible to the eye and to the photographic plate. The mixed radiations common to radio-active substances can be similarly excited, and their presence in a material which has been kept in the dark for a year—or a thousand years, for that matter—is interesting, but not particularly surprising. There is no darkness to generalized radiation. We say that a room is dark because we have cut off merely that almost infinitesimal fraction of the whole range of radiant energy which the eye perceives, but we are not in the least surprised that a wireless telegraph message can be received in it. And considering the fact that there is an enormous extent of unknown radiations intermediate between light and Marconi's electrical waves, it involves no stretch of imagination to conclude that radium is picking up invisible energy and transforming it into something within the range of our senses. Zinc-blende has for years been known to perform just this feat, but it chances to get its energy supply from a region which, although invisible, can still be explored by existing instruments. The theory just outlined is Madame Curie's explanation of the source of radium radiations, and it certainly agrees with very well-known facts. As for induced radio-activity, it is the same sort of thing that happens in a hot stove—the radiation from the original source does not as such penetrate the iron, but it heats it, and sends off similar radiations from the exterior. And these persist for a while after the fire dies out. Professor Curie's latest result is that radium salts actually keep at a temperature a couple of degrees above their surroundings, a discovery which involves a more curious transformation of energy than any which has gone before. If confirmed it is safe to say that it will be followed by the discovery of the same property in other materials.

Putting Traffic Underground in Chicago

See page 670

CHICAGO is planning a new system of subways, by means of which the greater part of its street-car traction, traffic, and telegraph and telephone wires are to be placed underground. Already eighteen miles of one of these subways, built in connection with the plan to give Chicago an automatic telephone system, is finished, and plans for the completion of the system are now maturing. It is proposed to construct tunnels which will furnish an improved system of rapid transit; a separate tunnel connecting with the basements of stores and warehouses along the route, through which freight will be sent to all parts of the city, and which will also carry telephone wires, cables, etc., together with additional smaller galleries and conduits for the carrying of pneumatic tubes and electric and water mains. It is also proposed to provide within the subway region a modern and improved system of high and low level sewers.

A novel and useful feature will be the provision of facilities for the laying of electric wires and cables from within the tunnels, and not, as now, from the street. The cables, on rollers, are placed on cars and lowered to the tunnel through shafts on private property, and are then carried through the conduits and laid upon racks. This method will remove any necessity for interfering with public traffic on the street levels. The whole plan, as outlined, means that in the near future the streets of Chicago will be used only for pleasure-driving, without the interference of heavy trucking and of the obstructions now necessary in repairing underground wires and mains. A part of the street railway system will, however, be kept on the street level.



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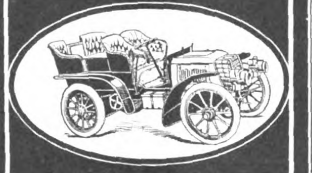
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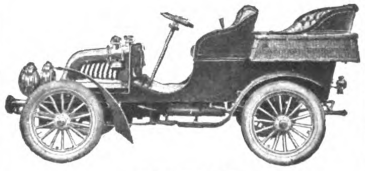
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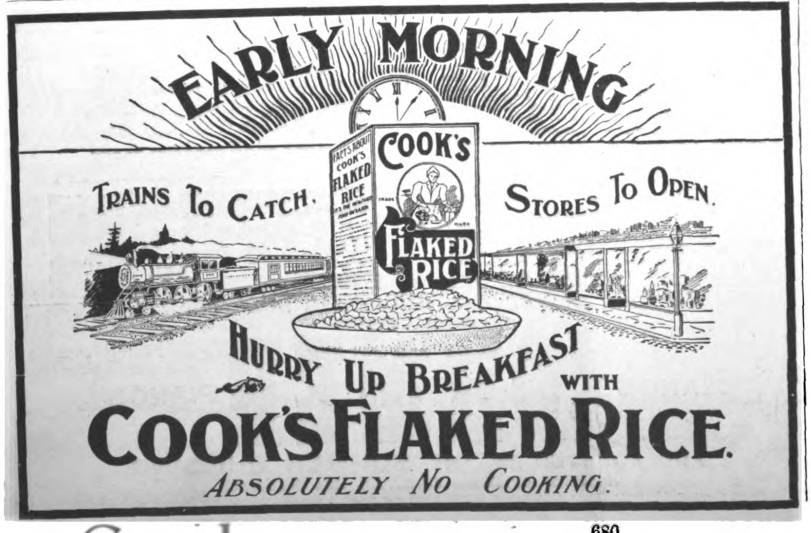
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The Americanizing of Russia

By Charles Johnston, B.C.S. (Retired)

THE Tsar's edict—the influence of which was recently noted in the WEEKLY—has rightly been hailed as a great stride forward in Russia's national life; the greatest, without doubt, since the emancipation of the serfs by Alexander the Liberator, the father of the present Tsar, in 1861. The period immediately following the Crimean war, the beginning of Alexander the Second's reign, was one of the great epochs of Liberalism in Russia; and so far was the tendency to advance carried, that it brought a severe reaction in the years that followed. This reaction had nearly run its course, and a new advance was in preparation, when the assassination of Alexander the Second by the Russian Anarchists brought his splendid work to a tragic close. It was known to a few at the time, and it became known to all the world at the time, that the murder of the Tsar had also slain the hopes of Russian Constitutionalism: for the Emperor had had a constitution drafted by Loris-Melikoff, and was to have signed it within a few days of his untimely death. Alexander the Third took the view that matters in Russia had been going too fast: that doctrines good for Western Europe might be out of place in Russia, and that what was needed was rather an advance along more national lines. He therefore inaugurated the era of protection, encouraging Russian manufactures by a tariff wall against foreign goods, just as Mr. McKinley did in this country by the measure associated with his name. The second great element of Russia's policy was the alliance with France, to curb the overweening power of Germany and the tendencies of domination and tyrannical control initiated by Prince Bismarck, and in part inherited by Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Both these steps were in the last degree successful, and many of us can remember point by point the disappearance of the old Bismarckian tyranny, the tranquillization of European politics, the new hopes of France, and the general amelioration of political conditions all over Europe, as the tyranny of Germany was gradually overcome. This clearing of the European sky was followed by a gradual growth of better conditions within the bounds of Russia herself; and, as the result of these better conditions, we may cite the last budget statement of Minister de Witté, the later Tsar's chosen instrument, that Russia has a surplus for the first time in many years, while commercial conditions all over Russia are better than ever before.

In view of this, it has seemed to the Tsar that the time has come when the humane policy of his grandfather may once more be resumed, and the work of liberalization within the borders of Russia carried one step farther forward. Hence we have the present edict, published on the birthday of Alexander the Third, as a touching tribute of love and reverence from his son and successor.

We have, first, an affirmation of the principle of religious liberty. Much misconception exists on this point, and certain writers here evidently believe that liberty of worship is an innovation, a revolution in Russian life. This is, of course, the very opposite of the truth, for Russia has for ages allowed all the Christian churches to worship in their own way, at their own shrines, and not only Christians, but Jews, Mohammedans, and Buddhists have enjoyed the same religious freedom.

With regard to certain dissenting sects there was a difference, but even here the action of Russia was rather political than religious. For it was found that many of the so-called evangelical sects, and notably those springing from Lutheran propaganda, were rather advance-guards of German

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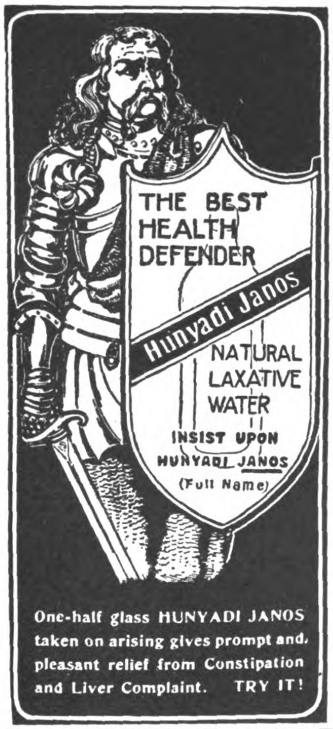
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thought and influence than genuinely religious bodies. There were certain strict regulations against proselytizing from the Russian Church; against mixed marriages, or rather against the alienation of children of mixed marriages, and against leaving the State Church to join any other religious community; and in all these cases the civil law could be and was called in, and severe penalties were inflicted. The terms of the present edict will probably give greater liberty to the dissenters to hold conventicles according to their own ideals, many of which, by the way, are somewhat grotesque and extreme, like those of the Shakers, or the Russian Doukhobors, whose doings in Canada aroused so much interest a year ago.

The edict establishes certain principles which will be of the greatest value and assistance to the peasant class, and help to raise their almost countless millions to a higher degree of comfort and prosperity. After the emancipation, the Russian peasants tended to fall more and more into the hands of a class of usurers, many of whom were Jews, and whose impositions were much more tyrannous than those of the old nobility. These usurers exacted forced labor in payment of the interest on their debts, thus practically creating a form of slavery which was more onerous than the former serfdom. Further, the usurers obtained mortgages on the communal land, and thus cut at the roots of the peasants' well-being and livelihood. Both these abuses are removed by the present edict, which abolishes forced labor, and makes the communal land inalienable. A like measure was the assumption of the control of the production and distribution of liquor by the Russian government a short time ago, which removed from the Jewish liquor-sellers the power to drive the easily tempted peasantry deeper and deeper into debt.

Finally, more influence and responsibility are given to the local and provincial boards —a first measure of home rule and of local constitutional government. The home-rule principle has always existed in germ in Russia, in the village communities, which elected their own members, and were authoritative within their own domain.

It is clear that the work of constitutional government in Russia is beginning, as it began in America, with the local self-governing units, whether we call them communes or townships; that it will extend thence by degrees to the larger subdivisions, until we come to the governments of provinces, corresponding to our States, and, finally, to the sum of these provinces, making up the empire.

The great principle now introduced is the increase of individual responsibility, both religious and civil; the heightening of the value of the individual life and the individual mind. And this tendency, with all it implies for the future, justifies us in speaking of the present reforms as a step in the Americanizing of Russia — a symptom of great hope for the new century, and one to be accompanied and complemented by a like Russianizing of America, in the direction of moral depth and seriousness, and of a larger and more humane realization of each other's spirits and lives.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending April 25, 1903

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COMMENT

WE have discussed elsewhere the significance of the unanimous decision rendered by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Northern Securities case. We may here point out that several other colossal combinations of capital had been contemplated, and probably would have been effected had the merger plan exemplified in the Northern Securities Company been adjudged legal. There, for instance, was the Southern Securities Company, which Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was said to have in view, a company which would have brought about a practical consolidation of the interests represented by the Southern Railway, the Louisville and Nashville, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Seaboard Air Line. The total number of miles operated by these four roads is 14,142. The aggregate amount of their stock exceeds $292,000,000, and their total funded debt falls but little short of $300,000,000. There, too, were the so-called Gould properties, which also were to be controlled, we were informed, by a single securities company. The Gould system comprehends the Wabash Railroad, the Missouri Pacific, the Texas and Pacific, and the Denver and Rio Grande. It operates 11,219 miles; the whole amount of stock issued is about $247,000,000, and the aggregate funded debt is nearly $318,000,000. The close relations established by Mr. Harriman between the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific are also imperilled by the decision in the Northern Securities case.

Bigger yet was the consolidation which at one time was thought to be intended by Mr. Cassatt, the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. What is known as the Pennsylvania system comprises not only the Pennsylvania Railroad and Pennsylvania Company, but also the Reading Railway Company, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Norfolk and Western, the Panhandle, and other Western lines. The total number of miles operated by this monster corporation would have been 15,488; the par value of the stock of the constituent companies would have exceeded $893,000,000, and their aggregate funded debt would have been almost exactly $750,000,000. Whether these far-reaching schemes will be permanently or only temporarily thwarted depends upon the answer to the question whether the United States Supreme Court will confirm or set aside the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals. We have elsewhere indicated the reasons for thinking that the judgment of the highest tribunal will be affirmatory. If the decision of the United States Supreme Court should be rendered before next November, it might materially affect the vote in the State of New York on the proposal to expend $101,000,000 for widening and deepening the Erie Canal. If it were certain that the trunk lines conveying the foodstuffs of the West to the port of New York would never be amalgamated, there would be no likelihood of any material increase in the rates paid for the transportation of grain. The present railway rates are lower than canal-boats could afford to charge, but it has been feared that they would cease to remain so if the railroads should be consolidated and freed from canal competition.

The outcome of the municipal elections in Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and Toledo was not encouraging to the conservative wing of the Democratic party. In Cincinnati, Mr. M. E. Ingalls, who was a sturdy upholder of the gold standard in 1896 and 1900, had been nominated by a citizens' convention and endorsed by the Democrats. Nevertheless, he was beaten by a majority so large that it seems hopeless for him to present himself as a candidate for Governor or for United States Senator. On the other hand, Mr. Tom L. Johnson and Mr. Samuel L. Jones, who represent the Socialistic element in the Democratic party, were re-elected Mayors of Cleveland and Toledo. Mr. Carter Harrison's re-election to the Mayoralty of Chicago must also be accounted a triumph for the Bryanite faction of the Democracy. Conspicuous in his platform were demands for municipal ownership and for the adoption of the referendum. There are indications of a close alliance between Mayor Harrison and Mr. W. R. Hearst, who owns a newspaper in Chicago and another in San Francisco, as well as the *American* in New York. As we have previously pointed out, it is not improbable that Mayor Harrison's success in Chicago will gain for him the Democratic nomination for the Vice-Presidency, provided that party's candidate for the Presidency comes from an Eastern State.

The outcome of the Cleveland municipal election not only promises to give Mr. Johnson control of the next Democratic convention in Ohio, but also seems likely to have some effect on the Republican party in that State, depressing the faction headed by Senator Hanna, and elevating that which looks upon Senator Foraker as its chief. It was Mr. Hanna's principal lieutenant, Mr. Herrick, who directed the Republican forces at Cleveland, and it was Mr. Foraker's lieutenant, Mr. Cox, who managed the Republican canvass in Cincinnati. As the expiration of his Senatorial term is not distant, it is a matter of manifest importance to Mr. Hanna not only that the Republicans shall carry the Legislature to be chosen next autumn, but also that they shall be Republicans of the Hanna stripe. Whether Senator Hanna or Senator Foraker shall eventually become dominant in Ohio is a question of some moment to Mr. Roosevelt, for, while the President has in Mr. Foraker an unwavering and zealous supporter, he has more to fear from Mr. Hanna than from any other Republican politician. It is by no means certain, however, that any concerted attempt will be made to beat Mr. Roosevelt in the Republican national convention. At present the President's popularity is, as we have often said, the Republican party's most valuable asset. If the Bryanites, however, could manage to dictate the platform and name the candidates of the Democratic national convention, almost any Republican could win.

There has been of late some subsidence of the Parker boom for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, and a disposition is evinced in some of the Southern States to put forward Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, as a candidate. It is scarcely probable that any sectional prejudice would be provoked by Mr. Gorman's nomination. It is true that Maryland was a slave State, but so was Delaware, and both States were loyal to the Union during the civil war.

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Moreover, of late years, Maryland has often given Republican majorities at State and national elections, and it was but the other day that both of her United States Senators were Republicans. There is no doubt that Mr. Gorman would be acceptable to the conservative element of the Democracy. He would favor a revision of the tariff, but he is no headlong repudiator of a protectionist policy, as he showed by his handling of the Wilson bill in the Senate. The main objection to Mr. Gorman is Mr. Bryan's opposition to him, which is outspoken and seemingly implacable. The rule which makes a two-thirds vote necessary for a nomination in a Democratic national convention—in a Republican national convention a majority of one would suffice—is calculated to give Mr. Bryan a veto on the selection of candidates. That he will be able to control rather more than a third of the delegates now seems probable, in view of the success of his friends, Carter Harrison and Tom Johnson, in Chicago and Cleveland. Fortunately, nobody believes that he will have strength enough to frame the platform.

Mr. Bryan has lately begun to publish in his *Commoner* sketches of possible candidates who, he says, would be acceptable to his supporters. It will be interesting to note whether he will include in the list Mr. Olney, who declined to vote for him in 1896, but advocated his election in 1900. He has lately pointed out, what is true enough, that the logical candidate of anti-Bryanite Democrats is ex-President Grover Cleveland; but, as we have said, some doubts exist concerning Mr. Cleveland's availability as a nominee for a third term, and it is, moreover, almost certain that Mr. Cleveland would decline a nomination. Mr. Bryan has not said in so many words that he would bolt Mr. Cleveland's nomination, and, apparently, he counts on controlling votes enough in the national convention to prevent the selection of the ex-President. It will be observed that Mr. Bryan has never said that he would oppose Judge Parker, nor could he do so with a good grace, in view of the fact that Parker voted for him both in 1896 and 1900. The utmost he has said upon the subject is that he would like to be enlightened about Judge Parker's views concerning certain important issues. We repeat, what we have frequently said, that it is a mistake to treat Mr. Bryan as if he were a negligible factor. We do not want him to frame the next Democratic platform, but we would like him and his friends to support the nominee of the convention.

Mr. Cleveland was one of the speakers on April 14 in New York at a mass-meeting organized by the Armstrong Association in aid of negro education in general and the Tuskegee Institute in particular. He classed himself among those friends of the negro who belonged in the Booker Washington-Tuskegee group. He believed that the negroes needed a vast amount of uplifting, that the Tuskegee method of uplifting them was the right one, and that the negroes' future, except so far as it rested with themselves, depended mainly "upon the sentiment and conduct of the leading and responsible white men of the South." "I do not know," he said, "how it may be with other Northern friends of the negro, but I have faith in the honor and sincerity of the respectable white people of the South in their relations with the negro and his improvement and well-being. They do not believe in the social equality of the race, and they make no false pretence in regard to it. That this does not grow out of hatred of the negro is very plain. It seems to me that there is abundant sentiment and abundant behavior among the Southern whites toward the negro to make us doubt the justice of charging this denial of social equality to prejudice, as we usually understand the word. Perhaps it is born of something so much deeper and more imperious than prejudice as to amount to a racial instinct. Whatever it is, let us remember that it has condoned the negro's share in the humiliation and spoliation of the white men of the South during the saturnalia of reconstruction days, and has allowed a kindly feeling for the negro to survive the time when the South was deluged by the perilous flood of indiscriminate, unintelligent, and blighting negro suffrage. Whatever it is, let us try to be tolerant and considerate of the feelings and even the prejudice or racial instinct of our white fellow-countrymen of the South, who in the solution of the negro problem must, amid their own surroundings, bear the heat of the day and stagger under the weight of the white man's burden. . . . As friends of the negro, fully believing in the possibility of his improvement and advancement, sincerely and confidently laboring to that end, it is folly for us to ignore the importance of the ungrudging co-operation on the part of the white people of the South in this work. Labor as we will, those who do the lifting of the weight must be those who stand next to it. Their co-operation cannot be forced, nor can it be gained by gratuitously running counter to firmly fixed and tenaciously held Southern ideas, or even prejudices."

According to the latest news from Bogota, the opposition to a ratification of the canal treaty is much more widespread and resolute than was expected. Indeed, almost the only members-elect of the Colombian Congress who are known to favor the treaty heartily are the representatives from the State of Panama. They are in a position, however, to exert great influence at the Colombian capital, for it is extremely probable that, were the treaty rejected, the Conservatives and Liberals in the State of Panama would unite to pass an ordinance of secession and to organize an independent republic. This they would have as much right to do as Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Salvador, and Guatemala had to dissolve the old Central-American Confederation and to proclaim themselves separate commonwealths. Nay, Panama would but imitate the action of New Granada itself when it withdrew from the Confederation founded by Bolivar, a Confederation which, besides New Granada, included Venezuela and Ecuador. We should have no more reason for withholding recognition of a republic of Panama than we had for withholding it in the case of the commonwealths just named. There is but little doubt that the Conservatives and Liberals of Panama if combined could maintain their independence against any force which the rest of Colombia in its present impoverished condition could array against them. It was but the other day that the Panama Conservatives, though backed by all the resources of Colombia, found it extremely difficult to quell the revolution started in their State by the Liberals. It is obvious that the State of Panama would have strong motives for secession. As things are now, the inhabitants of Panama have but little chance of touching any part of the ten million dollars which the treaty binds us to give to the Colombian government, or, for that matter, any part of the annual rental which will by and by be paid. The benefit which they will derive from the treaty, if it be ratified at Bogota, is the tremendous stimulus which their industries and trade will receive from proximity to the interoceanic waterway. That is a benefit which they are determined not to be deprived of, and if they cannot secure it in one way, they will in another. Nor is it by any means improbable that if an independent State of Panama were organized it might follow the example of the Republic of Texas, and request admission to our Union. All doubts about our right to fortify the canal, to close it in time of war against our public enemies, and to treat it in all ways as our property would thus be extinguished. We opine that when these considerations are brought home to the Bogota politicians by the representatives of Panama, the former will make up their minds to ratify the canal treaty.

It will be remembered that the treaty by which Denmark agreed to cede to the United States the islands of St. Thomas, St. John, and Santa Cruz was not ratified, the Upper Chamber of the Danish Parliament expressing disapproval by a narrow majority. Thereupon the Copenhagen government sent a commission to the West Indies to ascertain the views of the islanders concerning the proposed annexation, and also to learn whether some substitute could not be found for the profit which the sugar-planters of Santa Cruz expected to derive from access to the United States market. It is now known that the report of the commission is decidedly adverse to a retention of the islands, on the ground that the inhabitants could not be compensated for the benefits which they would secure from annexation to the United States, except at the cost of an outlay which the Danish Exchequer could not afford to make. There is no doubt that the feeling in favor of annexation has been powerfully stimulated in the Danish West Indies by the spectacle of the prosperity enjoyed by their neighbors in Porto Rico. As the period allowed for an exchange of ratifications, however, expires in July, it will be necessary for the Danish government, if it desires to conclude

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the treaty, to convoke the Upper House of the Parliament in extra session, in order to reconsider its previous action, in view of the commission's report. There is an impression in quarters usually well informed that German influence was chargeable with the rejection of the treaty. It must be well known to Denmark, however, that we should regard the sale of her West-Indian islands to a strong European power as an unfriendly act. That is the position which we took towards Spain with regard to Cuba. There is no doubt that the German Empire would like to acquire the harbor of St. Thomas for a coaling-station, in view of the great importance which the Caribbean is likely to reacquire after the completion of the Panama canal. We should certainly protest against the purchase of the Danish West Indies by Germany. It is not so easy to see on what ground we could object to their acquirement by absorption, in the event that Denmark should enter at some future day the German Confederation on the footing of the kingdom of Bavaria. On the whole, we deem it probable that Denmark will sell the islands to the United States, but it may be that a new treaty will be needed for the purpose. We unquestionably want St. Thomas, because its harbor is not only one of the safest and most commodious in the West Indies, but also because it occupies an invaluable strategic position with reference to the most-frequented route from Europe to the Caribbean.

For several reasons the United States are profoundly interested in the anti-strike legislation just enacted in Holland. In that country, it will be recalled, all the railways are owned and operated by the state. The new law makes it a crime for any railway employee to quit work without leave, and, if two or more of them engage in a concerted movement to that end, they are guilty of a much more serious offence, and are exposed to severer punishment. It remains to be seen whether the agitation excited by the measure will subside, or whether The Hague government will be compelled to accept for its suppression the aid offered by the German Emperor. In the former event, it is obvious that the theory of state Socialism recently exemplified in Great Britain, and, to some extent, on this side of the Atlantic in a tendency toward municipal ownership of certain franchises and industries, and even toward municipal trading, will receive a mortal blow. American workmen consider the right to strike the keystone of their liberties. If, on the other hand, the Dutch authorities are unable, with the military force at their disposal, to quell the disorder caused by the passage of the new law, and are, therefore, constrained to accept Emperor William's proposal to keep the railways in running order by means of German soldiers, a long step will have been taken toward the entrance of Holland into the German Confederation on the footing of Saxony or Würtemberg. The Queen of Holland, like the King of Saxony, would retain all of her royal attributes, except those of making peace or war, or being represented abroad by diplomatic agents, and of exercising certain other functions which are delegated to the empire as a whole. On the other hand, she would be relieved from apprehensions on the score of foreign aggression or internal disorder. There is no doubt that the Dutch people have hitherto clung to their independence, but the troubles engendered by the anti-strike law may cause the property-owning classes to take another view of the matter, while Dutch workmen may think that they would gain political strength through co-operation with the German proletariat. There is no doubt that the incorporation of Holland with the German Empire would bring fruition to two of the aims most fervently cherished by William II. and by the German Colonial party. It would give Germany a colonial empire in the Far East second only in population and wealth to that of Great Britain, and it would give her the island of Curaçoa in the Caribbean, together with Dutch Guiana on the South-American mainland, a province which at any time might have a boundary controversy with Brazil. It is hard to see on what ground we could protest against the voluntary entrance of Holland, with her splendid colonial dowry, into the German Empire.

It is well known that the duties now levied by the Dominion of Canada on goods imported from Great Britain are lower by 33 1-3 per cent. than the duties imposed upon similar commodities sent from the United States. With such a preference, it might be inferred that Great Britain would secure a far larger share of Canada's import trade than would be obtainable by the great American republic. The contrary is the case. It is true that the British manufacturers of wool, cotton, flax, hemp, and silk are able to undersell their American competitors. According to a return, however, for the seven months ending with January, 1903, the aggregate value of the merchandise imported into Canada from the United States during that period was $67,000,000, as against $32,000,000, representing the commodities shipped from the United Kingdom, and $21,000,000, those brought from all the rest of the world. In other words, the United States, although they had to face an adverse discrimination of 33 1-3 per cent. in duties, supply Canada with considerably more than twice as much as does Great Britain. The Canadian argument for a reciprocity treaty is that, if the differential against us were removed, we should be able to oust Great Britain entirely from the Canadian market. This we doubt, so far as manufactures of wool are concerned, but the assertion is probably well founded with regard to many other articles, including conspicuously manufactures of iron and steel. Even if we got the whole of Canada's import trade, however, we should only have added during the seven months named $53,000,000 worth to the amount actually secured. It is certain that Canada would gain incomparably more than that, if her agricultural products had free access to our markets. The chances are that, if the existing conditions continue, we shall eventually meet nearly the whole Canadian demand for foreign manufactures, except those of wool. It is true that now and then a threat emanates from Ottawa to the effect that existing conditions will not be suffered to continue, but that, on the one hand, a still greater preference will be given to British goods, while, on the other, certain American articles now on the free list will be removed from it. We do not believe that Canadian consumers will permit any such threat to be carried out. They buy our manufactures because they like them, and they will naturally want to get them as cheaply as possible. All of our products would be on the free list if the Canadian Dominion were to become a part of our Union. The privilege of free access to our markets will ever constitute in the Canadian mind the principal incentive to annexation. As we have formerly pointed out, Lord Elgin, who, in the fifties, managed to negotiate a partial reciprocity treaty at Washington, told the Southern Senators that, unless the Canadians got access to our markets, nothing could hold them back from annexation.

The latest publication of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics brings out in a singularly impressive way the astonishing progress in the United States in respect of our foreign trade during the last thirty-two years. It compares our imports and exports in 1870, and again in 1902, with those of the other great maritime countries of the world. Let us look first at imports, and mark how we stood at the first-named date. In 1870 our imports were valued at $436,000,000. That value was exceeded, not only by the United Kingdom ($1,259,000,000), but also by Germany ($775,000,000), and by France ($553,000,000). In 1902 our imports had reached a valuation of $903,000,000. The import figures for European countries in that year are not given, but in 1901 they were: United Kingdom, $2,210,000,000; Germany, $1,290,000,000; and France, $843,000,000. Strange to say, the Netherlands are credited with an even greater gain than the United States, for they imported in 1870 only $187,000,000, but in 1901 $818,000,000, or almost as much as France. Passing to exports, we observe that in 1870 we sent abroad only $376,000,000 worth of commodities, or $60,000,000 less than we imported. In 1902 our exports had mounted to $1,355,000,000. What these figures signify will be apparent when we compare them with those of the principal commercial countries of Europe for the year 1901. In that twelvemonth the exports of the United Kingdom were valued at $1,363,000,000; those of Germany at $1,290,000,000; and those of France at $774,000,000.

Interesting, also, is it to note the gain in foreign trade made during the period named by three other American countries, to wit, the Dominion of Canada, Brazil, and Argentina. In Canada the imports increased from $74,000,000, in 1870, to $212,000,000 in 1902; during the same period her exports were augmented from $73,000,000 to $211,000,000. It is a curious fact that, at both the beginning and end of the period, her imports and exports were nearly balanced. In Brazil, which,

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next to Canada, is the most important commercially of our sister commonwealths, the imports rose from $69,000,000 in 1870 to $96,000,000 in 1901. Here the gain was relatively small, but Brazil's exports advanced in the same period from $89,000,000 to $197,000,000. So far as imports are concerned, Argentina has a better record than Brazil, having ascended from $47,000,000 in 1870 to $109,000,000 in 1901; during the same time her exports increased from $29,000,000 to $161,000,000. We should also mention that Mexico, although in population she ranks next to Brazil, is, in respect of commerce, behind the three Latin-American republics mentioned. Her imports have merely grown from $20,000,000 in 1873 to $62,000,000 in 1901; and her exports, excluding silver, from $28,000,000 in 1877 to $33,000,000 in 1901. This is by comparison a deplorable exhibit.

The Paris visit of King Edward is causing interested comment. It is the first time in history that an English king has paid a visit to a French President, and the event gains immensely in interest, because it takes place not in remote Algiers, as was at first expected, but in Paris, the capital of civilization. Opinions are rife as to the occult significance of this meeting, which is really one of pure friendliness and international courtesy; and especial stress is laid on the fact that his Majesty, though he has made a round of Latin potentates and heads of states, shows no immediate intention of visiting his distinguished nephew, Kaiser Wilhelm. It is even suggested that we are on the eve of a new European combination, to offset the Austro-Russian co-operation in the Balkans, to which Germany has now given a formal adherence. It is said that France, England, and Italy are about to combine, and that Edward VII. has already spoken of Portugal as his ally. It is further said that this is a new step in the personal policy of sovereign intervention gradually being developed by the King; his part in ending the South-African war and his personal understanding with the Kaiser in the Venezuelan matter being quoted as steps already taken. We are even told that the Irish Land Purchase bill is another result of the King's personal initiative, and that he has set himself to carry out Queen Victoria's ideal of friendlier relations between England and Ireland, and has other views presently to be carried out. It is obvious that all this is part gossip, part guess-work, and that some of it is sheer fancy. The King will return his Imperial nephew's visit in due time, and the Dreibund has not been superseded. It is, on the contrary, likely to be applied in a new direction closely interesting to ourselves; a system of preferential tariffs among the Central-European nations, aimed against the American invasion.

A good deal has been made of a possible quarrel between Russia and Japan in a corner of the Manchurian region; but it seems that there is no valid ground for giving the incident any importance. The essence of the matter is this: a former Russian financial agent in Korea claims to hold certain timber concessions on both sides of the Yalu River, and has recently organized and despatched a party of workmen to develop them. These workmen found a number of Japanese in possession of the conceded territory, and the Japanese, maintaining that possession was nine points of the law, declined to move. The concessionary appealed to the Russian authorities at Port Arthur, and, as a result, eight hundred Russian soldiers and a number of Cossacks have, it is said, proceeded overland towards the disputed territory, to further investigate the number of points in the law which possession does, or may, constitute. It is fairly certain that Japan will not interfere to support her subjects, who are apparently trespassing; not only because Japan has become fairly reconciled to the presence of Russia in Manchuria, with all that this implies, but also because Japan is at this moment in the throes of a parliamentary and ministerial crisis, and has enough to do, to take care of affairs nearer home. The only cause of possible trouble is the fact that, as the Yalu River is for some distance the boundary between China and Korea, at least two concessions, from two independent governments are necessary before the Russian lumberer can establish his claims; and there is thus room for considerable litigation and friction, before the matter is finally decided. As it is not a case of curtailing Chinese territory, it is difficult to see on what pretext any other power could interfere, to take Japan's part.

Yung Lu is dead. At the time of his death he was Comptroller of Finances and First Grand Secretary of China, a Prime Minister with almost unlimited power. He was deep in the plans and secrets of the Empress Dowager, who, for a generation, has been the real ruler of China, and, with her, he has shared the suspicion of having been at least accessory to the Boxer outbreak and the attack on the legations. Yung Lu first came into prominence as leader of a reaction against the reform policy of Kan Yu-Wei, who had gained a commanding influence over the young Emperor Kwang Hsu, and was about to pull the ancient fabric of the state to pieces. We all remember that Kan Yu-Wei barely escaped with his life, and fled the country; that the rest of his party were gathered to their fathers; and that the Emperor "requested the Empress Mother to resume her parental supervision of his policy." The agent in this convulsion was Yung Lu, who was promptly rewarded by being made viceroy of Pei-Chi-Li, and general-in-chief of the Chinese army. From that moment he began to overshadow all his countrymen, even that great man and great interrogator, Li Hung-Chang, and it is still warmly disputed whether he was the prime mover in the Boxer uprising, or, on the contrary, united with the Dowager Empress to stay the hand of Prince Tuan and the party of violence. The latter is doubtless the truth, since nothing but most potent protection could have saved the embassies from utter destruction, and there is no source from which this protection could have come, unless from the Empress, through Yung Lu. It is at least certain that he received the two-eyed peacock feather "for protecting foreigners against the Boxers." He had been seriously ill for some time; and only a few days ago requested permission to resign his onerous duties, but was commanded by the Empress to remain in office. He has now received his final demission. Two distinguished personages have already been mentioned as his probable successor—Chang Chih-Tung, one of the southern viceroys, and Prince Ching, who carried out the negotiations with the allies, in conjunction with Li Hung-Chang. Neither seems to have the force needed to cope with the manifold dangers now gathering around the Chinese throne.

At the hour when we write, it seems uncertain whether Governor Pennypacker will sign the libel bill, which was "jammed"—the word used to be "railroaded"—through the Pennsylvania Legislature. The bill is obviously intended to intimidate and silence political opponents by the threat of vexatious lawsuits. Under the proposed law anybody who alleges that a given publication has subjected him to mental suffering has a cause of action. The measure is said to be aimed at two daily newspapers published in Philadelphia, and supposed to be controlled by Mr. John Wanamaker. That Republican party organs are not menaced is evident from the fact that most of these are weeklies, and weekly newspapers are excluded from the operation of the act. It is extremely doubtful whether this extension of the law of libel does not violate the fundamental provision of the Pennsylvania Constitution relating to freedom of the press. It is generally believed that honest men are sufficiently safeguarded against calumny by the existing statutes in Pennsylvania. That seems to be the conviction of Republican, as well as Democratic, newspapers, for the proposed libel law has provoked almost unanimous reprobation from the press of the State. The Governor has agreed to give the opponents of the bill ample time for the exposition of their objections, and, although he has intimated that, in his opinion, the libel law of the State needed to be made more stringent, we find it hard to believe that he will sign the present measure. He will "hear both sides," he says, and we are curious to learn what can be said in favor of the bill.

It is gratifying to record that on Monday, April 13, the one-hundred-and-sixtieth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson was commemorated in the city of Washington. The purpose of the meeting was to start a movement for the erection in the Federal capital of a worthy memorial of the author of the Declaration of Independence. It is a good augury that the movement is entirely non-partisan, Republicans being no less zealous than Democrats in their advocacy of the project. So far as the fervent recognition of Jefferson's services to his country is concerned, we are all now

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what he expressed the hope that we might become, when, somewhat prematurely, he said, in his first inaugural address, "We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans." Especially timely, moreover, is the movement in the present year, the centenary of that Louisiana Purchase by which we acquired an empire. There is no doubt that Jefferson belongs in the illustrious trio of Americans whose public services began before the outbreak of the Revolutionary war. Comparisons are invidious, and we make none when we say that he ranks with Washington and Franklin. It is hard to say whether the Union as a whole or his native State of Virginia owes Jefferson the larger debt of gratitude. As early as 1774 his pamphlet, entitled "A Summary View of the Rights of America," which was read before the Virginia State convention, placed him among the leaders of the Revolutionary movement. It was but a perfected transcript of this paper which he penned two years later in the Declaration of Independence. When he left the Continental Congress in 1776 to enter the Legislature of Virginia, he exercised a potent and beneficent influence on the constitutional and legal system of his State. It was he, more than any other man, who brought about in Virginia the repeal of the laws of entail, the abolition of primogeniture, the equal partition of inheritances, the establishment of the rights of conscience, the relief of the people from taxation for the support of a religion not theirs, and a scheme of general education. Republicans do well to remember that he also introduced a bill, which passed without opposition, forbidding the further importation of slaves into the State. Neither is it likely to be forgotten that he drafted a plan for the government of the Northwest Territory, which, among other things, provided that, after the year 1800, there should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the States to be created from such Territory. His solicitude for the welfare of his native commonwealth ended only with his death, and one of the acts for which he wished to be held in remembrance was his founding of the University of Virginia.

A statement made by one of the agents of the closed Lowell cotton-mills, to the effect that in some of the mills of that city machinery is still running which was running before the civil war, ought to impress the strikers with a sense of their uncertain situation, and no doubt disquiets stockholders who comprehend existing conditions in the cotton industry. We do not suppose that any very considerable amount of such old machinery is still in operation, but the fact that any is left is regarded by progressive cotton manufacturers in other cities as indicating a serious weakness. Within twenty years, nearly every cotton-mill in Fall River and New Bedford dating back as far as that has been rejuvenated as to its machinery, in many instances thousands of dollars' worth of fairly efficient apparatus having been sent to the junk-pile, simply because newer inventions had put it slightly behind the best of the times. The most alert cotton-mill management of New England promptly discards an old machine, no matter how good its apparent condition, whenever one of demonstrated superiority appears. The bearing of this on the cause of the Lowell strikers is apparent. Those manufacturing districts where the most modern and the best machinery is in use pay the best wages—and the best dividends as well; those where the old machinery remains pay the poorest, and their managements assert, and probably with entire truth, that they cannot afford to pay more. Their competitors, better equipped, are able to undersell them, and, at the same time, to pay larger wages. That is why the Lowell strike, which promises at this writing to be a long test of endurance, seems to many observers to be pre-doomed to failure. It is supported generously, even lavishly, by cotton-mill operatives all over New England; but their contest is being fought, not so much against the present Lowell mill management as against conditions which are the outgrowth of years. New England's cotton industry, it is plain, has no future except in the production of the best goods by the best machinery operated by the best workmen. Lowell's strike is only one of many object-lessons in that direction.

It is customary when a man's friends have proposed him for admission to a club, and they have been advised to withdraw his name on the ground that, if pressed, it would be blackballed, to take the suggestion in good part, and to say as little as possible about the matter. By failing to exhibit such discretion General Corbin's friends are doing him no service. No high-spirited man can desire to join a club where he learns that he is not wanted by at least a fraction of its members. A club cannot be bullied or browbeaten into opening its doors. It cannot be compelled to set forth the reasons for its inhospitable attitude, and it is sometimes imprudent to challenge their production. The wise course is to let the matter drop. It appears, however, that some army officers, who are real or professed friends of General Corbin's, propose to discipline the Metropolitan Club of Washington for declining to admit the Adjutant-General, by tendering their resignations. That would be a very foolish performance, for the resignations might be accepted. Nobody would be a gainer, and the number of losers would be multiplied. In clubland it is a fundamental principle that a man's club, like his house, is his castle, and nobody has a right to take offence at being excluded therefrom. Admission, like kissing, goes by favor. No doubt, if General Corbin's friends are numerous enough and rich enough, they might migrate in a body, and try to start a rival organization. There is a legend that certain New York capitalists, deeming themselves aggrieved by the refusal of the Union Club to admit a candidate supported by them, proceeded to start the Metropolitan Club, now quartered in the white marble edifice on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street. That has proved rather an expensive performance, and we doubt whether a similar experiment will ever be made in Washington.

Three distinguished artistic persons who have recently more or less enjoyed our hospitality have now returned to the distant lands whence they came, and have taken the first opportunity to record their impressions. Comte Robert de Montesquiou tells us that some day New York will be unified in equilibrium full of majesty and elegance. This he prefaces by an epigram, declaring that our city is at present passing through the "age ingrat," or, as Mr. Henry James would say, the awkward age; we are a hobbledehoy among cities, but resemble certain youths whose features are coarse and apparently ill-proportioned, but who, in their maturity, develop regular features and magnificent forms. To-day, the "Flatiron" and houses of thirty-two stories wrestle with small chocolate-tinted houses; but learned architects and well-inspired decorators "are working at superb reconciliations of iron and stone." Count Robert adds that our women are good and beautiful fairies. All of which, of course, is so. Lest we be uplifted, let us remember that Signora Mascagni declares we are to such a degree uncivilized that we wipe our noses with our fingers. Her melodious other half evidently does not speak his full mind, as he is coming back; but he evidently thinks us very promising barbarians. He quotes Salvini as saying that art must be supported by something quite other than art to make a success here; meaning, doubtless, good business management, and all the artifices that has come to imply.

Sir Philip Burne-Jones, in departing from our shores, pays his compliments to the yellow art critics. He could have forgiven their total ignorance, the ignorance of the driftwood of the art world, as he calls them, if they had only left out the silly personalities. They kept reminding their readers that Sir Philip was a baronet, and that he was Rudyard Kipling's cousin; and they proceeded to criticise his pictures, using these two facts as their point of departure. Sir Philip avers that a New York critic did much harm by inventing a story that he was in the habit of caricaturing his hostesses, which put him and them in a very false position. He declares that the yellow critic, whose like he has seen in no land but ours, is more damaging to art than the tariff on imported pictures; to struggling artists he is a discouragement, and not a few of them hold him responsible for their poverty. It is interesting to know that Sir Philip painted forty-two portraits during his stay in this country. All the unpleasant things said about us hitherto, however, are quite cast into the shade by a volume just published by the Grafton Press in England. It is "dedicated with feelings of congratulation to women who are subjects of monarchies, and with feelings of sympathy to women who are citizens of republics." Here is the sting of the book: we are told that all we have heard about American men working only that the women of their families may have heaps of money to spend is a pure myth, for while

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the women in New York spend forty millions a year on such necessaries as dresses, the men spend on alcoholic drinks and tobacco almost a hundred millions, on their clubs and sports at least sixty millions more, while (this in a whisper) "all this is a mere bagatelle to what they spend on unmentionable luxuries."

Some interesting facts have lately been published in the New York *Evening Post* with reference to the comparative cheapness of living in New York and Philadelphia. The inquirer started with the assumption that not more than twenty dollars a month should be paid for rent, and that the distance of the premises rented from the business section of the city should not exceed three-quarters of an hour's ride. The best accommodation obtainable for the sum named in New York was a small flat comprising four rooms and a bath in the Harlem district on the West Side. The house, however, was steam heated, and there was a hot-water supply. In Philadelphia, on the other hand, a modern two-storied house containing six rooms and a bath, could be secured for twenty dollars a month. The price of gas in New York is five cents greater a thousand feet, but the only outlay which the New-Yorker has to make, outside of food, in connection with housekeeping, is the gas bill. The Philadelphia house must be heated at the tenant's expense, and the snow must be shovelled from the steps and the sidewalk in winter. Some minor expenditures for repairs also fall upon the shoulders of the Philadelphia tenant. As regards food, meats and butter were cheaper in New York by a few cents per pound. There was little, if any, difference in the price of sugar, potatoes, and canned goods. The conclusion reached was that childless people can live more cheaply in New York than in any other large city except Paris.

Children, on the other hand, are not wanted in New York apartment-houses, nor would there be room for them in small flats. If, therefore, one has to bring up a family of children on a small income, one can do it better in Philadelphia than in New York. Many other things, however, have to be considered by the bread-winner. His earnings are likely to be considerably larger in New York than in Philadelphia. So far as we know, this is true of every professsion and of every kind of skilled labor. The pay of newspaper men, for example, is much higher in the more northern city. They are also more likely to secure continuous employment, because the number of daily and weekly publications is much greater. The volume of law business, also, is incomparably larger. Then, again, there are in New York more open-air pleasures that cost nothing. Central Park, indeed, may be paralleled or surpassed by Fairmount Park, but what has Philadelphia to set against Bronx Park, Prospect Park, or the Riverside Drive? What single walk in Philadephia can be likened to that along Fifth Avenue from Washington Square to Mount Morris Square, a distance of over six miles? Philadelphia has her Academy of Fine Arts, as New York has her Museum of Art, but what collection of books in the former city can be compared with the vast library which is to be housed in the edifice now in process of erection on Fifth Avenue between Fortieth and Forty-second streets? There is, in a word, more enjoyment to be obtained gratuitously in New York than in any other American city.

A favorite topic of public discourse with President Eliot is the pursuit of happiness. He has come to years of maturity without any perceptible diminution in his sense of the importance of getting enjoyment out of life. He told an audience of young workers at the Wells Memorial Hall in Boston, the other night, about the enjoyments that could not be bought, and were, in some degree, independent of money. He named as the greatest source of happiness "family life, the joys of father and mother and children, and grandfathers and grandmothers and grandchildren." "They last," he said; they always are increasing, and he thought the poor man got as much of them as the rich. He named work too as a source of happiness, as he has often done before, and the gratification of the desire for food, and outdoor pleasures, and reading—"not reading hours a day—reading minutes a day." Reading is cheap; outdoor pleasures are cheap, provided one enjoys simple ones; an appetite is not an expensive luxury, and every one (almost) can work. The poor can enjoy all these things about as well as the rich. But family life of an enjoyable quality is somewhat dearer. How dear it is depends upon the individual and his standard of living, but if there is one thing that more than another works against the existence of families, it is the conviction on the part of individuals that such a family life as they would enjoy is beyond their means. The trouble is partly that standards of living are high, and partly that living is dear, and partly that individuals are timid, but it is a real trouble to those who feel it. A great deal of the scurrying after money, which so many moralists observe and deplore in the contemporary Americans, is a pursuit of the means to maintain such a family life as seems to him adapted to promote his happiness.

Family life cannot be satisfactorily experienced without a family. What is the effect of the law of primogeniture upon families, family life, and, incidentally, upon population? In England, where primogeniture still obtains, families are large. In America, where it does not obtain, families are criticised as being so small (among the native-born) as to make observers uneasy about the future of the race. In France, where the division of property among all the children is largely prescribed by laws which leave testators a very limited discretion, the population is dwindling at a rate that is thought to threaten disaster. One reason given for the small size of French families is this compulsory division of all estates. Where properties are small and there are several children, the divided estate affords none of them a home, and inheritance taxes eat up a large part of what is handed down. Where parents wish their home to stay in the family, the temptation is strong to raise but one child. The English law, with all the hardships it involves, was at least made for the perpetuation of family homes, and, incidentally, it seems to have made for the perpetuation of family stocks. Englishmen have rarely refrained from raising younger sons for fear they would come to want. They have feared rather a dearth of heirs than a dearth of inheritable property. They have never had the special inducement to raise one child and no more, which is said to be such a restraining influence in France. When a family estate goes all in one parcel, some at least of the responsibilities of its former owner are apt to go with it. Where an estate is divided, each participant may more reasonably be expected to look out for himself. Moreover, the condition of a younger son, with no expectations, is doubtless often more stimulating than that of a coheir with a prospect of inheriting just enough property to keep him from actual want. English younger sons have certainly been a tremendous force in the spread and development of the British Empire, and English heirs have at least perpetuated English family homes. Primogeniture is not, and doubtless never will be, desired in this country, but with all its drawbacks there is something to be said for it.

The best information that comes from Washington about the trouble in the Red Cross Society encourages the belief that the protest of twenty-three prominent members of the society against the present methods of management, as especially of handling the society's funds, is too well founded to be either ignored or overridden without damage to the society. It is not charged that there has been misapplication of funds, but only that the financial end of the society's work is not conducted in a businesslike manner, and that nothing can be done by members to correct administrative defects because a new code of by-laws has authorized the election of the president of the society for life, and given her powers which absolutely control all action of the society. The tangle will probably be straightened out after a while, but until it is the usefulness of the Red Cross seems likely to be seriously prejudiced.

The development of language under stress of sport is very edifying. Our neighbor the *Evening Post*, discerning a similitude between the model of *Reliance* and that of Mr. Crowinshield's *Independence*, fears that the new boat "in a light wind and choppy sea will have a tendency to spank her overhangs off." Never mind if she does, if she only spanks *Shamrock!* She can carry an extra pair of overhangs—or even kilts—in her lazaret.

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The Decision in the Northern Securities Case

To comprehend the exact purport and to forecast the probable consequences of the decision rendered in the Northern Securities case by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, it is needful, not only to examine the text of the degree, and the conclusions of the tribunal, as these were formulated by Judge Thayer, but also to note the comments made by Assistant Attorney-General Beck, who was the counsel for the government. It will be remembered that the Northern Securities Company was formed for the purpose of merging the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways by holding and voting a controlling interest in the stock of each of those corporations. The decision in which all four judges of the court concurred, enjoins the Northern Securities Company from voting the stock of either the Northern Pacific or Great Northern railways, but allows the return of such stock as has been delivered to the holding corporation. The injunction is based on an adjudgment that the stock of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways, now held by the Securities Company, was acquired in view of a combination formed by the organizers of that company for the purpose of exercising such a restraint of trade and commerce among the several States as the anti-trust act of July 2, 1890, had made illegal. Judge Thayer points out that the two merged corporations, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific railways, had always been regarded as parallel and competing lines, and that for some years at least after they were built they did compete with each other for transcontinental and inter-State traffic. By the merger in the Securities Company every motive for competition between the two roads engaged in inter-State traffic was destroyed, because the earnings of the two roads were pooled for the common benefit of the stockholders of both companies. At the time when the anti-trust law was enacted, what was known as a "trust" was a species of combination organized by individuals or corporations for the purpose of monopolizing the manufacture of or traffic in various articles and commodities. Not only, however, were combinations in that form prohibited, but Judge Thayer directs attention to the fact that Congress, anticipating that a combination might be otherwise formed, was careful to declare that a combination *in any other form*, if in restraint of inter-State trade or commerce, that is if it directly occasioned or affected such restraint, should likewise be deemed illegal. Moreover, in cases arising under the anti-trust act, it has been held by the United States Supreme Court—notably in the Joint Traffic Association case—that the act applies to inter-State carriers of freight and passengers, as well as to *all other persons, natural or artificial;* that the words "in restraint of trade or commerce" do not mean in unreasonable or partial restraint of trade or commerce, but any direct restraint thereof; that an agreement between competing railways which requires them to act in concert for fixing the rate for carriage of passengers or freight over their respective lines from one State to another, and which by that means restricts temporarily the right of any one of such carriers to name such rates for the carriage of such freight or passengers over its road, as it pleases, is a contract in direct restraint of commerce within the meaning of the act, in that it tends to prevent competition. The United States Supreme Court has held that it matters not whether, while the combiners are acting under such a contract, the rate fixed be reasonable or unreasonable, the essential and inseparable vice of such a contract or combination being that it confers the power to establish unreasonable rates, and directly restrains commerce by placing obstacles in the way of free and unrestricted competition between carriers who are natural rivals for patronage. Nor, of course, does Judge Thayer overlook the fundamental fact, namely, that it has been adjudged by the United States Supreme Court that Congress has the power, under the grant of authority contained in Federal legislation, to regulate commerce, to say that *no* contract or combination shall be legal which shall restrain inter-State trade or commerce by shutting off the operation of the general law of competition.

Before the Northern Securities Company was formed, some of the most eminent lawyers in the United States were consulted, and the legality of such a company was by them affirmed. This is not the first time, however, that the deliberate opinions of distinguished counsel have been pronounced unsound by the Federal tribunals. The Joint Traffic Association was organized upon a plan conceived and framed by Judge Ashbel Green, one of the ablest corporation lawyers in New York; yet the United States Supreme Court declared it to be contrary to law. Is there any reason to suppose that the decision rendered by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals will be reversed by the United States Supreme Court? For such a supposition we can see no basis, because, first, the decision of the lower court was unanimous, and, secondly, the decision was avowedly founded on the positions previously taken by the United States Supreme Court itself. We, therefore, expect the decision of the lower court to be affirmed, and the question now pressed upon those who believe combination ought to be essential to industrial progress is, What extra-judicial course is practicable? We can perceive no remedy, except a recourse to Congress for the purpose of securing such a modification of the terms of the anti-trust act as shall render combination under certain conditions lawful.

Before the text of the decision rendered by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals was scrutinized, it was suggested that the object aimed at by the Northern Securities Company might be attained in another way, namely, by the substitution of a partnership for a corporation. That is to say, a number of capitalists might become partners to avert mutually destructive competition between two or more railways, by acquiring a controlling interest in each of such competing lines, and by holding such controlling interests as assets of the partnership. No recourse to such an alternative seems possible, in view of the position taken by Judge Thayer in one of the paragraphs which set forth the conclusions of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. After citing certain decisions of the United States Supreme Court, he draws from them a deduction which he deems almost too plain for argument, that the defendants, or, in other words, the organizers of the Northern Securities Company, would have violated the anti-trust act just as clearly if they had done, through the agency of *natural* persons what they sought to accomplish through an artificial person of their own creation. That is to say, if the same individuals who promoted the Securities Company had, in pursuance of a previous understanding or agreement so to do, transferred their stock in the two railway companies to a third party or parties, and had agreed to induce other shareholders to do likewise, until a majority of the stock of both companies had been vested in a single *individual* or *association of individuals*, and had empowered the individual holder or holders to vote the stock as their own, receive all the dividends thereon and pro-rate or divide them among all the stockholders of the two companies, who had transferred their stock, the result would have been an act in direct restraint of inter-State commerce, because it would have placed in the hands of a small coterie of men the power to suppress competition between two competing inter-State carriers whose lines are practically parallel.

The bearing of still another paragraph on the existing relations of the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific companies seems equally obvious. Judge Thayer, speaking for the four members of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, declares that it will not do to say what the counsel for the Union Pacific Company asserted, when defending their client's right to vote the stock which it held in the Southern Pacific, that, so long as each railway company has its own board of directors, the two boards operate independently, and are not controlled by the owner of the majority of their stock. Judge Thayer points out that it is the common experience of mankind that the acts of corporations are dictated, and that their policy is controlled by those who own the majority of their stock. Indeed, one of the favorite methods in these days, and about the only method of obtaining control of a corporation, is to purchase the greater part of its stock. We have elsewhere pointed out that other contemplated combinations of railway capital are blocked by the decision we are now discussing.

Assistant Attorney-General Beck, who was the counsel for the government in the case, practically agrees with ex-Attorney-General Griggs in considering the decision revolutionary. He holds that it marks a new and most important epoch in the life of the nation, for the reason that under it the mere ownership of stock in an inter-State railroad brings the individual owner thereof into such direct relation with inter-State commerce as to subject him to the plenary powers of the Federal government with respect thereto. From the iron grip of the anti-trust law thus interpreted Mr. Beck can see no escape except through a modification of the statute. We doubt if such a modification is attainable in the Fifty-eighth Congress—or, at all events, until the next Presidential contest has been settled.

The President and the Trusts

THE President's attitude toward trusts as shown in his recent speech at Minneapolis vindicates all that we have said concerning last winter's anti-trust campaign. Since that speech was made we have had the decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals in the Northern Securities case, and perhaps Mr. Roosevelt believes that he and the Attorney-General have been justified. It is quite possible, however, that it will turn out that the decision, even if affirmed by the Supreme Court, is Pickwickian. It is confessedly difficult to find a way to compel the proprietors of property to manage it in any other way than as they desire. The owners of the two competing railroads, the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, have endeavored to manage them, for convenience' sake, through a third corporation, composed of themselves; the court says that such a device is contrary to law, and that the incorporators of the Northern Securities Company must hand themselves back the shares of its stock which they own, and receive back from themselves their former shares of railroad stock. It would take the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer to understand how this change matters materially. The roads will continue to be managed in accordance with the wishes of their proprie-

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tors. Of that the blindest enemy of the modern industrial movement will not be doubtful.

What we are chiefly concerned with here, however, is the President's Minneapolis speech. If this merger decision had been rendered last summer, there would have been an intense alarm felt throughout industrial and financial circles which might easily have brought on a panic. At that time, both the President and the Attorney-General were laying down those general principles in conformity with which the Littlefield bill was subsequently prepared. According to the Administration's speeches, the general government was to make war upon all unreasonable monopolies. So far as this war was to be confined to "unreasonable" restraints of trade and commerce, the promised, or threatened, state of things was to be an improvement. The opinion in the merger case, for instance, indicates that if the Sherman act prohibited merely "unreasonable" restraints or "injurious" monopolies, instead of any restraint or monopoly, the decision might have been the other way.

Coupled with the Administration's rational suggestion of the revival of the common-law rule, however, was the threat that the Federal government would take control of all great combinations of capital—would declare whether they were or were not over-capitalized, would determine whether or not they were driving rivals out of business by conspiracies to reduce prices to the consumers, and would publish the secrets of their business to their competitors, domestic or foreign, by the adoption of a system of compulsory publicity. Moreover, it was also threatened that the Federal government would discover a way to get at State corporations over which the Supreme Court had declared, in the Knight case, that it had no jurisdiction. The manner of destroying a State corporation was formulated both in the Hoar and the Littlefield bills; it was determined to declare that a corporation doing business lawfully under the laws of its habitat should be a criminal under the laws of a government having no jurisdiction over it; that it should, therefore, be prohibited from engaging in inter-State or foreign commerce, not only to its own injury, but to the loss of citizens of other States, or of other nations, who might desire to purchase its products.

If the President had remained of this mind the country might well fear a general catastrophe from the decision in the merger case, provided always, of course, that the decision be affirmed by the Supreme Court. The logical course for the Attorney-General, it would then be thought, would involve the dissolution of many advantageous ownerships of transportation companies. Already the Springfield *Republican* is advocating an attack upon the Reading's alleged ownership of the control of the Jersey Central; on the Pennsylvania's control of Reading; on the common control of the Erie and the Lehigh Valley, etc. We might expect, and perhaps shall hear, demands from other socialistic sources that the Pennsylvania Railroad shall surrender its stock in the Baltimore and Ohio, that the lease of the Boston and Albany to the New York Central shall be cancelled, or that those who own a majority of the stock of the Consolidated Railroad, owning also a majority of the stock of the Central, shall be compelled to surrender the one or the other if the lease is to continue. War may be demanded also upon the United States Steel Corporation, and might be made upon the ocean steamship combination but for British ownership. In other words, if the President remained of the mind in which he was last summer, there would now be expected a war upon industry and prosperity which would bring ruin not only upon corporations, but upon tens and scores of thousands of innocent people who have invested their money on the faith that larger and more certain dividends must result from combination.

Fortunately, the Minneapolis speech assures us that no such disaster is to be dreaded. The President is not the enemy of so-called trusts or combinations, and he is now as much concerned to preserve the general prosperity as is its most fortunate beneficiary. Last summer, when he was making the speeches which excited so much alarm, —alarm, as it now turns out, that was needless,—he persisted in saying that he believed that the great combinations of capital were formations rich in potential good to the country; that corporations, large or small, were beneficent, and that he was striking at their evils, not at them. What Mr. Roosevelt then said was verified by what happened in Washington afterward. Senator Hoar and Mr. Littlefield drew bills which were more or less in harmony with the popular interpretation of the President's and Mr. Knox's speeches, and with the President's message at the opening of the Congressional session. But if the President had ever intended a general and drastic war on trusts, he soon abandoned his notion, and assented to legislation which was agreeable to Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Hanna, and to the other Republican leaders. Mr. Littlefield and those who thought well of his bill have accused the President of a breach of faith and an abandonment of them after he had induced them to take their position. This, however, is in the nature of a domestic quarrel with which, at present at least, we have nothing to do. What we are interested in is the fact that the legislation of last winter is of a very innocent kind, so far as trust-killing goes, and is likely to do no harm, unless, in some unhappy future day, a reckless President shall appoint as commissioner of corporations a dishonest partisan who will use his discretion touching publicity in order to blackmail corporations for his own profit or for the filling of the campaign treasury, or for both. On this point, it is curious that Mr. Roosevelt's experience with the office of Superintendent of Insurance in the State of New York taught him nothing. However, so long as he is President and Mr. Garfield is commissioner there is nothing of this kind to be feared. Finally, we are again assured by Mr. Roosevelt's speech at Minneapolis that he has accomplished all that he proposes to do, or urge, for the regulation of corporations. Business may go on unhampered by fear. Prosperity is not to be disturbed by further interference from the politicians. Not even the partnership of the trusts with the government through the tariff law is to be disturbed. The President has become as conservative as Mr. Aldrich, and nothing is to be dreaded except intemperate utterance which, like the utterances of last summer, will appear to mean more than the President intends.

From the President's present point of view it is a pity, perhaps, that he authorized the Attorney-General to bring the merger suit, for it cannot be followed up as his new, but probably soon-to-disappear, socialistic friends will demand. However, the suit will settle the law to a certain extent, however it may finally be decided, and so much is gained. Corporations contemplating following the example of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern proprietors will know precisely what to do; but if the noisy acclamation over the latest decision is to destroy the security which seemed to be assured by the speeches at Minneapolis, the President will probably cease to hear the congratulations of his socialistic admirers with complacency.

Are Irish Landlords and Tenants Reconciled?

THE concession offered by the British government to the Irish peasantry is epoch-making in the largest sense of the word. What Mr. Wyndham proposes is that the British government shall lend to Irish tenants, in sums ranging from $2500 to $5000, according to the size and value of the individual holding occupied or desired, $500,000,000, which is to be repaid in annual instalments stretching over a period of sixty-eight and one-half years. The basis for the computation of the price of each holding is the judicial rent which, about seven years ago, was fixed by a land-commission court for the second statutory term.

The first term of fifteen years began, it will be remembered, in 1882, when the Gladstone Land Act of the previous year became operative. We do not yet know, however, how many years' rental the peasant will have to pay in a lump sum in order to become the owner of his holding. Of late the average rate of purchase in the open market has been seventeen years of the judicial rents. There is no doubt, however, that the tenant will be willing to pay more than the market price if the state will lend him the purchase-money. It has been suggested that twenty years' rental would be an equitable price, but there is reason to believe that Mr. Wyndham's bill will assure to the landlords even more favorable terms.

Not all of the difference, however, between the market price and the compensation now to be awarded will fall upon the tenant. In addition to the $500,000,000 which will be advanced by way of purchase-money to the peasantry, the British government is to give the landlords a bonus of $60,000,000, which is to be distributed among the vendors in the proportion of five to fifteen per cent. of the prices paid by the purchasers. The smaller the estate sold, the larger the percentage added by way of bonus. Why should more than the market price be offered to landlords? We answer, because the first and second revision of rents by the land courts have resulted in an average reduction of forty-two per cent., and have already brought the landlords within the verge of ruin. A price equivalent to seventeen or even twenty years' purchase of the latest judicial rents would leave a landlord next to nothing after the encumbrances on his estate had been cleared away. The purpose of the bonus is to give the landlord something for himself, and thus to induce him to look favorably on the transaction.

That he does look favorably upon it is certain. Conclusive assurances on this point have been furnished by the Duke of Abercorn in the House of Lords and by Colonel Saunderson in the House of Commons. Such objections to the bill as have been mooted come, not from the landlords, however, but from the spokesmen of the Irish tenants, and also from those who profess to represent the interests of the taxpayers at large.

The objection may be made to this and to every other land-purchase bill, namely, that the effect of such measures may be only to get rid of one set of landlords in order to substitute another. It is perfectly true that, unless such a substitution could be averted, any land-purchase bill would be a mockery. As a matter of fact, effective safeguards against subdivision or subletting have been taken in every preceding measure of the kind sanctioned by the British Parliament, and they are provided in the project before us.

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Entertaining on Thirty-five Hundred a Year

THE higher journalist sat trying to guess the answer to the conundrum, "Why does my head feel so much like a squeezed orange?" when that friend who likes to put up jobs on him passed the guard of the office boy, and came in with another question: "Do you believe that a man can entertain on an income of thirty-five hundred dollars a year?"

The higher journalist lifted a lack-lustre eye to the friend's face, and said, with a faded smile, "He can be entertaining, if he tries to entertain for any such sum on the ordinary New York scale, but whether he can entertain, in the accepted sense, that is something which requires reflection. Why do you ask?"

"Because they are discussing it in the newspapers."

"It was time they got round to something of that sort," the higher journalist mused, "with spring opening so promptly and the silly season hard upon us." Then he shook his head, and felt less than before the need of answering the earlier conundrum. "Of course," he said, "it depends upon where the man is living on his thirty-five hundred, and who the man is, and still more who the man's wife is. In the vast majority of American towns, thirty-five hundred a year is affluence. Even in New York it is affluence, but if you try to do what calls itself society on that money, it is grinding poverty, it is debt, it is dishonor, it is ruin." Animated by his convictions, the higher journalist went on: "There are a great many people in this town who feel that they cannot entertain on thirty-five thousand a year, and a great many more who do not want to be entertained on that sum. The last sort of people think it buys too much of them, though it buys so little of those whom its possessors would prefer to purchase. But if the thirty-five-hundred-dollar man has the right kind of wife, she can go far in entertaining with what is left of the money after paying for their living."

"Do you mean in the direction of the Barmecide?"

"No, not at all of the Barmecide, not even in the matter of food and drink; and in the matter of wit, of friendly ease, of poetry and art, of intellectual and social grace, she can get the best that the market affords, at an astonishingly low price, and have something left over for a matinée or a Sixth Avenue hat quite as pretty as a Fifth Avenue hat."

"Are you thinking," the friend asked, "of something in the nature of Wordsworth's hospitality? 'Tea and bread-and-butter you may have, but if you want meat you must pay for your board.'"

"No, that would be little better than Barmecide."

"Then, cases, cases!" the friend demanded.

"I ask nothing better than to come to them," the higher journalist said, and full of the joy of his faith, he tossed his head defiantly, in wonder that his now well-nigh forgotten conundrum should ever have had the effrontery to propose itself. "We will imagine that the imagined wife lives in a little flat where she could not keep more than one maid if she would, and where her invention at the gas-range often supplements the convention of her cook. She must herself be a person of some wit, of some friendly ease, some poetry or art, some intellectual and social grace, or she cannot know the best people: I mean the artists, young and old, the authors, old and young, and those who love them in the other polite professions. But suppose, then, she wishes to give a little supper, chiefly of the little chicken which used to cheer the most famous of the French *salons*, yet not unaccompanied by a bowl of claret cup, and as many cups of coffee as her guests like. With a salad of those varied and exemplary sorts in which the neighborly avenues abound, and a bit of cheese, or some slices of tongue or ham from the delicatessen-shop she has a feast for five or six dollars, which will allure any man worth knowing among the literary and artistic brethren, and any woman who likes to meet him, in that proportion of two to one which seems the ideal of the sex. The inspired hostess has entertained ten or a dozen charming people so well that they will hardly go away, and if she does this, say, twice a winter, she has fully done her part, and fully enjoyed doing it. The affair need not be at all sordid, or the least shabby. It can be gracefully or at least humorously refined. I know, for I have seen it done, and I have always been glad to see it done.

"Then," the higher journalist triumphed along upon the lofty mount which had so unexpectedly offered itself, "take a case rather more bohemian; for I have been supposing something so domestic in its terms to be almost bourgeois in everything but the quality of the guests, who, to my thinking, are the *fine fleur* of our republican aristocracy. Take the case of a daringly adventurous matron who decides to give a dinner to ten or twelve people outside of her own house. I know a restaurant, where I have often dined with, as Thackeray says, cheerfulness and refreshment, for fifty cents upon as good French cooking as some of the costliest, with touches of genius in certain of the dishes, and with a half-bottle of the excellent California wine, white or red, which we can no longer ignore, included. At that place, and at certain others, which I also know from observation and experience, the hostess, by speaking for it with the amiable proprietor, can have a room to herself for her company, and for an outlay of five or six dollars, with one to the richly satisfied waiter, can have a time that all the money of the philanthropists cannot buy. I am always imagining, of course, that she has asked the best people to her dinner: the painting and sculpturing, the writing and acting and journalizing people, and their friends, who can always be got for the asking if the hostess is one of their friends.

"But the trouble probably is with people who want to entertain on thirty-five hundred a year that they do not want to have the best people at their feasts: they want the second, the third, the fourth best, and this sort costs money. You must feed them something obviously expensive and in conventional circumstances, with a false setting of wealth and luxury. That is the sort of thing, either the sterling or the plated article, so only it is ugly and stupid, which they offer you themselves, and they will not come, more than once, at least, if you offer them anything else. They feel that they are not in society if you do, and they will know that you are not.

"I have often thought," the higher journalist continued, with that fine air of reflection which people like to put on when they have really just thought of a thing, "that a man, say a master mechanic, with a thousand a year, who was distinctly out of it as concerned society, could live with his family better in New York than anywhere else in the world. But even a poor wretch with only thirty-five hundred a year can live well on his income, and do a fair amount of the best society, if his wife is a woman of imagination. He can live quite handsomely, if he will live in the simple country or village ideal to which he is probably native, and, without attempting to entertain even the best people, will content himself with having in young people like himself and his wife to the family dinner, or to the Sunday-evening tea. But the worst of it is that he cannot content himself with either kind of hospitality. He must do something he does not want to do for people who do not want him to do it, and that, as I said, costs. With grudging and unwilling guests, who are in turn grudging and unwilling hosts, it is very expensive living in New York, and perhaps in Boston or Chicago. Yet that is the ambition, I'm afraid, of most people who have thirty-five hundred a year, and who find the effort to make the ends of it meet over a waste and foolish hospitality so difficult."

While all this was saying, the friend of the higher journalist was fidgeting impatiently in his chair. "I suppose you think," he now cut in, "that you are having it all your own way. But how many young couples in this metropolis, do you imagine, are going to act upon your suggestions?"

"Very few," the higher journalist admitted. "Say, none."

"I should like to have some young matron, of your right sort, come back at you with her practical experience in the kind of hospitality which you say you have experienced at her hands, and let you into the secret of her anxieties, her long and studied preparations, her palpitations of fear and hope, her diplomatic difficulties with the cook at the home supper, or her heartquakes for the right going off of her restaurant dinner, with those people in the next room smoking and shouting, and the flushed persons flouncing past the open doorway, and giving away the indulgent temperament of the place, just when she is exulting aloud to some guest that it is so nice and so really select."

"Well," the higher journalist allowed, "there would be much to say on her side; and then, at the end of the ends, there is always the question whether any sort of game is worth the candle. But I thought you were supposing that it was, and that you wanted to know how people could entertain on thirty-five hundred a year."

"Not at all," the friend retorted. "If I had thirty-five hundred a year, I should not wish to entertain on it. I would save it and leave it to my children."

"Most people of that income have no children. They cannot afford them. But in the way I have noted they can afford to entertain, when they have no children."

"Well, then, they had better have the children, and not give the dinners."

"Oh, *I* am not in favor of race suicide," the higher journalist declared.

From Priest to Physician

THE ages have their intellectual idiosyncrasies because men have them; and what the men of yesterday loved and did becomes reactionary to the men of to-day. You shall study Greek if you are to be a Bachelor of Arts, said the colleges of thirty years ago; you can study Greek if you desire, and you may begin it after you enter, say some colleges of to-day; you can enter on your muscle, may be the university requirement of to-morrow.

These illustrate, crudely perhaps, the shifting of the centre of interest from generation to generation among educated men. We note carelessly that the colleges founded by theologians and maintained for strengthening the dogmatism of the clergy no longer serve their early purpose, and that the gift of brains is not now, at least, so much as it was, an inducement to the pulpit. There are other spheres in which trained intellects are required, and other fields of activity in which the rewards of power are richer as its employment is more stimulating. The phenomenon has been noted before. Thirty

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years ago men began to wonder why only valedictorians, and not always the best men, as they used to, went into the ministry. The answer was at hand. The response came quickly from the world of endeavor. There were other temptations and opportunities for the richly endowed. The answer was correct, although the one who answered may not have realized the historical and ethical background.

Intellectual and educated men feel the impulses of their day, respond to the demands of their fellows, and gratify the common public sentiment. They are priests, or scholars, or statesmen, or whatever their time, its needs, and its discoveries suggest. Of educated men, for many ages the priests made up the majority. In the gloaming of the Renaissance, the scholars travelled through continental Europe from Boulogne, Parma, and Paris, going finally to England, in the garb of priests. Learning was confined to the priesthood from its revival in the eleventh century until years after the first settlements were established in America. The priesthood jealously guarded the pagan as well as the sacred books in their monasteries, until the fervor of teaching seized upon men, who cannot forever keep to themselves the secrets of their own power and of their own joy in power, and in the porches of St. Mary's and of St. Frideswide the University of Oxford began to grow. Then Europe glowed for a time in the full splendor of the art of the Renaissance, the learning and inspiration of the priests awakening the æsthetic soul of the votaries of religion to give us the gorgeous sculpture of Angelo, the frescoes and Madonnas of Rafael, the golden service of Cellini, the portals of Goujon, the reverential music that one still hears on Sundays and festivals from the great choirs of Rome. At last the severity of the logical faith, the protest against excessive and demoralizing devotion to sensuous beauty, transformed priests into prophets, after their like had flourished as the statesmen, the poets, the diplomats, the voluptuaries, of the pleasant world of which Francis I. and Henry VIII. were the typical monarchs.

So the world had the pleasure of the acquaintance of the sad-visaged and stern-minded Puritans who flourished chiefly where the scholarship of Cambridge, England, breathed into the clergy who taught and preached at John Harvard's Cambridge in America. The need of the time was for lofty thinking and holy living, and these preachers were Governors of Massachusetts Bay, of Plymouth, of Hartford, and of Connecticut. The educated men of the day, like educated men always, put their hands to the work of the day and went where power was—that is, into the pulpit. For many years after church and government were one, the clergyman led the community, was its most influential member, enjoyed both the largest following of friends and the most numerous band of enemies. He was the force in the community who, with the women of its flock, curbed its immoralities, recovered its waifs and strays, softened the sorrows of the afflicted, eased the hard conditions of the poor, and was the guide, philosopher, and friend of its secular teachers. But, although he was so great a force for good, and governed the social and ethical life of the community, he lost power as he lost hold on government and on politics, and the lawyer, or, in this country, the lawyer-statesman, succeeded him. Society specialized, and fell into divisions. The minister remained, and, to some extent, he still remains, the arbiter of morals in individual and domestic life, but the work that was tempting to men of power continuing to be political, but calling for constructive constitutional work, there came the great company of lawyers, true descendants of Glanville, Coke, and Mansfield, who made governments by legislation and interpretation.

The men who are now in the middle period of life, and who are doing the hard work of the world, recall the day when the leading men of the college classes ceased to choose the ministry and went to the bar, for the lawyer, not so many years ago, was the one inevitably called upon to take the lead in politics. Except for four soldiers and Mr. Roosevelt all our Presidents have been lawyers. Mr. Roosevelt, it is said, once studied law, and is somewhat related to the profession. He is the first sportsman and ranchman whom we have elected, and he may be the step between those Presidents who had studied the art of law-making and the capitalist whose education has been obtained in the market-place, just as in the evolution of human society the hunter and shepherd are followed by the tiller and trader. At all events, up to very recently the opportunities of power to the educated were offered to the lawyer—first as politician and statesman, then as organizer and defender of the forms which the money-making efforts of the world have taken.

In the mean time, science loomed large in the imaginations of men, and the colleges were forced to consider as important certain subjects — like chemistry, biology, physics—which they had neglected through the years before the evolutionists and their literary interpreters came into their deserved and beneficent prominence. The study of the laws of God as they are manifested in nature stimulated wide inquiry, and the strongest men, led as men always are to seek for power and influence through the efforts which they love for themselves, sought for practical benefits to humanity by means of their favorite sciences. So medicine flourished. So the noble art of the surgeon advanced. Intrepid men dealt hardily with man and his body. They dived into it and discovered its inmost secrets. A century ago the work of the modern surgeon would have been denounced by the theologians, who then ruled mankind, as audacious intrusions into the exclusive jurisdiction of God. Two centuries ago, or, at the furthest, three, the man of science who would take out the viscera of a man, cut out their disease, and put them back, would have been fortunate to escape the stake or the block. But the audacious invader of the secrets of the body, the beneficent healer who, with his phial or his knife, lessens the miseries of humanity, diminishes or destroys pain, prolongs life and smoothes its pathway to the grave—this is now the man who appeals most strongly to his fellow-beings. For him and his training the captains of industry are pouring out their millions, building him colleges and laboratories, endowing professorships, while the world at large hails him as the man of power and influence at a time when wealth is accumulating and when men are not decaying. More and more, very likely, we shall see the strong men of the college classes choosing medicine, although the time has not yet come for domination over the lawyer who is now engaged in settling the direction and the form in which the captains of industry shall carry on their development of the world's wealth. The time seems to be coming, however, when the indefinite prolongation of human life, and the destruction of the enemies of human health,—a work which almost suggests the creative power,—will be the task that will call for and will receive the service of the best training of our colleges and universities—that is, when the appeal of medicine and surgery will be addressed inevitably to the best in every college class, just as once the call came from the ministry, and then from the bench and bar and senate house.

Correspondence

"LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER."

LAKEWOOD, *April 18, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The question which your correspondent "Perplexed" poses in reference to my letter concerning Mrs. Ward's latest heroine is a difficult one, and I am not sure that I am competent to answer it. Is Julie Le Breton really mean and selfish? I admit she does, in a manner, seem to be. But I am sure she could never interest and fascinate one so if she were truly and fundamentally selfish. The fact is, the circumstances of her life force her to be self-assertive. From the beginning, she is obliged to pit herself against the world, or else go under and be crushed by it. Yet she showed a laudable disposition to respect and retire behind the peculiarly aggressive *ego* of the impossible Lady Henry; she proved willing to forego very great material advantages, to sacrifice her dearest ambitions, in order to further the interests of the man she loved and become his wife. (Disciples of La Rochefoucauld, of course, will say this is only another form of selfishness; but I will not trouble to argue this.) Further, Julie agreed, when she came to love Delafield, to give up the satisfaction of becoming a duchess, on which she had so strongly—and legitimately—set her heart; and she bestowed much unselfish attention and kindness on the frail, little stricken cousin to whom she had unwillingly done a potential great injury. Lastly, one feels that should the occasion arise, Julie would show a high and noble unselfishness. Her strong power of love, her sensitiveness, and her fine faculties would inevitably impel her to deeds of self-sacrifice and altruism.

I am, sir,

A. R.

THE ANTHRACITE-STRIKE AWARD.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In the many newspaper articles I have read on the subject of the report of the Anthracite-Coal Commission, your editorial of March 4 was the only one which gave due emphasis to the surprising divergence between the facts as ascertained and the awards made.

But no comment seems to have been made anywhere upon the fact that while expressly acknowledging its lack of jurisdiction on the question of union recognition, and while admitting the outrageous acts of the union and its followers, the report provides that labor shall be represented on the Conciliation Committee by one man for each of the three Mine-workers' Union districts, to be selected by any organization having a majority of all the mine-workers in that district.

To all intents and purposes this limits participation in adjustment of disputed questions to members of the union, and this constitutes the most *effective* recognition the most radical advocate of trades-unionism could ask for.

It is impossible to disguise the fact that the men got more than they ever really expected, though not quite all they asked for, and the effect of the illogical findings is shown by the new demands under which dozens of strikes have just been instituted all over the anthracite region. The destruction of England's trade supremacy by the constantly increasing demands of the trades-unions shows what we may expect in the United States in the near future.

I am, sir,

H.

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Hope for Ireland

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *April 11, 1903.*

ONE trembles as one writes the words: "Hope for Ireland." "A new era in Ireland." It has the sound of ironic mockery. Hope? Has there ever been a time when Ireland was not hoping? A new era? How many new eras have we known! No Englishman, no Irishman, no American even, can address himself to the subject without a pang of unutterable weariness, without a ghastly prevision of disappointment. And of all its branches, that which rouses the greatest, the most instinctive, hopelessness is the land question. Another Irish Land Act!

The statute-book is crowded with them. Since 1870 there have been twenty-seven of them; Mr. Wyndham's makes the twenty-eighth. And each was to be final, each was to herald in the new era, each, in the Tennysonian phrase, was to be "the fair beginning of a time." I know of no more melancholy reading in the whole literature of politics than the glowing speeches in which statesman after statesman has introduced these bills, certain that he at last was on the right tack, that his was the true solution, that henceforward "where there has been despondency there shall be hope; where there has been mistrust there shall be confidence; where there has been alienation and hate there shall, however gradually, be woven the ties of a strong attachment between man and man." It was in those words that Mr. Gladstone foretold the golden age that was to follow the passing of his land bill of 1870, and the echo of them may be caught in the perorations of all his twenty-eight successors. Twenty-eight statutes, over three hundred pages of laws, judges and commissioners by the score, lawyers like locusts, year after year the same process of ripping up, of patching, of tinkering, of amending, of repealing—and, as a result of it all, Mr. Wyndham confessing it that it has all been to no purpose, that his predecessors were all wrong, that he alone holds the secret and sees the way clear to a lasting solution—another "lasting solution." Turn where you will, even to the enactments of Congress during the reconstruction period, and you will find it hard to match the blazing incompetency of such a record. Sisyphus was a very Pierpont Morgan of practicality, and the Danaides wise virgins improving the hours and engaged in a hopeful and useful occupation, by the side of British statesmen legislating for Irish land.

It seems, therefore, like the mere extravagance of optimism to join in the jubilant and almost universal prophecies of contentment, prosperity, loyalty even, that Mr. Wyndham's bill has produced. Nevertheless, I am inclined to join in them. It is a week to-day since the bill was unfolded before Parliament, and though there is a fair amount of adverse criticism in matters of detail, its general principle finds an immense acceptance, and with every day that passes confidence grows stronger that at last the end is in sight. But it is not for this reason that one ranges oneself with the optimists.

To be received at the outset with a round of applause, that dwindles away in a few weeks, and ends finally in a round of hisses, is the normal fate of Irish land bills. The exultation, the high hopes, the soaring expectations of the present moment, mean, therefore, little or nothing. In another month or so they may have given away to despondency and fierce opposition. But there is one grand, and, to my mind, convincing, reason for thinking that nothing of the kind will happen, that this bill of Mr. Wyndham's, unlike most of its predecessors, is something more than a makeshift, and that it really has within it the promise of permanence. That reason is that its provisions are in line with the inevitable evolution of things, and carry out, in no piecemeal fashion, the broad conclusions to which all Irish history has for centuries been pointing.

This sounds, I am aware, somewhat too vague and oracular to be susceptible of explanation. But it can, I think, be made clear. The English, when they conquered Ireland, found the land held on a system of tribal ownership. This they supplanted in favor of their own system of individual plantations and large estates. The Tudor, the Cromwellian, and the Williamite confiscations are all great historic landmarks.

The land was taken from the people, and parcelled out among court favorites, successful generals, political placemen, and so on. These henceforward were the Irish landlords. Half of them perhaps never set eyes on their estates. Their interest began and ended with the collection and enjoyment of the rent. They did nothing to improve their property. Whatever improvements were made were made by the tenant. They were, in fact, rent-chargers, and nothing else. England had forced her land-tenure system upon Ireland, but without the conditions that in England accompany and mitigate it.

The Irish tenant was little better than a serf. Morally speaking, everything upon the soil belonged to him. He had built the house in which his family lived. The drainage and fencing, the farm buildings and the roads, were his work. Yet of all this property, to which in most cases he had not contributed a single penny, the landlord was up to 1870 the legal owner. It was a merciless system mercilessly worked, terrible in all its consequences, and for sheer injustice and wrong-doing perhaps unparalleled in human history.

It was Gladstone who overthrew it, or, at least, overthrew the principle on which it rested. The Land Act of 1870 was in many ways an inadequate and unfortunate measure, but it had the overwhelming virtue of killing once and for all the doctrine of the landlord's absolute and unlimited right. It gave security to the tenant, recognized his claim to a sort of partnership in the land he tilled, and allowed him compensation for improvements. That was an enormous step in advance.

Eleven years later, in 1881, a further step was taken. An experiment was tried which will make economists gasp and stare to the crack of doom. "The price of commodities cannot be fixed by the state." That is one of the earliest axioms that a student of political economy is taught to grasp. It has never yet been disregarded with impunity. The Pharaohs, the Roman emperors, and the French revolutionists, all in turn attempted to defy it, and it beat them all. The British government flew in the face of it in 1881. It started in to fix the price of the commodity which is most universally in demand and most frequently dealt in in the whole of Ireland—the price of land.

It brought forward the state to determine the rental that a landlord might demand of his tenant. It legalized the tenant's property. It differentiated between the property of the tenant and the property of the landlord. It appointed a tribunal to discriminate between the two—to see that the latter was rented and the former exempt from rent. It gave, in short, legal recognition to the principle of dual ownership in the land. Such was Gladstone's second land act, the act of 1881.

I am not going to dispute its benefits. It reduced the rents to a figure that was probably more or less equitable. At any rate, it was a figure that made the landlords wince. But as against this the act of 1881 filled the courts with suitors, destroyed the validity of contracts, gave the absolute mastery neither to the landlord nor to the tenant, and so fatally discouraged real development of the soil, and erected into a system of government a radically false and vicious economic principle. Possibly the abnormal conditions of Ireland had made some such experiment inevitable. It is scarcely likely, though, that other countries will be in any hurry to repeat it. Matters obviously could not rest as they were. It was said at the time that Mr. Gladstone had put the Irish landlord and the Irish tenant into the same bed, and that one would infallibly kick the other out. Nor did it need much political wisdom to foresee which of the two would find the floor. From the moment the landlord was deprived by the state of the right to fix his rent, his back was broken. His final disappearance could but be a mere matter of time. The state, having gone so far, was bound either to retreat altogether or to go farther. In politics you can never retreat; you have to press onward, and before very long the British government found itself inexorably driven forward.

It would be tedious, even if I had the space, to detail the different steps in the advance. The state grew more and more accustomed to acting as intermediary between landlord and tenant. It voted $85,000,000 to help the tenants to purchase their estates, and by this means has created some 30,000 occupying owners. It made compulsory the sale of bankrupt properties. In the congested districts it bought up and redistributed all the estates it could lay hands on.

It started in to further the development of agriculture along the most practical lines by laying down light railways and by encouraging co-operation. And finally it placed the local government of the country unreservedly in the hands of the people—which, in Ireland, means out of the hands of the landlords. There was no far-seeing purpose, no deliberate plan, in the chaos of spasmodic enactments that authorized these policies. Nevertheless, they all pointed in one direction. Since 1870 not a single Irish land act has been passed that did not do something to exalt the tenant and pull down the landlord. Year by year the landlord's position has been altered for the worse and the tenant's for the better. To such a movement only one culmination was possible.

Everything was inevitably combining to make an end of landlordism in Ireland. In no other way could the frightful wrongs of centuries be remedied. In no other way could there be wiped from the Irish mind that rankling sense of injury that the years have shown themselves powerless to efface.

And now it has come. The British government for once has looked the facts in the face and met them comprehensively. Ireland henceforward is to belong in deed and title to the Irish, reverting after all these heart-rending centuries to the men who have tilled it, loved it, and never for one moment forgotten that it was rightfully theirs. It may in the future be found necessary to make what is optional in Mr. Wyndham's bill compulsory; but for all practical purposes its introduction marks the final disappearance of the land question from the long list of Irish problems and Irish grievances. In fifteen years, if his calculations are correct, the great measure of expropriation will have been consummated. And that means nothing less than a new Ireland and a loyal one.

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The Canterbury Club Tales

By James MacArthur

"I PROMISED—did I not?—" said the Scholar, at the next meeting of the club, "to read *Under the Rose* and give you my opinion. Well, the book amazed me by its fine qualities. I had looked for another sword and cape romance, written to order, with wire-drawn puppets on a pasteboard stage. Instead I found the joy of predilection and an intellectual imagination that fascinated me. To be sure, the story itself is an extravaganza of romance, but the atmosphere in which it is wrought out is so fine, so exquisitely ethereal, so fraught with magic and phantasy, that we forget it has no reality, and succumb to the author's spell. The charm of *Under the Rose* lies not only in its atmosphere, but in its lively wit, its delicious fooling, its fine feeling and perfect taste—and taste is about the rarest quality to be met with in such serio-comic romances. The style of the narrative, too, is exquisitely felicitous. It is a book that I could imagine Thomas Love Peacock, of *Maid Marian* memory, revelling in with sheer delight, could he revisit this mundane sphere."

"Ah yes," broke in the Sentimentalist, raptly, "and, like *Maid Marian*, I have thought that *Under the Rose* would furnish a delightful theme for a comic opera."

"Preserve us! is it as bad as that?" ejaculated the Cantankerous Critic.

"You are right in this respect," the Scholar replied, ignoring the irreverent interruption, "that to dramatize *Under the Rose* as a play would probably be as fatal to the atmosphere which gives it artistic being as the process was to *The Forest Lovers*. The illusion of comic opera and the musical accompaniment would assist very materially in preserving the airy, fanciful extravaganza, as Planché and Bishop's musical rendering of *Maid Marian* in Peacock's day did for that fantastic romance."

"And now, if you are through with *Under the Rose*," said the Matron, elevating her lorgnette severely, "I have to take the Sentimentalist and the Merchant to task for complaining at our last meeting that in *Before the Dawn* Mr. Altsheler forgot or failed to disclose Lucia's hiding-place the night search was made for her at the cottage. Permit me to read you a passage from the chapter 'The Fall of Richmond,' when Prescott is concerned about Lucia's safety. 'Do you not remember,' says Mrs. Prescott to her son, 'when they wished to arrest her, and Lieutenant Talbot searched the cottage for her? She was at that very moment here, in this house, hidden in your own room, though she did not know that it was yours.' What do you say to that?"

"Why, that is certainly queer," replied the Sentimentalist, with a puzzled look. "I remember reading that quite well, but somehow I failed to connect it with— Oh, I know what must have happened—I was so eagerly watching for the moment when Lucia should tell it herself to Prescott, that I must have overlooked—"

"Call it a mental aberration," suggested the Humorist, gallantly.

"Well," said the Merchant, a little shamefaced, but honest, "I suppose I must just have skipped that in my eagerness to get to the end of the story."

The Sentimentalist flushed and looked a trifle confused. The Matron smiled with satisfied complacency. The Young Clergyman came to the rescue and moved that they begin the evening's work. The books were as follows:

The House on the Hudson. By Frances Powell (Scribner).

Tioba. By Arthur Colton (Holt).

A Comedy of Conscience. By S. Weir Mitchell (Century Co.).

The Gold Wolf. By Max Pemberton (Dodd, Mead).

The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. By George Gissing (Dutton).

John Percyfield. By C. Hanford Henderson (Houghton, Mifflin).

Wee Macgregor. By J. J. Bell (Harper).

The Merchant was leaning forward, evidently eager to speak. He had grown garrulous since the Canterbury Club Tales began—he who was wont to be the silent member of the Fortnightly Jaunts.

"The House on the Hudson"

"If you want to recommend a book to your friends," said he, "that will make them sit up nights or miss their station, just tell them from me to try *The House on the Hudson*. At first I thought I wasn't going to like it. It looked as if the heroine, Athena Derohan, was going to be another Anna Solny, and that I was in for a study of character and that sort of thing, like *The Circle*. Athena loses both parents and goes to the House on the Hudson, away up some lonely part of the river, to be the companion of an eccentric old lady and also housekeeper. There is an air of mystery about the house and its inmates, especially about Phillip Erranti, the foreign-looking, dark, handsome son of the lady of the manor. He falls desperately, passionately in love with Athena, who repulses him because she loves Dick Thorpe, a young lawyer and neighbor. Her coldness maddens Phillip, but his passionate outbursts cause him keen remorse, and he is invariably gentle and tender with her after his fits of violent temper and passion. He succeeds in gaining Athena's friendship and confidence, all but her love. Athena becomes engaged to Dick Thorpe, who goes on a perilous mission to Russia, and news reaches her, after a time, of his death. The plot thickens and becomes more intricate and absorbing. Athena is helpless and practically a prisoner in the House on the Hudson. Strange things happen and throw a weird, uncanny air about the place. There is a ring with the face of Nemesis stamped on an emerald which once belonged to Athena's mother, which plays a superstitious part in the story, giving it a sort of detective element. I don't want to tell any more of the story, as it would spoil the exciting suspense for any of you who have not read it."

"I thought too," remarked the Sentimentalist, "that Athena was going to be as unique a study of womanhood as was Anna Solny in *The Circle*. The early chapters certainly promised that, but the author was more bent on a thrilling tale than on following the vagaries of character. Unlike Anna, Athena is dense and stupid, a strange mixture of innocence and ignorance; indeed, such a nature had to be imagined to fit the exigencies of the plot. For it is most evident that to this author the plot is the thing, and not the characters. The key-note of Athena's character, so far as it exists, is given on page 360, when she quotes what her father used to say to her. 'You're a strange child, Athena,' he had often said. 'Your instinct's as marvellous as the nose of a good hound. You're not clever, you know, my dear, so never try for the reason of doing anything, but wait till your instinct gives the word "go!" Then up and do your best.' But even with this insight into her nature, she seems strangely inconsistent, cold, unreal, shadowy, Medusa-like. Phillip Erranti, the strong, passionate, consummate gambler in life and love, is far more real and convincing. And Madame Erranti is a touching, poignant figure that might have lived and died as she did."

The Cantankerous Critic growled. "Melodrama—Drury Lane melodrama, pure and simple, that's all it is. There is no character; all are mere puppets, unreal, fantastic, theatrical. Even Madame Erranti borrows from Miss Havisham in Dickens's novel, *Great Expectations*. If you want to see what genius can do with an eccentric figure of that kind, living in the distorted memories of the past, read that great book and correct your standards of fiction. I grant that in the opening chapters the author seems to have had some grasp of creative power, for the unfolding of Athena's childhood and girlhood is done with a deft hand and promised a story of no ordinary psychological interest. But the reality of the girl vanished, and she has no more personality than that table in the pages that follow. It reminded me of a popular melodrama I saw a few years ago in Drury Lane, and, curiously enough, the final catastrophe that overtook villainy occurred in the same expeditious manner. In *Miranda of the Balcony*, Mr. Mason's novel, not the stage version, the decks were cleared for the happiness of the suffering innocents and victims of wicked machinery by a similar device."

"For my part," quoth the Humorist, "I lost all respect for the heroine when I learned of her preference for Celia Thaxter's poems."

"The Gold Wolf"

"Another exciting story of novel situations and stirring adventure that I thoroughly enjoyed," resumed the Merchant, "was Max Pemberton's *The Gold Wolf*. The picture of Dudley Hatton, a man of enormous wealth, absorbed in the exciting game of financial speculation, on the verge of nervous breakdown, yet fearing to let go and trust the control and management of his gigantic schemes to others, is vividly described so as to bring home the frightful responsibility and evils attending one of the latest and most modern types of the commercial world. But here again the story is the main thing. I have always read Max Pemberton's novels for the amazing ingenuity and inventiveness of his ideas, always up-to-date and sometimes ahead of time, with a queer feeling that some of the things he prognosticates may yet come to pass. *The Iron Pirate*, *The Sea Wolves*, and *The Giant's Gate* were examples of what I mean. In the present instance, he imagines the case of a man who has just been told by a famous specialist that he must retire from business for a time or face the alternative of a madhouse in six months' time. That night he goes home and has an unpleasant interview with his beautiful but unloving wife. The effect of the quarrel is to intensify his mental disorder, so that for a time he is under a cloud of nervous paralysis. Later his wife is found dead in her bedroom. The chain of circumstances appals him as suspicion points to him as the murderer. He is beset and hounded by enemies in the dark, and he topples on the brink of ruin. It is a long and exciting contest, and the climax in which Hatton comes off victorious is skilfully contrived and held as a surprise. You can't deny that this book touches modern life very closely and with an intimate knowledge of the situations involved."

"It is certainly most interesting," said the Matron, "but I think you have omitted

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the most original idea in the book. Dudley Hatton's salvation is really brought about by his love for a girl whom he meets some time after his wife's strange death. Now this girl, Daphne Bell, is, physically, almost the image of his wife—not very probable, but still possible. The straining of probability, however, is justified by the use which Mr. Pemberton makes of this singular idea in developing the ends of his story and furnishing a rather unique situation in fiction."

"I must say a word," quoth the Humorist, "for Daphne's father, the college Don, and Patrick Foxall, Hatton's intimate friend, two very entertaining old fellows, freshly touched and lighted up with a quaint air of extravagance. By the way, there's an illustration opposite page 180, depicting Daphne tying the old Don's bow-knot I'd like to have the original of. But the artist slipped up in the picture opposite page 278, where Foxall is drawn without a hair on his face, yet we read a few pages previous to this that at this very moment he had 'a heavy gray mustache'!"

"What I like in Mr. Pemberton's work," said the Scholar, quietly, "is the spirit of freshness and youth that never seems to tire or suffer atrophy from the 'reluctant fluency of professionalism.' I am still hoping because of this that one of these days he will devote himself to literature in earnest and give us the best that is in him. He has not done it yet; I am convinced of that, as I am that he can do it from evidence he himself has shown in scattered pages of his ingenious stories."

"Tioba"

"*Tioba*," said the Sentimentalist, "is the title given to a collection of short tales, numbering eleven, by Mr. Arthur Colton. The title is borrowed from the first story in the book, and is by far the strongest, perhaps for that reason it occupies its place. They appeared in different periodicals and magazines between 1897 and 1901. We are glad to know this, for Mr. Colton's novel *The Debatable Land*, published in the American Novels Series a year and a half ago, was a work of firmer strength and finer maturity. Taken as 'prentice work, these stories are remarkable for the qualities they indicate in the author's equipment as a literary artist. In the choice of themes he is unconventional and almost fantastic, but this is a promising characteristic of mental aptitude in youth if it be but the outcome of a sincere regard for truth, and incident to the revolt of an original and fresh mind against the hackneyed and commonplace. The feeling for nature, the insight into rural characters, the knowledge of country life, the power to concentrate creative energy upon odd types, and to make character form the story rather than circumstance, are strikingly evinced in these chips from the artist's workshop. The stories are well worth reading if only for their love of quiet life, and because they are out of the beaten track."

"The story I liked best," observed the Matron, "was 'The Green Grasshopper.' Little Bobby's grief over his dead grasshopper, trodden underfoot, is so boyishly touching, yet one smiles at him even while one shares his shortlived grief. The conflict between duty and sympathy in the rigid Miss Rachel over the small incident that seemed so big with future catastrophe in her view of the child that was father to the man is also cunningly sketched. The picture left in the mind is full of quiet beauty when, after she has helped Bobby to make a grave for the unfortunate insect, 'they went up the hill in the twilight hand in hand.'"

"It is too soon yet," remarked the Scholar, "to predict a future for the writer of these tales and the two later novels I have read. Youth is promising so many fine things nowadays that never come to fruition in art and literature. But he bids one hope, and I am content to wait and see what he will yet do. He has individuality, humor, insight, picturesqueness of language, and a certain forcefulness. What he seems to lack is strong conviction—a strength of conviction about life that will sweep him from the mere standpoint of the spectator and throw him into the thick of the fight."

"A Comedy of Conscience"

"Dr. Weir Mitchell's little story," said the Cantankerous Critic, "is a pleasant incident thrown off, one can imagine, as a recreation in the midst of more serious work. It is the sort of thing one reads in an hour and most frequently meets with in the pages of a magazine. The title tells the story. Serena Vernon—the very name is a felicitous aid to characterization—is in a quandary about a ring which a thief has unwittingly left in her lap when he stole her purse. She resorts to her friends for enlightenment of conscience in the disposition of the ring, but her own obstinate convictions render their counsel of no avail. Incidentally there is a thread of love in the comedy which helps on the denouement. The smug clericalism of the Reverend Angelo King is happily satirized. The ending is a bit saccharine and smacks of the fairy-tale, but then it is only a light piece of comedy, with no other end save to amuse for an hour and then be forgotten."

"I think the end was just right," remarked the Sentimentalist, a little aggressively. "It was so beautiful to have Serena wedded at last to John after all the years of her unbending decree not to marry."

"Oh, as to that, he was welcome to her," blurted the Cantankerous Critic. "I referred to the quixotic handling of the thief. It was like what the author of *Editha's Burglar* would have done."

"John Percyfield" and "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft"

"Here are two more books," continued the Critic, "masquerading under the guise of fiction. So far as their literary pose is concerned, they are fictitious, but they are in no sense of the word novels. *John Percyfield* bears on the title-page, I see, the subtitle 'The Anatomy of Cheerfulness,' and the advertisement of the book calls it a romance. The publishers state that 'its title hardly does justice to its contents,' and this is true. The idyllic love-affair which reappears at long intervals scarcely counts. That the scene is laid mainly in Switzerland does count, for the natural philosophy and temperament of these reveries and excursions into old fields of thought and feeling take on the cheerful aspects of the landscape and the bracing qualities of the atmosphere. It is a book to read as you would the Breakfast Table talks, not for any story, but for the pleasure of listening to a garrulous but genial friend who does all the talking, but never bores you. *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* might have had as a subtitle 'The Anatomy of Contentment.' It is even less of a romance than *John Percyfield*. It is what we used to call a human document, for it is undeniably wrought on an autobiographic plan, and the personality of the author lurks in every line of the fictitious Ryecroft. More sober and sombre than the other book, it is a better piece of literature, and probes life deeper, as sorrow always bares the living soul and sounds the plummet of being more surely than happiness."

"Call these books what you will," observed the Scholar, "they are books of life, touching the inner sanctuary of feeling, and speaking for us as we would ofttimes fain speak for ourselves. They are books that have the prime quality of inspiration as Coleridge defined it—they 'find' us. There are many fine and true things in these books that will endear them to the lover of the intellectual life. There is an incident related in *John Percyfield* which is apropos of the imminent celebration of Emerson's centenary. At Weimar the author says that the hard-working woman who kept his *pension* had read Howells and Henry James and other American writers, but she quite won his heart by saying: 'Of all the high spirits in our books, mein Herr, it is a countryman of yours that I love the best. His name was Emerson.'"

"While we are quoting," the Scholar went on after a pause, "there is a passage in *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft* which I'd like to read as characteristic of the literary asceticism and habitual gravity and high seriousness of the writer of these *Papers*. 'Many a time,' he says, 'when life went hard with me, I have betaken myself to the Stoics, and not all in vain. Marcus Aurelius has often been one of my bedside books; I have read him in the night watches, when I could not sleep for misery, and when assuredly I could have read nothing else. He did not remove my burden; his proofs of the vanity of earthly troubles availed me nothing; but there was a soothing harmony in his thought which partly lulled my mind, and the mere wish that I could find strength to emulate that high example (though I knew that I never should) was in itself a safeguard against the baser impulses of wretchedness. I read him still, but with no turbid emotion, thinking rather of the man than of the philosophy, and holding his image dear in my heart of hearts.' Could anything be more characteristic of the remoteness of the scholar from the swift superficial currents of literary fashion than this appreciation of Marcus Aurelius? I have always found a test of the intellectual life in a fondness for the *Meditations*. In fact, I have never known it to fail."

"Wee Macgreegor"

The mood of the members had grown serious, and the timely announcement of the Humorist that he had discovered a new humorist brought instant relief.

"Here's a little book," he cried in elation, "that everybody will be reading in a short time—at least they ought to be, by all the rules of the game, and it's up to the public to play fair. Wee Macgregor makes me think of the early days of another young imp who gave us a lot of fun—Sentimental Tommy. I remember Barrie one day, absentmindedly puffing at his pipe, and evidently ruminating over the exploits of his impish creation, giving gleeful expression to the exclamation: 'He was a reg'lar wee deevil, was Tommy!' Now that is just how you think of Wee Macgregor. But what tenderness and gentle affection reside in the humble home where Macgregor's fond parents slyly pet him and openly discipline him! Instead of wasting time talking about them, however, I would rather read you a chapter."

They assented to this pleasant diversion, and the third meeting of the club closed with a reading of a chapter in *Wee Macgreegor*, in which is described Macgregor's attempt to put in practice the process of chicken incubation. His mother explained that the eggs had to be kept "nice an' cozy, but no' owerwarm; just like yersel' when ye're in yer bed. D'ye see?" Macgregor thinks he does, and under the pretence of being ill he keeps his bed, nourishing his secret. The upshot of the experiment is as boyishly natural as it is extremely funny. The club agreed that the Humorist was indeed to be congratulated on his latest discovery, and there was a run on the village book-shop the next day.

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Books and Bookmen

ONE of Mr. Anthony Hope's early novels bore the title *Half a Hero*. Mr. E. W. Hornung, we observe, calls his new book *No Hero*. The title of Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's latest story, *The Adventures of Harry Revel*, immediately calls to mind Meredith's *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*. To *The House on the Marsh*, *The House Under the Sea*, *The House with the Green Shutters*, and other "Houses" in fiction that may be recalled, still another has been added in *The House on the Hudson*, by Frances Powell. By the way, we noticed that a member of the Canterbury Club recently remarked, in speaking of *Calvert of Strathore*, that he took it for a first book, as he had not encountered the name of Mr. Carter Goodloe before. We are wondering what connection there is between the author of this virile novel and Abbe Carter Goodloe, the author of *College Girls* published a few years ago by the same firm of publishers.

Punch made merry the other day with the obvious and ridiculous titles that may follow the fashion set by *The Little White Bird*, and noted that already a story had appeared, called *The Little Red Fish*. There is a chance now to make game also of *The Blue Flower*, inasmuch as one of the spring novels goes under the title of *The Blue Goose*. The vagaries of title-mongering are further illustrated in the odd coincidence of *The Better Sort* for Mr. Henry James's new volume of stories, and *The Better Way* for Charles Wagner's inspiring essays on the conduct of life.

We have been hearing some hard sayings lately about literary criticism in America. Only the other day, too, Sir Phillip Burne-Jones, on shaking the dust of our soil off his feet, shot his bolt at our art critics, and our papers unashamedly reported him at length. Now in the April *Bookman* dramatic criticism comes in for a pessimistic lashing. The conclusion of the whole matter is worth quoting, for it can be applied to criticism in general: "We Americans are imaginative in business (where our heart is), but businesslike in our imagination. The aim of American playwrights is to be instantly comprehensible to every member of a miscellaneous crowd, and criticism, which ought to be merely a matter of good-tempered self-revelation, seeks to establish a constitution and by-laws for the art of pleasing. That is why the unedited American is so much more delightful than his cautious brother with the pen, and why the best things that life has to offer are not yet either printed or staged. But taking it all in all, the critics do not come so near the stage as the stage comes to reality. We can recall several passages in American plays, but not one word of dramatic criticism."

Whatever subject Miss Josephine Daskam's fancy may light upon, she may be trusted to strike an individual tack and to take a fresh point of view. Nothing so amusing and novel as her "Memoirs of a Baby," now appearing in HARPER'S BAZAR, could, it seems, be well conceived. The first (March) instalment dealt with the Young Mother; in the April issue she "deals with the Baby." Much of the humor arises from Aunt Emma's insistence on training a child in the way he should go by rote and rule according to certain infant classics, which Tom, the Young Father, insists are written by some fool dry-goods clerk, much to Aunt Emma's disgust and indignation. "*The Baby, His Care and Training*," we are told, dogged the down-sittings and the up-risings of the latest Wilbour with an inevitable persistence. And this pursuit was the more trying for the reason that in almost no respect did the infant in question even so much as faintly emulate the characteristics of the inspired subject of the treatise. One day Tom made the most startling application of all the theories of this classic so persistently refuted by his son. Idly turning the pages of Aunt Emma's *vade-mecum*, he hit upon a sentence of inexhaustible amusement to him and Susy, the Young Mother:

"*A child*," he announced, triumphantly, "*is much happier with one simple object of amusement!* There you are! I've discovered something in this book at last. Of course he is. That's what's the matter with him, Aunt Emma, and now what are you going to do about it? It's up to you!"

"What do you mean, Tom?"

They laughed delightedly at her perplexity.

"Can't you see?" Susy urged, mischievously. "Can't you?"

"I'm sure I never gave him much, my dear—only that red ball and the dog picture. He hates that rubber cow—you said so yourself."

"But what does he laugh at the most, Aunt Emma? Don't say you haven't noticed!"

Miss Wilbour frowned thoughtfully. "Why, really, Susy, I've never noticed that any toys amuse him very much. The cat frightened him, if anything. As a matter of fact, he seems to take more interest in people. You know how often he laughs at me—"

"That's it, Aunt Em, that's it!" Tom slapped the book and roared again. "*You're* the person that's disorganizing my son's nervous system—*you're* his one simple object of amusement!"

"Oh, Tom, how can you be so ridiculous? Of course it doesn't mean—"

"Woman, don't seek to get out of it by these paltry excuses! Give me your attention a moment.

"*By this time the little brain is so overworked that the poor baby is in a highly nervous state. Poor baby, has he no rights?*"

"Tom, how can you?"

"*It is only when the adult steps in and urges him on that he goes beyond his powers*, Aunt Emma! Dear me! dear me!"

"Tom, give me that book!"

"*It is the pleasures that come but seldom in one's life that are most enjoyed and appreciated*—mark that, Aunt Emma—*the ones that occur every day, or with clocklike regularity, soon pall upon one and cease to be pleasures!*"

"Tom Wilbour, if you really think that I have a bad influence on that child—"

"My dear Aunt Emma, I think you are a delicious old goose!"

"Why, the idea, Aunt Emma! Stop it this moment! He was only teasing you! The baby loves you dearly, and I don't know what we'd do without you! Please stop, Aunt Emma!"

Their distress was so genuine, so close lay their affection under their quick laughter, that she kissed them both forgivingly and thanked Heaven, for them, that some one of constant purpose was given them to balance their united irresponsibility.

In the *Memoirs of a Baby* Miss Daskam promises to surpass herself as a humorist.

THE COMPLETE PRIG.

[According to a recent number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, Mrs. W. D. McClintock, of the Department of English at the University of Chicago, has declared that such nursery tales as *Jack and the Beanstalk* and *Bluebeard* have a "moral squint" about them, and are unfit for childish reading. She has mapped out a really moral literary course for the mother to superintend during her children's infancy. The main features are here faithfully reproduced.]

I'm pained when I reflect upon the stuff
  that people print,
And call without a blush a children's
  story;
Your *Jack the Giant Killer* has a nasty
  moral squint,
And *Bluebeard* is as wicked as it's
  gory;
The tale of *Mr. Bruin* and his *Mrs. Mimy-Muff*,
  Which childhood in its innocence still
  swallows—
I beg that you will substitute for all such
  sorry stuff
The moral and instructive course which
  follows:—

Until your child is seven let her feed her
  infant mind
On simple, pretty tales about the fairies,
Provided they are free from squints (supposing you can find
That such a fairy-story anywhere is).
Till nine her soul may meditate as deeply as
  it can
('Twill benefit it very much to do so)
The pious lucubrations of that most religious
  man,
The blameless and improving *Mr. Crusoe*.

Her early teens with classic tales she may
  perhaps beguile
Of Perseus, Jason, Hector, and Ulysses
(Of course you'll skip all episodes in fair
  Calypso's Isle)
And Helen (when of course you'll skip the
  kisses);
The educative stimulus contained in such a
  tale
Can hardly be too highly estimated—
Of course you'll take the greatest care and
  never, never fail
To see that it is duly expurgated.

Romantic tales might next afford some
  wholesome mental food—
Knights-errant in the cause of virtue
  fighting—
But bear in mind the knights must all be
  very, very good,
Their deeds, however brave, not too exciting.
Then let her read Miss Charlotte Yonge,
  whose highly moral pen,
Instinct with virtue, never met its fellow.
And possibly a novel by Miss Carey now and
  then,
But never, never one that's bound in yellow.
—*Punch*.



"*You're his one simple object of amusement!*"
From "Memoirs of a Baby," by Josephine Daskam, in HARPER'S BAZAR *for May*

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Men of Letters in Parliament

MR. W. E. H. LECKY, the well-known historian, has, by accepting the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, vacated his seat in the House of Commons, of which body he has been a member for eight years. Like many another distinguished man of letters, he proved a disappointment to his friends in Parliament. He was not a silent member, however, and, when he spoke, he was listened to with deference. What he lacked was the electrifying gift. It is interesting to recall the varied experience of literary men in English public life. We need not say that Francis Bacon played almost as great a part in law and politics as he played in literature and science. Edward Hyde, better known as the Earl of Clarendon, the author of the famous history of the English civil war, was an effective and influential speaker in the House of Commons, and was for a year or two conspicuous on the patriotic side, though, subsequently, like Wentworth and Lord Falkland, he went over to the King's party. Of all English men of letters, he rose to the highest legal and political eminence, becoming under Charles II. Lord High Chancellor and Chief Minister, to say nothing of the fact that he was the grandfather of two reigning queens of England. Henry St. John was as effective with the voice as with the pen, and it was due, of course, to his capacity of leadership in the House of Commons that he was made successively Secretary for War and Foreign Secretary. Called to the House of Lords as Viscount Bolingbroke, he negotiated the Peace of Utrecht, and was prime minister for the week preceding the death of Queen Anne. Burke, whose writings constitute a storehouse of political philosophy, was so uninteresting in his mode of delivery that he is said to have emptied the benches of the House of Commons when he rose to speak. His inability to exert immediate influence as an orator partly accounts for his failure to attain high political office. He twice held the post, however, of Paymaster of the Forces, and, but for the death of his only son, would have been raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Beaconsfield. Gibbon, the greatest of English, if not of all historians, sat for eight sessions in the House of Commons, but never, apparently, opened his mouth. As he himself has recorded, he supported the Ministry of Lord North throughout our Revolutionary war, with "many a sincere and silent vote," in return for which he was made one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations. George Grote, the best-known English historian of Greece, though some scholars prefer Thirlwall's, sat for the City of London in three successive Parliaments, and was the legislative head of the party of Philosophical Radicals whereof Jeremy Bentham was the oracle. Grote was an able and incisive speaker, and exercised considerable influence in the House of Commons. Even more successful was the parliamentary career of Macaulay, who was a member of the House of Commons from 1839 to 1847, and, again, from 1852 to 1856. He was made Secretary for War as early as 1840, and five years later became Paymaster-General of the Forces. As an orator he was weighty and impressive. By one of his speeches, delivered when he was in opposition, he converted the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, and the majority of the House, to his views of copyright. About three years before his death, he was raised to the peerage as a baron, in recognition rather of the legal and political services rendered by him in India and in Parliament than of his literary distinction. John Stuart Mill was M.P. for Westminster from 1865 to 1868. As an orator, he was somewhat disappointing, and, at first, was unfavorably received, but he ultimately succeeded in gaining the ear of the House, and, as the Speaker remarked on one occasion, his mere presence in Parliament elevated the tone of debate. The reform of land tenure in Ireland, woman suffrage, the reduction of the national debt, the reform of London's local government, and the abrogation of the Declaration of Paris, were among the topics on which he spoke with marked effect. His subscription to the election expenses of Mr. Bradlaugh and his severe reprobation of the conduct of Governor Eyre of Jamaica were commonly regarded as the causes of his defeat at the general election of 1868, after which he retired from public life. It is sometimes forgotten that Edward Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, playwright, essayist and poet, was also a politician. In 1831, at the age of twenty-eight, he entered the House of Commons as a reformer, and remained a member of that body for ten years. In 1852, he was again returned, this time as a Conservative, and rose to be Colonial Secretary in the Derby government of 1858-59. In 1838, Lord Melbourne had made him a baronet for his services to the Whig party as a pamphleteer, and, in recognition of his usefulness to the Conservatives, he was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton in 1866. His son, Owen Meredith, was never an M.P., but, after succeeding his father as second Lord Lytton, he became minister at Lisbon and Viceroy of India. Lord Beaconsfield made him an earl, and Lord Salisbury, in 1877, sent him as an ambassador to Paris. We may mention, finally, that Benjamin Disraeli was known only as a novelist when he entered Parliament in 1837, and, although, thenceforward, he remained continuously in the House of Commons until in 1876 he transferred himself as Earl of Beaconsfield to the Upper House, he continued to write novels. *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, *Tancred*, and *Lothair*, were all produced while he was in active political life. After his defeat at the general election of 1880, he employed his leisure in writing *Endymion*. Although a debater rather than an orator, he achieved a success in Parliament which must be deemed astonishing when all his disabilities are borne in mind. Not only did he become the leader of the Tories, but, as he himself said, he "educated" his party, and gave it a long lease of power. On the whole, it must be acknowledged that professional men of letters have played a great part in England's political history.

FOR next week HARPER'S WEEKLY will have, among other timely and interesting features, a complete short story by Hamlin Garland, author of "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop"; an illustrated article telling exactly what the Irish land question is about and what it means; the Russo-Turkish situation, with a full-page drawing by our special artist; how the business of the country is conducted while the President is away; a double-page drawing, in color, of the opening of the coaching season, etc., etc.

40 Pages of interesting subjects by interesting people

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Finance

THE Northern Securities decision was received in Wall Street on the eve of a three-days' holiday. Prices fell off sharply, as was to be expected, but it is safe to say that nine out of ten persons interested in the security markets found comfort in the fact that the bad news came, first, at a time when the market had just gone through several weeks of general and substantial liquidation which had, at least technically, left it in far better condition to resist shocks; and, secondly, that the suspension of business during the three days gave the community ample time for reflection. The decision of the court in the merger case was obviously most important, but there were many favorable factors in the general situation which might at least tend to minimize the effect of the Northern Securities matter.

It was shown, however, that the "reflection" during the holidays did not help matters in the slightest. When the Stock Exchange resumed business, Wall Street was not in an overcheerful frame of mind, and later in the day violent liquidation set in which carried the market to the verge of downright demoralization. With a little more it would have attained the dignity of a full-fledged panic. While the selling movement started with characteristic "drives" against certain stocks by professional operators of the stronger class, as prices declined much genuine liquidation made its appearance.

The identity of the sellers on Monday was not clear. The truth would have been not only interesting but important. That a great deal of the liquidation was by small outside holders was clear, but there was more than one pool which also sold, and the half-hearted buying which was in evidence during the greater part of the day proved for one thing that the "strong interests" of the Street, if they were not actually selling, were not buying heavily. Indeed, the only encouraging feature of the buying was that much of it appeared to be for account of conservative investors and clear-headed outside speculators who believed in bargains.

St. Paul at 158 was much cheaper than St. Paul at 198. At all events, the Street was alarmed over the outpour of stock. To attribute the demoralization to a widespread or well-founded belief that the Northern Securities decision means financial chaos is absurd. The only reason for the senseless sacrificing of the good stocks with the bad was that the speculative community was frightened out of its wits. Stock-gamblers never heed an argument so carefully as when it finds strong corroboration on the ticker-tape; and the tape at the time spoke in tones of disaster. The subsequent partial recovery was inevitable.

The decision cannot be said to have been unexpected by those most directly concerned, notwithstanding the optimistic opinions of the company's lawyers for months past. The court seems to hold that the possession of the control of two competing roads by a single interest must necessarily restrain trade, and is therefore contrary to law, and that the ownership of the majority of the stocks of such companies means the possession of the control of the two. That being the case, by no device can these points be evaded, the language of the Sherman Act being so general as to cover almost every conceivable plan. It is useless for the community to seek to believe that some legal subterfuge will be successfully resorted to, should the Supreme Court affirm the decision of the United States Court of Appeals.

On the other hand, despite statements to the contrary by eminent bankers, it is not at all evident from the decision that a railroad may not hold a minority interest in the stock of a competing road, nor that the securities-holding-company plan is illegal *per se*, or in the case of roads which connect at certain points, but compete at none. Some projected "deals" must of course be abandoned now, but others will remain unaffected by the decision. And it cannot be said that the decision has affected or can affect the earning capacity of either the Northern Pacific or Great Northern roads. Their stocks are not wiped out of existence.

While there is much in the Northern Securities case to make financial interests uncomfortable, and not a little to make the public eventually regard it, as Mr. Schiff has said, a possible "blessing in disguise," there appears to be no reason why the public should fail to consider other elements in the situation, many of which are extremely favorable. The government report shows by far the best crop conditions in our history. Should the present promise bear fruit, we should have a record-breaking winter wheat harvest. Moreover, crop conditions abroad are not favorable. The foreign-trade statistics for March show the heaviest exports for that month on record. There has been a steadily increasing investment in our securities by foreign capital, the lower prices for good bonds being attractive and at the same time there has been a cessation in the creation of new securities. There are no new financial syndicates, and promoters recognize the futility of endeavoring to float new issues in the present congested condition of the new-securities market. The strain on the market should diminish correspondingly. Last, but not least, are the railroad earnings.

Compilations by the *Wall Street Journal* show the largest ratio of gain in March since 1900. The troubles arising from congestion of traffic, which meant uneconomical handling of freight, and made railroad presidents sigh for less business, are disappearing, and this should show in larger net earnings. The country is highly prosperous, and stocks have had a very big drop.

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION
(CONDENSED)
Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902
RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits $4,496,310.20

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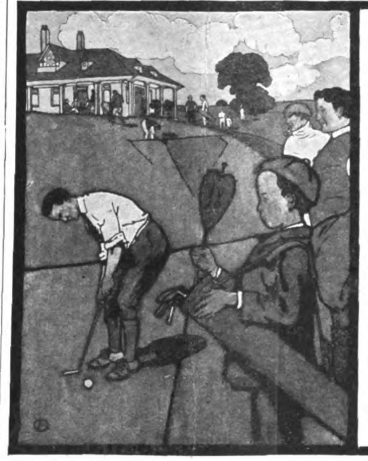
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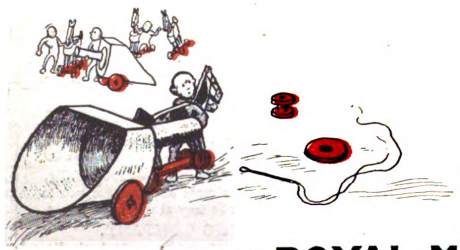
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Each charioteer made up his mind
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Clang! Clang! rang out the starter's bell,
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When, like a streak, a spool-mobile
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Beneath the "chuffer's" arm he tucked
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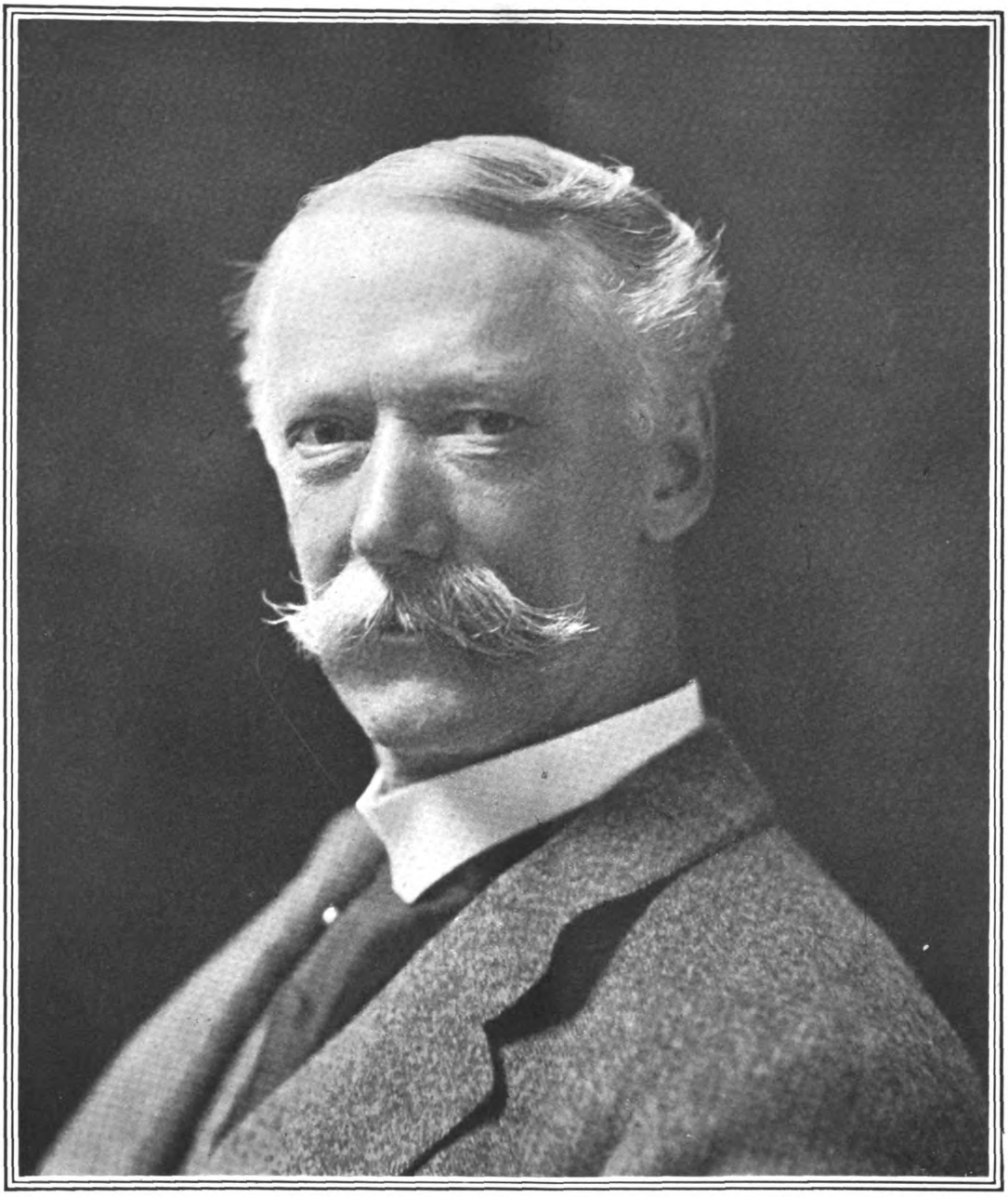
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STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII. *New York, Saturday, May 2, 1903—Illustrated Section* No. 2419

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RUDOLPH KEPPLER

President of the New York Stock Exchange. The new Stock Exchange Building was formally opened on April 22

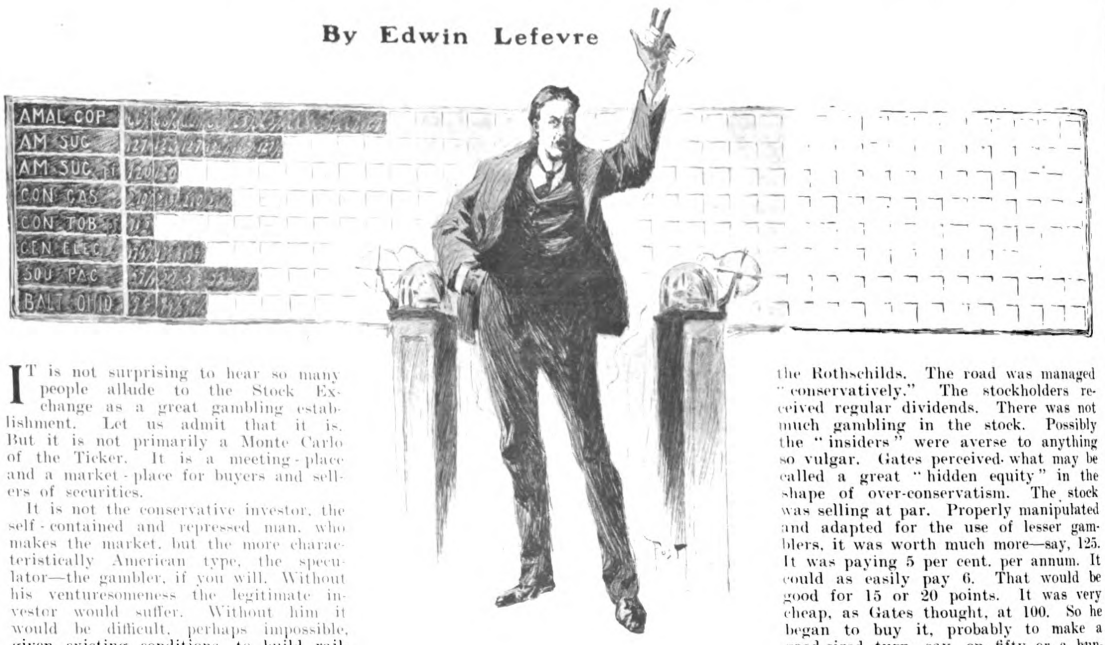
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The American Gambling Spirit

By Edwin Lefevre



IT is not surprising to hear so many people allude to the Stock Exchange as a great gambling establishment. Let us admit that it is. But it is not primarily a Monte Carlo of the Ticker. It is a meeting-place and a market-place for buyers and sellers of securities.

It is not the conservative investor, the self-contained and repressed man, who makes the market, but the more characteristically American type, the speculator—the gambler, if you will. Without his venturesomeness the legitimate investor would suffer. Without him it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, given existing conditions, to build railroads, to erect factories, to consolidate industries, to become a world power.

It is the American gambling spirit that animates the entire affair. He is not as bad as he sounds, the stock-gambler. Every business man speculates, not occasionally, but all the time. His business is founded upon it. The steel-rail mill-owner, the woollen manufacturer, the restaurant-keeper, all speculate. Americans are great business men because they are great gamblers. It is not that they are more foolishly reckless, but that they are braver, less appalled by the possibility of disaster. They have the American spirit, the keenness of perception, the rapidity of thought, the intrepidity of the young, and the national sense of humor. In misfortune the Englishman may be impassive, the German philosophical, the Dutchman phlegmatic. But the American is better—he is jocular. He cracks jokes with disaster, and is ready once more to "match with Destiny for beers," as Kipling says. This is not "meant humorous." It is sober truth. There are all manner of thrilling tales to be told of typical Americans and typically American actions. William Allen White finds fault with my calling such men typical Americans; he says they are exaggerated types, and that what they do is not typically, though possibly essentially, American. It is difficult to see the distinction and the difference. They were animated by the American gambling spirit.

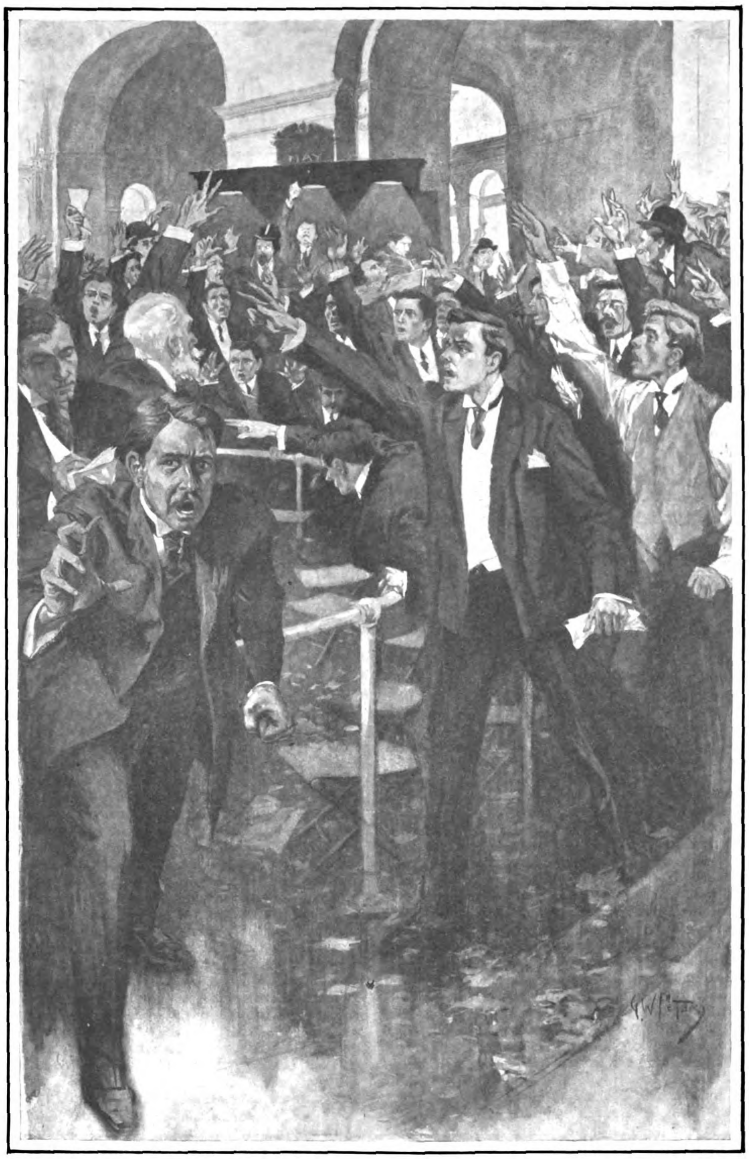
Take, for example, the great Louisville and Nashville *coup* of John W. Gates. The popular idea of Gates, derived from the newspapers, is that he is a burly, swaggering plunger, grown rich overnight, and ready to stake several of his easily acquired millions on a turn of a card, the fleetness of a horse, or the fluctuations of a stock—a "Pittsburg Phil" of the ticker. He is rich, but he was the builder and owner of wire-mills long before he ever speculated in stocks. He started as a farmer's boy, married at twenty, kept a hardware-store in a country town in Illinois, became a drummer and later a manufacturer of barbed wire, organized several companies, was actively interested in Missouri politics on the Republican side, became a wealthy and well-known manufacturer, a self-made man, a typical captain of industry. As such he became the president of the Illinois Steel Company, next to the Carnegie works the largest in the country. So far, he was respectable as a business man. Followed the great boom. He formed the wire "trust," and manipulated its shares. His boldness, his quickness of decision, his business foresight, all had served him well in the "legitimate" gambling of his iron business. Now, with the new opportunities, he used the same faculties in the stock-market, and succeeded not more greatly, but more quickly, and especially more spectacularly. It may be, too, in the opinion of stern moralists, more disreputably. Like everything else in life, it is merely a matter of words, and but reflects the individual point of view and the individual prejudices. The formation of the United States Steel Corporation deprived him of his "legitimate" business. So he took to stock-gambling. It occupied his mind, and provided him with a safety valve for his pent-up and tireless energy, otherwise Americanism. He made "turn" after "turn" in the market. Because they were on a colossal scale, everybody called him a plunger.

In studying stocks, he was attracted by the Louisville and Nashville. The ruling powers in the company were "conservative" bankers, rich, not venturesome, perhaps more European than native. The firm was the American representative of the Rothschilds. The road was managed "conservatively." The stockholders received regular dividends. There was not much gambling in the stock. Possibly the "insiders" were averse to anything so vulgar. Gates perceived what may be called a great "hidden equity" in the shape of over-conservatism. The stock was selling at par. Properly manipulated and adapted for the use of lesser gamblers, it was worth much more—say, 125. It was paying 5 per cent. per annum. It could as easily pay 6. That would be good for 15 or 20 points. It was very cheap, as Gates thought, at 100. So he began to buy it, probably to make a good-sized turn, say, on fifty or a hundred thousand shares. The road had authorized an issue of 50,000 shares of stock to pay for a small road acquired by the system. But that stock was not "good delivery" on the Stock Exchange, because it needed a month before the stock could be "listed" and traded in on the Exchange. Gates perceived that the "insiders" had taken advantage of his operations and of his advancing of the price to sell that stock to him, and they had, as directors, acting really in the best interests of the company, "borrowed" their own stock as individuals. In other words, they were technically short of the stock. In the twinkling of an eye his plan changed. The American gambling spirit was strong in him. It was not a question of three or four millions; it was now a question of twenty or thirty. So he plunged colossally! He bought all that was offered, and bid for more. He gathered his friends about him. It was no longer a question of making a million, but they stood to win ten. They were not making a turn in the stock-market; they were about to wrest the control of a great but sleepy railway system from a great but sleepy banking firm. He paused, he plunged, and Louisville was free no more! It was the American spirit of gambling. This article does not concern itself with the ethics of the case. The man gambled and won. The pool profited by some eight millions of dollars.

While the American gambling spirit is always present, the American quickness of perception is sometimes slow, even in Wall Street. In 1895 Mr. Cleveland sent his famous Venezuelan message. There was a nice little bull, or upward, movement in stocks in progress at the time. The message came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, but the funny part was that the Street did not realize it was a thunderbolt. It was so intent in admiring the beautiful skies, it had no eyes or ears for anything else. A newspaper man who had read the message in "flimsy" before it was given to the compositors to set, was paralyzed for exactly two seconds afterward. He had the American imagination and the trained journalistic foresight. Also he was a confirmed stock-gambler. He telephoned to his father-in-law, who never gambled, that he needed $5000 at once on a matter of life and death, and the frightened man sent $6000, so tragical did the editorial voice sound through the telephone. The newspaper man then went to his old mother, found out what bonds she had, and borrowed one-half of her fortune—it wasn't great. He borrowed as much as he could, and took every cent he had in the world, went to his brokers, and sold short as much stock as they would let him, on his margin. He sold those stocks in which London also "traded." By that time the Street had the news, but it caused little stir. Stocks had been rising. They continued to rise. Surprised at the imbecile unimaginativeness of the Street, he called on Mr. James R. Keene, professionally, to ascertain the famous operator's views on the message. They were old friends. Mr. Keene, like the rest of the talent, was a bull on the market. He was "long" some 75,000 shares. He said he did not think the message would have any effect on values. The newspaper man emphatically disagreed with Keene. He read the last paragraph, and poignantly showed the great gambler the menace of it. "It is the tail that has the sting," he said. "It will play the devil to-morrow." But Keene was biased by his holdings. The newspaper man said: "Keene, to-morrow morning when the newspapers of England, the United States, and Canada come out with huge head-lines prophesying

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war, you will wish you had been a little gambler like myself, instead of a big one, so heavily committed to the wrong side that you could not move quickly," for Mr. Keene had told him that he was "carrying" a line of 75,000 shares of various stocks. Mr. Keene thought a moment, then said: "I'm greatly obliged. Maybe you are right." It made the editorial gambler fear that he had made a mistake, but his confidence reasserted itself, and he left the room cockily. In the mean time Keene thought calmly. The fact that he was long of stocks and had been a bull for weeks did not influence him in the least. As a rule, men, like women, never believe what they do not like to believe. Not so the gambler, who believes in fate and facts, and never "bucks" against either. Keene had imagination, and a consummate knowledge of the psychology of stock-gamblers. It is this last which has made him a great market-manipulator. He saw the situation as the newspaper man had seen it. Then he did not hesitate. He sold out his 75,000 shares, and telephoned to his informant: "I have sold my long stocks. Thank you." The market took it well. Then Keene sold 50,000 shares short, and telephoned to the editor's office: "I've sold 50,000 shares short. Thank you." In a moment he had reversed his position. The next day, in London, prices broke violently. The world was full of war talk. The jingo press was jubilant, the serious papers sorrowful. In the New York market there was a terrific decline in stocks, good, bad, and worse. The American gambling spirit had made a million for Mr. Keene, and a tidy little sum for the newspaper man. Was it wrong to accept such a reward for possessing the courage of his convictions, which came, in turn, from the possession of quick decision, knowledge of human nature, and international politics and imagination?



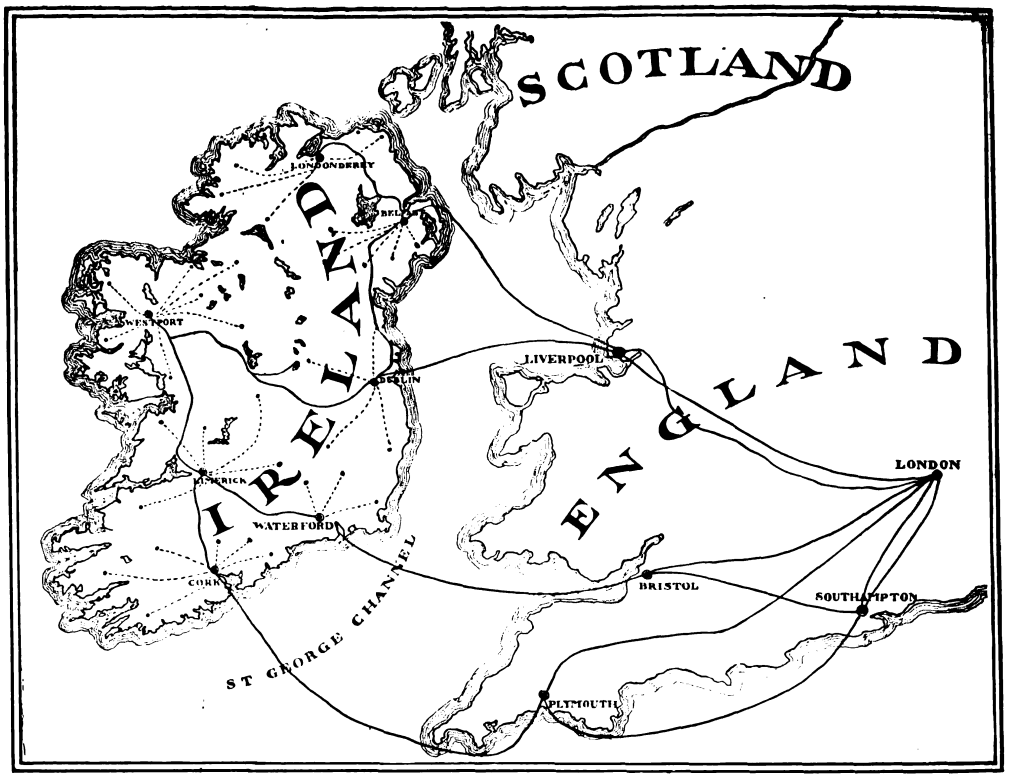
An exciting Moment on 'Change—the "Shorts" trying to Cover

Mr. S. V. White was a deacon of Plymouth Church—and a stock-gambler. He was a profound theologian, a lawyer who has pleaded before the Supreme Court, an amateur astronomer of considerable proficiency, a Latin scholar, a friend and one of the counsel of Henry Ward Beecher during the famous trial, a scholar, and an American. The Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western was a great property. "Deacon" White studied it. He knew the company's surplus was real, and not a fiction of bookkeeping. He was sure he was right; then he went ahead and bought and bought and bought. The price rose. The "floating" supply, as he had calculated, was small. The stock was held by investors who believed in its dividends as in a future life, and swore by "Sam Sloan" as by their honor. The Deacon's buying did not, strictly speaking, "corner" the stock. But the less discriminating gamblers who had sold it short suddenly found difficulty in "borrowing" the stock for immediate delivery. The cash price soared, and the shorts said things. S. V. White, being a scholar, exhorted them to philosophy in Latin. He gave them a Greek distich on the virtue of wisdom, and translated into Hebrew old Daniel Drew's famous couplet, "He who sells what isn't his'n, must buy it back or go to prison!"

In order not to go to prison and into bankruptcy synchronously, they offered fabulous prices for the use of the stock. Investors would not sell their holdings, but they might lend it. Strong-boxes were ransacked for the precious certificates. A trust company in Philadelphia had, for instance, 8000 shares. A speculator in New York, who was short 5000 shares, knew it. He telegraphed for the certificates, to be sent over in a special train. The trust company knew him, and, besides, they received good security. They despatched the special train, with the 8000 shares in a trusty messenger's wallet. The engineer was ordered to make a record-breaking run. At the ferry, on the Jersey City side, a specially chartered tug awaited him. On the New York side stood a cab with a fleet horse and a fearless driver, who for an offer of $50 had become a potential murderer of pedestrians. The train started. It broke a dozen records for runs between certain points. The unfortunate "short" had until 2.15 P.M. that day to make good his contract. But at a little river or canal in Jersey the drawbridge was open. The train could not fly. It lost twelve precious minutes. The certificates reached Wall Street at 2.18 P.M. The gambler "settled" with the Deacon. Later, other gamblers settled with the Deacon also. Mr. White had made his turn. It gave him a half-million or so.

The late C. Sternbach was one of the most respected business men in New York. He enjoyed the absolute confidence of leading bankers and the affection of the trade. His word was good for millions, literally. His advice was carefully heeded by great capitalists. His reputation was of the very highest in the land. One day he began to buy haircloth. Before long he owned practically all the haircloth in the world. He had "cornered" the available supply. He began to advertise, not haircloth, but fashions of feminine dress which required the use of haircloth for those mysterious "puffy" effects. The fashion became the rage. It was a luxury, haircloth; the dry-goods stores had to have it. They had it. Mr. Sternbach sold it to them, at a profit of nearly 1000 per cent. It was a brilliant stroke. Can it be denied that the success was deserved? But what of the spirit that moved a really good man in the creation of the hair-cloth corner? It was admirable, legitimate. No fault can be found with it. Because it was not stocks, was it not gambling? There are degrees and classes of gambling. It is either folly or pluck. And the American people are not fools.

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Map showing how the food-products of Ireland will be gathered at the principal ports, and sent to increase the food-supply of London

What the Irish Land Question Really Means

IN the House of Commons, Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, called attention to a rather remarkable scheme for the promotion of industrial prosperity in Ireland—a scheme put forward by two remarkable men, Mr. W. J. Pirrie, of the great ship-building firm of Harland & Wolff, and Lord Iveagh, of the House of Guinness. The essence of this scheme is to provide a fund for the establishment of better means of communication between the centres of production in Ireland and the ports, and, later, between the Irish ports and the chief ports of England, such as Liverpool and Bristol, to which Irish produce is carried. It is proposed to employ motor-cars to collect the grain and other agricultural produce from the farmers direct, and then to convey the said products to the harbors on light electric freight-railways. In this way a web of communication will be spread all over the country, the result of which will be twofold: cheaper products at tide-water, and therefore in the English markets; and better prices for the Irish farmers, who will presently be also the Irish land-owners. This is the scheme, and it at once suggests certain considerations of somewhat far-reaching tendency. To begin with, it should be borne in mind that, supposing Mr. Wyndham's Land Purchase bill to become law, this law will transfer the land of Ireland from the landlords to the tenants, but will by no means sweep away the former land-owning class. The county families will remain in possession, as before, and will doubtless keep their country houses and demesne lands, parks, and woods, and so forth, intact, to the undoubted esthetic gain of the country. But these county families will be something more than merely the inhabitants of rural homes; they will be capitalists, in virtue of the large sums to be paid to them through the intervention of the British government; and they will be capitalists for whom it is very necessary to find investments, and investments which shall pay dividends sufficiently high to take the place of the land rents, which they formerly collected, or at least tried to collect. They will be under the necessity of investing their capital so as to secure a living for themselves and for their children; and the first important reflection caused by the scheme of Mr. Pirrie and Lord Iveagh is, that these two far-sighted and practical men have pointed to a field in which a very large amount of this newly created, or to be created, Irish capital may be invested, and well invested, with the prospect of ample returns, while, on the other hand, its investment in local Irish enterprises will be of the greatest benefit to the country itself. Here, therefore, is a new source from which these two enterprising gentlemen can draw all the capital their scheme demands; let us now consider the uses to which this capital might be put, the openings which Ireland offers for such enterprises. We are accustomed to think of Ireland as very much smaller than England; smaller, perhaps, in proportion to the relative populations of the two countries, England having thirty million inhabitants, to less than four and a half million inhabitants in Ireland.

But we must always remember that the condition of Ireland, owing to political causes, is altogether abnormal and unnatural; and that, but for these causes, Ireland would probably have a population at least three times as great as at present. Some fifty years ago the population of Ireland was double what it is to-day, while the population of England was then about half what it is now. At present England has about seven times as many inhabitants as Ireland; but there is no such difference in the size of the two countries. Ireland has, indeed, almost exactly two-thirds the cultivable area of England—that is, twenty million acres, as against England's thirty-two millions. This at once suggests a most important consideration. We have all recently read of the deputation to Premier Balfour, to inquire into the sources of food-supply which England could command in time of war. Mr. Balfour did not seriously consider the question; but had he done so, he might have perceived that England had close at hand, within four hours from her nearest port, a source of food-supply in Ireland which is capable of immense development. There are, in fact, twenty million acres of cultivable land, only a small part of which is at present cultivated at all, and that by no means as highly cultivated as it might be. To come down to figures, only 22 per cent. of the cultivable land in Ireland is actually cultivated; 52 per cent. is pasture; and 22 per cent. is entirely uncultivated, the remainder being woods or wastes. There are, therefore, no less than fifteen million acres of uncultivated, but cultivable, land in Ireland, which might form an admirable source of supply for England; just as, looking at the matter from the other side, the dense population of England forms an admirable market for the surplus agricultural produce of Ireland. At the present moment, the exports from Ireland to England are a mere negligible quantity, England purchasing from India, Egypt, Argentina, Russia, and the United States wheat which could perfectly well be grown in Ireland, no part of which is more than twelve or fifteen hours from the nearest English port, while most of the central plain is within nine or ten hours of England, Dublin being three and a half hours from Holyhead. To realize these possibilities, there is needed, first, an endurable financial situation for the cultivator, now secured by the Land Purchase bill, as the result of generations of agitation; there is needed also a certain amount of free capital, such as the land-purchase scheme will put into the hands of the Irish county families; there is needed such financial light and leading as are suggested by the plan of Mr. Pirrie and Lord Iveagh. It would seem, therefore, that without in the least intending or foreseeing it, England, by giving Ireland a measure of justice in the new land legislation, will create for herself a reserve supply of food which may become a very present help in time of trouble.

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Experiments with Lightning

By Professor John Trowbridge

THE storm uses a system of wireless telegraphy which is essentially the same that human ingenuity has at last devised; the methods of wireless telegraphy are a plain infringement upon nature's methods.

Some years ago, one summer evening, ensconced in a room in Harvard Hall, I was watching the indications of the needle of an electrometer. An electrometer is an instrument which can measure the electric condition of the air. In its simplest form it consists of two gold leaves hung on a wire just as a napkin is hung on a clothes-line. When the leaves are electrified they diverge by reason of the repulsion of the electric charges on the leaves. I had connected the electrometer to a metallic plate outside the window which received a little stream of water from a can of water. The metallic plate thus took the electrical condition of the air. Every now and then I observed that the needle of the electrometer made a sudden jerk. At first I was inclined to attribute the movements to accidental irregularities. They soon, however, became more pronounced; and some instants after the jerks I heard the low mutterings of distant thunder. I then discovered that the thunder storm had been telegraphing its coming long before the clouds had appeared above the horizon.

When it drew nearer minute sparks could be perceived under a microscope between two pieces of wire connected with a circuit on the roof of the building. When a battery was connected to the wire in such a way as to enclose the minute-spark gap in the battery circuit a Morse sounder or ticker responded to every stroke of lightning.

The sending apparatus in all systems of wireless telegraphy is an electric spark, a minute discharge of lightning. We are just beginning to discover what a complicated phenomenon an electric spark is; the manifestation of light is far more mysterious than that of a candle. It is rich in waves of light which are almost lacking in the light of a candle; waves of extremely short length which the eye can never perceive, and which are discovered only by means of photography. These short waves, under certain conditions, can produce burns on the human skin; and under other conditions can cure skin troubles. They can cause an electric current to leap over an air gap, which forms without the aid of the short waves an insuperable obstacle. The electric spark also sends out very long waves which we call electric waves; these are the waves which are used in wireless telegraphy.

When the light of an electric spark is examined by a rapidly revolving mirror it is drawn out into a succession of beads. What to the eye seems but one flash is really a number of flashes. Fig. 1 is a photograph taken of electric sparks flashed on a photograph plate by a mirror. The light is travelling through space at the rate of a mile a second; and since the beads succeed each other in about one-quarter of a millionth of a second there is sufficient space on the photographic plate to catch them all. Two rates of vibration are represented on the photograph—one shorter than the other. It is these minute oscillations, due to electric waves, which are instrumental in sending the wireless message. The mode of passage of these sparks through the air, if known, would probably reveal the mystery involved in what we call the electric current; and go far in answering the question "What is Electricity?"

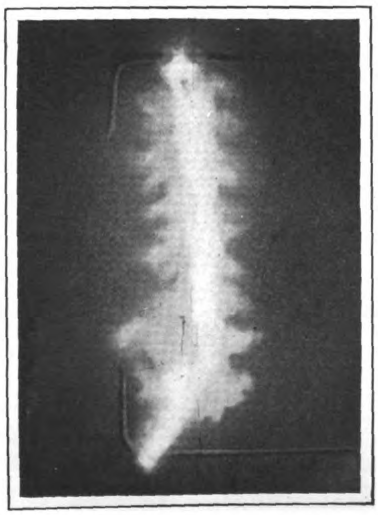
It is certain that an explosion occurs at the moment of the flash of lightning. There may be more than one explosion. I have reasons for believing that there is one at every fork of the discharge. The accompanying photograph, Fig. 2, shows the perforations in a sheet of paper which was so arranged as to receive the explosions at the forks of the discharge.

The noise of an electrical explosion is greatly enhanced by causing an electrical spark to jump between wads of cotton heavily soaked with water. The spark in this case is four or five times as long as in dry air. The wads may represent clouds laden with moisture. Such a discharge from a reservoir charged by a storage battery of twenty thousand cells such as I have experimented with is so painful that the ears have to be stuffed with cotton, and, furthermore, a heavy cloth must be wrapped about them.

These are some of what may be called striking manifestations of the mysterious sending spark. When the spark is examined with a spectroscope the most complicated phenomena are exhibited. The metal terminals between which the spark jumps contribute bright lines which are characteristic of the metals. Silver gives one set of lines, iron another; each bright line is supposed to indicate a molecular motion of extreme rapidity; moreover, the heated air also gives bright lines due to its constituents; oxygen, nitrogen, and possibly many other gases yet undiscovered or isolated. When a discharge occurs near the limits of our atmosphere, perhaps five hundred miles, there is no longer a line of discharge; then we have the Aurora Borealis, and the manifestation of the X-rays. Thus the electric spark is protean in its manifestations.

When a lightning flash or an electric spark occurs in air ripples spread out in the ether of space, as if a torpedo had been exploded under water. These ripples travel, ever expanding in all directions, and constitute what are termed electric waves. They cause an up and down motion in the ether or, more strictly, a periodic motion. This motion is taken up by the distant receiver much as a light float or a boat rises and falls when the waves of a disturbance in water pass under them. There are several instruments for detecting this periodic motion. I have referred to one of them as the coherer; a collection of metallic particles which are made conducting for a current of electricity when the ether waves embrace the vessel which contains them. The coherer, however, is too sensitive for practical wireless telegraphy, and Marconi is now using a magnetic receiver which consists of a bundle of iron wires, wrapped wire suitably connected with a telephone. The electric waves striking the coiled wire disturb the magnetic condition of the iron, shaking up the little molecules from their position of rest, and causing a tick in the telephone. The electric waves travel with the velocity of light; thus the passenger on a steamship in midocean would begin to receive his wireless message in less than a hundredth of a second from the time of sending the first letter.

Since the electric waves spread out in all directions how can one prevent messages being intercepted by any one? This is a practical difficulty at present which has not been overcome. A certain measure of success has, however, been obtained. The methods to prevent interference and indiscriminate reception of wireless messages are analogous to the methods employed in sound to produce resonance. A tuning-fork at a distance, for instance, can be made to respond to one that is vibrating if it is tuned to the same note. One electrical system can be tuned to another under certain limitations.



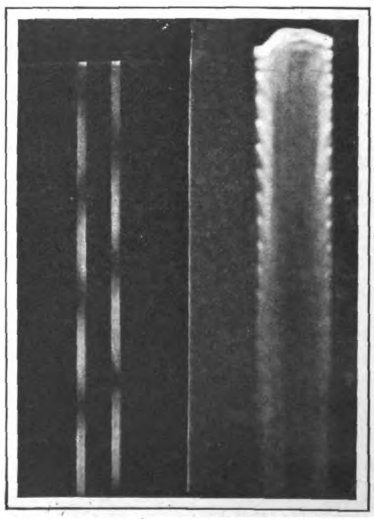
Photograph of Electric Sparks

The light, flashed by a mirror, is travelling through space at the rate of a mile a second



A Miniature Flash of Lightning taken through Perforations on a piece of Paper

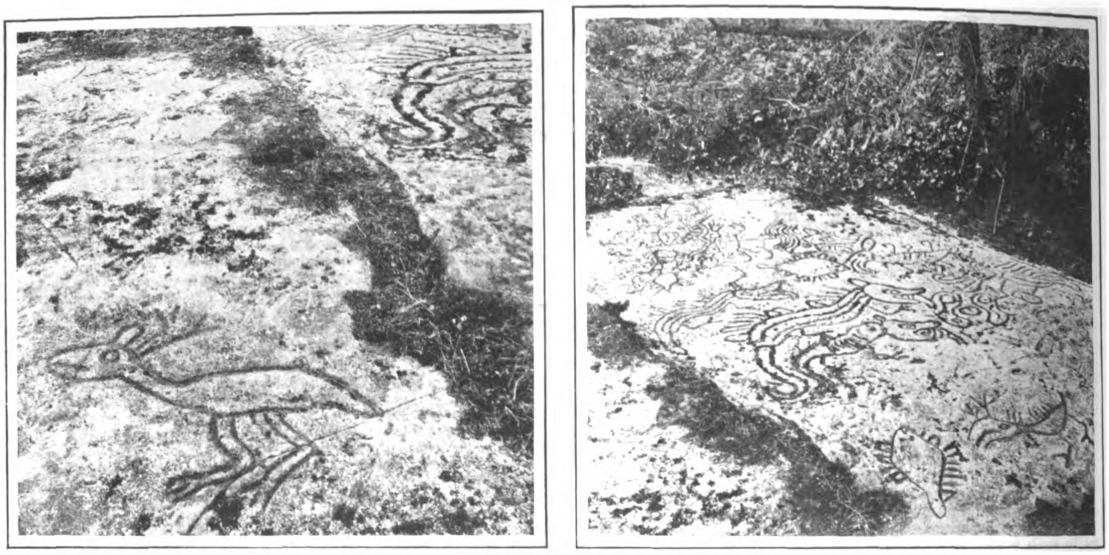
Showing that the flash is not continuous, but is made up of a series of explosions at each fork of the electrical discharge. This may partly account for the rolling of thunder. Successive discharges would reach our ears at different times



Lightning under the Spectroscope

The broad nebulous bands show the spectrum of hydrogen in a zigzag flash. This spectrum shows in narrow lines when the flash is more than ten miles high

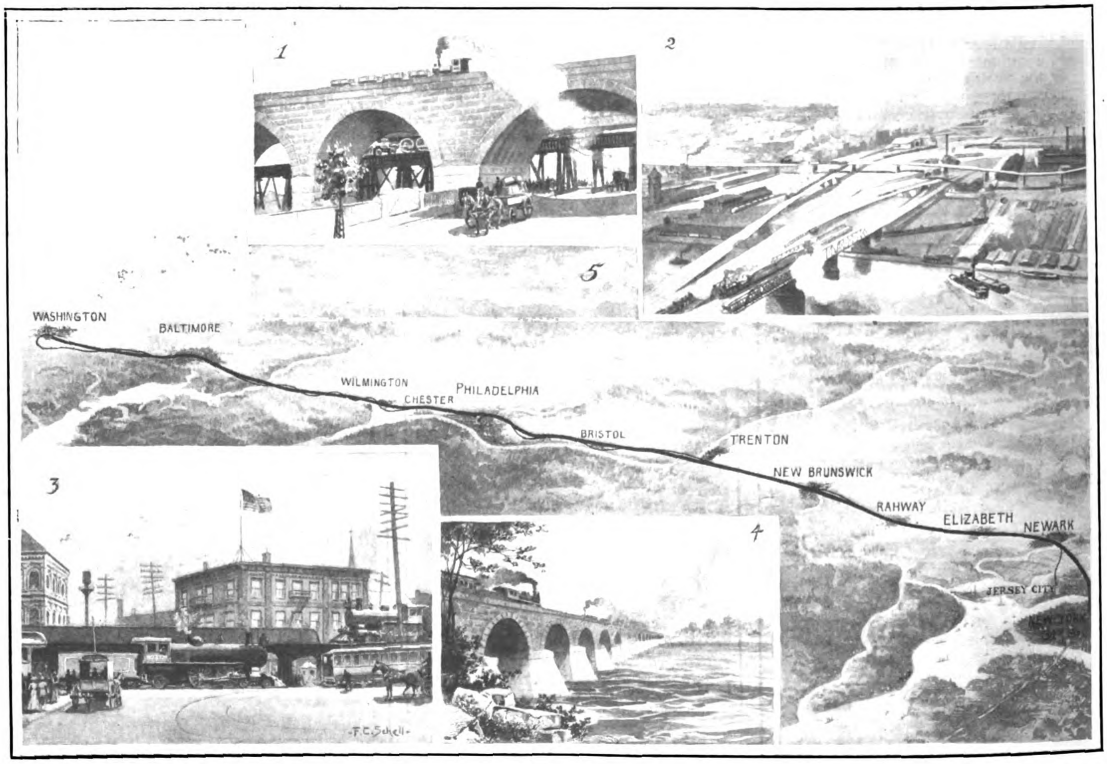
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Rock-carvings made by American Aborigines Thousands of Years Ago, probably at the Close of the Glacial Period

The First Artists Discovered

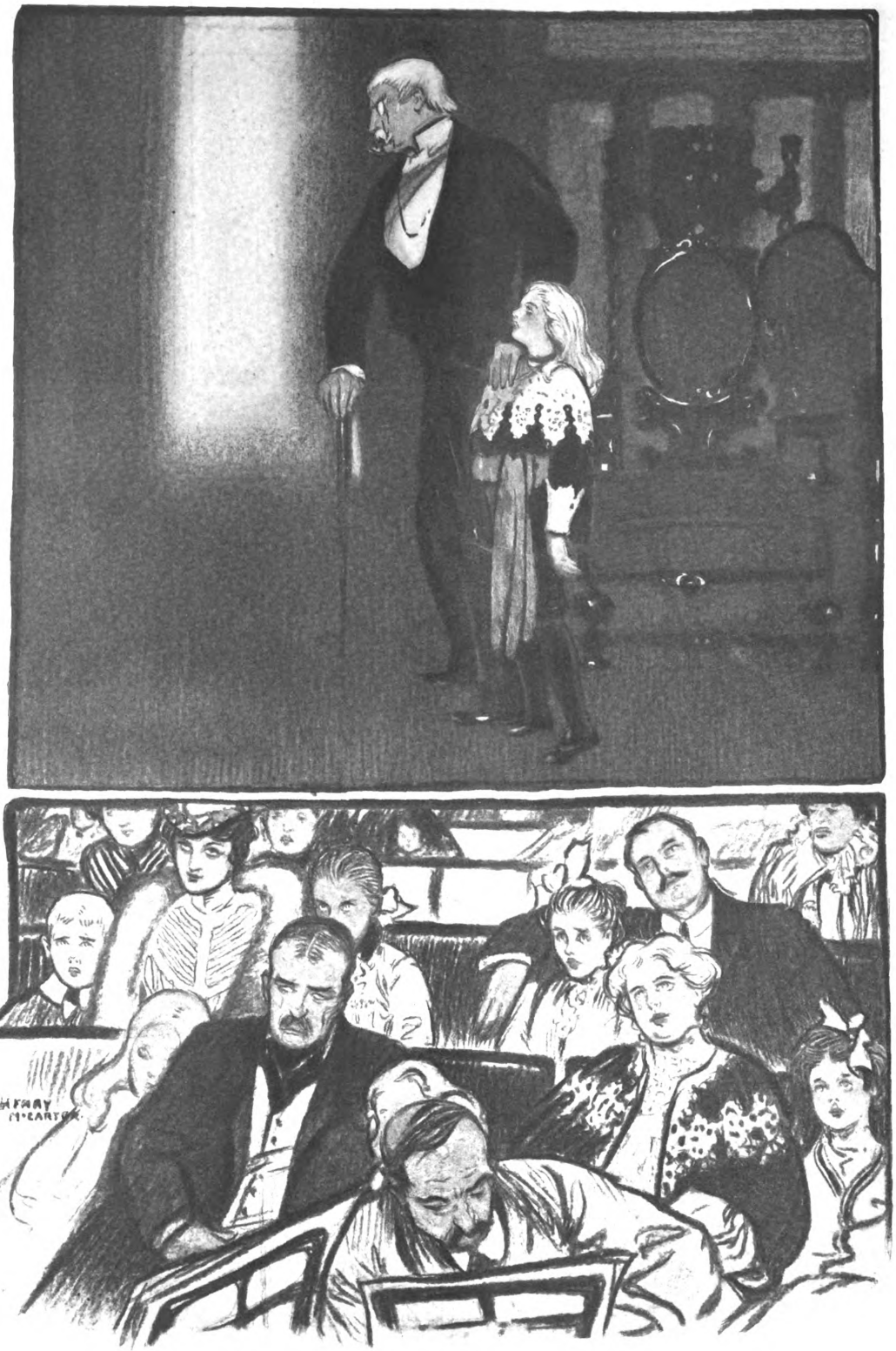
EXPEDITIONS returning recently from the coast of the North Pacific Ocean have brought evidences of the earliest attempts at art. The prehistoric artists, examples of whose work are here reproduced, engraved on the surface of rocks the images of birds, fishes, and mammals. These images are more than crude expressions of animal life. They were the indestructible legacies to posterity of the beliefs of these early tribes in their spirit protectors. The traditions gathered among the Athabascans now living tell how their ancient ancestors engaged in combats with gigantic birds, beasts, and fishes, how they subdued them, and compelled their spirits to become protectors of the tribe or family. Gradually from these combats,—mythical, no doubt,—families acquired crests. It then became the duty of succeeding generations of artists to give form to these crests and deeds of their ancestors. Thus came into existence, for example, the totem pole, showing the spirit protectors of the tribe,—animals with human faces and so on. The rock-carvings may have been done at the close of the glacial epoch.



SPENDING A HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS TO SAVE HALF AN HOUR

The new plans of the Pennsylvania Railroad to improve accommodations and to save time between New York and Washington consist largely in removing curves and grades, and in building new bridges and terminals. In the drawing (1) represents one of the new viaducts; it replaces a dangerous grade-crossing in New Brunswick; (2) the interchange tracks in West Philadelphia, where, on numerous grades, each system has its own set of tracks; (3) Broad Street crossing in Newark, New Jersey, showing the present grade and the new one in construction; (4) the new stone bridge over the Delaware River at Trenton. This type is replacing iron and steel bridge construction all along the line; (5) the way curves in the railway route between Washington and New York are done away with. The heavy black line represents the new alignment

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"LEAN ON ME, GRANDPA"

"Little Lord Fauntleroy," which has been dramatized by Mrs. Burnett, is now affecting New York audiences, young and old, as strongly as it did in the original production fifteen years ago

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A Macedonian Shepherd



At every Station on the Frontier Turkish Guards take charge of the Trains



An Albanian Chief



Turkish Troops on the March against Albanians who organized to drive out Christian Police



Only the Turks and Albanians are allowed to go armed in Macedonia

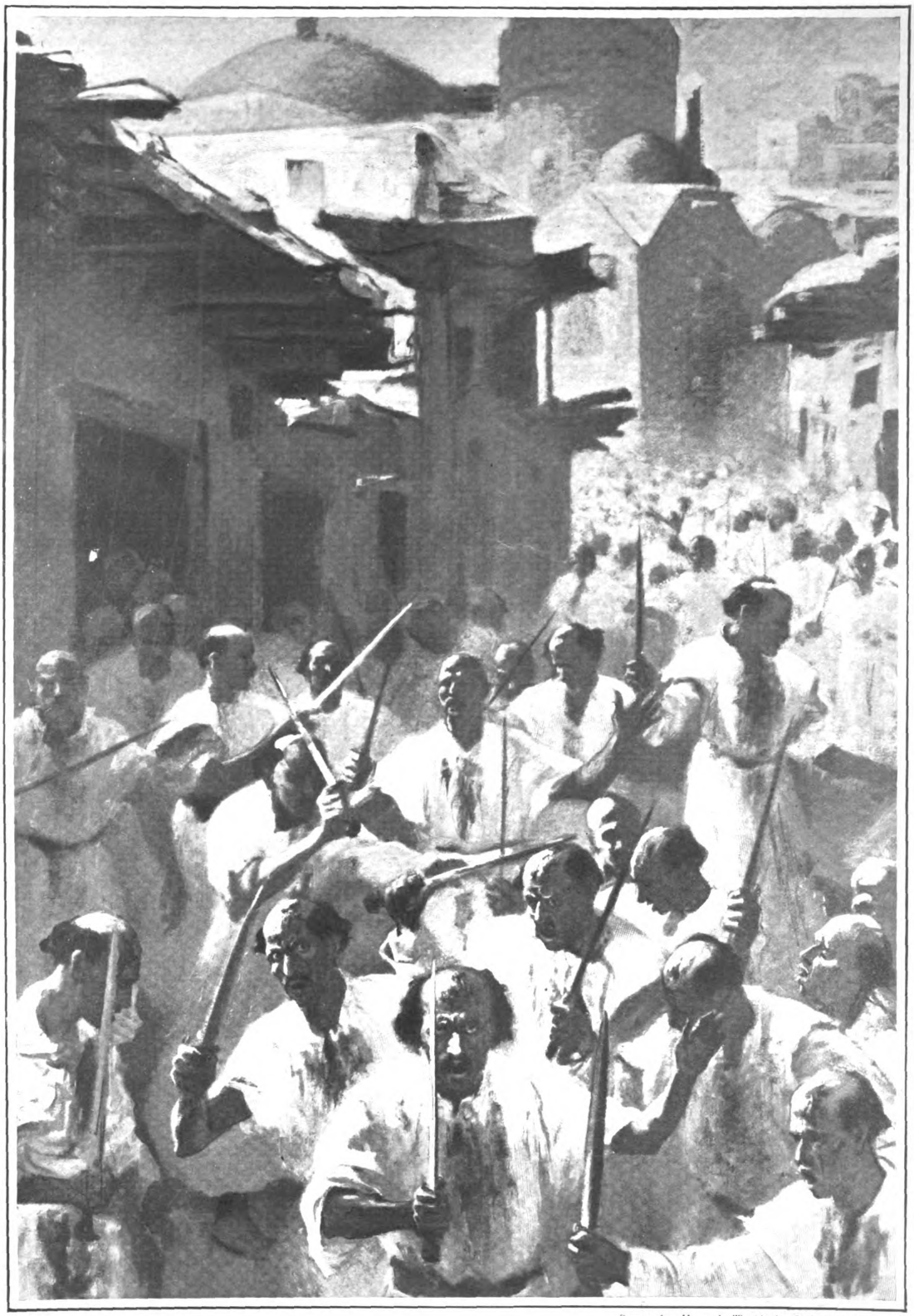


Turkish Troops at Mitrovitsa ready to start against the Albanians and Mountain Rebels

THE SITUATION IN MACEDONIA

See page 720

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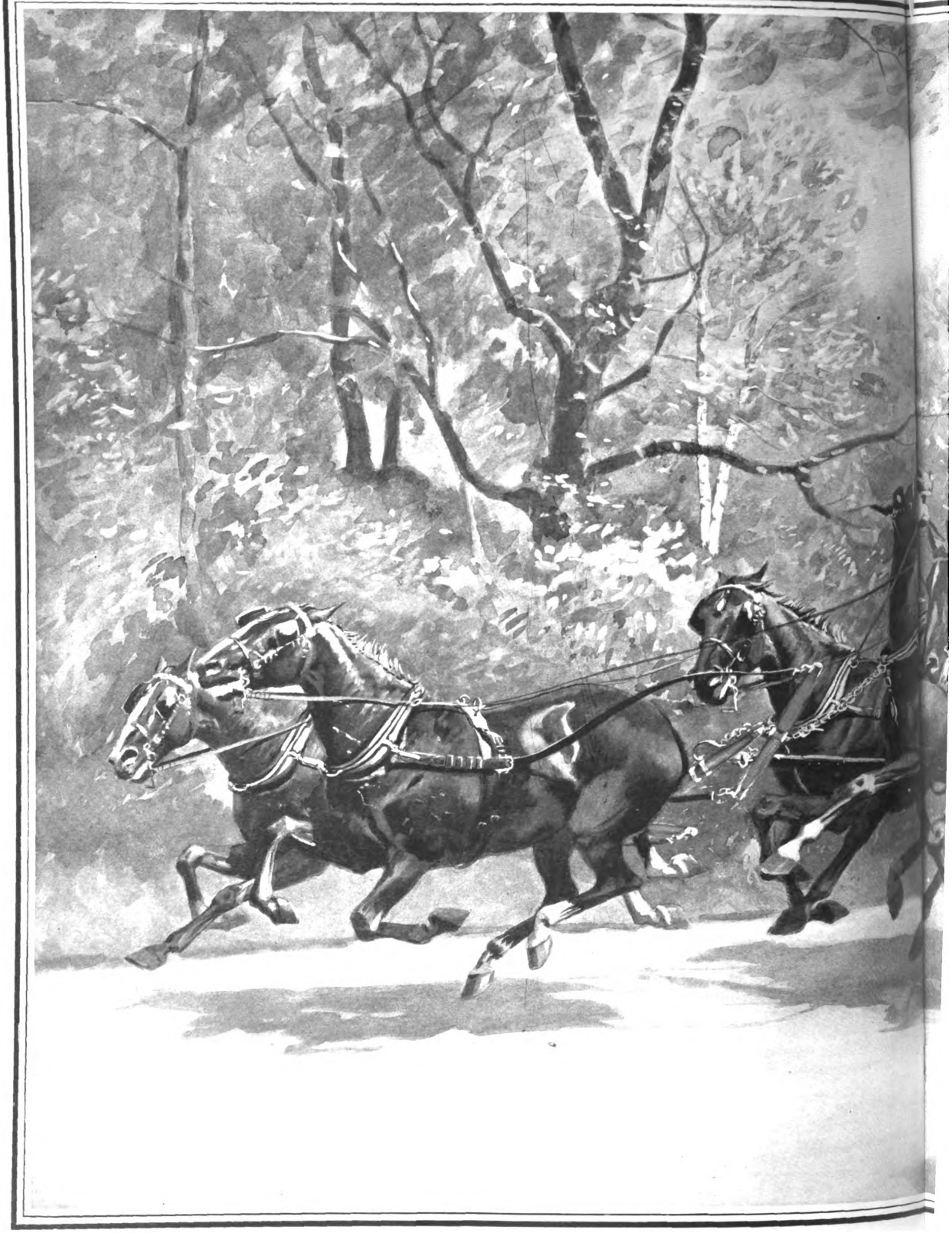


Drawn for Harper's Weekly by Sigismond Ivanowski

THE SITUATION IN MACEDONIA

The latest news reports show that the Balkan troubles are still far from being settled. The natives are opposed to the rule of the Turks, and the Turks themselves rebel against the interference of the Powers, because, among other grievances, they consider their religious freedom in peril. In the drawing is shown the spirit of fanaticism against which reform has to make way. It is a Mohammedan festival, in which the devotees of Mohammed march in crowds through the streets and wound themselves with swords in honor of their prophets

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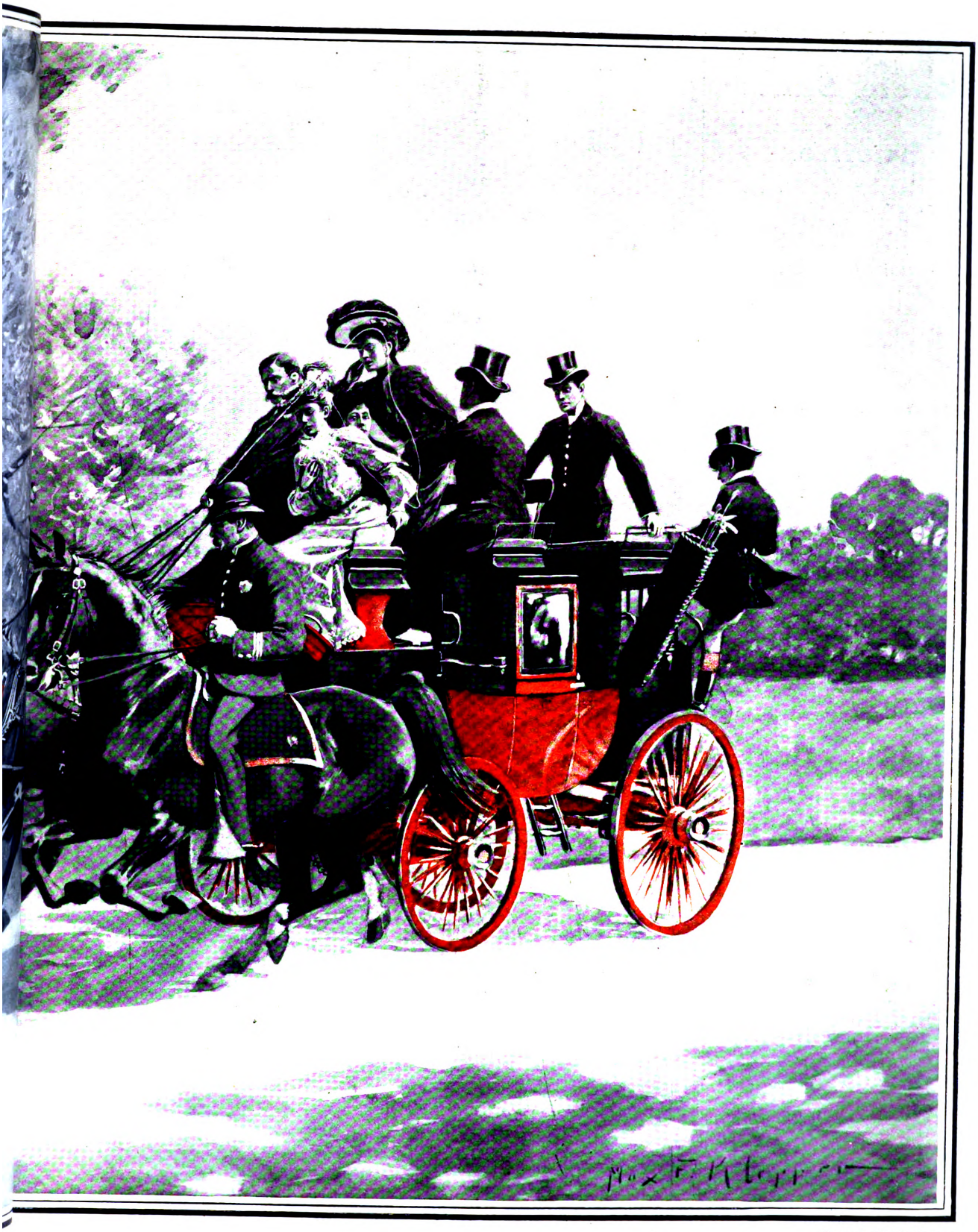


A Hold-up in

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Drawn by Max F. Klepper

Central Park

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Conducting Uncle Sam's Business While the President is Away



President Theodore Roosevelt

From an unpublished painting of the President by Fedor Encke, which is now placed in the dining-room at the White House

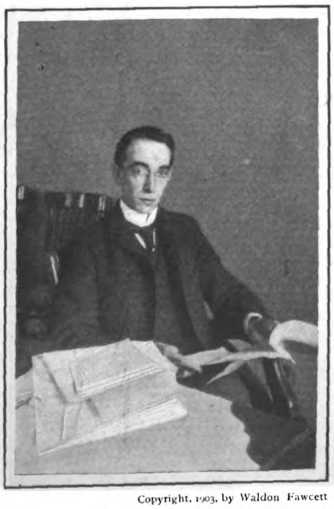
WHEN the President goes to his Long Island home during the summer, government business is done through a branch White House at Oyster Bay, which is connected by special telephone and telegraph wires with the Presidential offices at Washington. On his Western trips the task is vastly more complex. The responsibility for keeping the President constantly in touch with the White House during his absence from the capital rests largely with Colonel B. F. Montgomery, a United States Signal Corps officer who has been called the "President's intelligence officer," and who is in charge of the Telegraph and Cipher Bureau of the White House—the only telephone and telegraph station under the government which is never closed from one end of the year to the other. As soon as the itinerary of a Presidential tour is completed, Colonel Montgomery takes it in hand, and elaborates it in his own way. On the regular printed schedule only those towns and cities are indicated at which the train will make stops, but on Colonel Montgomery's programme there is a notation of the exact time at which the Presidential special should pass every telegraph office on the line. Thus every train-dispatcher's shanty is utilized to connect the President with his official workshop, and in order to be ever ready for the unexpected a telegraph operator from the White House travels on the train prepared to "tap" a telegraph wire at any point in case of an emergency.

Practically all of the Presidential business which is transacted by telegraph,—and there is a surprising amount of it in the course of a prolonged tour,—is transmitted in cipher. The long-distance telephone is also utilized whenever practicable—that is, whenever the special train makes a stop of sufficient length to justify a long-distance connection being made with the telephone installation on the President's private car. When President McKinley made his transcontinental tour most of the members of his official family accompanied him, and cabinet meetings were held on the train, but during the present Roosevelt tour it has been necessary to resort to what are known as "long-distance cabinet meetings"—that is, the Chief Executive has conferred by wire with various members of his cabinet who have gone to the White House at prearranged times for the purpose.

The exchange of mail is another important function in the transaction of Presidential business under nomadic conditions. The volume of White House mail, approximating under ordinary conditions about one thousand letters a day, is cut down somewhat when the President is absent, but, nevertheless, several hundred communications must be given attention at the Executive offices in Washington every day. The new assistant secretary to the President, Mr. Rudolph Forster, is in charge at the White House, and he and his assistants handle all the routine mail, forwarding to the Presidential party only such letters as require the personal attention of the Chief Magistrate or his secretary.

In the dispatch of the parcels of mail,—three bundles of letters are sent forward every twenty-four hours,—the officials at the White House are guided by the same minute schedule which is employed by Colonel Montgomery, but the mails are more uncertain than the telegraph, and, consequently, it is no easy task to so time the transmission of each consignment of communications that it will arrive in the proper city at just the proper time, and yet this is imperative, for were important communications to arrive at any given point after the departure of the Presidential train the inconvenience might be serious.

William Loeb, Jr., Secretary to the President and Assistant-Secretary B. F. Barnes are in charge of the travelling Executive office, and have with them several of the White House stenographers. Their duties are not confined to answering the correspondence forwarded from Washington, for it may readily be imagined that wherever so energetic an official as Theodore Roosevelt is there will inevitably be more or less new business originating all the time. When on tour the President has no stated time for conferring with his secretary, although he usually takes the hour or two before midnight for the transaction of urgent business.



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Rudolph Forster



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William Loeb, Jr.



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Benjamin F. Barnes

The three Secretaries to the President

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An Astronomical Trust

PROFESSOR E. C. PICKERING, Director of the Harvard Astronomical Observatory, proposes, in a report which he has just issued, a plan looking to the consolidation of the leading astronomical interests of the world for the purpose of furthering scientific research in that field. The five richest observatories—the Naval Observatory at Washington, and those at Paris, Harvard, Greenwich, and Pulkowa—have an aggregate yearly income amounting to $900,000, which represents, at five per cent., the interest on $10,000,000. Professor Pickering believes that an addition to this sum, which would serve as a common fund, of $1,000,000, if properly applied to the purpose of co-ordinating world-wide astronomical interests, would immensely enhance the value and usefulness of the observatories now active in individual investigation.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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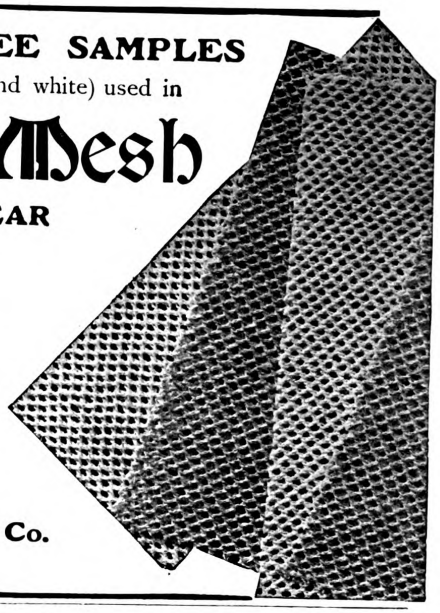
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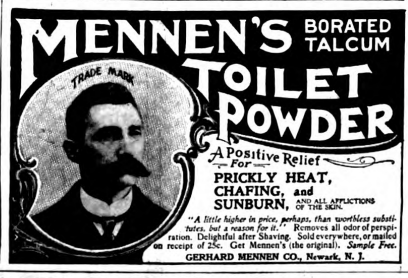
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LONE WOLF'S OLD GUARD

BY

HAMLIN GARLAND



NOW it happened that Lone Wolf's camp was on the line between the land of the Cheyennes and the home of his own people, the Kiowas, but he did not know this. He had lived there long, and the white man's maps were as unimportant to him as they had been to the Cheyennes. When he moved there he considered it to be his—a gift direct from the Creator—with no prior rights to be overstepped.

But the Consolidated Cattle Company, having secured the right to enclose a vast pasture, cared nothing for any red man's claim, provided they stood in with the government. A surveying party was sent out to run lines for fences.

Lone Wolf heard of these invaders while they were at work north of him, and learned in some mysterious way that they were to come down the Elk and cut through his camp. To his friend John, the interpreter, he sent these words:

"The white man must not try to build a fence across my land. I will fight if he does. Washington is not behind this thing. He would not build a fence through my lines without talking with me. I have sent to the agent of the Kiowas, he knows nothing about it—it is all a plan of the cattle-men to steal my lands. Tell them that we have smoked over this news—we have decided. This fence will not be built."

When "Johnny Smoker" brought this stern message to the camp of the surveyors some of them promptly threw up their hands. Jim Bellows, scout and interpreter, was among these, and his opinion had weight, for he wore his hair long and posed as an Indian fighter of large experience.

"Boys," he began, impressively. "We got to get out o' here as soon as darkness covers us. We're sixty miles from the fort, and only fifteen all told, and not half-armed. Old Lone Wolf holds over us, and we might as well quit and get help."

This avowal carried the camp, and the party precipitately returned to Darlington to confer with the managers of the company.

Pierce, the chief man, had reasons for not calling on the military authorities. His lease was as yet merely a semi-private arrangement between the Secretary of the Interior and himself, and he feared the consequences of a fight with Lone Wolf—publicity, friction, might cause the withdrawal of his lease; therefore he called in John Seger, and said:

"Jack, can you put that line through?"

"I could, but I don't want to. Lone Wolf is a good friend of mine, and I don't want to be mixed up in a mean job."

"Oh, come now—you mustn't show the white flag. I need you. I want you to pick out five or six men of grit and go along and see that this line is run. I can't be fooling around here all summer. Here's my lease, signed by the Secretary, as you see. It's all straight, and this old fool of an Indian must move."

Jack reluctantly consented, and set to work to hire a half-dozen men whose courage he had personal knowledge of. Among these was a man by the name of Tom Speed, a borderman of great hardihood and experience. To him he said:

"Tom, I don't like to go into this thing; but I'm hard up, and Pierce has given me the contract to build the fence if we run the line, and it looks like we got to do it. Now I wish you'd saddle up and help me stave off trouble. How does it strike you?"

"It's nasty business, Jack; but I reckon we might better do it than let some tenderfoot go in and start a killin'. I'm busted flat, and if the pay is good, I jest about feel obliged to take it."

So it happened that two avowed friends of the red man led this second expedition against Lone Wolf's camp. Pierce sent his brother as boss, and with him went the son of one of the principal owners, a Boston man, by the name of Ross. Speed always called him "the Dude," though he dressed quite simply, as dress goes in Roxbury. He wore a light suit of gray wool, "low-quartered shoes," and a "grape-box hat." He was armed with a pistol, which wouldn't kill a turtle-dove at fifteen feet. Henry Pierce, on the contrary, was a reckless and determined man.

Moving swiftly across the Divide, they took up the line on Elk Creek, and started directly toward Lone Wolf's camp. As they were nearing the bend in the river where Lone Wolf was camped, a couple of young warriors came riding leisurely up from the south. They were very cordial in their greeting, and after shaking hands all around pleasantly inquired,

"What are you doing here?"

"Running a line to mark out the land which the cattle-men have leased of the Cheyennes."

"We will go along and see where you are going," they replied.

A couple of hours later, while they were still with the camp, two others came riding quietly in from the east. They said, "We are looking for horses," and after shaking hands and asking Seger what the white men were doing, rode forward to join their companions, who seemed deeply interested in the surveyors and their instruments. Turning to Pierce, Jack said,

"You noticed that these four men were armed, I reckon?"

"Oh, yes, but they are all right. Didn't you see how they shook hands all round? They're just out hunting up ponies."

"Yes, I saw that; but I noticed they had plenty of ammunition and that their guns were bright. Indians don't hunt horses in squads, Mr. Pierce."

Pierce smiled, giving Seger a sidewise glance. "Are you getting nervous? If you are, you can drop to the rear."

Now Seger had lived for the larger part of his life among the red people, and knew their ways. He answered, quietly:

"There are only four of them now; you'll see more of them soon," and he pointed away to the north, where the heads of three mounted men were rising into sight over a ridge. These also proved to be young Kiowas, thoroughly armed, who asked the same question of the manager, and in conclusion pleasantly said,

"We'll just go along and see how you do it."

As they rode forward Seger uttered a more pointed warning.

"Mr. Pierce, I reckon you'd better make some better disposition of your men. They are all strung out here, with their guns on their backs, in no kind of shape to make a defence."

Pierce was a little impressed by the scout's earnestness, and took trouble to point out the discrepancy between "a bunch of seven cowardly Indians" and his own band of twenty brave and experienced men.

"That's all right," replied Seger; "but these seven men are only spies, sent out to see what we are going to do. We'll have to buckle up with Lone Wolf's whole band very soon."

A few minutes later the seven young men rode quietly by and took a stand on a ridge a little in front of the surveyors. As he approached them, Segar perceived a very great change in their demeanor. They no longer smiled; they seemed grim, resolute, and much older. From a careless, laughing group of young men they had become soldiers—determined, disciplined, and dignified. Their leader, riding forth, held up his hand, and said,

"Stop; you must wait here till Lone Wolf comes."

Meanwhile, in the little city of tents, a brave drama was being enacted. Lone Wolf, a powerful man of middle age, was sitting in council with his people. The long-expected had happened—the cattle-men had begun to mark off the red man's land as their own, and the time had come either to submit or to repel the invaders. To submit was hard, to fight hopeless. Their world was still narrow, but they had a benumbing conception of the power and the remorseless greed of the white man.

"We can kill those who come," said Lone Wolf. "They are few, but behind them are the soldiers and men who plough."

At last old White Buffalo rose—he had been a great leader in his day, and was still much respected, though he had laid aside his chieftainship. He was bent and gray and wrinkled, but his voice was still strong, and his eyes keen.

"My friends, listen to me! During seventy years of my life I lived without touching the hand of a white man. I have always opposed warfare, except when it was necessary; but now the time has come to fight. Let me tell you what to do. I see here some thirty old men, who, like me, are nearing the grave. This thing we will do—we old men—we will go out to war against these cattle-men. We will go forth and die in defence of our lands. Big Wolf, come—and you, my brother, Standing Bear."

As he called the roll of the gray old defenders, the old women broke into heart-piercing wailing, intermingled with exultant cries as some brave wife or sister caught the force of the heroic responses, which leaped from the lips of their fathers and husbands. A feeling of awe fell over the young men as they watched the fires flame once more in the dim eyes of their grandsires, and when all had spoken, Lone Wolf rose and stepped forth, and said,

"Very well; then I will lead you."

"Whosoever leads us goes to certain death," said White Buffalo. "It is the custom of the white men to kill the leader. You will fall at the first fire. I will lead."

Lone Wolf's face grew stern. "Am I not your war chief? Whose place is it to lead? If I die, I fall in combat for my land, and you, my children, will preserve my name in song. We do not know how this will end, but it is better to end in battle than to have our lands cut in half beneath our feet."

The bustle and preparation began at once. When all was ready, the thirty gray and withered old men, beginning a low humming song, swept through the camp and started on their desperate charge.

(Continued on page 718.)

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"Little Lord Fauntleroy" at the Casino

See page 709

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S popular comedy "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is delighting troops of children daily in a series of matinées at the Casino. The part of the impulsive little lord, taken some fifteen years ago by Miss Elsie Leslie and Mr. Tommy Russell, is now played by Miss Vivian Martin, alternating with Master Harry C. Wright. Although she has had four years' experience on the professional stage, little Miss Martin is not yet in her teens, and Master Wright is equally youthful.

The audience is really the entertaining feature at these performances. One is surrounded by children of all ages, from youngsters of three, who comment in rapturous asides upon the performance, to play-going veterans of sixteen, who struggle manfully to suppress any visible signs of emotion during the affecting passages with which the play abounds. There are more girls than boys in the audience—perhaps the masculine mind is haunted by a suspicion that the amiable and beloved *Fauntleroy* is just the least bit priggish in his devotions and his philanthropies. But their sisters have no such hesitancies: they laugh and weep with unconstrained delight over the tribulations of *Dearest* and the humors of *Bridget* and *Mr. Hobbs*. As for the necessary parents and guardians, they scarcely count—"Little Lord Fauntleroy" is not for them: and if they feel inclined to protest against what may seem to them a certain artificiality and excess of sweetness in this drama of childhood, they are to remember that they are present only as parents and escorts, and not at all as critics. And yet there are passages in the play of such genuine human sympathy that even the grown-ups are affected. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is one of the few plays of the season that have the power to move to laughter and tears: and it is through this quality of tender and sincere feeling that it is to-day as real in its appeal as it was fifteen years ago.

It may be of interest to *Fauntleroy's* juvenile admirers to know that the apple which *Mr. Hobbs* gives *Cedric* in the first act is by no means a "property" apple, but very real and substantial fruit, and that the small lord makes away with it as soon as he reaches his dressing-room.

The Composer and the Horse-thief

EDWARD MACDOWELL, the eminent American composer, had an experience recently with one of the numerous press-clipping bureaus which has convinced him of the futility of fame. Mr. MacDowell was importuned so persistently for a subscription to the agency, that he finally succumbed to the temptation to read what was said of himself and his work in the public prints. Upon his acceptance, the agency immediately began sending him clippings, not only about himself and his work, but about every one else whose name happened to be MacDowell. He received press comments in plenty on the exploits and achievements of actors, pugilists, and men of affairs of his own name, but comparatively few concerning himself. He endured it patiently, however, until the agency sent him a clipping from some Western journal noting the capture and lynching of one George MacDowell, a notorious horse-thief. This was too much for the composer of the "Sea Pieces," and he wrote the agency that, as he was now effectually despatched, he could scarcely be expected to continue his subscription.

Mascagni's next Opera

THAT most ill-starred of opera-writers, Pietro Mascagni, is undiscouraged by his many failures, and is writing a new lyric drama, based upon the thirteenth-century wars in southern Italy. The book is being prepared by Sigismund Elfred, of Milwaukee, a friend of the composer. It has been suggested that Mascagni would find a congenial subject for an opera in his recent American experiences.



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(Continued from page 716.)

Lone Wolf leading them. "Some of those who go will return, but if the white men fight, I will not return," he sang, as they began to climb the hill on whose top the white man could be seen awaiting their coming.

Half-way up the hill they met some of the young warriors. "Go bring all the white men to the council," said Lone Wolf.

As the band left the village and began to ascend the hill, Speed turned and said: "Well, Jack, what do you think of it? Here comes a war party—painted and armed."

"I think it's about an even chance whether we ever cross the Washita again or not. Now, you are a married man with children, and I wouldn't blame you if you pulled out right this minute."

"I feel meaner about this than anything I ever did," replied Speed, "but I am going to stay with the expedition."

As Lone Wolf and his heroic old guard drew near, Seger thrilled with the significance of this strange and solemn company of old men in full war-paint, armed with all kinds of old-fashioned guns, and bows and arrows. As he looked into their wrinkled faces, the scout perceived that these grandsires had come resolved to die. He divined what had taken place in camp. Their exalted heroism was written in the sombre droop of their lips. "We can die, but we will not retreat!" In such wise our grandsires fought.

Lone Wolf led his Spartan host steadily on till near enough to be heard without effort. He then halted, took off his war-bonnet, and hung it on the pommel of his saddle, and, lifting both palms to the sky, he spoke, and his voice had a solemn boom in it: "The Great Father is looking down on us. He sees us. He knows I speak the truth. He gave us this land. We are the first to inhabit it. No one else has any claim to it. It is ours, and I will go under the sod before any cattle-men shall divide it and take it away from us. I have said it."

When this was interpreted to him, Pierce with a look of inquiry turned to Speed. "Tell the old fool this line is going to be run, and no old scare-crows like these can stop us."

Seger, lifting his hand, signed: "Lone Wolf, you know me. I am your friend. I do not come to do you harm. I come to tell you you are wrong. All the land on my left hand the Great Father says is Cheyenne land. All on my right is Kiowa land. The Cheyennes have sold the right to their land to the white man, and we are here to mark out the line. We take only Cheyenne land."

"I do not believe it," replied the chief. "My agent knows nothing of it. Washington has not written anything to me about it. This is the work of robbers. Cattle-men will do anything for money. They are wolves. They shall not go on."

"What does he say?" asked Pierce.

"He says we must not go on."

"You tell him that he can't run any such bluff on me with his old scare-crow warriors. This line goes through."

Lone Wolf, tense and eager, asked, "What says the white chief?"

"He says we must run the line."

Lone Wolf turned to his guard. "You may as well get ready," he said, quietly.

The old men drew closer together with a mutter of low words, and each pair of dim eyes selected their man. The clicking of their guns was ominous, and Pierce turned white.

Speed drew his revolver-holster round to the front. "They're going to fight," he said. "Every man get ready!"

But Seger, eager to avoid the appalling contest, cried out to Pierce:

"Don't do that! It's suicide to go on. These old men have come out to fight till death." To Lone Wolf he signed: "Don't shoot, my friend!—let us consider this matter. Put up your guns."

Into the hot mist of Pierce's wrath came a realization that these old men were in mighty earnest. He hesitated.

Lone Wolf saw his hesitation, and said: "If you are here by right, why do you not get the soldier chief to come and tell me? If the Great Father has ordered this—then I am like a man with his hands tied. The soldiers do not lie. Bring them!"

Seger grasped eagerly at this declaration. "There is your chance, Pierce. The chief says he will submit if the soldiers come to make the survey. Let me tell him that you will bring an officer from the fort to prove that the government is behind you."

Pierce, now fully aware of the desperate bravery of the old men, was looking for a knothole of escape. "All right, fix it up with him," he said.

Seger turned to Lone Wolf. "The chief of the surveyors says: 'Let us be friends. I will not run the line.'"

"Ho, ho!" cried the old warriors, and their faces, grim and wrinkled, broke up into smiles. They laughed, they shook hands, while tears of joy filled their eyes. They were like men delivered from sentence of death. The desperate courage of their approach was now revealed even to Pierce. They were joyous as children over their sudden release from slaughter.

Lone Wolf, approaching Seger, dismounted, and laid his arm over his friend's shoulder. "My friend," he said, with grave tenderness, "I wondered why you were with these men, and my heart was heavy; but now I see that you were here to turn aside the guns of the cattle-men. My heart is big with friendship for you. Once more you have proved my good counsellor." And tears dimmed the fierceness of his eyes.

A week later, a slim, smooth-cheeked second lieutenant, by virtue of his cap and the crossed arms which decorated his collar, ran the line, and Lone Wolf made no resistance. "I have no fight with the soldiers of the Great Father," he said: "they do not come to gain my land. I now see that Washington has decreed that this fence shall be built." Nevertheless, his heart was very heavy, and in his camp his heroic old guard sat waiting, waiting!



"The Great Father is looking down on us. He sees us. He knows I speak the truth"

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Is the Sun Inhabited?

A LIVELY controversy has arisen among astronomers which revives the old question concerning the habitability of the sun. An Indiana astronomer, Alexander Young, has announced that solar observations which he has been carrying on for many years have convinced him not only that the sun is perfectly capable of sustaining life, but that it is actually inhabited. Professor W. H. Pickering, of Harvard, has retorted, with more vivacity than patience, that "Alexander Young is a crank—it has been proved that the sun is too hot a body to allow of any life there. Vegetation on the sun is beyond the range of possibility," a declaration which has been seconded by Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, who affirms that the earth is the single body in the universe which can sustain life, and the only body upon which life exists to-day. The final authoritative settlement of the matter will be awaited with interest.

Theatricals in the Philippines

THAT famous Weber & Fields concoction "Pousse Café" has reached the Philippines, and was recently produced by a company of Liliputians at the National Theatre, Manila, with immensé success. "Paul Jones," "The Gaiety Girl," "Pinafore," "La Mascotte," "Dorothy," and "The Belle of New York" have also been performed. According to the dramatic critic of the Manila *Sunday Sun*, the productions were highly satisfactory. The *Sun*, however, objects to "Paul Jones." The plot, it complains, "is impossible and ridiculous," although "the way was paved for some clever musical specialties and hits which took the house by storm." If the *Sun* is to be believed, Manila is not far behind us in the matter of comfortable play-houses: "The seating arrangements at the National are excellent, better than ever before. Especial care is taken to secure the comfort of patrons, and the public has noticed and commented on this fact."

A New Use for Wireless

A NOVEL and suggestive development in the field of wireless telegraphy will be the equipment of one of the New York Central's fast trains, the "Twentieth Century Limited," with the apparatus of the De Forest system. It is planned to establish wireless stations at intervals of 100 miles along the line of the road. The train will carry no mast, as the successful working of the system will not necessitate any considerable altitude. It is likely that the general use of some such system as this would tend materially to diminish the danger attending ordinary railroad travel; for should it be necessary to communicate with the engineer after the train had got beyond the reach of a telegraph operator, a message could still be sent to him by wireless.

Mark Twain's Namesake

A ST. LOUIS harbor-boat which has been christened the *Mark Twain*, out of compliment to the famous humorist, is the cause of considerable amusement on the occasions when it is referred to in the St. Louis newspapers. Such items of news as the following are suggestive of startling possibilities: "*Mark Twain* in need of repairs." "*Mark Twain's* boilers explode." "*Mark Twain* in head-on collision." It is not difficult to imagine the occasion for even worse shocks to Mr. Clemens's dignity in the future career of the *Mark Twain*.

Patti still at It

MADAME ADELINA PATTI has never been noted for the variety of her concert repertoire; but when one reads that among her numbers at a recent concert in which she sang was that not unfamiliar lyric, "Home, Sweet Home," it is hard to realize that one is living in the twentieth century. And next November, when the most famous of divas will pay us her fifth (or is it her sixth?—one loses count) farewell visit, we shall realize still more forcibly that the past dies hard.

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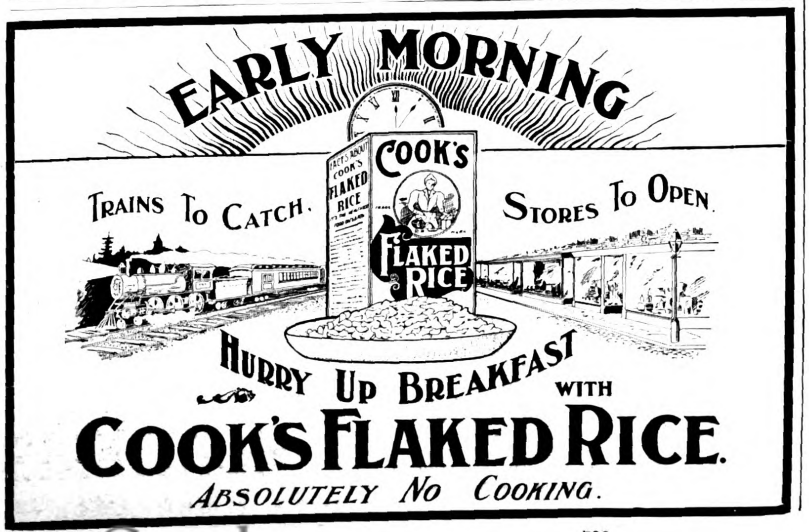
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The Situation in Macedonia

By Charles Johnston

See page 710

THE contagion of the Macedonian trouble has spread to Albania; the Sultan is face to face with two quite independent and even hostile insurrectionary movements within his European dominions; he is also confronted with a concerted movement of the great powers, a movement which has clear views and a determination to have them carried out. This grave and complicated situation springs primarily from race causes and race differences; to understand it at all we must approach it along race lines. The whole of European Turkey is involved, on one side or the other; we must therefore get into our heads the general character of its divisions and population. European Turkey is divided into six vilayets or provinces, each governed by a Turkish vali, or governor. Two of these vilayets, namely, Scutari to the south and Janina to the north, make up what we call Albania. Three more vilayets, namely, Monastir, Kossovo, and Salonica, make up what we call Macedonia. The sixth and last vilayet is Adrianople, with which the metropolitan district of Constantinople may be grouped.

We have thus three units: Albania, with about a million inhabitants, mostly Mohammedan; the three provinces called Macedonia, with about three million inhabitants, fairly divided between the three vilayets; and, finally, the Turkish section of Adrianople and Constantinople, with about a million inhabitants. The whole country is mountainous, its ridges being here and there separated with plains of wonderful fertility, like the celebrated Vale of Roses, under Adrianople. Now for our race question. Albania, with its million inhabitants, mostly Mussulman, probably represents the old aboriginal population, going back to pre-classical times. Its people are not, however, an exhausted or outworn race, but hardy mountaineers, full of force and fire; in organization, in character, in their raiding proclivities exactly like the great Highland clans which wrote so much red history in the northern half of Britain. These Albanians, while at one with the Turks in religion, are full of the spirit of political independence, and look back to glorious days of freedom and power under princes of their own, in the Middle Ages, where so much splendid history is buried.

The Albanian clansmen hate and despise their Slavonic neighbors in the three provinces of Macedonia; they are hardly more friendly to the Turks, religious intolerance and Moslem zeal being the one bond of union between them. To pass now to the three provinces Monastir, Kossovo, and Salonica: they have about a million inhabitants each, almost wholly Slav and Christian of the Oriental rite, and therefore closely akin in blood and faith to the Russians. This great primary fact is obscured by calling them Macedonians, a name suggesting affinities with Greece, which do not exist outside the Aegan ports. Besides these racial and spiritual affinities with Russia, the Christian Slavs of the three provinces have near relatives in Bulgaria, with its three or four million inhabitants ruled over by Prince Ferdinand at Sofia; and yet other relatives in Servia, with its two million inhabitants ruled by King Alexander at Belgrade. Further, the Balkan Slavs are related to all the Slavs of Austria, not only the Czechs, Moravians, and Poles of Galicia, but also the Croatians and Slavonians to the south; the bulk of the inhabitants of Hungary, where the pure Magyars are a small though dominating minority; and also the Slavs of Bosnia and Herzegovina, still nominally Turkish, but practically Austrian territory. All these

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Slav affinities must be kept in mind if we wish to understand the Balkan problem, and to see why it is that the solution of that problem lies in the strong and hearty co-operation of Austria and Russia, since these are the two great Slavonic powers, and therefore blood brothers to the oppressed peoples of the three provinces. We must also keep in mind that Prussia is strongly anti-Slavonic in policy, not only because of her rivalry with Russia, but because she has a difficult Slav problem within her own borders, in the Slavs of Prussian Poland, around Posen, which was formerly the metropolis of an independent Polish kingdom, and whose ancient glories are still fresh in the hearts of all Poles. Kaiser Wilhelm and von Bülow have announced their determination to make of these Poles "good Germans and even good Prussians," an ethnical miracle wholly beyond their powers, as they themselves secretly apprehend.

Hence the hardly concealed bitterness of Germany towards the Slav question, and her almost open alliance with Abdul Hamid, an alliance which is now the one real obstacle to a peaceable and happy solution of the Balkan question. Finally, we come to Adrianople and Constantinople, the one real stronghold of the true Osmanli Turks in Europe. They are only a few hundred thousands, at most a million, in number; but their strength lies across the Bosporus, where they have a sturdy reserve of perhaps ten millions of the same race and faith, on whom the Sultan constantly draws for fresh levies for his armies.

The Balkan question, therefore, reduces itself to this: the Slavonic relatives of the miserable and persecuted populations of the three provinces, with Russia and Austria at their head, are determined to put a stop to the evils of Turkish tyranny in the three provinces of Macedonia. They have decided on a policy of peaceful pressure, backed by a tremendous reserve of armed force, and brought to bear through their embassies at Constantinople and through the numerous consulates which they have established in Macedonia. To more effectually control the raids of the Albanians, Russia recently established a new consulate at Mitrovitsa in the north Albanian region, and the whole of the Albanian uprising has grown from the first opposition of the Albanian Mussulman clansman to this Russian consulate and the reform which it implies. Hence the Albanians are at war at once with the Slavs, in whose interest the reforms are sought, and with the Turkish authorities, who seem to be making a genuine effort to bring the reforms into action. The Albanians are, therefore, practically at war, not only with the three Slavonic provinces of Macedonia, but also with the metropolitan Turks of Adrianople and Constantinople. From this three-cornered duel come all those outbreaks and atrocities which we group under the general title of the Balkan question.

Mr. Cleveland as a Landlord

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, who is living at Princeton, owns a house in the neighborhood which he leases to a university professor, a friend of his, for a very moderate rental. The spring rains have been unusually heavy of late, and the professor's cellar is frequently inundated, greatly to his annoyance. Having found, upon investigation that a defect in the construction of the wall was responsible for the trouble, he called upon his eminent landlord to register a protest.

"Mr. Cleveland," he complained, "my cellar is full of water."

"Well," rejoined the ex-President, "what do you expect for the rent you pay—champagne?"



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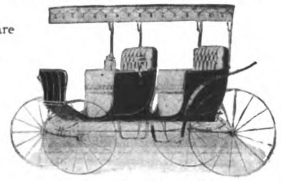
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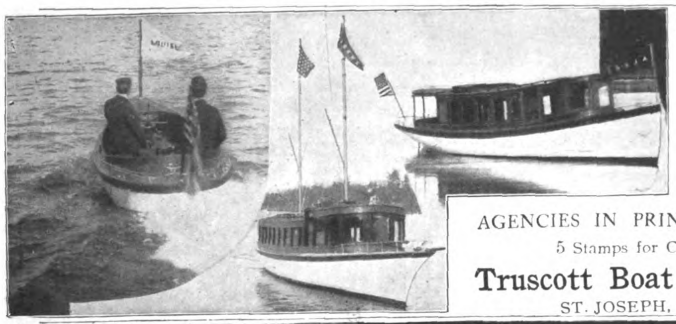
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COMMENT

PROOFS are accumulating that Governor Odell is superseding Senator Platt as chief engineer of the Republican machine in the State of New York. There are those who see in this substitution of State party leaders a bad augury for Mr. Roosevelt's prospects of securing the New York delegation to the next Republican national convention. We ourselves should draw an opposite conclusion from the facts. If the President has any political opponents within the Republican ranks in his native State, they are probably to be found among the great financiers and consolidators, who regard his attack upon the trusts, the seriousness of which has been shown in the Northern Securities case, as detrimental to the national interests and to the existing prosperity. Such men have long relied upon Senator Platt to carry out the political policy which they deemed beneficial to the country, and they could doubtless secure his services in the future. He will have no services to render, however, if it be true that he has lost his control of the party machine. Governor Odell, on the other hand, has done many things to provoke distrust and apprehension on the part of the men invested with the management of great corporate and financial interests. To them, as Governor of New York, he is no more *persona grata* than was Mr. Roosevelt himself. It is probable that under no circumstances could Governor Odell gain their confidence, and it follows that his only alternative is to enter into a close political alliance with the President. We think, therefore, that, notwithstanding Mr. Platt's success in procuring Federal appointments, his supersession by Governor Odell in the position of State leader would be viewed by Mr. Roosevelt with satisfaction. At the same time, pains will be taken to conciliate Mr. Platt at Albany, as well as at Washington, in order to avoid an open rupture of the party, and there is no doubt that the senior Senator from New York would refrain, unless exasperated, from participating in an anti-Roosevelt campaign, if he deemed it foredoomed to failure. At the present moment Mr. Roosevelt is so popular with the rank and file of the New York Republicans that it is questionable whether Senator Platt and Governor Odell together could deprive him of the delegation from the Empire commonwealth to the national convention.

The attempt of ex-Governor Hill to put himself forward as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency indicates that he has lost the political sagacity with which he used to be credited. It is barely possible that he might secure a small majority in the State convention convoked for the purpose of choosing delegates, and that his old friend Judge Parker would do what he could to secure for him the delegation. On the other hand, a large minority would be found in vehement opposition to Mr. Hill, a minority which would include the friends of Mr. Cleveland and of Mr. Shepard, as well as those of Mr. Bryan. Nor is there much doubt that if the State convention were held next week or next month, it could and would be stampeded for Judge Parker. It is even conceivable that Mr. Cleveland might get the delegation, and, strange as it may seem to those who recall the events of 1884 and 1888, he might receive the support of Tammany Hall. The State convention of New York would be largely influenced by the question whether a proposed candidate could obtain two-thirds of the national convention. That such a vote is out of the question for Mr. Hill seems to be settled, in view of the fact that Mr. Bryan's opposition to him is outspoken and vehement, and that Mr. Bryan's friends, since their triumphs in Cleveland and Chicago, are probably justified in believing that they will control more than a third of the next Democratic national convention.

Mr. Bryan has been frank in denouncing Mr. Cleveland, but he has never impeached the latter's honesty, and doubtless would prefer him to Mr. Hill. That the late candidate's dislike of Gold Democrats is not insuperable seems evident from his recent acceptance of an invitation to dine with Mr. Ingalls, the defeated Democratic candidate for Mayor of Cincinnati. As we have heretofore pointed out, he has begun in his *Commoner* to designate conspicuous Democrats who, as nominees for the Presidency, would be acceptable to his wing of the party. The first portrait in his gallery is that of Senator Stone of Missouri. It will be interesting to note whether Senator Cockrell of the same State is looked upon with equal favor. There is no doubt that Mr. Cockrell voted for the Democratic nominee in 1896 and in 1900, but nobody has credited him with enthusiastic support of the silver plank in the Democratic platform. So long as the *Commoner* confines itself to representatives of the former slave States, no great importance will be attached to its selections, for the Southern Democrats are quite too shrewd to desire the nominee of their party to be chosen from their section. Neither would there be much significance in the statement that Mr. Tom Johnson or Mr. W. R. Hearst would be acceptable to the Bryanites. Of course they would, but neither of them could by any possibility obtain two-thirds of the votes in a national convention. If, on the other hand, such a man as Judge Parker, Mr. Olney, or Mr. Ingalls should ultimately figure in the *Commoner's* list, we should recognize that Mr. Bryan meant business.

One of the most amazing of recent incidents in this country is the proof of the extent to which socialistic doctrines have become diffused in Massachusetts, and of the willingness to advocate them without the slightest heed to constitutional barriers. We refer to the almost unanimous report made to the Massachusetts Legislature by the Committee on Federal Relations in favor of a resolution requesting Congress to place the anthracite mining industry under governmental control, or, if such control be unattainable, to take possession of the mines in behalf of the American people. This, so far as it goes, is a Republican endorsement of the preposterous coal plank inserted by ex-Governor Hill in the platform adopted last autumn by the Democratic State convention of New York. As we pointed out at the time, the plank is preposterous, because it assumes that the Federal government can invade the State of Pennsylvania and confiscate a large section of its territory and of its mineral resources by virtue of an imaginary right of eminent domain. That a right of eminent domain is not

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implied in the "general welfare" clause of the Constitution is evident from the fact that the framers of that document went on in the very next section to declare that Congress could not even acquire land for the seat of the Federal government without a voluntary cession on the part of the State or States concerned, and that it could not purchase land for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dry docks, and other needful government buildings except by the consent of the Legislature of the State in which said land should be. Nothing could be more conclusive than the proof furnished by these express limitations that no general right of eminent domain is vested by the Constitution in the Federal government. From the extraordinary report made to the Massachusetts Legislature with regard to the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania, we are compelled to infer either that the authors of the report are not familiar with the Constitution, or else that they are prepared to disregard it. They hold, perhaps, that Mr. Roosevelt disregarded it when he interposed between the mine-owners and the union mine-workers in the coal region, and that Congress sanctioned his act by providing for the cost of the non-constitutional commission. We expressed at the time an apprehension that a blow had thereby been dealt by Congress at the popular respect for our Federal organic law, but we did not expect to see our apprehension justified so quickly by a revolutionary proposal emanating from Republicans in the commonwealth of Massachusetts. To such a deplorable state of things are we drifting because Governor Stone of Pennsylvania, in his anxiety to avoid alienating the labor vote, lacked the courage to make a timely and vigorous attempt to maintain law and order in the anthracite districts, and, if such an effort proved unavailing, to exercise his constitutional right to call upon the Federal Executive to place an armed force at his disposal.

Those who imagine that the frauds imputed to the Post-office Department will escape rigorous investigation are reckoning without Theodore Roosevelt. There has never been a man in the White House who, confronted with corruption on the part of his subordinates, would be more certain to smite and spare not. The President's character is well known to the members of his cabinet, and for that reason, if for no other, we are indisposed to credit the insinuation that Postmaster-General Payne is inclined to minimize the malfeasance with which officials under his control are charged. Not since the Whiskey Frauds and the Star Route cases has public suspicion of Federal office-holders been so thoroughly aroused, nor is there any doubt that the accusations, if well founded, indicate that the Post-office Department is honeycombed with dishonesty. The Superintendent of the Division of Salaries and Allowances and the Assistant Attorney-General for the Post-office Department have been allowed to resign under fire, but we do not believe that, if the charges against them are sustained, the President will permit them to go scot-free. The exposure of the department's rottenness began when assertions were made by employees in the New York Post-office that the Division of Salaries and Allowances was controlled by a syndicate which was systematically blackmailing clerks and carriers who desired promotion or an increase of salaries.

The Assistant Attorney-General's office is accused of having thrown open the facilities of the United States mails to lottery and "get-rich-quick" companies, by divulging to them the kind of circulars which would be officially sanctioned. The Central Labor Union of Washington has presented to the department a long series of charges. Among the improper acts alleged are the acceptance of condemned and defective mail-bags and of defective box-locks; the purchase of stamping-machines at a cost of $75 apiece, although the same work could be done with machines costing from $1 50 to $2; a four years' contract with a Binghamton clock company, in concluding which the normal conditions of publicity, advertisement, and bid-opening were violated; the giving of advance tips concerning the appointment of postal carriers to wagon-building firms, the representatives of which would thereupon visit the prospective appointee and inform him that unless their make of wagon should be used by him he would not receive his commission. We are sorry to hear that Postmaster-General Payne, when informed of the leak just mentioned, asserted that it could only have occurred among the employees of the Civil Service Commission. He is singularly ill-informed regarding the details of his own office if he is not aware that the examinations for postal carriers are conducted, not by the Civil Service Commission, but by a board of five persons, every one of whom is an employee of the Post-office Department. Those who imagine that the scandal in the Post-office can be hushed up are likely to find themselves wofully undeceived when the President returns from his Western tour.

At the hour when we write, the disagreement between the operators and the United Mine-Workers in the anthracite coal region with regard to the interpretation of the Strike Commission's award has become acute. It will be remembered that the commission decided that for anthracite miners the working-day shall be nine hours. The miners contend that this decision is not applicable to Saturday, and have refused to work more than eight hours on that day. Thereupon three of the principal mining companies, the Philadelphia and Reading, the Lehigh Valley, and the Susquehanna, gave notice that unless the miners worked nine hours on Saturday, April 18, the mines would be closed on Monday, April 20. The miners persisted in their refusal, and, accordingly, about 30,000 of them were locked out on the date fixed. The lock-out will, of course, prevent the delivery of coal from the Schuylkill district until the dispute has been settled. Meanwhile, in the Wyoming district there is another controversy concerning the definition of the nine-hour working-day prescribed by the Strike Commission. The operators hold that the drivers must be in the mine and have the mules harnessed so the miners can begin work at seven o'clock A.M. The drivers on their part maintain that the work-hours should begin with the harnessing of the animals, and not a half-hour before the miners start to work. Here, again, there may be a lockout unless an agreement shall be reached. We presume, however, that Mr. John Mitchell, the president of the United Mine-Workers, who arrived at Wilkesbarre on April 20, will succeed in arranging a *modus vivendi* pending a decision of a Conciliation Board, such as was contemplated by the Strike Commission's award. It was foreseen that the terms of the award might be variously interpreted. In such an event a Conciliation Board was to be created, half the members of which should be chosen by the mine-owners, and half by the mine-workers. If the members of the board should fail to agree, there was to be an appeal to the United States Circuit Court, a judge of which would appoint an umpire. According to the Strike Commission's award, there must be a separate Conciliation Board for each colliery, but we take for granted that, in a case like the present, where a lockout has occurred on precisely the same grounds in a large number of collieries, the decision of a single Conciliation Board would be accepted as binding by all the mine-owners and mine-workers concerned. It is a remarkable fact that the Reading Coal Company can afford a lockout, notwithstanding the severe losses which it suffered during the strike. We are assured that this company will exhibit a larger surplus for the fiscal year ending June 30 than for the preceding twelvemonth.

It is too early to forecast the effect of the decision in the Northern Securities case on the agitation for a revision of the tariff. One of the most telling arguments for revision put forward, not only by Democrats, but also by a good many Republicans in Iowa and other Northwestern States, has been the difficulty, not to say impossibility, of regulating trusts and thwarting approaches to monopolies, so long as the duties on the products of foreign competitors should remain practically prohibitive. The tariff, said Mr. Havemeyer, is the mother of trusts, and the inference has been that, only by dealing a blow at the parent could the offspring be effectually reached. Now comes Mr. Roosevelt, however, and points out that, since the decision rendered in the Northern Securities case, a harmful trust can be destroyed without touching the tariff, which is largely, if not wholly, credited with our existing prosperity. But, as has already been pointed out, the decision in the case just mentioned merely asserts that the consolidation of two particular common carriers which naturally were competitors is contrary to law. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals did not say that the consolidation of two or more industrial corporations engaged in the manufacture of similar commodities would also be a violation of law, on the ground that such corporations were naturally competitors. It may be that from the reasoning employed such a conclusion may be just-

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ly drawn, and that hereafter it will be distinctly affirmed by the highest Federal tribunal. Would it be, however, beneficial or hurtful to the country if all its iron and steel factories, for example, were debarred from co-operation, and condemned to cut-throat competition? Would it be possible, under such circumstances, to avert a stupendous industrial crisis, which, for an indefinite period, might consign multitudes of workmen to idleness and destitution? Would not a revision of the tariff that would permit an inflow of foreign commodities, as soon as the prices of the necessaries of life should exceed a given maximum, prove a safer remedy for the possible abuses of combinations? What possible harm could a moderate revision of the tariff, confined to products which tend to be monopolized by trusts, inflict upon any section of the American community? It would merely cut down excessive profits; it would compel nobody to manufacture at a loss. On the other hand, if the decision in the Northern Securities case shall be sustained by the United States Supreme Court, and then sweepingly applied to all the railways and manufacturing corporations that have been consolidated since 1890, such a proceeding will obviously mean ruin to hundreds of thousands of small investors who have put their savings in the stock of the combinations.

We learn with satisfaction that the number of enlisted men in the navy has already been increased under the recent legislation to about 29,000, and may shortly be expected to reach the statutory aggregate of 31,000. The fact bears witness to the augmented popularity of the navy, which is due, of course, to the prestige acquired in the war with Spain. There is no doubt that the custom of bestowing the names of States upon battle-ships has also had the effect of facilitating recruitment. It has brought home to inland sections of our country a sense of ownership in such vessels, and a feeling of pride in their achievements. Even more significant than the ease with which recruitment for the navy is now effected is the nationality of the recruits. There was a time, not very long ago, when the majority of the enlisted men in our navy was composed of foreigners. During the first two months of the current year, on the other hand, more than five-sixths of the recruits were native Americans. It was always certain that an adequate supply of recruits of this kind would be forthcoming if the naval service became popular. Those who have felt any misgivings on this score have kept their eyes fixed too exclusively on the diminution of our ocean-carrying trade during the last forty-three years. They forget the huge and constantly expanding proportions of our merchant fleet on the Great Lakes. It is not so much enlisted men that our newest navy stands in need of as thoroughly educated officers. This deficiency also will be made good in the course of a few years, when the provisions for the appointment of additional cadets at Annapolis shall have been carried into effect.

What is the matter with our battle-ships? If our battle-ships cannot be used for target practice in time of peace, what reliance can be placed upon them in time of war? The experience of the North Atlantic Squadron is certainly disheartening. Here was a squadron comprised of seven battle-ships which was held up to foreign powers and to the American people as a proof of our new navy's efficiency; of its ability to defend our sea-coast cities and to enforce the Monroe Doctrine. After supervising a certain amount of target practice rendered necessary by recent proofs that our gunnery is decidely inferior to that exhibited in the battle of Manila Bay, the admiral commanding the fleet—it was rather a fleet than a squadron—was under orders to proceed to the Azores. Whether the contemplated voyage will be made we know not, but, if it is, the admiral will take but three battle-ships with him, the other four having been disabled. The *Indiana* and the *Massachusetts* have both been detached, the former because she was found unfit for duty, and the latter because she was discovered to need a complete overhauling. The *Iowa* has been crippled by the bursting of a gun, while not only has a turret of the *Maine* been shaken, if not shattered, but many of her boiler tubes have burst. It follows that, if we were now at war, we should be unable to depend for protection on the North Atlantic Squadron, which has been suddenly cut down to less than one-half its ostensible strength.

Nor is this all. If we note the nature of the casualties by which the *Iowa* and the *Maine* have been rendered unfit for service, we shall see reason to fear that, in time of need, other war-ships might prove equally untrustworthy. The 12-inch gun which burst on board the *Iowa* and caused a serious loss of life had been fired only 127 times, or less than half as many times as, it has been computed, the gun could be fired with safety. It has been alleged that the bursting of the piece was due to no structural defect, but to the use of smokeless powder, which reduces by more than one-half the so-called life of a gun. The explanation increases our misgivings, for, if smokeless powder has the effect imputed to it, other guns on other battle-ships must have reached or closely approached the danger-point in their firing record. In the case of the *Maine*, it is evident either that the specifications furnished by the naval designers were faulty, or else that the work done by the contractors in pursuance of such specifications was defective. It looks as if the apologists for the Navy Department could not escape impalement on one or the other horn of that dilemma. The American people who provide the money are deeply interested in learning whether other battle-ships planned by the same designers and built by the same contractors will, when tested, evince similar defects. In view, moreover, of the fact that the *Maine's* boilers burst, would it not be well to reconsider the decision to put the same type of boilers in eight new battle-ships, five of which are already under way, while the other three have been authorized by Congress.

Every now and then some one discovers a new element of strategy calculated to disturb the well-founded theories of warfare, and requiring a revision of the programme of battle. The submarine boat threatened to offer violations to the comfortably established notions of the students of the art, but there have been uncertainties of operation which the most sanguine advocates of the system have never been able to dispel. Now, however, comes the dry dock, a structure hitherto regarded as a fixed tool of naval construction and repair, rather than a weapon, which belligerent office it seems destined to fill in its floating type. We have one of such docks in successful and profitable use at the naval station near New Orleans, and a contract has now been awarded for a larger dock of the same species to be located at the naval station at Cavite, in the Philippines, for which place it is to be towed from the builder's yards near Baltimore. The floating-dock, on account of its mobility, easily becomes an ally of the fighting fleet, the ships of which need not now be taken long distances, perhaps under tow, to the permanent dockyards. The floating-dock may be with, or in the vicinity of, the forces afloat, and furnish a movable basis of repair and recuperation—the prime considerations for maintaining the efficiency of the vessels of war. The fleet which can be kept up to its standard of efficiency must, necessarily, be the stronger for this convenient and constantly accessible adjunct. Under the plans of strategy which do not overlook all the elements of sea-power, there must now be a reckoning of the floating-dock, which may also transport its own machinery and accommodate its crew of skilled workmen. The structure becomes, therefore, quite essential as a factor of offence and defence as much as rapid-fire guns, coal capacity, steaming radius and armor protection. It is as much to be considered in the light of a weapon as the submarine boat or a big rifle of increased power. The latter add to the power of a blow, while the floating-dock may maintain the fleet's efficiency on the fighting line, or on the blockade or in the cruising operations—and that is in itself a contribution to the striking energy of the national arm, whether raised offensively or defensively.

That our State Department could have no intention of evincing churlishness in its reception of the friendly advances made by the German Emperor has been, of course, taken for granted by well-informed and right-feeling Americans. If it was suggested that the despatch of the statue of Frederick the Great should be postponed for a season, this was because the place designed for the statue is not yet ready. So, too, if the semi-official intimation that Kaiser Wilhelm II. would be pleased to have our North Atlantic fleet put in at Kiel during the German naval manœuvres was informally and regretfully declined, this was because an extensive scheme of work had been planned for the North Atlantic fleet, and the suggested visit, if undertaken, would have prevented the execution of

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the plan. The large North Atlantic fleet, however, is one thing, and the small Mediterranean squadron another. It is this last-named squadron which is to take part in naval demonstrations at Marseilles, which have been arranged for the purpose of welcoming President Loubet on his return from Algeria. There is no reason why this squadron should not subsequently go to Kiel, and Secretary Moody has very properly ordered it to do so. We are sorry that the vessels under Rear-Admiral Cotton's command include no big battle-ship, but the three cruisers, the *Chicago*, *Albany*, and *Raleigh*, and the gunboat *Machias*, are good ships of their kind, and will very well answer their purpose, which is to pay a compliment to the German sovereign, which, in view of his many civilities, it would be ungracious to withhold. The German newspapers which have confounded the North Atlantic fleet with the Mediterranean squadron will now recognize that there was not a trace of discourtesy in the former's declination of the invitation to visit Kiel. The truth is that there is no reason why Germany and the United States should not be the best of friends, if the Berlin government would be at the pains to convince us that it has no purpose, either now or at any future time, of disputing the Monroe Doctrine,—that is to say, of gaining a foothold in the New World, either through the acquisition of territory on the American mainland or in the West Indies, or through the confiscation of an American republic's customs revenues for an indefinite period. If the German Emperor has noted the recent signs of the times, he must have observed that the revival of sympathy between the American and the French peoples coincides with the refusal of France to take part in the demonstration against Venezuela. That may seem a little thing, yet it atones for the unfriendly attitude maintained by the Paris newspapers toward the United States throughout our war with Spain.

Those two potentates of western Europe, King Edward of England and President Loubet of France, the son of Victoria and the son of the French peasant woman, have written a picturesque page in history by their meeting in Paris. At no time in recent years have the relations between France and England been so full of promise; and at no time has it been so important for the world's welfare that France and England should be on good terms. The alliance between England and Germany brought an outcry on both sides of the Atlantic, and nothing could more effectively bar the way to a renewal of that alliance than a cordial understanding between England and France. The King of England was accused of promoting the German alliance for family reasons, to oblige his nephew; it is much more certain that he is undoing the moral effect of the German alliance by his visit to President Loubet and France. With the alienation of England, the indifference of Italy, which is steadily drawing closer to France, and the practical alliance between Austria and Russia, it may be said that Germany is now without allies among the Christian powers, being reduced to the friendship of Abdul-Hamid, who is not overscrupulous, and is always open to business offers. This isolation, which is moral even more than political, is the inevitable result of Germany's return to Bismarck's methods of intrigue, the policy of intellectual cunning, materialism, and opportunism. Nothing would so delight the world at large, nothing would make so much for international peace, as a return, on Germany's part, to the truer ideals of the nation, the profound enthusiasm for the best things, which made the names of Goethe, Kant, and Wagner ornaments of the human race.

The worst side of the Prussian spirit of arrogance was brought out in the Hussner-Hartmann case, which is now being tried by court martial. The story is this: Two boys, Hussner and Hartmann, were at school together, and were, probably, very good friends. Hussner studied for the navy, passed the necessary examinations, and became that lordliest thing on earth, to paraphrase Kipling, a German officer. Hartmann, under the national system of universal military service, was drafted into the army. They met casually, both being, of course, in uniform; and Hartmann, delighted to see his old school friend, apparently forgot for the moment what discipline required of him, and made a motion to shake hands with Hussner; then, remembering himself, turned a gesture into an imperfect salute. The high dignity of Lieutenant Hussner, By the Grace of God Prussian Officer, was mortally outraged, and drawing his sword, and remarking, "When I draw my sword, blood must flow!" he ran his old school friend through the body. His school friend promptly died, and Lieutenant Hussner, going home, as promptly wrote to the mother of the deceased, saying that he had killed her son for the honor of the Prussian service. Apparently there are several different ideals of honor in the world, and Lieutenant Hussner represents one of them. It will be interesting to see whether his imperial master and great exemplar will acquit him, should the court martial take an extreme course and sentence him to a few months' imprisonment.

Russia and Austria have addressed a new note to Turkey, reminding Abdul-Hamid that the promises of reform made by his acceptance of their former note must be kept, and declaring that the progress made in carrying out the reform programme up to the present is not satisfactory. A special demand is made that the Sultan shall at once send to Albania a force sufficient to quell the revolt there; a course which is for him in the last degree difficult, seeing that he would thus run the risk of offending his body-guard of Albanians, on whose fidelity he depends for his safety from assassination. It will be remembered that it was an Albanian soldier in the Turkish army who shot the Russian consul of Mitrovitsa, the late Mr. Stcherbina, in the back, and the Sultan is, doubtless, haunted by apprehensions of a like fate for himself should he incur the animosity of the Albanian clansmen; and the feeling of goose-flesh running up and down his spine must more than counterbalance the pleasure he derives from the friendship of the Kaiser. The fate of the assassin of Mr. Stcherbina has not yet been decided on, and Russia's attitude will be considerably influenced by the course taken in this matter by the Sultan. Very much now depends on the loyalty and honesty of Austria as Russia's ally; and we must fervently hope that Kaiser Franz Joseph, with the immense experience and political insight which he has gathered through a long and greatly afflicted life, may see in which direction his true interest lies. A solution of the Slav question in the Balkans would make much easier the solution of the Slav question within his own borders, which is now such a constant source of weakness. If he could establish cordial relations between himself and the Austrian Slavs,—not only the Czechs, but also the Moravians, Poles, Croatians, and Slavonians,—he could build up an effective counterpoise to the Hungarian kingdom, and lighten the despotic weight with which the Magyars now bear upon the aspirations of Austria proper.

The recent national convention held in Dublin has practically assured the passage of Mr. Wyndham's Land Purchase bill. The three great figures of the convention were, of course, Mr. Redmond, Mr. William O'Brien, and Mr. Michael Davitt. Mr. O'Brien made the strongest speech of the day in favor of the bill, and as he is in many ways the most popular man among the Nationalists in the country at large, his adherence assured the acceptance of Mr. Wyndham's measure—an acceptance which was never, of course, in any serious doubt. For a nation which, we have so often been told, is made up of vague dreamers and impracticable enthusiasts, these Irishmen seem, nevertheless, to have a certain grasp on the conduct of affairs; and as Mr. Wyndham himself testifies to the scrupulous fidelity with which debts already incurred under previous measures of land purchase are paid by the peasantry, it seems that we must add financial effectiveness to the other qualities of the Irish race. An extremely interesting side issue at the convention was the advocacy, by Michael Davitt, of land nationalization, as opposed to peasant proprietorship. Michael Davitt, as is, of course, well known, is strongly committed to certain theories, practically socialistic, of an advanced school of Continental economists, and his documentary convictions often led to disputes with Mr. Parnell in the old days before 1890. Once, when the two were speaking of the future of Ireland, Michael Davitt asked Parnell what he would do if, after home rule were gained, Davitt were to start an agitation in favor of land nationalization and socialistic theories generally. "I should lock you up in Kilmainham!" said the practical Parnell,—the man of facts, of things as they are. It should be remembered, in justice to a great man, that the present victory of the Irish party is wholly a victory for the principles and tactics of Parnell, in a campaign carried out according to his methods, by his ablest and most loyal lieuten-

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ant. Parnell used to say, "When we can make the Irish landowners as eager to get rid of their land as we are to get rid of them, the Irish land question will be solved!"

It is evident to every one that this national convention at Dublin was really an Irish Parliament; in fact, the first genuine Irish Parliament since the historic gathering assembled by Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, before the invasion of the Normans. For we should remember that the Dublin Parliaments of the eighteenth century were not representative bodies, being made up wholly of Protestants elected by Protestants, and therefore representing only one-fifth of the nation. It was an exclusively Protestant Parliament of this kind which passed the Act of Union with England just over a century ago, and readers in Missouri will be interested to know that the precise sums which were paid to its leading members are well known and, considering the value of what they had to sell, comparatively moderate. It is worth while recording that not only has this new and thoroughly representative Irish Parliament decided the fate of the land system for Ireland; it has also decided, and this is part of fate's irony, in what manner, and by whom, England shall be governed. It must give the great Liberal Unionists, like the Duke of Devonshire and Joseph Chamberlain, a delicious sensation every morning to remember that they hold office by the grace of Parnell's lieutenants, pending good behavior. It must also be singularly pleasant for Lord Rosebery to remember that his retreat from Gladstone's programme has probably cost him the Premiership, which the rising Liberal tide would have presently brought his way, had the Irish members abstained from supporting Mr. Balfour. Altogether, the Dublin convention has succeeded in writing a remarkable page of constitutional history.

There is no ground for accusing the Cubans of ingratitude because some delay has been encountered at Havana in the negotiation of a political treaty between the insular republic and the United States. We should have no right to blame the Cubans if they postponed the conclusion of the treaty now under consideration until our House of Representatives shall have sanctioned the previous commercial treaty granting partial reciprocity. What Minister Squires is now engaged upon is the framing of an agreement for the cession to the United States of two coaling stations, one on the northern and the other on the southern coast of Cuba, and for the incorporation in treaty form of the provisions required by the so-called Platt Amendment, and already sanctioned by the Cuban Constitutional Convention. In return for these concessions, about the ultimate granting of which we have no doubt, it is understood that we shall consent to Cuba's retention of the Isle of Pines, although the eventual disposition of that island was left undetermined by the treaty with Spain.

Americans have reason to be proud of the equitable position taken by their State Department in consenting to accept from the Chinese government a share of the instalment of the Boxer indemnity now due on the basis of seventy-four and two-tenths cents per tael, although the tael is now quoted at fifty-two and a half cents. It should be borne in mind that at the time the total indemnity was fixed at 450 million Haikwan taels the tael had a gold value of seventy-four and two-tenths cents, and a corresponding value in the currency of each creditor power. Had the gold value of the tael then stood at its present figure, the total amount of the indemnity would have fallen not far short of six hundred million taels, an aggregate which would have been recognized as entirely beyond the power of China to pay. While the agreement with China was still the subject of negotiation, Lord Lansdowne distinctly recognized that even a total demand of 450 million taels would constitute a heavy strain upon China's resources, and that the British Foreign Office would, for its part, be disposed to reduce the amount. That the aggregate might be greatly increased through a further depreciation in the price of silver seems never to have been contemplated by any of the allied powers. Under the circumstances, it would seem reasonable that the two following questions should be referred to the court of arbitration at The Hague, to wit, first, Did the parties to the treaty intend that China should be called upon to pay a sum larger than that which was the gold equivalent of 450 million taels at the date when the treaty was signed? Secondly, if they did so intend, should they not now acquiesce in such fiscal changes at the treaty ports as would increase China's ability to pay? It should be remembered that, aside from the lump sum now payable at the port of entry in lieu of the *likin,* or inland transit dues, the import duties proper are only five per cent. *ad valorem,* payable in silver. To us it seems just that China, if she is to be forced to pay the present gold value of the depreciated tael, should be suffered to increase her customs duties to ten per cent. *ad valorem,* if payable in silver, or to collect them in gold, if they are to remain at five per cent. With the tael selling at fifty-two cents in gold, the result would be practically the same to the importer of foreign goods whether he paid five per cent. in gold or ten per cent. in silver. No doubt the shipper of foreign goods to China would dislike to see the duties doubled, but the creditor powers have no moral right to exact an enormously increased indemnity, and, at the same time, to deprive their debtor of the means of paying it. It will be hard enough to collect 450 million taels without provoking a revolution, and to swell that aggregate by adding almost 150 million more might just turn the scale against the upholders of tranquillity and order.

We thought it was generally admitted that American workmen are superior to British workmen in the sense that they not only get higher pay, but earn it. This is not by any means the conclusion reached by the twenty-three representatives of British skilled labor who accompanied Mr. Alfred Moseley in his recent visit to this country. Mr. Moseley himself concedes that the American workman is better educated, and is far better paid, housed, fed, and clothed. So far his working-men companions seem to concur with him, for they are agreed that American employers are more generous than are British employers in their treatment of the employed. They do not acknowledge, however, that the American workman *deserves* any better treatment. A contrary conclusion would be drawn from some of their assertions. The British workman has been accused of protracting a job as long as possible in pursuance of the *ca' canny,* or "go easy," policy. According to James Cox, the delegate for the British iron and steel workers, an American artisan is much more open to censure on this score, so far as government work is concerned. Of the new Post-office building in Chicago, he says that any third-rate municipal corporation in Great Britain would have accomplished the work in four years instead of eight. The delegate of the British bricklayers accuses our workmen of scamping their work, and says that he would be sorry to see American methods of building adopted in England.

The delegate of the Plasterers' Union found the plastering bad, even in the rooms of the White House, where the delegates were received by President Roosevelt. W. C. Stedman, representing the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, went home with the conviction that the British workman cannot be beaten in the world for solid and well-finished work. The twenty-three delegates also report that the workmen who have built up American industries are largely of British birth and training. Most of the inventions in American workshops, they say, come from men that hail from the old country. It is the British employers, we are told, that are responsible for the backwardness of manufactures in Great Britain. They cling to old methods and old machinery, whereas in the United States the newest method and the latest machinery are favored. It is, at the first glance, difficult to reconcile these opinions with the mass of testimony on the other side. The explanation of the divergence probably is that the twenty-three visiting delegates are themselves exceptionally intelligent men, and personally would be glad to see improved machinery introduced in British factories. The majority of the members, however, in almost every local union in Great Britain, oppose the introduction of new machinery on the ground that only exceptionally clever men can learn to use it quickly. In other words, no well-informed man disputes the general correctness of the picture drawn by Charles Reade in *Put Yourself in His Place.*

There is no part of the United States which is not deeply interested in learning whether Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania will sign or veto the press-muzzling bill passed by the Harrisburg Legislature. As we formerly pointed out, the restrictive measure is applicable to all newspapers except

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weeklies, the latter being excepted for the reason that most of the Republican organs are hebdomadal. As we go to press it seems incredible that the Governor will fail to heed the vehement protest made at Harrisburg on April 21 by the largest body of journalists ever assembled in the State. It is confidently expected that, as a jurist, he will regard the gag bill as a violation of the Pennsylvania Constitution. The seventh section of the organic law of the State provides that the printing-press shall be free to every person who may undertake to examine the proceedings of the Legislature, or any branch of government, and no law shall ever be made to restrain the right thereof. The State Constitution goes on to say that there shall be no conviction in any prosecution for the publication of papers relating to the official conduct of officers or men in public capacities, or to any other matter proper for public investigation or information, where the fact that such publication was not maliciously or negligently made shall be established to the satisfaction of a jury.

It is the vice of the bill, driven through the Harrisburg Legislature for the purpose of shielding the office-holders from the search-light of publicity, that it casts on the defendant the burden of proof that a publication was not negligently made. It thus encourages the bringing of civil actions for damages in which no malice may be charged or shown, but in which unintentional error in the statement of facts may have occurred. The bill also allows a jury to find compensatory damages for alleged mental suffering, as well as for alleged injuries to business or reputation; it also authorizes punitive damages, if the matter complained of has received special prominence from the use of pictures, cartoons, head-lines or displayed type calculated to attract attention. Nobody knows better than Governor Pennypacker, who left the bench in order to assume executive office, that the existing libel laws of Pennsylvania afford adequate protection to honest men. Experience has shown, however, that they do not safeguard Senator Quay from the reprobation of his fellow citizens. It remains to be seen whether a Governor who hitherto has been looked upon as a high-minded man will obey the mandate of a political friend, or will listen to the earnest remonstrance of the press, not only of Pennsylvania, but of the United States.

The appeal sent forth by fifty eminent liberal clergymen to the clergy of the country to seize the opportunity of making Emerson's approaching birthday centenary a time when his particular spiritual message to his countrymen shall be set forth, will meet with varying response according as the clergy are conservative or liberal, or are of the prophetic or the priestly order. That in many of the most prominent pulpits of all of the Protestant sects May 24 will be utilized for consideration of the life and thought of one whom the preachers in those pulpits deem a modern prophet of idealism and mysticism goes without saying. Our nation's list of great thinkers and spiritual teachers is not so long that we can afford to refrain from analysis of their message as the centennials of their birth come around. If it be true, as some of the most searching of present-day thinkers contend, that the religion of the future is to be a blending of rationalism and of mysticism, and a further extension of individualism in matters of belief *pari passu* with vast extension of sociality in matters of Christian deed, then obviously there must be an increased turning to Emerson, who more than any other great American religious teacher stood for intuitionalism, which is the taproot of mysticism, and for individualism as over against institutionalism in matters religious.

An interesting contribution to the study of the effects of money on families can be made by any person of statistical inclinations who will take the trouble to trace out for a few generations the history of a score or two of our very rich families, and learn what effect the acquirement of a big fortune by any individual American has had on the divorce record of that individual and his descendants. It is early yet to get results that would prove much, because most of the great American fortunes are pretty new; but already tendencies seem to be showing themselves which it would be worth while to trace back. There are believed to be about 4000 millionaires in the United States; enough to give a statistician an ample field to work in. A fortune sufficient to make life easy and comfortable is probably a promoter of domestic happiness, but still it seems likely that rich people or their descendants get more divorces than poorer people do. In the first place, heirs and heiresses are more exposed to the wiles of the designing than the scions of poverty, and for that reason are somewhat more likely to make unwise marriages. Again, the rich, as a rule, have more leisure than the poor, are not so steadily and effectively disciplined by work, are less safeguarded by a wholesome routine, and cast about more widely and continuously for pleasures. Satan, as heretofore, finds mischief still for idle hands to do, and some of the mischief results in divorce. Moreover, the rich are somewhat more used to self-indulgence and having their own way than the poor, and less inclined, if they find themselves in uncomfortable matrimonial case, to grin and bear it. They can meet the expense of divorce, which is often considerable, can go as far as is necessary, and stay there as long as is necessary, to gain divorce on convenient terms; and they can afford to break up families without fear of want. Many a wife sticks to a bad husband because she and her children need his support; many a husband puts up with an unsatisfactory wife because he cannot afford to try a new one. Divorce, like the appendicitis operation, is a luxury, and comes high.

The *Springfield Republican* suggests that President Roosevelt may succeed Dr. Eliot as president of Harvard University. It is an interesting suggestion, because it concerns two interesting men and an interesting job. Any suggestion, composed of such strong materials, would be bound to attract attention. Put it the other way: suggest that Dr. Eliot is a suitable man to succeed Colonel Roosevelt as President of the United States, and you have another proposition that may be discussed with entertainment and possible profit. But neither of these things is likely to happen. Dr. Eliot has extraordinary administrative ability, and is qualified in many particulars to make a remarkable President of the United States, but his specialty has been education, not politics, and he could not get delegates enough to carry a convention. It is almost a pity, for he is of the sort of timber that a great Democratic candidate might be fashioned from. He is still young—sixty-nine years young—not so boisterously young as Dr. Roosevelt, but young enough in mind and body for great labors. Gladstone was young at seventy, so was Pope Leo, so will be Dr. Eliot. Colonel Roosevelt has exerted a vast influence over his generation, and the rising generation especially, but his specialty has been, not education, but politics. That is one reason why he is not likely to be president of Harvard, for Harvard will want an educator. Another reason is that when, some time or other, Dr. Eliot's successor is selected, the selecting will be done by seven gentlemen, all residents of Boston or its near neighborhood, who may be confidently expected to keep the succession in the large and capable Boston family where, indeed, it seems rightly to belong. Race suicide will have made far more progress in Massachusetts than now seems anywise probable before Harvard sends to fetch a president from Oyster Bay.

The election of Dr. John Huston Finley to the presidency of the College of the City of New York is a case of the right man finding the right place. Dr. Finley was born in 1863 in Illinois, worked as a boy on a farm and in a printing-office, graduated at Knox College, Illinois, in 1887, and studied later at Johns Hopkins University. He was then for a time secretary of the State Charities Aid Association in New York, but was called in 1892 to be president of Knox College. Seven years later he resigned that office and came back to New York, where he busied himself with literary and editorial work, until June, 1900, when he became Professor of Politics in Princeton University. His training, as will be seen, has been unusually varied, and he brings to his new duties an equipment both scholarly and practical. The College of the City of New York is part of the educational system of this city, and is maintained out of the public funds. It started in 1847 as the Free Academy, becoming a college by action of the Legislature in 1866. Its present location is at Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, but a new building is in prospect for it at 138th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, where it will have ample space and a chance to grow into a college of a higher grade than it has yet attained. Even now it has more than 1900 students, and the possibilities of its development are decidedly inspiring.

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Mr. Cleveland's Speech

It would not be easy to exaggerate the importance of the speech delivered at New York city, on April 14, by ex-President Grover Cleveland, in aid of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, a school which aims to teach colored men to earn a living by skilled labor. His willingness to come forward on this occasion is but one of many and conclusive proofs of the anxious solicitude and genuine sympathy with which Mr. Cleveland regards the colored race. Faithful are the wounds of a friend, and, if the ex-President advises colored men to forego, for the present, at all events, political aspirations that cannot be gratified, except at the expense of their fundamental interests, his kindly counsel is based upon clear and indisputable grounds. Indeed, so far as the purport of his recommendations is concerned, he took the same position which Mr. Booker T. Washington has consistently occupied. Practically identical are the premises from which is drawn the deduction as to the negro's actual unfitness for social and political equality, although Mr. Washington could scarcely be expected to state them so plainly. Mr. Cleveland's confession of faith was unflinching, though hardly more so than that which was made not long ago at the New York Union League Club by the Republican Secretary of War. I believe, said the ex-President, that neither the decree that made the slaves free, nor the enactment which suddenly invested them with the rights of citizenship, any more purged them of their racial and slavery-bred imperfections and deficiencies than it changed the color of their skin. Is this a truism? That it has come to be looked upon as such by a vast majority of white men in the Northern as well as the Southern States bears witness to a tremendous revulsion in public sentiment. It was no truism to the French Revolutionists, who emancipated at a stroke the slaves in Haiti, for they were firm believers in an optimistic illusion, the outcome of which has been one of the most appalling tragedies in the history of the human race. It certainly was not a truism in the decade following the civil war, for the whole of the Reconstruction legislation was based upon the contrary assumption, the assumption, namely, that political equality would prove a panacea whereby all the racial and slavery-bred deficiencies of the colored people would be speedily eradicated. The remedy has now been tried for upwards of a generation, yet Secretary Root concurs with Mr. Cleveland in acknowledging that it has failed; not only in those States where negro suffrage has of late been restricted, but also in other States where the privilege of the suffrage, though unrestricted, has not made the negro competent to enjoy it. The experience of some thirty-five years has shown that the colored people, considered as a whole, and without regard to certain shining exceptions, are not qualified to possess the franchise. Our Reconstruction legislators began at the wrong end, because, instead of concentrating philanthropy and statesmanship upon the means of making the negro self-supporting and self-respecting, they crowned him at the start, before he had proved his worthiness, with the gift of political equality, which ought to have been reserved for industry, thrift, intelligence, and virtue. The result is what should have been expected, though it seems not to have been expected by the authors of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments of our Federal Constitution. What has happened is, as stated by Mr. Cleveland, that, among the nearly nine millions of negroes who have been intermixed by constitutional amendments with our citizenship, there is still a grievous amount of ignorance, a sad amount of viciousness, and an enormous amount of laziness and thriftlessness. It is, then, a stupendous problem with which the whole nation is confronted, a problem which neither enlightened self-interest nor the higher motive of human sympathy will permit white people in any section of the Union to ignore. As Mr. Cleveland points out, however, it is our white brethren of the South to whom the gravity of the problem is driven home most forcibly; it is they, not we, who, primarily and mainly, are condemned to bear the white man's burden. As Mr. Cleveland said, the lifting of the tremendous weight must be principally done by those who stand next to it. Just in proportion as we appreciate the magnitude of the task which we have imposed upon the Southern whites, the task of elevating in the sphere of humanity eight millions of negroes, shall we be quick to obey Mr. Cleveland's injunction, and to recognize their claim to our utmost consideration and sympathetic fellowship.

From the view-point of the welfare and progress of the negroes themselves, their intelligent well-wishers at the North should do everything in their power to allay, instead of aggravating, the causes of political and social friction between the colored people and their white neighbors at the South. Nothing in Mr. Cleveland's speech was more opportune or more useful than what he said on this point. If we at the North truly believe in the possibility of the negro's intellectual and moral improvement, if we honestly desire to further his advancement, we cannot for a moment overlook the vital necessity of gaining cordial co-operation in the work on the part of the white people at the South, upon whom the solution of the negro problem mainly depends. The facts show that such co-operation is attainable. It is, in truth, only at the South that the negro since the civil war has had an industrial opportunity, or can look forward to an industrial future. At the North he is barred by race prejudice from almost every field of skilled labor, and is relegated for the most part to menial occupations, or to the rudest kind of manual toil. At the South every channel of skilled industry has always been, and is now, open to him. There alone is given to the negro a man's chance in the commercial world. Here at the North we let negroes vote, but we shut them out of our factories, shutting our eyes to the truth that the fundamental need of the mass of mankind is an opportunity to earn a living by doing productive work. The negroes, like all other human beings, will prosper and rise in the scale of manhood, not by exercising a suffrage, for which they are, as yet, unqualified by education and character, but by learning to put brain and skill into the common occupations of life. It is only at the South that the negroes have an opportunity of becoming operatives, artisans, and miners, and of thus lifting themselves above the dead level of manual labor in the cotton-field or the rice-field.

Again, not only are the economical conditions of the South favorable to the admission of negroes to those high-grade industries from which they are excluded at the North, but the Southern whites look with a kindly eye on the efforts of colored men to raise themselves through skilled labor in the social scale. About this fact also there is no doubt. Mr. Booker T. Washington has testified that in the Southern States the negroes who fit themselves for useful occupations are sure of cheerful recognition and immediate employment on the part of their white neighbors. The Atlanta Exposition of 1895 was acclaimed by him as an impressive proof, not only that colored men were capable of marked industrial efficiency, but that the state of things at the South was singularly favorable to the development of such efficiency.

As for the prejudice against the negro which is imputed to the Southern whites, Mr. Cleveland forbore to say, though he might have said, that there is quite as much of it at the North as at the South. We tolerate the negro's political equality at the North because, owing to the small percentage of the colored element in our electorate, we have hitherto had no cause to fear it. We have never known what it was to be deluged, as the South was deluged, by the perilous flood of indiscriminate, unintelligent and blighting negro suffrage. But, while political equality has been conceded with indifference in the Northern States, because the colored vote has thus far been assumed to be a negligible factor, we need not say that social equality is quite as unattainable by the negro at the North as at the South.

The Uprising of Public Sentiment

There are those who call adverse criticism of public men and public conduct pessimism. It is easy not to be a pessimist. The sole equipment of many a writer on politics is indifferent or dishonest amiability. The commonplace eulogy is an easy art. It demands no knowledge of affairs, no power of discrimination, nothing but a facile pen and a desire to stand well with those whose minds ought to be instructed, but who are denied by the professional optimist any stimulant beyond the tickling of their ears. These despisers of the political critic call themselves optimists, but they are, in reality, the most dismal of pessimists, while those whom they call pessimists are, in truth, idealists and optimists. The self-asserted optimist is he who holds, at least in American politics, that "whatever is is good," and that the race has reached its highest point of development, has produced a class of politicians, for example, who are incapable of improvement; the condemned pessimist, on the other hand, insists that there are higher moral heights to reach, and especially that our present class of politicians, are not possessed of that lofty character which ought to be demanded of those who are honored by the American people; that political habits are bad; and that the character of the people is higher than that of their servants and representatives.

The truth of the teachings of the pessimists is acknowledged by most students of politics, even by some who pass their days in singing perfunctory laudations of public men. These do not say what they know to be true; that is one difference between them and the critics. Another and a very wide difference is that the laudatory set apparently have no faith in the virtue of the people which leads them to desire better things, or in the power of the people to compel them. On the contrary, those who are constantly hammering at the political vices of the day are encouraged to persevere by their faith in the essential virtue of the people. This brings us to the evidences of today that the people are clearly, unmistakably, and with what, to the politicians, must seem ominous insistence, showing signs of deep displeasure. They are siding with the critics, and are disregarding the amiable and satisfied platitudinarians as earnest men always disregard, in their intense moments, the prattle of the sleek citizen who dislikes trouble.

Primarily, the wrath of the people is directed against the Senate. From Maine to California there is no published utterance

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in its defence. Even the customary eulogies are not heard. The people have at last learned that the United States Senate is unworthy of its traditions, untrue to the principles on which it was founded, and that its present course is hostile to the best interests of the republic. Mr. Depew, in a speech made in the Senate last winter, called that body's attention to what was said of it, and warned Senators that they were on trial. The Senate, by an abuse of its constitutional powers, has usurped the functions of the President. Senators, by their control of patronage, have made themselves party bosses, and in that character they are the sources of nominations. Thus they have the power of political life and death over the members of the House of Representatives. The Reed rules of procedure put the representatives of the people under the heel of the Speaker and his two associates on the Committee on Rules; the Representatives must vote on such bills, in such form, as the hierarchy prescribes; the Senators, if they are interested in a measure, as they are in every measure which affects their own or the party's material interests, dictate the votes of their Representatives or see to it that they are not renominated. They sit at the gates of power, and have, for years, been transforming the government from a republic presided over by a Chief Magistrate, independent of the legislative branch of the government, into an oligarchy. They refuse to permit the President to administer the laws as he desires, and insist on forcing him to take their men for his subordinates under pain of a cutting down of his appropriations, or of a refusal to heed his advice touching the government's policy. Their control over the House of Representatives gives them the control of the purse-strings which was denied to them by the Constitution, and, not being charged by the fundamental law with responsibility for the initiation of money bills, they are actually responsible for most of the extravagance of which our government can now be justly charged. In their dealings with party politics and politicians, they are captains of predatory bands which prey upon the public revenues and render small service in return.

All that the Senate does of wrong is offensive to the conscience of the American people. Senators have not only been safe from attack, but have actually grown in corruption and in the corrupt use of their power, because the people have been unconscious of the true state of affairs. The people get their information about their own government and their servants slowly and with difficulty. The distance of the government from them, their natural and loyal pride in it, and the concealment of the wrongdoing of public men which is connived at by the amiable palterers with truth who have wrongfully assumed the name of optimists, all help to keep the people ignorant of the growth of evil conditions. But when the light once dawns upon the popular mind, the end of the evil is certain. The mocking spirit in which the politicians met the first effort for the reform of the civil service is now transformed into impotent rage, because the people are committed to the merit system, and the politicians dare not offend them overmuch. The American people are essentially virtuous, and they will always insist upon civic righteousness when they actually see their servants departing from it.

The signs of uprising at present are many and encouraging. Not only is the Senate under popular condemnation, which must be heeded if popular condemnation is to be satisfied before it goes, perhaps, too far, but a consciousness of political evils is revealing itself everywhere, and the rising of the people seems to have begun. The revolt in New York is of deeper origin than it appears to be on the surface. Behind the rebel Senators are rebel voters who do not like the character of the control of the Republican party now that they understand it. The outbreak of popular indignation in Rhode Island which followed swift upon the revelations of bribery is one of the finest illustrations of the character of the American democracy. Vote-buying is a widespread evil. Rhole Island is not the only State, its people are not the only community, whose government is tainted by this basest and most insidious of all the forms of political corruption. Nor are all the bribed foreigners who come to us without political traditions or political training. There are bad and purchasable native Americans, as there are bad and purchasable Italians, Slavs, Roumanians, and Russian Jews. It is true that not many voters of the average American community can be bought, but there are many towns and cities, and some States, in which a corrupt few hold the balance of power. Bought by one corrupt boss or another, these venal voters give the victory to the briber. What has happened in Rhode Island, and what is likely further to happen, will be sure to follow in other States, and in other communities, when the people become conscious that their liberties and their properties are at the mercy of the wholesale and retail dealers in votes. In Pennsylvania, the corrupt machine was forced, last year, to name as its candidate for Governor a man of good repute. It is true that the idol has fallen from his pedestal, but it nevertheless remains the fact that he was nominated to satisfy the public demand for virtue. In Philadelphia, the corrupt machine nominated one of its kind for Mayor, but since his election, especially in his inaugural, he has given evidence that he recognizes the value of "pandering to the better element." In the city of New York the uprising is against legislation hostile to the city's interests, especially the so-called grab bills against which Mayor Low is protesting. Not many years ago a like popular outbreak, aided by Theodore Roosevelt, then Governor, was successful in defeating the Ramapo steal.

The lesson of it all is that the American people are sound, that they love virtue and hate corruption, and that all that is needed to compel virtue and to defeat vice is to enlighten the people as to the real state of their own affairs. And this is the self-assumed task of those true optimists who believe in their country and its people, but who are called pessimists by the amiable, or hypocritical, charlatans who pose as optimists, and whose amiability, or hypocrisy, conceals the multitude of sins which keeps the morality of the politician class below the level of the morality of the people.

How the President has Used his Opportunities

By his first message to the Fifty-seventh Congress, and by the attitude which he consistently maintained toward that body during its first session, Mr. Roosevelt showed that he was determined to minimize the immediate effect of the tragical event which had raised him to the office of Chief Magistrate, and to promote loyally and earnestly the execution of his predecessor's plans, so far as these were known to have been formulated. Thanks largely to the course which he pursued, most of those plans were carried out; it was due to Congress alone that the late President's wishes with regard to reciprocity in general, and to Cuban reciprocity in particular, were disregarded. After the close of the first session, however, it was as clear to the community at large as it was to Mr. Roosevelt himself that the duties imposed upon him as legatee had been discharged to the best of his ability, and that, henceforth, he must frame a policy of his own by which he would stand or fall. He did not flinch from the obligation, but, in the speeches delivered by him during the summer of 1902, he made it evident that, in his opinion, the vague outcry against trusts had some foundation in fact, and that he was resolved to request from Congress considerable powers of investigation, discrimination, and control. When the result of the general election for members of the House of Representatives which took place last November was announced, we suggested that it might have been better for the President's personal fortunes had the Democrats been successful in acquiring an ascendency in one branch of the Federal Legislature. We pointed out that, in that event, a failure on his part to fulfil the assurances given in his speeches would be imputed to his political opponents, and he would still stand before the people as one who had done his utmost to make good his promises. This we said, because the refusal of conspicuous Republicans in the Senate to consider his wishes, and their proved ability to thwart them in the matter of Cuban reciprocity, seemed to bode ill for the success of his proposed campaign against the trusts. It turned out, however, that, before the assembling of the Federal Legislature for its second session, the President's extra-constitutional but triumphant interposition between employers and employed in the coal strike had given him for the moment such an ascendency over the minds of workingmen that the Democrats in Congress vied with the Republicans in bidding for the labor vote, and concurred in sanctioning a dangerous precedent by voting almost unanimously an appropriation for the expenses of the anthracite-coal strike commission which Mr. Roosevelt had appointed.

These events clothed the President with so much moral authority that defiance on the part of the so-called "Boxer" Senators was no longer exhibited, and even the opposition of Democratic legislators was discouraged. The outcome of this extraordinary change in Mr. Roosevelt's position was that, although great corporations had previously been reputed able to prevent legislation deemed by them adverse to their interests, he managed to secure every one of the instrumentalities regarded by him as provisionally needed for the regulation of the trusts. A bill was passed enabling the Attorney-General to expedite suits brought under the Sherman anti-trust law; and a provision was inserted in the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Act whereby the sum of $500,000 was placed at the immediate disposal of the Attorney-General for the better enforcement of anti-trust legislation. A further provision to the same end was incorporated in the General Deficiency bill, whereby the Attorney-General was supplied with two assistants and with additional clerks. It is, however, the Elkins Anti-Rebate Act and the Nelson amendment to the Department of Commerce Act that constitute the important trophies gained by the President in the initial stage of his endeavor to extinguish monopolies and to distinguish between trusts good and bad. The former measure provides new and severer penalties for the rebates by which inter-State common carriers are believed to have assisted the attempts of certain industrial corporations to drive competitors out of business. By the Nelson amendment to the Department of Commerce Act, the searchlight of publicity may, at the President's

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option, be turned upon the private affairs of any industrial corporation engaged in inter-State commerce, for the purpose of enabling him to determine whether, in his judgment, its transactions are blameless or objectionable, and to learn what further disciplinary or coercive measures may be required. According to the interpretation usually put upon the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the lottery cases, there is practically no limit to the power of coercing a recalcitrant corporation engaged in inter-State commerce business which Congress may, if it see fit, place in the hands of the Chief Magistrate. That is to say, it can authorize the President virtually to annihilate a corporation, by forbidding it to transport any of its products, not only to foreign countries, but from one State to another. It would be superfluous to dwell upon the magnitude of the unprecedented powers already vested in the Federal Executive by the two measures just named. We add that, unless a violent reaction in public opinion shall take place before next December, there is scarcely any limit to the further powers of interference with the private affairs of State corporations doing an inter-State business which the Fifty-eighth Congress will be disposed to grant, provided Mr. Roosevelt shall demand them. With the Presidential election of 1904 approaching, neither Republicans nor Democrats will venture to withhold any extension of Executive authority which shall be pronounced by the President essential to the regulation of the trusts.

What shall be said of the President's foreign policy? To his exemplary resolution to give such an instalment of reciprocity to Cuba as will at least help to revive the island's former prosperity we have already referred. As to the agreement to allow the Alaska boundary to be defined by the majority of a commission on which the British Empire and the United States will be equally represented, this can scarcely be described as a concession to Canada. All intelligent Americans who have carefully examined the question feel so sure of the correctness of our construction of the Anglo-Russian delimitation treaty of 1825 that the chance of any of the American commissioners sanctioning a different interpretation may be dismissed as infinitesimal. On the other hand, it may be looked upon, we fear, as tolerably certain that the Canadian commissioners will construe the treaty in a way favorable to the claim of the Dominion. Of what possible use, then, will the commission be, beyond affording the American and Canadian members an opportunity of spending some pleasant weeks or months in London at the expense of their respective countries? We answer that the commission would never have been agreed upon but for the understanding that at least one member should be a native of Great Britain. Our hope is to convince that member. We pass to the Venezuela affair, in which Mr. Roosevelt unquestionably evinced sagacity and foresight by declining to act as arbitrator in the dispute between the allied European powers and a Latin-American republic. It remains to be seen, however, whether the American people, when they awaken to the significance of the transaction, will applaud the President for remaining an impassive spectator of the blockade of Venezuelan seaports, of the bombardment of La Guayra and Fort San Carlos, of the destruction of the village adjoining the last-named fortress, and of the sinking of Venezuela war-vessels, all of which acts of violence were committed, not only in order to exact the redress of grievances, but for the purpose of compelling Venezuela to make arrangements for the payment of ordinary debts, due or alleged to be due, from her government or citizens to the subjects of the hostile European powers.

Returning to domestic legislation, we do not see how it can be disputed that Mr. Roosevelt has made so effective a use of his opportunities that he is incomparably stronger in his own party and in the community at large than he was eight months ago. At this hour his nomination for the Presidency next year seems a certainty, and, for the moment, it looks as if his election would follow.

The Army General Staff

THE officers to constitute the new General Staff Corps have been announced by the War Department. If the method of selection may be accepted as an indication of the methods of business to govern the new corps, the army and the country have reason for sincere congratulation. In order that the selection of the new corps might be based upon merit and removed entirely from the field of influence usually supposed to prevail in and about the War Department, the Secretary of War referred a copy of the new statute to the War College Board, with the request that they recommend the method to be pursued in putting the law for the establishment of the General Staff Corps into execution. The War College Board recommended that the details for the General Staff Corps be based entirely upon aptitude and merit. A board of officers of high rank was convened and directed to proceed with the selection and recommendation of a sufficient number of officers of proper rank to complete the initial organization of the new corps. The board was sworn to perform this duty impartially and without favor or affection. The army is to be congratulated upon the result. All the officers recommended for detail have seen some years of service and are men of recognized ability. While there may be some disappointments and heart burnings upon the part of individuals who were desirous of employment in the General Staff, nevertheless the majority of the eligible class of officers will abide by the decision of the board with dignity and good-will.

In the past it has been recognized that political influence was generally necessary to secure appointment in the permanent staff corps. It would be far more satisfactory to the great body of officers to have preferment based upon records of service rather than political influence, and the records once submitted to the arbitrament of such a tribunal, its findings should be acquiesced in without question.

The statute contemplates that the General Staff Corps shall be composed of officers detailed for periods of four years. In order that details to the initial organization should not expire at the same time, the tours of duty of the officers who compose the first detail will expire in two, three, and four years. As all officers who serve in the General Staff Corps are required upon completion of the tour of duty therein, to go back to the branch of the army in which they hold permanent commission, it will be readily understood that meritorious officers of the army at large will always have opportunities for preferment in the new corps. This wise provision insures a body of officers in touch with the fighting portion of the army, and will prevent that bureaucracy which has been responsible in the past for so many theorists.

Pending the formation of the General Staff Corps the Secretary of War has been utilizing the services of the War College Board in determining questions relating to the new militia law and to other important matters of general concern to the army.

Correspondence

NAMES OF INDIANS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The press of the country seem to have entirely misapprehended the purpose of the recent order of Commissioner Jones requiring the use of new forms in naming the Indian allottees. As a member of the Sequoya League I have advocated this change for the reason that the rolls are at present a chaos of individual registration, with no regard to family grouping. Each individual is at present designated on the rolls by a name, not of his own choosing—for the most part these names are poor translations of the meaning (or supposed meaning) of the syllables making up his actual Indian name. For example, a Cheyenne name meaning "Many Magpies," is translated by some ignorant Texan "Heap o' Birds." Other names are jocose or vulgar nicknames. Others still are foolish and cumbersome.

All these absurdities the commissioner hopes to correct. The first rule of the circular distinctly and emphatically says that *the Indian's actual name is to be retained wherever possible*, and made the family name. A man known as "Humpback Wolf" by the whites, but whose real name is Hohconee, will go on the new rolls by the name he cares to wear, and his children will be named after him.

The Sequoya League, jealous of the rights and privileges of the red men, has been invited to co-operate with the commissioner in this work, and it is determined to retain wherever possible the beautiful and picturesque nomenclature of the various tribes now conforming to the ways of the white men. The need of this change will be apparent to any one who knows that the red people are now becoming property-owners, and, in the case of the Oklahoma tribes, the possessors of valuable plots of land. The question of inheritance is already vital in the case of the southern Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

The suggestion of the league, taken up by the President and by the commissioner, is merely and simply to group the various citizen Indians into families, using the name of the father as the family name. Thus, Hohconee would become the head of a family, his wife be known as Mocha Hohconee, his children be known as Ohoma Hohconee and Niohois Hohconee, or, if their names are too long to be used as given names, the parents will be asked to give them other names easy to speak. Thus the whole family will be treated exactly as we would treat a family of Poles in the city of Chicago. As they become citizens and owners of property, they will naturally conform to our system.

Furthermore, large numbers of them have already expressed pleasure at the thought that they are to be given a chance at last to shake off the white man's contemptuous nicknames, which they have regarded merely as tickets or numbers.

It will be seen that the press of the country has unwittingly been fighting on the side of the commissioner in this matter. The absurdities which the critics have condemned are precisely those which are to be wiped off the rolls.

It is the design of those assisting in this matter to enrich our English speech with as many of the melodious and beautiful sounds of the Sioux, Algonquian, and other native languages as possible. The Algonquian, especially, has much of the music and the picturesque quality of the Japanese. The commissioner's assistants can be trusted to preserve in every possible way the native and characteristic nomenclature of the red race.

I am, sir,

HAMLIN GARLAND.

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Why Not Abolish It?

By Mark Twain

We have many good laws. They embody the wisdom and the common sense of the ages. There is one very striking feature about these laws. Let me point it out. Among them—

1. There is not a law which says that if you consent to the robbery of your family, the robber's crime is reduced to a mere impropriety by that consent.

2. There is not a law which says that if you consent to the burning of your father's house, the incendiary's crime is reduced to a mere impropriety by that consent.

3. There is not a law which says that if you consent to let a man starve your mother to death, that man's crime is reduced to a mere impropriety by that consent.

4. There is not a law which says that if you consent to let an assassin cut your throat, the assassin's crime is reduced to a mere impropriety by that consent.

It is strange, but these statements are true. The law does not grant you the tremendous privilege of propagating, inviting, and encouraging crime by your caprice, and of minimizing the responsibility of its perpetrators by the interposition of your royal consent. The law sticks stubbornly to the position that robbers, incendiaries, and murderers are criminals, no matter who are the victims; and it would not concede that they were criminals in a lesser degree in cases where you or your kin were the victims, and you gave your personal consent.

But there is one crime which is more disastrous than all of these put together; more bitter, more cruel, more infamous, more shameful, more insupportable, more far-reaching, more diffusive in its crushing effects, than all of those combined—and over the perpetrator of this *one crime* the law holds the protecting shield of its mercy and its compassion.

A murder kills the body, but sets it free and ends its cares; it brings grief to the surviving kindred, but it is a grief which time can soften, and even heal. But this other crime, this crime of crimes, kills the mental and spiritual life of its victim, but leaves its body to drag on and on, the symbol and sufferer of a living death, despised of kindred, forsaken of friends; and upon family and friends descends a blight of humiliation which time cannot remove nor forgetfulness ease of its pain.

The law is stern with the assassin, but gentle with the seducer; stern with the murderer of the body, but gentle with the murderer of all that can make life worth the living—honor, self-respect, the esteem of friends, the adoring worship of the sacred home circle, father, mother, and the cradle-mates of the earlier and innocent years. You may drag down into the mud and into enduring misery and shame the trusting and ignorant young flower of this household, and crush the heart of every creature that loves it and lives in the light of its presence; you may murder the spirit and consign to a living death and intolerable wretchedness all these—and if in certain cases you can prove *consent* the law will not deal unkindly with you.

"Consent" necessarily argues previous persuasion. It indicates who the instigator of the trespass was—that is to say, the offender-in-chief. Instead of magnifying his crime, this actually diminishes it, in the eyes of the law. The law establishes an "age of consent"—a limit during which a child of sixteen or seventeen is not privileged to help commit a tremendous and desolating crime against herself and her family: but she is privileged to do it if she is twenty: and in that case the person that persuades her to it is regarded by the law as being substantially guiltless, and it puts upon him no punishment which can be called by that name except sarcastically.

There is *no* age at which the good name of a member of a family ceases to be a part of the *property* of that family—an asset, and worth more than all its bonds and moneys. There is no age at which a member of the family may by consent, and under authority of the law, help a criminal to destroy the family's money and bonds. Then why should there be an age at which a member, by consent, and under connivance of the law, may help a criminal to destroy that far more valuable asset, the family's honor?

There being no age at which the law places the lives of a family in the hands of any member of it to throw away at his whim—including his own life—I see no sound reason why the law should not be consistent—consistently wise—and abolish the age limit in the case of the other and greater crime.

If a man and wife are drowned at sea, and there is no proof as to which died first, the law—in some European countries and in two of our States—decides that it was the wife. She is the weaker vessel. It is usually so in the matter of seduction. She is young, inexperienced, foolish, trustful, persuadable, affectionate; she would harm no one herself, and cannot see why any one should wish to harm her; while as a rule the man is older and stronger than she is, and in every case without exception is a scoundrel. The law protects him now; it seems to me that it ought to protect her, instead.

I think it ought to abolish "consent"—entirely. I think it should say there is *no* age at which consent shall in the least degree modify the seducer's crime or mitigate its punishment. "Consent" means previous persuasion—and there the crime *begins*. It is the first step, and responsible for the whole, for without it there would be no second. I would punish the beginner, the real criminal, and punish *him* well; society and civilization can be depended upon to punish with a ten thousand times exaggerated and unjust severity his thoughtless victim. If I were a law-maker I should want to make this law quite plain.

I should want it to say nothing about "consent"—I should take the persuasion for granted, and that *persuasion* is what I would punish, along with the resulting infamy. I should say simply that commerce *with a spinster*, of whatever age or condition, should be punished by two years of solitary confinement or five years at hard labor; and let the man take his choice. He has murdered the honor and the happiness of a whole unoffending family, and condemned it to life-long shame and grief, and while he ought to be flayed alive, and the law ought of rights to provide that penalty, I know that no jury would vote it; I could not do it myself, unless mine were the family. And so I would make the penalty as above. A jury would vote that, for the judge would be thoughtful enough to appoint upon it none but fathers of families—families with young girls in them, the treasures of their lives, the light of their homes, the joy of their hearts.

I find the following in this morning's *Herald*. Will you print it?

Rosie Quinn, who was convicted of murder in the second degree on April 8, for drowning her baby in the lake in Central Park, will be sentenced by Judge Scott to-day in the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court. Only one sentence, that of life imprisonment, may be imposed, and, although her counsel, Moses A. Sachs, will ask for a new trial, it is not probable it will be granted.

The girl dreads her appearance in the court-room. She spoke of this yesterday with even more horror than that which the idea of a life sentence has aroused in her mind.

She has written to the father of the dead child, but has received no response. "I don't know what he can be thinking of," is her only comment.

Not even his name has been told to the persons who have approached Rosie Quinn in connection with her trial. She is loyal in this.

For her sisters, who have not been near her since her arrest in November, she displays a surprising thoughtfulness.

"Don't put my sisters' names in the paper," she begged. "I don't want their names used. I didn't even want it known that I had sisters, but it got out somehow." Since her conviction, one of her sisters has called at the prison to caution her against telling their names.

The girl is a most pitiable creature. She seems crazed by the happenings of the last few weeks, and is utterly unable to comprehend the enormity of her crime, or the hopelessness of the doom which is hanging over her. She is like a child, docile, quiet, undemonstrative. She will only say:—

"It was a dear love-affair for me."

Immediately after her sentence persons who have become interested in the girl's sad fate will appeal to Governor Odell in her behalf.

I think many of us will like to sign that petition.

A Triad of Admirable Books

The Constant Reader came in the other day with three new books under her arm, and the Higher Journalist leaped to welcome her with the distinction due her sex and her quality. She sat down with that air of large leisure which the constant reader imagines the higher journalist to have at his command equally with herself. "Here are some books," she said, putting them on the table before him, "which I should like to have your opinion of. At first, I thought I would write and ask, and then—"

"Oh, I am so glad you *came*," the higher journalist took the word, but, when he had it, he did not say that bad as it was to receive calls, it was not half so bad as to receive letters. He only said, "It is so much easier to talk such things over," and "Oh!" he continued, looking at the books, "*Captain Simeon's Store, Putnam Place, A Daughter of Thespis:* what do you think of them?"

"That is what I want you to tell me," the constant reader replied. "You see that I get confused, reading all the new fiction as it comes out—"

"Good heavens!" the higher journalist interrupted, "do you mean to say that you read all the novels published?"

"Of course I do. How else is a constant reader to keep up?"

"But, dear lady, as the men say in Mr. James's stories, that is keeping *down!* I don't wonder your mind is so confused—as I suppose you were going to say—that you don't know a good thing when you see it. But if your intellect had not been obfuscated by your intellectual experience, if you were an unsophisticated lover of the true and the beautiful, if you were a simple child of sincerity, and not a constant reader, what would *you* think of these three books?"

"Well, I should think in the first place that they were an awful relief from nearly everything else that I've been reading lately. I should say that they were every one out of the common, and that there was a new touch in each of them. I should say that *A Daughter of Thespis* seemed so honest about actors and acting that it made you feel as

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if the stage had never been truly written about before. I should say that the people who lived in *Putnam Place* were just *dears*, and that I wished I lived there too. I should say that the company in *Captain Simeon's Store* was so good, that if I were a rusticator at Killock Cove in the summer, I should hide behind the Captain's old barrels and boxes, and stay there all winter, so as to hear the talk."

"Not so bad," the higher journalist approved, "for a constant reader, with a mind stuffed with all sorts of trash like yours."

"But who are those books by, anyway?" the constant reader called him back to business.

"Why, the authors' names are given."

"I know that, but who *are* the authors?"

"How terribly personal you constant readers are!" the higher journalist sighed. "If the books are good, why must you bother about the writers? But if you must, why, I happen to know that Mr. George S. Wasson is a painter, no longer in the bloom of his first youth, who has wintered and summered it at Kittery in Maine for the last fifteen or twenty years, and has fished up his wonderful material all along shore, as far down as Castine; and if you think *A Daughter of Thespis* is a true image of theatrical life, you may depend upon it that *Captain Simeon's Store* is a veridical representation of the Yankee fishing and coasting life, as it still holds its own in one of the most richly interesting regions of that somewhat overwritten New England. It is more like the Miss Jewett country than the Miss Wilkins country, but, after all, it is George S. Wasson's country, by right of discovery. You have it there in his book, with its amazing superstitions, its adventures, its strange oaths, its delightful parlance, its bold, rugged characters, and their astounding ignorance and credulity; its keen local critics of city folks, its unprincipled politicians, its shrewd traders, its reckless, luckless seafarers, and its queer farmers, teasing a reluctant harvest from their stony hills, and eking out a livelihood with poultry and eggs, and dwelling as far from the world, except for the all-pervading trolley, as if they lived in the beginning of the nineteenth instead of the twentieth century."

The constant reader blinked thoughtfully before asking, "Do you think he ought to make them talk in that rough dialect?"

"Why not, if they do talk in it?"

"But there has been so much said against dialect."

"Yes, there are a good many cultured asses who think their own bray is the true and sole standard of speech. Without the dialect the mental and moral atmosphere of Killock Cove could not have been given; it is preposterous to think of anything else. But if you want compensation for it, there is the pure, straight, simple English of the narrator, which caresses all the facts and traits it deals with, and gives you a *rendu* of the theme, delightful in its perfect drawing and its exquisite color. You can't open the book"—the higher journalist opened it—"without inhaling the sea and shore smells of the Cove; the taste of the brine gets on your lips; and the whole quaint look of the little, lounging, decayed, unkempt harbor village rises in your vision, a picture of alluring leisure and repose—the leisure of summer afternoons longer than any other measures of time in the world, except the summer forenoons, and the winter nights. It's a proof of the author's art that from the first line he piques your curiosity and warms your heart, and wins your love for his subject. There are some old-fashioned touches of his that I think charming, because they suggest a poet who has lived as far from the literary world as from the business world. I think I most dote upon him when he is least up to date in manner. His nature is all up to date, though, no matter about his fashion; and that is the main thing."

The constant reader heaved a long, contented sigh. "Yes, that is what I felt about it too. But I was afraid the characters were commonplace people. You know there has been so much said against them."

"*By* commonplace people? Ah, why don't you confine your constant reading to fiction alone, and let the criticism go? Why should you doubly darken your understanding?"

"That is true," the constant reader assented. "But, really, about *A Daughter of Thespis*, now: do you think it is right to take away all the glamour of the theatre?"

"No one can do that, and the author has not done it. Weren't you interested in the book?"

"I simply couldn't put it down; I couldn't miss a word; and I kept wondering what it was held me so fast. Don't you think the style is dreadfully *plain*? I don't mean bare or bald, but *plain*. At times it seemed to me it was simple to the point of simpleness and beyond the point of simplicity."

The higher journalist condescended, "That's not so bad. But did you ever examine the style of Tolstoy, the greatest novelist who ever lived? Well, there *is* none. There is absolute plainness, no matter what he is dealing with, and you know what heights he scales and depths he sounds. One might say Tourguénief has no style, or Zola, or Maupassant, or the Goncourts, at least so far as any reaches us in English; but their power gets to us without it. I am not really comparing them except in this point alone with Mr. John D. Barry, though I am far from thinking meanly of him, even in the best company."

"But who is Mr. John D. Barry—"

"Anyway?"

"Yes!"

"He is the author of some other books which I do not value nearly so much as *A Daughter of Thespis;* and he wrote a story—a long-short story—in one of the magazines lately which was one of the very best long-short stories I ever read."

"*A Leading Woman?* Yes, you are right; it was wonderful."

"You read the magazines, too, then?"

"Of course I do! But why does he write so much of the stage?"

"Because, I believe, he had some training for it, and probably loves it as much as he seems to hate it. At any rate, he loves to write of it, to ascertain it, to declare it, as it rarely has been ascertained and declared before. Doesn't he do all those different histrionic types with astonishing vividness? That plain style of his—which one may call bare or bald, for all I care; it's so much better than anything florid—renders them all alive; it gives them to you characters, persons, acquaintances; you associate and suffer and enjoy with them. I know the book of old, for I read it when it came out a serial, and now that it has got into a book I should not be greatly surprised if it won the high place which belongs to it, though good luck doesn't always attend good books. The author is a man of unquestionable talent, and he cannot rest from following it with other novels of the same honesty, the same quality."

"Well, he will have me for a reader of whatever he writes. Why, I never *knew* a more naturally right-minded and wrong-minded girl than that Evelyn Johnson heroine of his, who is too good for her art, and not great enough; and if all actors were like those in his book, even when they were bad, even when they were women, I should just love them. But do you think that a novel ought to be written with such perfect common sense? It almost scared me. I suppose I didn't expect it."

"You don't often get it, whether you expect it or not. Perhaps it may yet be the fashion, though."

"But now about *Putnam Place!* Who *is* Miss Grace Lathrop Collin?"

"Anyway? Well, hereafter if anybody asks you that you can say she wrote *Putnam Place*. That will be answer enough for anybody who is anybody. It is seldom that a book instantly approves itself a classic, as *Putnam Place* does in the fine, delicate, and difficult sort which a few of our women writers—Miss Jewett, Miss Wilkins, Miss Edith Wyatt—have the secret of creating. You may say that the art of it began with Jane Austen, but its English ancestry is to be traced in *Cranford* and *Our Village;* and then, being rather late for the *Mayflower*, it came over in one of the first Cunarders. In naturalizing itself to our air, it refined indefinitely upon its ancestry, and now there is nowhere else under the sun any beauty and truth to compare with its own. Where is *Putnam Place?* (I feel as if you were interviewing me, and I drop helplessly into the pseudo-dramatic style.) What does it matter? It is anywhere in any large or small quiet New England town, where people still live lives of ancient peace, and know one another with the cold, kind intimacy of the Puritan past. What is more important is the close, loving, tearfully smiling perfection with which it is studied. That is not surpassed even by the accuracy of Mr. Wasson's observation, and it would be a good exercise for people to read *Captain Simeon's Store* and *Putnam Place* together, if they would have the right sense of New England in its two most widely parted extremes. Both are absolutely true, and Mr. Wasson's work is not less so than Miss Collin's, because his material is rude. In Miss Collin's study we have the same native stuff seen in its last physical attenuation, spiritualized to conscience, family pride, and snowy celibacy, a winter landscape streaked with passionate color here and there from rising or setting suns. The people are mostly women, as Mr. Wasson's people are mostly men; but there are young maids as well as old maids, young wives as well as old wives, and though the comedies and the tragedies are all so subjective, a flamy pulse of drama plays through every scene, which those to the manner born won't perhaps feel more than others. In fact, if I were to give a guess, I should have courage to conjecture that Miss Collin was not to the manner born, for I do not believe she could have seen the inside of New England so unerringly if she had not first seen it from the outside."

The constant reader thought she had caught the higher journalist in asking, "What do you do with Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins in such a conjecture?"

"Oh, well, there are always exceptions. And, besides, there is truth in what I suggest, and I stick to it. But no matter!" he braved it out, "There is her work, whoever or whatever she is: an instant classic, as I said, and enduringly vital as only the classics are."

The attribution of classicism to *Putnam Place* seemed to bring the constant reader back to a point already passed. "And you don't think a writer ought to have style?"

"Not if he can help it."

"I don't understand."

"The style he can help having, the style he tries for is not himself, and—"

"I see what you mean," and the constant reader sighed a little, as people do who are more convicted than convinced.

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The French Religious Persecutions in Literature

When the first legislative action to suppress the French Congregations was taken by Premier Combes, and the initial steps were taken to dispossess the unlicensed orders in Brittany, we made the reflection that, in the passionate Conservatism of the Breton peoples, their historic devotion to the Catholic Church and the religious orders, and their picturesque national life, with its old Celtic language, its quaint costumes, its un-French atmosphere, there was rich literary material of the finest quality; and we recorded the hope that, among the many clever writers in France, some one would be found with the imagination and power to do justice to this Old World region, and the stirring scenes which have grown from the people's resistance to the government. Renan, greatest of all Bretons in our days, could have done the theme justice, both in its religious tradition, and in its picturesque aspects and Celtic spirit. Pierre Loti has shown, in his "Fishers of Iceland," that he can paint, with admirable richness of color, with profound insight into their gloomy and imaginative hearts, the life of the Breton fisherfolk. Edouard Schuret and others of the Celtic school in France have shown their power and depth in kindred fields. But of all the writers whom one would have thought of, as the evangelist of this new crusade, about the last is the author who has actually turned the theme into contemporary literature, "Gyp," the Baroness de Janville, who has written so many novels of French aristocratic life in dialogue form. Who would have thought of "Gyp," the frivolous, brilliant, gifted recorder of fashionable amours and foibles, coming forward as the prophetess of a religious crusade, as championess of the persecuted orders, as recorder of the profound emotions which the government persecutions have stirred up in pre-historic Brittany? Our wonder at "Gyp" taking up this theme is in part justified by the treatment she has given it in her new book, *Les Chapons*, the Capons, that is, a group of contemporary French types "who have grown fat, who are good for nothing, and who will eventually be eaten." She has lost sight of the deeply romantic and psychological possibilities of her subject, perhaps because she has, like Kipling, gone into partisan politics, and has a number of points to make, chief of which is her much-to-be-regretted Anti-Semite and Anti-Dreyfus propaganda, which has already embodied itself in *Les Gens Chic*, with its wit and its grossness, and also its injustice. In *The Capons* this brilliant writer introduces us to a Jewish family, who have grown rapidly rich, have somehow acquired a title, and have bought an old country seat in Brittany, hoping to enter the life of the great country families, who still cherish the ancient Breton traditions, and preserve the old Celtic language. "Gyp" has drawn two types of these old Breton nobles, or, rather, two opposing camps, one of whom must also be enumerated among the Capons "who are fat, good for nothing, and will presently be eaten." The chief of this camp is a marquis, and French Senator, who seeks local votes by encouraging and organizing resistance to the measures of Premier Combes, only to advise surrender at the last moment, and thus make capital with the government authorities, and win plaudits in the press, as peacemaker and champion of the law. Opposed to this worthy Capon is another family of fine old Breton reactionaries, who, from the grandmother down to the children, take the lead in resisting M. Combes's gendarmes, leading the Breton peasantry, and standing up manfully for the old Quixotic tradition of Armorica. Nothing could be more sympathetic than this second family of Breton nobles; like all "Gyp's" well-bred people, they are really well-bred, and altogether admirable in their Old-World ways. But of the popular religious enthusiasm, which is the real literary substance of the question, "Gyp" gives us nothing that has any considerable value.

The Study of Greek

The Oxford Congregation recently voted to retain Greek as a required subject for the pass examination. The incident brings to the surface the long-continued struggle against a great language and a great literature, which has been going on for a generation, and which, on this side of the water, has about resulted in the victory of the contemners. It is characteristic of Oxford to cling to the ancient usage, and it is fortunate that, on this occasion, it is adhering to a righteous cause, or at least to a cause which must not suffer total defeat, even though the Greek be driven out of the list of required studies in our universities and colleges. Stanchly loyal as Oxford seems to be by this vote to maintain Greek as a required study, the majority in its favor was small, and the chances are that some day, perhaps not far distant, Greek must take its place among the voluntary studies, or, as we say in this country, among the electives. In our own institutions, the last stronghold of the language is Yale. At Harvard everything is open, and the small New England colleges have for some years been admitting students without Greek, and, consequently, giving the A.B. degree to those who have never studied the language. Yale itself is expected soon to abandon the requirement, and when that time comes, the day of the effort to compel scholarship will have passed, and universities and colleges will be broad highways in which those may travel who have no desire for more than the most distant acquaintance with scholars, and without any acquaintance at all with the essential things of scholarship.

The experiment of dropping Greek from the requirements is not wholly satisfactory. Mr. Herbert Paul, writing most charmingly and convincingly in the *Nineteenth Century* for February last, ventured to say that he does not believe that the "study of Greek would suffer if it were made voluntary. . . . It is no doubt true," he continues, "that Greek has been well and effectively taught to unwilling pupils. But it may also be true that the amount of Greek acquired by a passman at Oxford, or a passman at Cambridge, is not worth the time bestowed upon the acquisition. On the other hand, the removal of compulsion would not leave Greek to stand upon its own merits and the disinterested enthusiasm of heaven-born students. It would still lead to posts of honor and emolument even in this world." The faculties of many small colleges are beginning to doubt the wisdom of yielding to the war against Greek which was incited in the United States, some thirty years or more ago, by Mr. Charles Francis Adams. Teachers of Latin, for example, find that the men who enter college without Greek are heavily handicapped, and that they do not become such good Latin scholars as do the Greek students. So it is in every one of the so-called culture courses. The students who do not go to college with Greek are not likely to become finished translators of the Romance languages, and acquire a good English style with much difficulty. Even the science teachers miss in the non-Greeks, as they are called, the mental fibre which is attained by the discipline of the study of Greek. President Hadley's dictum, that he knew of no language which would take the place of Greek, is accepted as true by a large number of teachers who are not Greek professors. Still, there are very few who believe that the requirement could be restored, because the drift away has carried in its current some of the secondary schools. The result is that throughout the country boys are prepared for college without any Greek whatever. This most effectively blocks the way to a return, although, as we have said, the abandonment of required Greek is now regarded as a mistake not only by professors of Greek, but by professors of Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, of Romance civilization, of English, and by some professors of science. We may add that some of the men who voted, in faculty and trustee meeting, for turning their backs on Greek, now regret that vote, and would like to see the return of the old Freshman and Sophomore curriculum—at least of the old *trinoda necessitas*, Greek, Latin, and mathematics. However, the day for taking a step forward to the old vantage-ground of the educational system seems gone,—and it is truly gone at least for this generation.

It may be that Mr. Herbert Paul's belief will be realized, and that voluntary Greek will some day occupy even a higher place in the affections and enthusiasms of students than it ever occupied under the compulsory system. Mr. Paul says of the language, differentiating it from Latin, which he calls practical: "Let Latin, then, by all means be compulsory for other reasons than that. After the age of academic honors and emoluments, Greek, like good sense, is its own reward." He would consider Greek as an accomplishment, "not an elementary subject," and says that "the noblest of all languages is degraded by administration in homœopathic doses to recalcitrant schoolboys." Let us assume that Mr. Paul is correct. The time has come, then, for a frank recognition of the place which Greek holds among languages, and for the proper and respectful treatment of the study without which, at some point at least in his educational career, no one can become a great literary scholar. In passing, we must differ from the rector of Exeter, quoted by Mr. Paul, who said, in defending his vote against compulsory Greek, that the knowledge of it acquired by candidates for pass degrees "is absolutely worthless." It may be that, in a large measure, this is true, but it does not follow that forgotten Greek has done the student no good. Still, we will take the dictum that voluntary Greek will some time range on loftier heights than those to which required Greek ever attained. This may well be, because of the primacy and power of the language. But if it is to be henceforth the study of the enthusiasts, the college must have a Greek faculty of such a character, of such attainments, of such inspiring force, that youth will be tempted to take Greek as an elective. There is much sound and noble teaching in Greek in our day, as there is in other subjects,—much sounder and nobler than teaching used to be in the college of the last generation, and some of the colleges are rising to such demands of voluntary Greek as Mr. Paul makes in its behalf. The first step in the new order is to be the teaching of elementary Greek in college, and, to some minds, this alone is to dignify the language as holding it above all the other sometime requirements. In order to carry on the work as it must be done, in both elementary and advanced Greek, the faculties must be strengthened, and the language and its literature must be taught not only thoroughly, but enthusiastically, and with its beauties, its nobility, and with the inspiration of Greek life always in view.

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The Future in Ireland

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *April 18, 1903.*

ONE thing at least is certain about Mr. Wyndham's Land bill. It cannot leave Ireland as it found it. I ventured in my last letter to say that if its proposals are adopted, or even substantially adopted, as they stand, the result must ultimately be not only a new Ireland, but a loyal Ireland. No one, with the past to warn him, will be rash enough to predict that the measure is a final settlement of the land question. What Mr. Wyndham has made permissive, the future may, and in all probability will, have to make compulsory. For all that it is an immense, a comprehensive, a most hopeful step towards ridding Ireland of landlordism, and creating a peasant proprietary. Is that to be the end of it? Will the spirit behind this land bill be found to have exhausted itself the moment the third reading is over? Or will it go on to yet greater triumphs, and make of this fine beginning the stepping-stone to complete reformation?

That is the question which Englishmen are asking themselves to-day, and even more remarkable than the question itself is the spirit of hopefulness and cordiality in which it is asked. Of hopefulness and cordiality. Two years ago anything seemed likelier than that one could use these words in describing England's attitude towards Ireland. Two years ago England was swept by an almost savage wave of disgust with Ireland, with Irish claims, with the Irish representatives. The feeling was excusable. The Irish press and the Irish politicians threw even the extremes of German pro-Boerism into the shade. In Parliament they gloated openly over British reverses, and cheered the capture of British generals. In Ireland they did all they could to stop recruiting. They voted the freedom of Dublin to Mr. Kruger. They adopted and improved upon all the "foul and filthy lies" manufactured on the Continent about the conduct and methods of the British army. They returned to Parliament at the first chance the leader of the Irish brigade. In word and deed they showed themselves as nakedly enemies to the British crown as Cronje himself. Moreover, they set themselves to perfect in Ireland a new and improved edition of the Land League. Boycotting and intimidation became again a policy; the Crimes Act had to be enforced; it looked as though once more Ireland were to be plunged into a veiled civil war. They half paralyzed and wholly degraded the House of Commons with obstruction that led at times to something like a riot. "England's danger is Ireland's opportunity"—and they made the most of it.

And this was two years ago or less. There is no need to describe the general attitude of Englishmen. It was that of Americans towards the Boston Anti-Imperialists, carried to the nth of bitterness and fury. Today every bit of it has vanished, not only from the English, but from the Irish side. Almost for the first time the English are really trying to find out what it is the Irish want that they may give it them. The Irish, for their part, are peaceably marking time and waiting to see what they will get. The United Irish League, so far from roaring, is hardly bleating. Landlords and tenants who used to meet one another chiefly in the law-courts are now positively hobnobbing. The Nationalist municipality of Boyle in Roscommon has actually voted an address of welcome to the Lord-Lieutenant who has purchased a country estate in the neighborhood. The Queenstown Urban District Council, also a Nationalist body, has come out with a flowery greeting to the King on the occasion of his approaching visit to Ireland. A few weeks ago when there was a preliminary debate in the House on the general question of land purchase, Mr. John Redmond collected opinions on its reception from all parts of England. He had editorials from all the leading papers of the country sent to him and read them through. The result, so he told me, astonished him. On all sides he found nothing but expressions of kindliness and sympathy. In fact, the relationship between the two peoples at this moment is so harmonious, so full of good will, as to be almost uncanny. They are at last within measurable distance of understanding one another.

On neither side of that Channel which Mr. Balfour used to describe as "not the least of the Irish difficulties," has the popular mind quite accommodated itself to the change. There is a good deal of bewilderment, and, in consequence, a good deal of speculation. People are even talking as though home rule were a possibility of the near future. Long ago it was prophesied that home rule would eventually be passed by a Tory government in a yawning, half-empty House; and there are not a few today who really believe the prophecy is about to be realized, or at least that the present government is meditating something of the kind. It has even been explicitly stated that there would be a dissolution in the coming autumn and an appeal to the country on the question of a vast extension of local autonomy in Ireland. This has been denied, but there can hardly be a doubt that if the Land Purchase bill works smoothly, it will be supplemented by such a development of local self-government as will practically insure home rule in fact, if not in name. "I believe," said Mr. John Redmond to me a month ago, "that if the Land bill proves a satisfactory one to the Irish people, we shall have home rule within five years. It will come, you will find, by universal assent, just as the Local Government bill of 1898 came. The whole of Ireland and both English parties will be at one in demanding it." Things are moving very swiftly just now, and it is quite possible that Mr. Redmond's forecast may prove correct. Indeed, it is no more than a fair matter of inference from official statements. One of the provisions of Mr. Wyndham's bill is that one-eighth of the tenant's annuity is to be perpetual and paid to the state. The suggestion was made in the opening debate that this payment should be collected by Irish local bodies. Mr. Wyndham in reply said that he thoroughly favored the idea, and would have included it in his bill but for the fear that "to bring anything in the nature of a local-government bill into this bill" would be to overweight it and "risk the loss of it." The opinion gains that the local-government bill is only deferred, that the one-eighth perpetual rent-charge will before long be collected and expended by representative Irish bodies, and that provincial councils, leading gradually to a central legislature at Dublin, are a part of the programme of the present government.

If this prove to be so, as I am inclined to think it will, and, indeed, must, then the grant of home rule by the Tory party will rank among the wonders of politics. It will be just as amazing as though a Republican Congress twenty years from now were to declare for free silver. One could moralize on the phenomenon forever; but what is the use? Every one who is not an Englishman has long recognized home rule, or some satisfactory equivalent, as inevitable. Every one outside Germany sees that Prussian Poland will not forever remain as it is. Every one but a Russian knows that the autocracy is predestined to modification. It is piquant, it is interesting, it is the very irony of party politics to find the English Tories chosen by fate as the agents of the great measure of Irish pacification. But it means no more than that they at length discern the irresistible drift of things and the necessity of surrendering to it. Home rule is the dominant fact, not its framers; the measure, not the men. Indeed, the only comment worth making on the situation that is shaping itself is this: England, while she would resist and vote down any home-rule scheme put forward by the Liberals as the price of their political alliance with the Irish Nationalists, would willingly acquiesce in precisely the same scheme if proposed by a Tory government that was independent, as the present one is, of the Irish vote. As a policy she will accept and subscribe to it for broad reasons of statesmanship; as the condition of a political "deal," she will not hear of it. That is one of the many reasons why it is the Tories and not the Liberals who will eventually settle the Irish question. The Irish themselves are beginning to realize this. As Mr. Redmond said to me, "We're for the party that controls the House of Lords."

And side by side with the Land Purchase bill, with this approximation, that may soon become a rush, towards home rule, with the general mellowness of feeling that now obtains in and out of Ireland, there is to be prosecuted a really valuable scheme of material development. It is at last becoming recognized that one-half the ills of Ireland are economic and susceptible to "practical" remedies. Englishmen are much better at dealing with a situation of this kind than with one that requires the power of dramatic sympathy with, and insight into, the aspirations, sentiments, ideals, and the other intangible qualities and emotions of an alien race. They have no more talent for understanding people than the Romans had; but they do understand things. And now that it has dawned on them that there is work of an entirely "practical" character to be done in Ireland, that the country, whatever it may be politically, is by no means hopeless agriculturally or industrially, we may expect some distinctly useful results to follow this ray of light. Mr. Balfour's light railways were the first undertakings that definitely aimed at the economics of the Irish question. Mr. Horace Plunkett followed this up with his agricultural co-operative unions—the best bit of work, I say unhesitatingly, that has yet been accomplished by England for Ireland. Now we are promised a vast transit scheme to work in harmony with Mr. Plunkett and the agricultural board. Central depots are to be established in different parts of Ireland for the cheap and rapid collection of agricultural produce by means of motor-cars. It is partly a state enterprise, and partly a private one, absolutely non-political, and organized in such a way that one may hope from it at least as much benefit, and that is a good deal, as has accrued to the Italian peasant and farmer from similar schemes.

All this is excellent. The old Ireland is passing away before our eyes, and a new Ireland, Anglicized, at any rate, to the point of a moderate "hustle," is being born in its place. It is a keener Ireland, a more intellectual Ireland, an Ireland touched with something of the modern spirit, and free, one hopes and believes, from the intolerable political nightmare of the past. With such an Ireland all things are possible, even the creation of a new social order. There are, of course, no final victories and no final triumphs in politics any more than in international commerce; but England realizes that this moment offers the best of all chances for a solution of the Irish problem, and she is bracing herself up to seize it as it should be seized.

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Books and Bookmen

A REFERENCE to Thomas Love Peacock's *Maid Marian* by the Scholar and the Sentimentalist in "The Canterbury Club Tales" of last week's issue, and an article in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century*, by Mr. Herbert Paul, on "The Novels of Peacock," induces a sad train of thought on the evanescence of literary fame. There was a time when *Nightmare Abbey*, *Maid Marian*, *Crotchet Castle*, and *Grylll Grange* were as popular as *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*. Professor Saintsbury's recollection recalls that even in his childhood days *Maid Marian* was to be found in many libraries. How many of the innumerable throng that have witnessed the operatic performance of "Robin Hood," or its second rainbow, "Maid Marian," have read Thomas Love Peacock's fascinating serio-comic romance of Sherwood Forest! Yet of all the writers, from the unknown ballad-mongers to Tennyson, who have been inspired by this delightful story of Robin Hood and his merry men, and which by an odd coincidence was furnishing a subject for *Ivanhoe* at the very same time, none has ever interpreted it with more zest and freshness than Peacock in *Maid Marian*. Few of those who have enjoyed the delights of De Koven and Smith's fantastic operas are even aware, we dare say, that in Peacock's own time *Maid Marian* was turned into a comic opera by Planché and Bishop which was as extraordinarily popular. Many of the songs, indeed, which gave charm to the performance were taken from the delightful snatches of verse and lyrics contained in the book. These "catchy" verses from Peacock, for example, are said to have been the great hit of the opera:

The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble,
Doth make a jest
Of silken vest
That will through greenwood scramble:
The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble.

The courtly pad doth amble,
When his gay lord would ramble:
But both may catch
An awkward scratch
If they ride among the bramble:
The bramble, the bramble, the bonny forest bramble.

"We choose our abbot by his nose," says Brother Michael, otherwise Friar Tuck, whereat he falls into rhyme:

The rose on the nose doth all virtues disclose:
For the outward grace shows
That the inward o'erflows,
When it glows in the rose of a red, red nose.

But the purest gem of verse in *Maid Marian* is the perfect lyric at the end of the second chapter:

For the slender beech and the sapling oak
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree.

It is difficult to give any idea of the brightest and most fanciful extravaganza ever inspired by forest trees and rippling streams and poetic sentiment and popular legend. As an artist Thomas Hardy is incomparably superior to Thomas Love Peacock, but not even *The Woodlanders* or *Under the Greenwood Tree* can surpass the passionate love of woods and trees, the sportive fancy of forest mirth and glee, the gayety and vivacity of an out-of-doors phantasy and romance, that disport themselves airily in *Maid Marian*. To read *Maid Marian*, as Mr. Paul says with pardonable ecstasy, is like spending a long day in the country with the company of the imagination, the best company in the world. It is an idyl of spring, and to this excellent critic we owe thanks for a return to these pages, dripping dew and shedding fresh greenness, which had grown dusty on a neglected shelf.

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Omarians in America will be pleased to read the poem which Mr. Austin Dobson wrote, and Mr. Henry Newbolt read for him on the occasion of the recent dinner of the Omar Khayyâm Club in London. The poem appeared in the *Tatler*, in Mr. Shorter's interesting page, "Jottings of a Journalist."

"UNDER WHICH KING?"

"Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die."
2 Henry IV., Act V., Scene 3.

"Under which king?" you ask, my friend.
"The Hermit of the Suffolk shore?—
The Tent-maker of Naishápúr?—
Omar, Fitzgerald—which?" Perpend.

The great Corneille, when pressed of yore,
To judge two sonnets, answered thus:
"One, in its way, is marvellous;
And yet—I like the other more."

This is my case betwixt your twain.
But if you further question why
I sit in this brave company,
I will—with your good leave—explain.

Life is a toilsome thing at best:
We all too-heavy burdens bear,
And groaning 'neath our load of care,
Run to and fro in search of rest.

We find it where this board is set:
Kind looks across the napery gleam;
The Past, the Future, grow a dream;
And—for the moment—we forget.

Omar, Fitzgerald—these are all
But phantasies. We snuff the air;
The green spot in the desert bare;
The Opiate of the Interval!



! ! ! !

Estate Agent (to laborer's son). "Here, my boy, where can I find your father?"
Boy. "In the pig-stye, sir. You'll know him by 'is brown 'at!"
—"Punch," *April 8.*



Landlord (visiting new tenant). "Well, my girl, is your father in?"
Girl. "No; 'e's doon among the pigs; but ye'll easily ken 'im—'e's got 'is hat on."

—"The Tatler," *April 8.*

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Truce

From the next "Messages and Papers of the Presidents":

YELLOWSTONE PARK, *April, 1903.*

FRIENDS, comrades, and companions
Of the mountains, caves, and canyons,
Bear, Elk, and Cat, non-voters
Even in the Dakotas,
...mmune with me a trifle,—
...here without a rifle
... see you, face to faces,
your own familiar places.

... met here on a level:
...en the Indian devil—
...e wolverine, the creature
...ost toothful of all nature—
... safe from being hunted;
couldn't, if I wanted,
...ith knife and gun attack you—
They say the Game Laws back you.

The time may come, my beauties,
When my official duties
May be relaxed, to root you
From these old haunts and shoot you;
I must say I am willing
To do a little killing
In spite of rhyme or reason,
When bear meat is in season.

Now that my kodak's loaded,
You'll not be incommoded,
I trust, if I come nearer,
And fire the caméra!
'Tis thus I'll advertise you,—
In short, immortalize you
In serial publications
Read by entire nations!

JOHN PAUL BOCOCK.

Finance

THERE can be no doubt that the speculative situation has greatly improved during the past week. It is not so much that basic conditions on which rest the prosperity and business welfare of the nation have grown better, but that the favorable features and the promise of the situation which already existed are now better realized. This is due to the change in "sentiment." It is an intangible but a potent thing, this "sentiment." It makes and breaks confidence, and because at bottom all business enterprises are governed largely by the frame of mind of the human beings conducting them, there is no factor which plays a more important part in speculation than sentiment. The stock-market went through a process of liquidation. It was, in a sense, not unlike the spring pruning of an orchard. Branches, living and strong, shoots and "suckers," which to the uninitiated meant nothing, but which retarded the trees' vigorous growth, were ruthlessly cut off. The orchard will be the better for it. The stock-market was strengthened by the liquidation. It always hurts, what Wall Street cold-bloodedly calls a "healthy reaction." But, after all, it is a question of the greatest good to the greatest number.

Apart from the liquidation and the resultant improvement in the technical position, there is also the season to consider. A rise in values is seasonable. Spring means the reawakening of nature from the winter lethargy. The blood in men, like the sap in trees, circulates more freely. This tells on general business, and general business tells on the money-market and on stock values. In the course of the decline in prices, precipitated by various causes and circumstances described in this column at the time, a lower level of values was reached than there was any sound reason for. For this "sentiment" was to blame. It is difficult for a mental depression to be exactly commensurate with the circumstances causing it. Sentiment always goes to extremes of optimism as of pessimism. But when reason reasserts itself there is a logical reaction. Stocks had gone too low. As soon as the speculative community recovered from its fright prices rose. At this writing the recovery is still in progress.

Money has worked easier. To-day interest rates are not more than one-half of one per cent. above what they were last year at this time, when speculators had not been frightened half out of their wits by the hue and cry about a permanently higher interest level on investments in this country. It is true that the present easier tendency of the cash rate is declared to be a transient matter by observers who are looking forward with some concern to increased demands for money later in the year. But possible though the usual monetary stringency may be in the autumn, the fact remains that it is still months away. This is not saying that great speculative activity is desirable or inevitable, but that for the moment there is no good ground for undue anxiety. Meanwhile, the over-manufacture of securities, as already pointed out, has ceased, and gradually the "indigestion" of securities should pass away.

The recovery in values now under way received impetus from the granting of the Northern Securities Company's application to pay a dividend to its stockholders pending an appeal of the case to the United States Supreme Court. The Street was more comforted by the news than seemed justified. It was good news, of course, but it was not intrinsically important enough to cause an advance in all stocks amounting to many scores of millions of dollars. The vital question of whether the company has a legal right to exist has not yet been passed upon by the court of last resort. In point of fact, it was merely that a sharp "rally" in prices was "due," to use the Street's phrase. But aside from this, it is noteworthy that popular misconception as to the administration's real attitude toward trusts and combination is disappearing, and the country is not now breathlessly expecting Mr. Roosevelt to demolish every industrial corporation and railway system in the United States. That the Sherman anti-trust law is in many respects injurious alike to the operation of important enterprises of great public utility, and consequently to the public's welfare, is probably true enough; but that it will be repealed or even modified soon is altogether improbable. It will take a long campaign of education to teach the people exactly what is wanted in the way of legislation affecting inter-State commerce. In the mean time the public is taking an ever-growing interest in the analysis of what really constitutes a restraint of trade, and is learning to judge to what extent competition is wholesome and desirable.

On the whole, the outlook is bright enough, given the promise of the crops and the improvement in monetary conditions.

HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week (out Wednesday, May 6) will have, among other features, Rear-Admiral H. C. Taylor, U.S.N., on "Battle-ships Cheaper than War"; The first of a short series of articles on the Ideals of American Womanhood — Caroline Duer on the Literary Woman; A complete short story by Margaret Sutton Briscoe, "His Opportunity"; "The Man Who Watches the Danger Signals," a graphic story of the modern appliances for preventing accidents in railway travel; 16 pages of Editorial Comment on Politics, Literature, and Life.

40 Pages of interesting subjects by interesting people

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Financial

The

Corn Exchange Bank

New York

WILLIAM A. NASH, President
THOMAS T. BARR, } Vice-Presidents
WALTER E. FREW, }
F. T. MARTIN, Cashier
WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

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HARPERS BOOK NEWS

PEOPLE YOU KNOW

(Imprint of R. H. RUSSELL.)

George Ade's latest book, "People You Know," was published recently, and is a happy addition to Mr. Ade's piquant and original stories. No one occupies quite the happy field of this author, and the reputation which he first gained through "Fables in Slang" has constantly increased. "People You Know" is full of horse-sense and the peculiar humorous observation that has made Mr. Ade famous. The book is characteristically illustrated with drawings by McCutcheon.

PEARL ISLAND

This is the tale of the strange adventures of two shipwrecked lads on a little-known island in the Southern Pacific. The book is full of the exciting and the unusual: there are accounts of attacks by pirates, explorations by land and sea, excursions into a wild, volcanic country, the discovery of fabulous treasures of pearl, and a description of the strange life led by the castaways. The book is also educational. It is correct in its geography, in its descriptions of the queer fauna and flora of the South Seas, and of the many expedients and experiments to which the boys were driven in order to escape back to civilization.

THE KAISER'S SPEECHES

There was published lately a volume of much interest to thinking Americans; it presents the character and views of the present German Emperor. These are the Speeches of Kaiser Wilhelm that bear on topics of importance to citizens of the United States. The book was translated and edited, with copious biographical notes, by Wolf von Schierbrand. There is an excellent likeness of the Emperor, done in photogravure, for a frontispiece.

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Harper's Magazine

For MAY

Photographing the Nebulae

G. W. RITCHEY

Instructor in Practical Astronomy at the Yerkes Observatory

Tells of remarkable new methods of photographing the stars, and shows the important discoveries made. His article is illustrated from many stellar photographs of the greatest interest and never before reproduced.

Sociology

A striking study of the American working woman, written by a woman of culture and refinement, who, in order to study this class, worked among them.

Literature

Hamilton W. Mabie contributes a brilliant essay on Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1903, and Joseph Knight writes on Shakespeare's "King John"; his text is accompanied by Mr. Abbey's pictures.

Nature

Sadakichi Hartmann contributes a charming nature study, "Along the Salt Meadows." His article is artistically illustrated from photographs reproduced in tint.

Short Stories

The eight short stories in the May number are a most striking collection. Among them are stories by **Margaret Deland, Roy Rolfe Gilson, Anne O'Hagan, James Branch Cabell, Arthur Colton,** and **Octave Thanet.**

Travel

Waldemar Bogoras, of the American Museum of Natural History, writes of a strange Northern people, where the old are put to death at their own wish, and where a man is allowed to kill himself when tired of life.

Arthur Symons gives a vivid, poetic picture of life in Constantinople.

Science

Carl Snyder, in an interesting psychological article, tells how the brain thinks, showing the entire material processes of mental operations.

Mr. Abbey's Pictures

There are three exquisite drawings by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A., in the May Magazine. They illustrate scenes in Shakespeare's "King John," and are reproduced in tint.

Illustrations in Color

The pictures in color in the May number, in addition to Mr. Abbey's drawings, include three full-pages by E. M. Ashe, in full color, a number of dainty drawings accompanying Mr. Symons' paper on Constantinople, and some strikingly artistic photographs.

Wee Macgreegor

By J. J. BELL

A NEW writer has suddenly appeared in Scotland who is more than rivalling Ian Maclaren and J. M. Barrie in popularity, while differing widely from either one of them in his portrayal of Scottish character. Mr. Bell has admirably told the humorous and realistic story of a little Glasgow boy, "Wee Macgreegor," of his father, who slyly pets and spoils him, and of his mother, who adores and disciplines him—three unforgetable people who live actually before us in the author's exquisite and sincere work.

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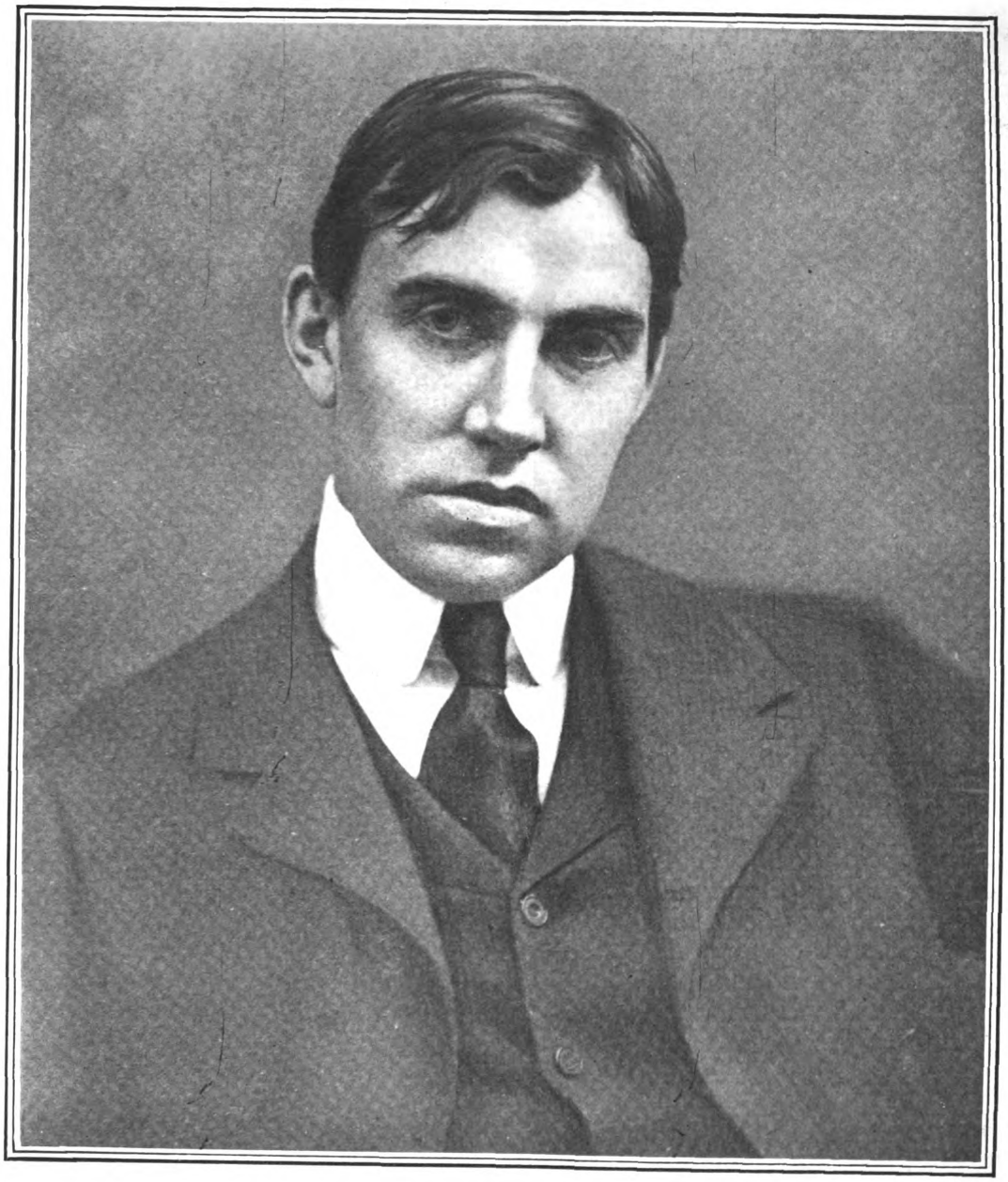
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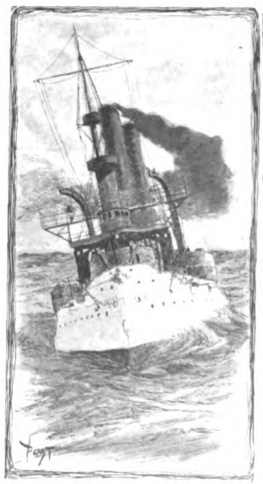
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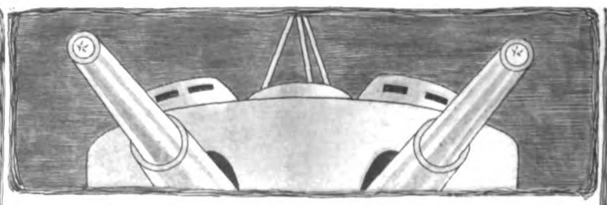
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Battle-Ships Cheaper than War

By Rear-Admiral H. C. Taylor, U. S. N.

THAT battle-ships are cheaper than war; that we must have the force necessary to hold and defend what we possess; that an individual or nation must be prepared to guard his belongings, as well as his life and honor, from the attacks of other persons or nations: these are simple axioms. Our advanced civilization, with its numerous and effective safeguards against thieves and highwaymen, as well as against all forms of public disorder, has indeed clouded these axioms, and confused the reasoning powers of those who protest against war preparation. The security in which we live lulls their minds to drowsiness, and encourages them in the fallacy that this condition of things is a natural one, rather than entirely artificial, as is in truth the case.

This does no great harm so far as State or municipal affairs are concerned. The protestors consent instinctively to the police, and, indeed, demand that they shall be well armed, and regard the taxes they pay as many times repaid by the protection thus afforded.

It is in international matters that the danger of the fallacy appears. The false logic, which urges that order and security within the country are natural results of our modern civilization and intellectual advancement, goes further and proposes to employ these noble but inadequate forces as the only protection of the nation and its property from the attacks of other nations.

Significance of a Fleet in all International Matters

It is, therefore, only to these few persons that arguments need be addressed. To them it should be mentioned that the civilization which secures them in the city and State, and provides them with a police and law to guarantee their safety, has not, up to the present time, provided these or similar safeguards for any nation as against other nations. Vague and shadowy beginnings have been made. International customs have been collected in books, and given without justification the name of law. A tribunal has been established, which arbitrates in the interest of peace, but no sword has yet been placed in its hand with which to enforce its decisions. Wars do not cease. The stronger still overpower the weaker throughout the world.

Such being the case, we may logically present one of two propositions. First, to accept defeat, and resulting conquest of our people and territory whenever another more warlike nation desires our riches; or, second, to arm ourselves in good season and resist the attack. With these alternatives should be considered the fact that we are sure to be attacked if we do not prepare, because a nation is likely to attack only those whom it thinks it can overcome.

Lord Charles Beresford's Epigram

We arrive then at the point emphasized by Lord Charles Beresford that "Battle-ships are cheaper than War," and that if battle-ships are not provided and thoroughly drilled, we will certainly have war, and war costs more than a fleet of battle-ships.

The present situation of our country brings out forcibly the need of a fleet as distinguished from a land army. The latter will always be needed, of course, but our recent acquisition of important island territory at great distances from our own continent makes a sea force indispensable, and Admiral Beresford has probably taken these changed conditions into account as strengthening his recommendation to provide a worthy naval force.

History shows numerous instances of the value of a fleet to a nation which is dependent for its safety upon territory separated from the home government by the sea.

The Verdict of History

The Athenians by keeping their fleet well drilled and ready maintained for themselves supremacy in the Levant, and control of the great trade routes. The naval victories of their Admiral Phormio over the unprepared fleets of Sparta seriously checked the development of that famous state.

So long as Carthage kept its fleet the equal or superior of the Roman fleet, it could strive with confidence for the commercial control of the Mediterranean; but Rome was not ignorant of this, and did not hesitate at vast outlays of money in order to make its fleet superior, and its final victory over the fleet of Carthage at Ecnomus, in the greatest sea fight recorded by history, was quickly followed by the disappearance of Carthage as a rival in peace or war.

By the possession of an effective fleet England gained and held the trade and riches of India; by the lack of one, Spain lost the Empire of the West. France, slackening in its attention to its sea force, loses Canada. England, failing later to provide a sufficient fleet to succor Cornwallis at Yorktown, sees America pass from her control.

The rule is almost invariable. When a country has distant possessions or a large foreign trade, even without territory, it must have armed protection. It possesses something that other nations want, or, indeed, need, for their vital development. They will seize it, as will desperate men seize gold or jewels if displayed in their sight without being guarded. As to conditions now existing, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that they are no better, if no worse, than former periods in the world's history which preceded great wars. The teachings of experience give us no guarantee of peace, but, on the contrary, warn us to be thoroughly armed, in order that marauders may not molest us, and thereby drive us to the extravagance of a long and bloody conflict.

The Natural Pugnacity of Human Beings

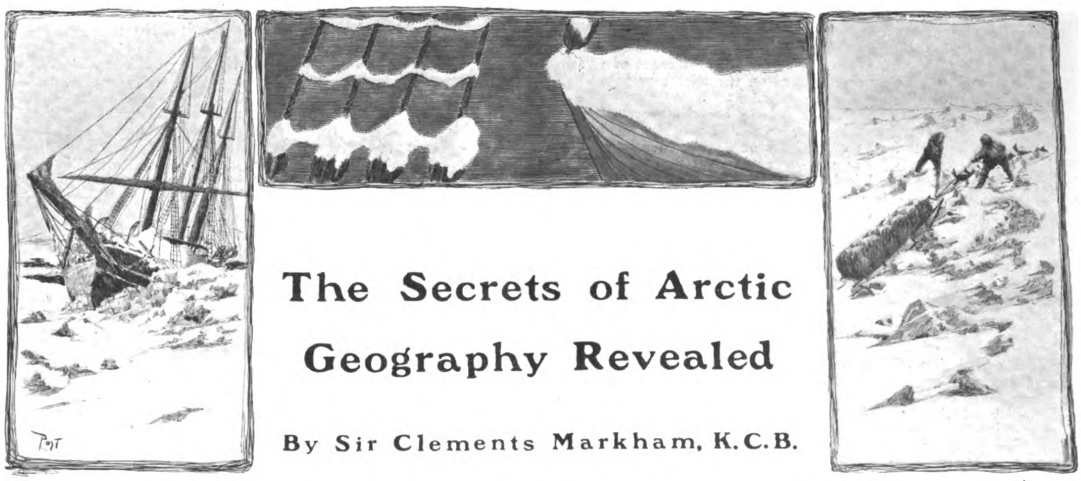
Battle-ships will not always prevent war; nothing will do this, for an element of pugnacity appears to be implanted in us by Providence, which does not permit nations to be satisfied without an occasional appeal to arms. We need not discuss the right or wrong of this. History shows plainly the existence of such an element, and further shows that if too long a period elapses without the war sentiment being gratified, nations tend to become selfish, and a lowness of view is engendered, and an undue love of material ease and a tendency to the lower vices. Mr. Ruskin claims that history shows us that not only the arts flourish during long periods of war, but that the great virtues also flourish then, and that peace too long continued results in degradation of the national spirit. Heroic conflicts for noble causes develop heroic virtues in the men who carry them on. It cannot be denied that they develop, at the same time, fierce and brutal passions that react disastrously on the finer qualities of a civilized humanity; but if war can engender heroism, valor, and the courage that enables a man to meet death without flinching, it cannot be wholly profitless.

We need not on this account seek for war. It will come without urging. The keen desire for commercial supremacy constitutes a certain cause of war, which is always with us, and we may rest assured that the nation which sees this supremacy passing from it, will, after trying other remedies, surely fight, and in so doing will prefer as an opponent the nation that is the least prepared and the richest.

Armies and Navies a Necessity in all Governments

In conclusion, why should arguments be necessary to show the advisability of maintaining an adequate military force on land and sea? The government of a great nation is made up of certain essential elements without any one of which it must fail in the race. Armies and navies are among those elements, and their importance in the machinery of government can be determined, and the amount of money to be spent upon them. Details will differ in different countries. Those in the interior of continents will naturally need larger armies, while insular and peninsular nations should spend more money on their navies than on their armies. For all, however, some armed force is indispensable, and though its work at times must be sad and even repulsive, yet there is something in war which uplifts the spirit of man and tends to diminish that fear of death which degrades life and mars its enjoyment.

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The Secrets of Arctic Geography Revealed

By Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B.

THE expeditions sent out to explore the unknown regions, at least in the earlier periods, were productive of great benefit to many communities. The voyages of Barents and Hudson, of Edge and Fotherby led directly to the Spitzbergen fisheries, which brought millions to the participators of those enterprises, and added to the comfort and prosperity of Holland and the eastern ports of England for centuries. The discovery of Hudson's Bay led to the formation of that famous and prosperous company which bears its name. The expedition of Ross, in 1818, led the way for the whalers into Baffin's Bay; and the third voyage of Parry pointed out to them the wealth to be found up Prince Regent's Inlet. So that these expeditions were the originating causes of the prosperity of ports in Yorkshire and Scotland, and of the increased comfort of large communities. The Arctic fisheries in the Spitzbergen and Barents seas still enrich the people of Norway, while the fossil ivory of Arctic Siberia brings wealth to the traders of Russia.

These were the most lucrative consequences of polar enterprise, and they show how false is the notion that Arctic exploration has been of no practical value. But if it has increased the material well-being of numerous communities, its results have been equally valuable in the advancement of knowledge. The study of polar geology has brought new facts to light which disclose much that is of the greatest interest respecting the early history of our planet; while the phenomena connected with the tundras of Siberia, the inland ice of Greenland, the formation of icebergs and floebergs, the history of Arctic marine denudation, are of great value as subjects of study both in themselves and in their bearings on general physics. Equally important, from the same point of view, have been the observations relating to polar climatology, oceanography, and terrestrial magnetism, for they are all closely connected with questions bearing on the whole subjects of atmospheric and oceanic circulation and of magnetic forces throughout the globe. Arctic biology is another department of the greatest interest, and Sir Joseph Hooker has shown what special value attaches to collections of Arctic plants as throwing light on the distribution of the floras of different areas. The highest study of all, the history of man, has received close attention in the Arctic regions at the hands of numerous observers.

The Value of Recent Polar Expeditions

The general economy of the Arctic regions, and its main physical features, have now been disclosed to us by piecing together the discoveries of a long series of explorers. But this disclosure only dates from the return of Sir George Nares's expedition in 1876. Previously the puzzle was all in confused pieces. Upwards of three hundred miles of the coasts of the polar ocean were explored, the enormously thick ice which presses upon those coasts and the floebergs were carefully examined and described, the existence of the palæocrystic sea was established, and its general character ascertained, and most valuable collections in all branches of science were made. In these respects the expedition of 1875-76 was exhaustive, and nothing remained to be done up Smith Sound but the completion of the discovery of the north coast of Greenland.

This memorable expedition, thanks to the labors of its zealous and energetic officers, marks a turning-point in Arctic knowledge. Before 1876 it was a puzzle of confused pieces, a labyrinth without a clue. Since 1876 we have been able to put the pieces together and discern the whole plan.

After receiving the information respecting the palæocrystic sea along the three hundred miles of coast discovered by the expedition of 1875–76, we began to see that there was continuity in the analogous phenomena in other parts of the western side of the Arctic regions. A study of tides, direction of prevailing winds, and movements of the ice indicated that, beyond this farthest point west which was reached by the present Rear-Admiral Aldrich, then of the expedition of 1875–76, there was land to the southwest, between this farthest point and the north point of Prince Patrick Island discovered by McClintock. The same data, led to the conclusion that the coast of Greenland went north for a short distance beyond the farthest point reached by the present Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont, then of the expedition of 1875–76, and then southeast, forming a vast island. A study of tides by Professor Haughton confirmed this view.

When these and other geographical facts discovered by the expedition of 1875–76 were made known, it was found that they harmonized with other isolated pieces of knowledge which previously stood, as it were, alone, and had not been intelligible without them. Thus the value of discoveries is scarcely ever confined to the work itself, but they throw light upon the true bearings of former work and help towards the elucidation of larger questions. As regards the palæocrystic sea discovered by the Arctic expedition of 1875–76, this is eminently the case. Collinson and McClure had described similar ancient ice which composed the pack bounding the lane of open water along which they were able to pass to the westward from Bering's Strait. The same ancient ice had been reported to us along the whole western side of Banks Island. The surfaces of the floes were described as resembling rolling hills, some of them a hundred feet from base to summit. Mecham and McClintock had described similar ice along the western and northern shores of Prince Patrick Island.

Standing by themselves, as isolated geographical facts, the heavy ice seen by Collison, McClure, McClintock and Mecham failed to reveal the whole truth. But the discoveries of the Arctic expedition of 1875–76 threw light upon and explained all these interesting phenomena. They led to the conclusion that the ice of the palæocrystic sea pressed upon the whole of the outer shore of the western side of the Arctic regions. One unknown gap remained between the northern end of Prince Patrick Island and Aldrich's farthest. This is what Captain Sverdrup has now achieved.

First Conception of the East to West Drift

It was in 1876 that I first conceived the idea of the whole story of the Arctic regions, for the discovery of the Franz Josef Archipelago was nearly contemporaneous with the return of the British Arctic expedition of 1875–76. My views were published in 1877. I held that there was a continuous drift, caused by the flow of water from Siberian rivers, the prevailing winds, and the currents from the Atlantic, from the eastern to the western side of the Arctic regions; that this continuous ice-laden drift, which could only partially escape down the east coast of Greenland, caused the tremendous pressure of ice all along the American side; and that there was no land, but a deep sea, north of the Franz Josef Archipelago. Consequently I believed that important discoveries would reward the future explorer who boldly advanced along this drift, because he would then be in the rear of the palæocrystic sea.

Nansen conceived the same idea, and successfully carried it out. His conception was wholly independent, for he had never read my notes before he started. But he has quoted from them since, to show the remarkable coincidence, in the preface to the Norwegian edition of his work.

Plan of the Nansen Expedition

The plan of Nansen was entirely original. Several facts confirmed his theory that the great polar ocean might be discovered and explored by following the drift from east to west; and his great success was due to his skill and training. The *Fram* was *one* of the strongest vessels ever built, and rose satisfactorily to ice-pressure. In her Nansen's plan was crowned with success. He discovered the extent of the shallow Siberian sea and the position of the rapid descent to the abyss of the polar ocean. He ascertained the rate and character of the drift from the Asiatic to the American side of the Arctic regions, the depths of the great polar ocean, and the positions of the layers of deep-sea temperatures. There is absolute proof that the polar ocean extends far to the north of the actual track of the *Fram*, because the harvest of ice coming down between Spitzbergen and the east coast of Greenland must necessarily have its origin to the north of that track. Nansen's great work, embodying the scientific results of his expedition, is still in course of publication.

Nansen thus drew aside the veil which concealed the secrets of

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the Arctic regions, revealing to us the great polar ocean ever drifting its ice harvests across from the Asiatic to the American side, where they only have one outlet on the east coast of Greenland. Everywhere else they are forced on the shores or into shallow seas, without any channels of escape.

There is no object in reaching the Pole by travelling over the ice. The only use in traversing the ocean around it would be to obtain deep-sea soundings, but this could only be done on board a ship. With a capable commander and a proper system there is no great difficulty in reaching the Pole from the nearest land so far as distance is concerned. It is not to be compared with the work of McClintock and Mecham, whose journeys, if they had been from the nearest land northwards, would have taken them to the Pole and back with several hundreds of miles to spare, and without dogs. There would be risk from the movements of the ice in the summer preventing a return on the same track, and probably danger. As to merely crossing the lanes of water, our sledges were boats as well, and this difficulty could easily be obviated. But such an enterprise would involve a great waste of money and power, and would be quite useless.

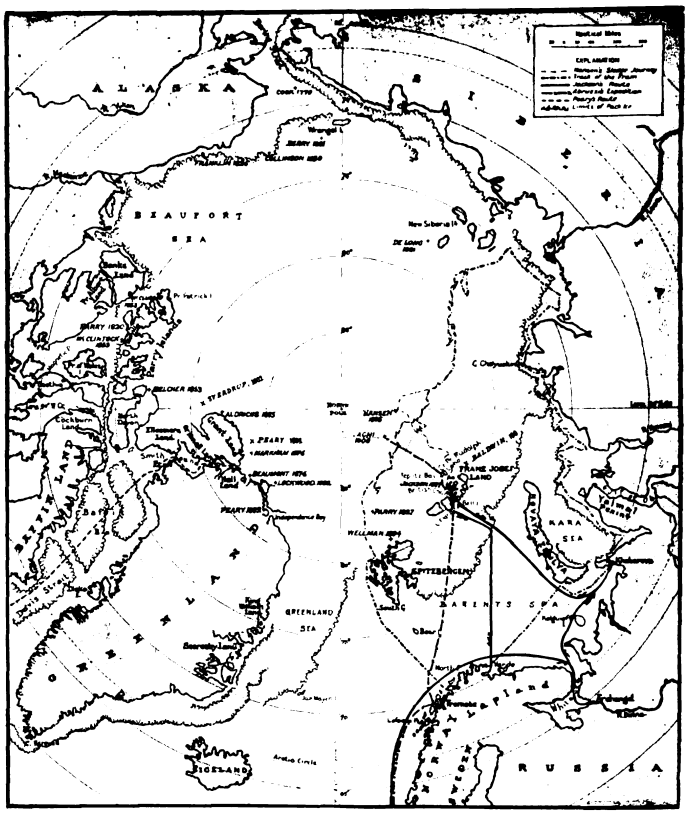
On the completion of Nansen's memorable enterprise, two important pieces of work remained to finish the whole story of Arctic geography. One was the discovery of the north side of Greenland, the other was the exploration of the wide gap between Prince Patrick Island and Aldrich's farthest. When these two achievements have been done, we can connect the whole line of the palæocrystic sea from near Bering's Strait to the current on the east coast of Greenland. The honor of thus completing the Arctic geographical work was reserved for Peary and Sverdrup.

Peary deserves the highest credit for his important achievements, because he has succeeded with such very slender resources. His journey across the inland ice of Greenland, at heights of 8000 feet above the sea, enabled him to fix the northern limits of the inland ice and to reach a point whence he had a view of the eastern coast at a part which he named "Independence Bay." It remained to connect this point with the discoveries of Sir Lewis Beaumont and Lieutenant Lockwood on the north coast of Greenland, working from the Smith Sound side. Lieutenant Peary undertook this enterprise in the spring of 1900, proceeding onwards from Cape Britannia, Beaumont's farthest point, with two companions, on May 4. Four days afterwards Lockwood's farthest point was reached, and on May 13 Peary came to the northern extremity of the Greenland Archipelago, which he reports to be in latitude 83° 39′ N. No land was visible to the northward. Proceeding onwards in a southeasterly direction, he was detained for ten days by a dense fog in about 83° N. He reported the same palæocrystic sea and the same floebergs along this coast as were described by the officers of the Arctic expedition of 1875–76. Musk oxen were seen during the journey and ten were killed. Peary's work completed, for all practical purposes, the discovery of the north side of Greenland.

There only remained the exploration of the wide gap between Prince Patrick Island and Aldrich's farthest, a great and final achievement which was reserved for Sverdrup and his gallant companions. The *Fram*, somewhat altered, was fitted out and amply supplied with stores and provisions, leaving Norway in the spring of 1898. Sverdrup himself was an experienced sailor and ice traveller, who was Nansen's companion both during his journey across the inland ice of Greenland and during his memorable drift over the polar ocean. He had with him Lieutenant Gunnar Isacksen, of the Norwegian cavalry, an excellent observer and draftsman, and a splendid traveller; Commander Baumann, of the Norwegian navy; Mr. Schei, a geologist; Bay, a Danish naturalist; Simons, a Swedish botanist; and eight men, one of them, named Hendriksen, having previously served in the *Fram* with Nansen.

Captain Sverdrup's original intention had been to discover the north side of Greenland, and he passed the winter of 1898-99 at Cape Sabine, up Smith Sound. In the spring his parties not only explored the deep channels of Hayes Sound, but crossed Ellesmere Island to its west coast. In the season of 1899 the channel leading northwards was so obstructed by ice that Sverdrup wisely bore up for Jones Sound, and the *Fram*, after proceeding up that channel, wintered on its northern coast in 1899–1900, the winter quarters being a fjord on the southern shore of Ellesmere Island. This land is now ascertained to be one long island extending from Jones Sound for 700 miles to the shores of the polar ocean, with the channels leading from Smith Sound on the east side, and the western side then unknown. The *Fram's* second winter quarters were in 76° 29′ N. and 84° 24′ W.

Captain Sverdrup's arrangements for sledge travelling were excellent, and all his people worked loyally and harmoniously together, one of the chief essentials for success in an Arctic expedition. Great hardships were endured in laying out depots both in the autumn and the early spring. In the spring of 1900 two long journeys, occupying seventy-six and ninety days respectively, were made to the north and west, besides minor journeys to explore fjords.



Map showing Results of Arctic Exploration to Date

The *Fram* steamed out of winter quarters on August 9, 1901, and proceeded westward until she was beset off the north coast of the Grinnell peninsula. It was at the western end of this land that Sir Edward Belcher and Sherard Osborn wintered in Northumberland Sound in 1852–53. In May, 1853, Belcher travelled along this north coast, discovered an island off it, which he named North Kent, calling the channel between North Kent and Grinnell Peninsula, Cardigan Strait; and sighted land far to the north, which he named North Cornwall.

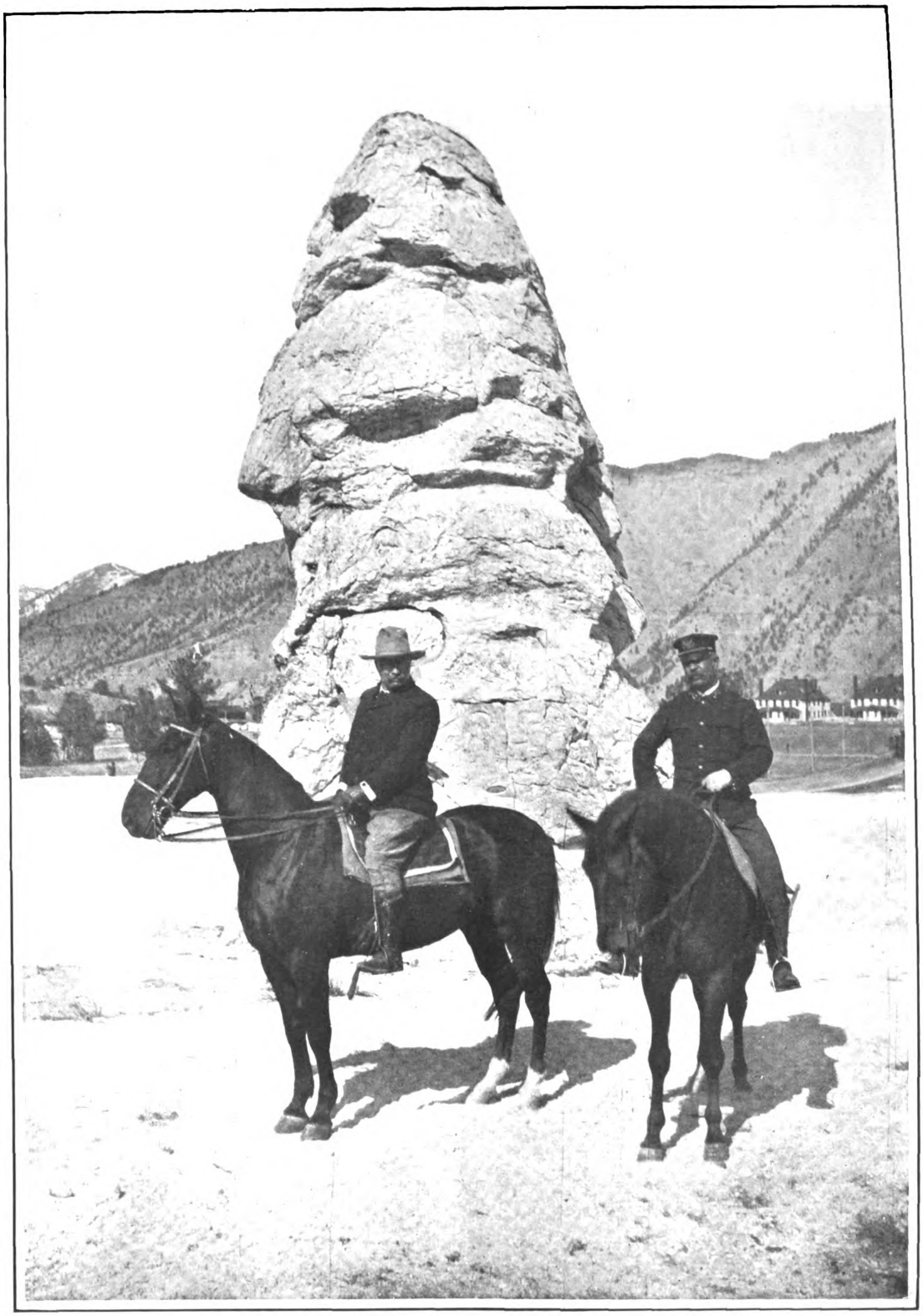
The *Fram* was beset until the middle of September, 1901, when an easterly gale broke up the ice and enabled her to pass down Cardigan Strait. Winter quarters were found up a deep fjord on the south side of Ellesmere Island. It was discovered that North Kent was separated from the main land on either side by two straits, Cardigan Strait on the south and Belcher Channel on the north, the narrow passages for the water from the polar sea into Jones Sound causing a very strong easterly current, so that there is open water in Belcher Channel very early in the year.

In the spring two long journeys were again undertaken under Sverdrup and Isacksen, to the north and west, involving very important discoveries. Many oxen as well as hares and ptarmigan were fortunately abundant, and the people were well supplied with fresh food. Walrus were also obtained in sufficient quantity for the dogs.

Isacksen explored the coast of North Devon, and also went to collect fossils up a deep fjord where a considerable bed of coal had been discovered. Baumann went down Wellington Channel to Beachy Island, discovering that Grinnell Land was not an island, as Belcher had reported, but a peninsula connected by low land with North Devon. Other parties were employed in various directions, and some of them had more than one hair-breadth escape from destruction.

At last, on August 6, 1902, the *Fram* was extricated from her winter quarters and returned to Norway. The last piece of Arctic discovery which remained has been completed, and the geography of the Arctic regions can now be studied and understood, after gallant and persevering efforts to obtain the information, which have occupied three centuries. Sverdrup has placed the last stone on the last pinnacle of the edifice of our Arctic knowledge.

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THE PRESIDENT IN THE NATIONAL PARK

This photograph, taken by our special photographer with the Presidential party, shows the President and Colonel Pitcher, the Superintendent of the Yellowstone Park, in their riding costumes, ready for the day's ride. The background of the picture shows one of the natural pillars of rock near Hahnemann's Springs

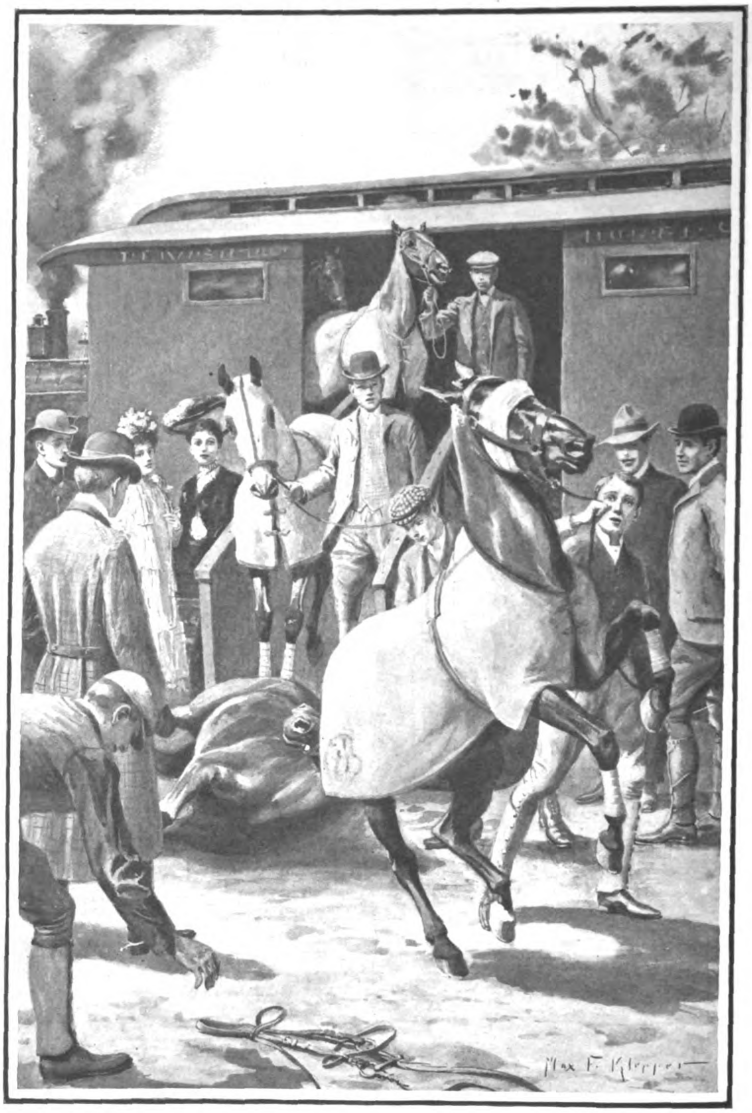
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About Polo and Polo-Ponies

WITH the opening of the Lakewood polo tournament April 28, the season of 1903 is well launched on what, from all indications, should be the most prosperous one since the game was introduced into this country. True lovers of the game will heartily join in rejoicing with Mr. H. L. Herbert, the secretary of the Polo Association, at the steady and healthy advancement and growth of the game in this country. This year several more clubs will play as members of the association, not to speak of various smaller clubs not yet risen to the importance of association membership. Both there and on a number of the private fields that have been and are being built at the country seats of some of the wealthy men of the country future good players are being developed. Then, too, an added stimulus has been given by the possibility of a visit during this season of a first-class English team.

Probably there is no better proof of the large extent to which the game is now played than the ready sale for the many car-loads of ponies brought on every spring to St. Louis, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and New York from various parts of the country, such as Colorado, Texas, and California. For several years Tappen, Hersig, Jones, Holloway, Conover & Savage, and many others have been bringing on lots of ponies more or less trained to the game, but the demand for such animals is so great that now numerous others have gone into the business of scouring the West or Southwest for good cow-ponies, which they give more or less schooling, and ship East to sell as polo-ponies. In some cases, too, one man, or two or three together, send out a representative to get together a car-load — thus securing cheaper transportation rates than on smaller shipments—hoping to obtain a few first-class ponies out of the bunch, and dispose of those that do not take kindly to the game as hack ponies. A few years ago it was possible to pick up a fair pony for about $150, but it is now difficult to get an equally good one for less than $250 or $300. A really good one, however, which is handy, has been well schooled, and shows a bit of breeding will bring from $500 upwards; and if, in addition to being thoroughly well versed in the game, the pony shows good conformation, is up to weight, and is fast enough to take part in any of the big matches, it will bring $1000 or more. So important has the matter of speed become that now the best ponies are practically, often really, miniature thoroughbreds. This undoubtedly accounts, in a measure, for the high prices paid for some of the California ponies, since in that part of the country there are a number of big thoroughbred ranches, from which the undersized ponies are cast off as practically worthless for racing. In this connection it is interesting to note that undoubtedly the highest average price yet paid in this country for a lot was given a few days ago for ten California ponies gathered together and played for a year or two by Mr. Walter Hobart, of the Burlingame Club, just out of San Francisco. These ponies, which were about to be shipped to England, have just been delivered at Lakewood to their present owner or owners for the sum of $20,000, or $2000 a pony.

A first-class cow-pony is, of course, the most important part of every cow-puncher's outfit, especially when it comes to the big round-ups, and while on all the large ranches each one of the boys has more than one pony, they usually each have a particular one which, rather than part with, they would almost throw up their job. Even an offer — large for the locality— does not always do the trick. These ponies usually make good polo-ponies with very little schooling, but are usually fairly old and not so well-bred. Therefore where a number of ponies are sent on regularly every year, it is more customary to breed especially for the purpose, or to gather together in advance a good likely lot of fairly young ponies. In this case, of course, a thorough and systematic training is necessary. First the ponies are well bitted and handled, then they are accustomed by degrees to the mallet and ball, so that they will not become mallet or ball shy. Next they are taken on the field quietly by themselves to knock a ball around, and are worked along by degrees, until, after some weeks of instruction, they are allowed to play in small practice games with other ponies.



The Trip on the Cars is not altogether without Risk

The trip on the cars is not altogether without risk, for not only do the ponies sometimes get pretty well battered about, but the nervous ones won't eat much of what food they get, and altogether it takes them some little time to recover from the journey. Last spring, out of a lot of about fifteen from Texas, one died from being thrown in the car, and another lost an eye. Even when the journey on the cars is safely at an end, all danger does not seem to be over, however, for this spring while a lot were being unloaded at East Williston, Long Island, one of the ponies got away. No news reached the owners of his whereabouts for two or three days, and it was only after a very thorough search and a long chase that, with considerable difficulty, the pony was caught in the open country some distance down the island, having roamed about for a week.

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"UP AGIN' IT"

THE FINAL SETTLEMENT (?) OF THE IRISH QUESTION

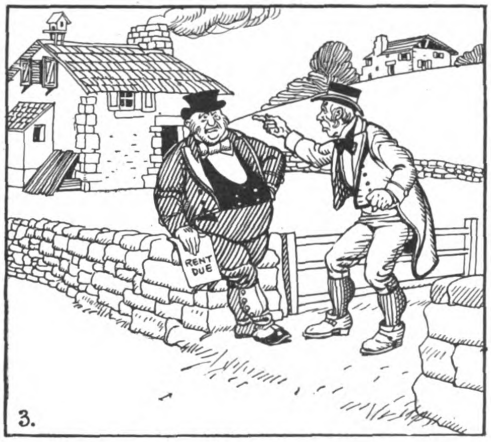
DRAWN BY ALBERT LEVERING



(1000 B.C.) "Ye'll build a wall around yeer kingdom, eh? Take that, Brian Boroo, fer I'm agin' it!"



(Some years later.) "So-ho! Yeer the landlord, eh? An' yere takin' possession, eh? Well, I'm agin' it!"



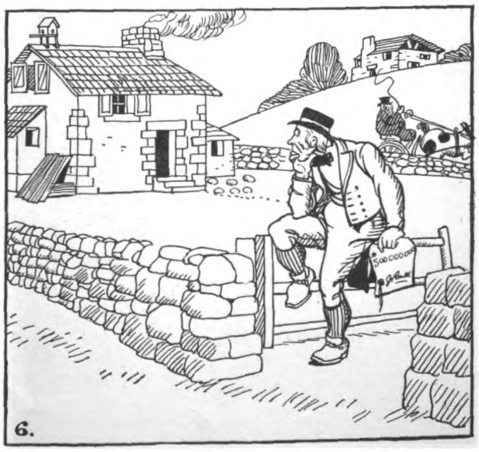
"Ye want rint? I'll never pay it! I'm agin' it!"



"What's that? Ye'll evict me? All right, me bucko. But I'm agin' it!"

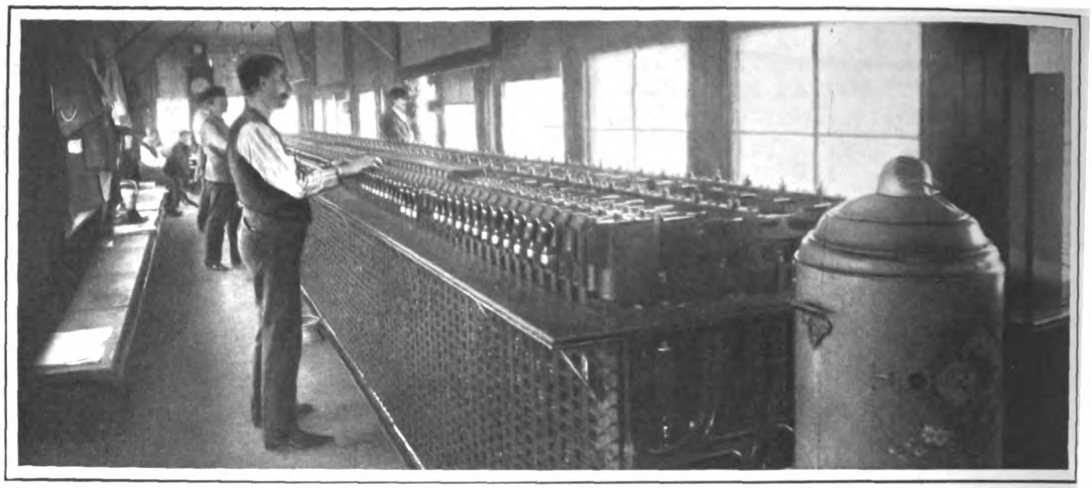


Landlord John Bull. "Well, step in and take possession, then; and though it will be a blarsted good thing for me—I'm agin' it!"



"Oh dear! oh dear! No more landlords. No more evictions. No more trouble of anny kind. Sure, phat 'll I be agin' now?"

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The Pneumatic Switchboard of To-day, showing how the Safety of Thousands of Trains is controlled by one Man

The Men who Watch the Danger-Signals

ONE misty morning about twelve years ago "Jake" Romer, who has been an engineer on important New York Central and New Haven trains for a quarter of a century, discovered a railroad trestle—the Pelham Bay trestle—on fire. The fast mail was then due. Romer grabbed a grimy towel that was lying in the cab of his engine, and rushed back to try to flag the mail. In a moment it was rounding the turn just before coming to the trestle. Romer yelled, at the same time waving above his head the dirty towel. The engineer saw him, and brought his train to a standstill within a few yards of the burning trestle.

Romer had another thrilling experience at Harrison, New York. On one of the rails of the track ahead of him, immediately after turning a curve, he saw a large rock. No locomotive could have struck it without being derailed. The engineer did not think he could possibly bring his train to a stop before reaching it, but he at once applied his levers. The cowcatcher of his engine just touched the rock as the train came to a stop. There were more than a hundred passengers on that train, whose lives were saved by Romer's prompt action.

"Bill" Sloane, who pilots a fast train between New York and Buffalo, discovered a landslide just in time to avert a most serious accident one day, and at another time peering ahead on the track saw a broken rail in time to stop his train before disaster.

A washout on the New Haven road was discovered just in the nick of time some years ago by "Billy" Walsh, one of the "old guard" of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad.

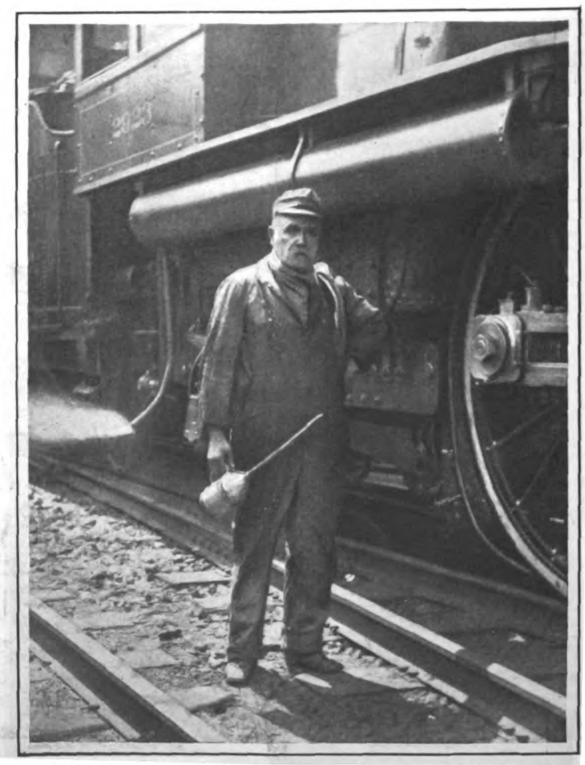
But one story is the story of all. Every engineer has had experiences where keen eyes and prompt action have saved the day.

Every day of the year in one great city alone — New York, for instance—thousands upon thousands of persons, with never a thought of any possible danger, intrust their lives to these men who watch for danger.

To the marvellous perfection of the signal and switch systems now in practical operation on nearly all of the railroads of any importance in this country is due, in a great measure, the safety of the public in its travels.

Only a few years ago the correct setting of switches was dependent on the muscle of the man in the switch-tower. All the switches were "placed" by main force, the operator pulling over heavy steel levers. This physical effort is now entirely done away with. The modern switch-tower is equipped with a wonderful piece of mechanism in which pneumatic pressure does all of the work formerly done by muscular effort. This machine is situated on the top floor of the tower, and runs almost the entire length of the tower (which, by the way, is nowadays seldom a tower, but a long, narrow, two-storied house). Several hundred numbered handles project from the upper part of the machine. Behind the handles stand a corps of men awaiting word from the "director," a keen-eyed man seated in a little bay-window in the front of the tower, from which he commands a clear view of all the tracks, up and down.

"Forty-two," he quietly says as he observes the coming of an inbound express. On the instant one of the corps of switchmen pulls out a handle. It moves, without any perceptible effort, about three inches. For a moment it stays at that point, then it suddenly moves out a couple of inches more, of its own accord, and a sharp click is heard. The switch a mile up the track is locked and the road is clear for the express and its human freight. Air pressure did all the work formerly done by muscle. If the little handle had not moved out the extra couple of inches and clicked, the switch-worker would have known that all was not right, that the switch was not locked, that something prevented the complete setting of the switch. Then a signal further up the road would have been set at "danger," and stopped the train.



"The engineer that knows his locomotive and minds the rules will have a clean record"

At the upper end of the terminal signal-tower is stationed the train despatcher. He is seated at a table upon which lie enormous sheets of paper ruled like a time-table. The vertical columns indicate all the trains in transit on the road, while the horizontal columns show the stations at which they stop. The despatcher is an expert telegrapher, and has several telegraph instruments at his side. As each train arrives at and departs from stations on the route he gets the time from his sounder. It is immediately noted on the sheets before him, and in this way a record is kept of the location of each train on the road.

It would seem, with all the wonderful machinery and devices for signalling, for setting switches, for insuring safety, that accidents on railroads so carefully safeguarded

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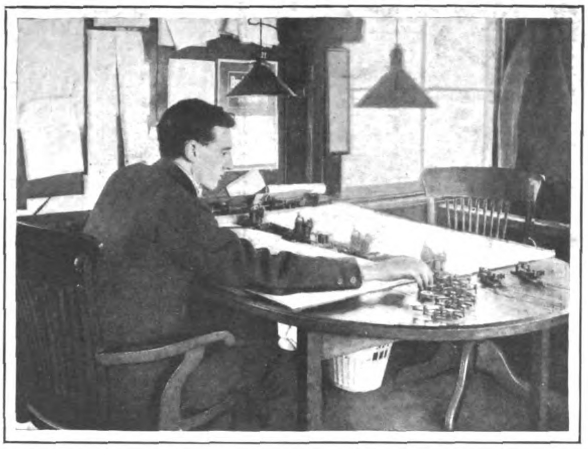
would not, could not, happen. But mechanism cannot accomplish everything in the way of safely carrying trains from one point to another. The engineer's watchfulness and his judgment count for even more than all of the intricate and wonderful machinery designed for providing safety.

"Big Arthur" Allen, who guides trains 11 and 50, the Southwestern and Empire State expresses, two of the fastest American railroad trains, declares that he cannot understand how an engineer with good eyesight and good judgment can possibly have an accident,—provided, he adds, "and perhaps this is most important of all, that he obeys the rules of the company."

"'Big Arthur' has for thirty-nine years been in the employ of one railroad. For thirty-four years he has been an engineer. In all that time his train has never had an accident of any sort whatever. He is very proud of the fact. There are not very many engineers in the country with such a record.

"Payin' 'tention to the rules," he said the other day, "that's nine-tenths of it. Nearly all the accidents that happen are the result of engineer's disregardin' the rules as laid down. When you don't see your signal you're to take that as a danger signal. That's the most important of all rules. Never take chances. You'll get no credit for doing it, and God only knows what taking a chance may bring on you and the lives intrusted to your safekeeping. You'll lose a little time, perhaps, but you can always make up those few minutes when your road is clear before you. And if you don't make it up, take my word, it won't go against you.

"Then a man must have judgment. Machinery, signals, switches—they're all right, but they haven't intelligence. They haven't judgment. There are times when a little judgment is worth a million pieces of machinery. When that occasion comes then use your intellect. That's what it was given to you for. And another thing. Never know your road so well that you don't have to keep a sharp lookout. Keep your eyes wide open every moment that you're on duty.



The Train-despatcher keeps in Touch, by Telegraph, with the exact Position of every Train on the Road

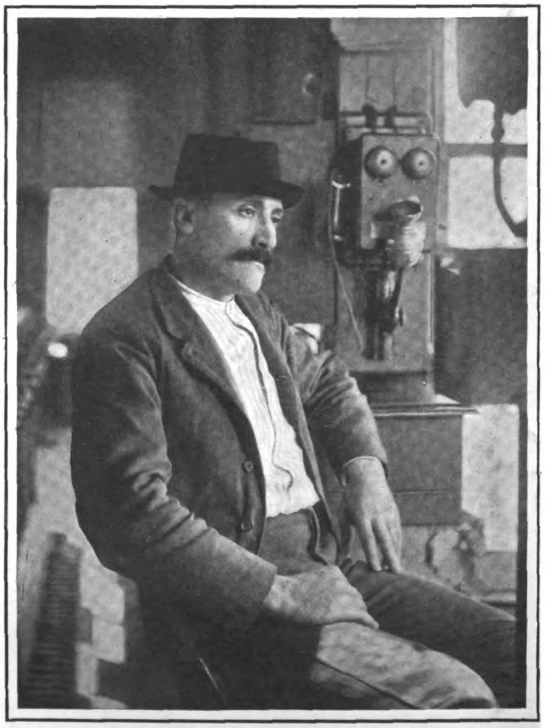
"That's all, I guess. The engineer that knows his locomotive and minds these few rules will have a clean record—there's no two ways about it."

Asked to tell of some narrow escapes his train had had, the old engineer shook his head, and a rosy blush showed through the grime on his face. He stammered, and said: "Ye'd like to make a hero of me, eh? No, I ain't none o' them, nor ever was. There ain't nothing of the hero 'bout mindin' the rules," and he ran off, and jumping aboard his locomotive hid himself in the cab.

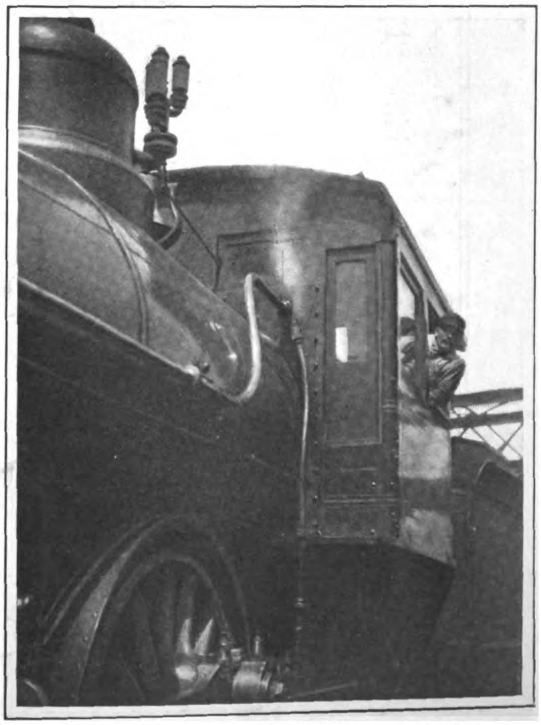
Allen's locomotive, No. 2923, one of the big Atlantic type, has recently been equipped with a very remarkable signal device. It is an incandescent electric lamp, showing a white light at one end and a red at the other. It shows inside the locomotive the same signal that is shown outside along the track. This is accomplished by a track circuit, through relays, a small dynamo on the locomotive furnishing the electricity.

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The number of accidents on American railroads, though still appalling, is yearly decreasing as improved methods of signalling and switching are adopted. But there are some accidents no mechanism can prevent, those resulting from broken rails, washouts on the road, landslides, the spreading of rails, and so on. On all the great railroads men are employed to do nothing but walk over the tracks and look for breaks in the rails, for obstructions, for anything that can possibly cause an accident. But in spite of all precautions and of all the new safety devices, like the automatic signals showing in the engineer's cab, it is, after all, the engineers—the Jake Romers, the "Big Arthur" Allens—to whom we look for safety, and in whose hands we trust our lives.



This is William J. Miles, upon whom rests the entire Responsibility of Setting Thousands of Switches for Trains at the Grand Central Station



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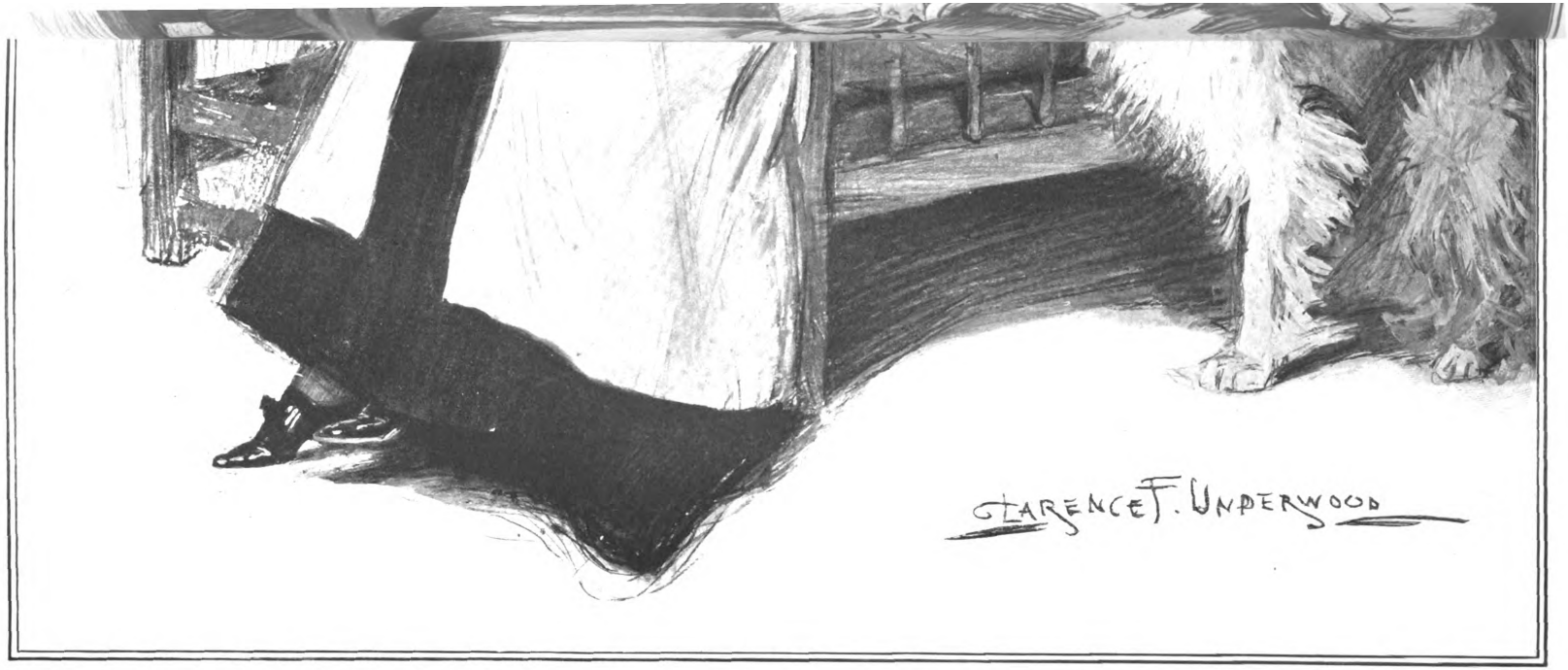
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HARPER'S WEEKLY



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LUCKY DOG

BY E. S. MARTIN

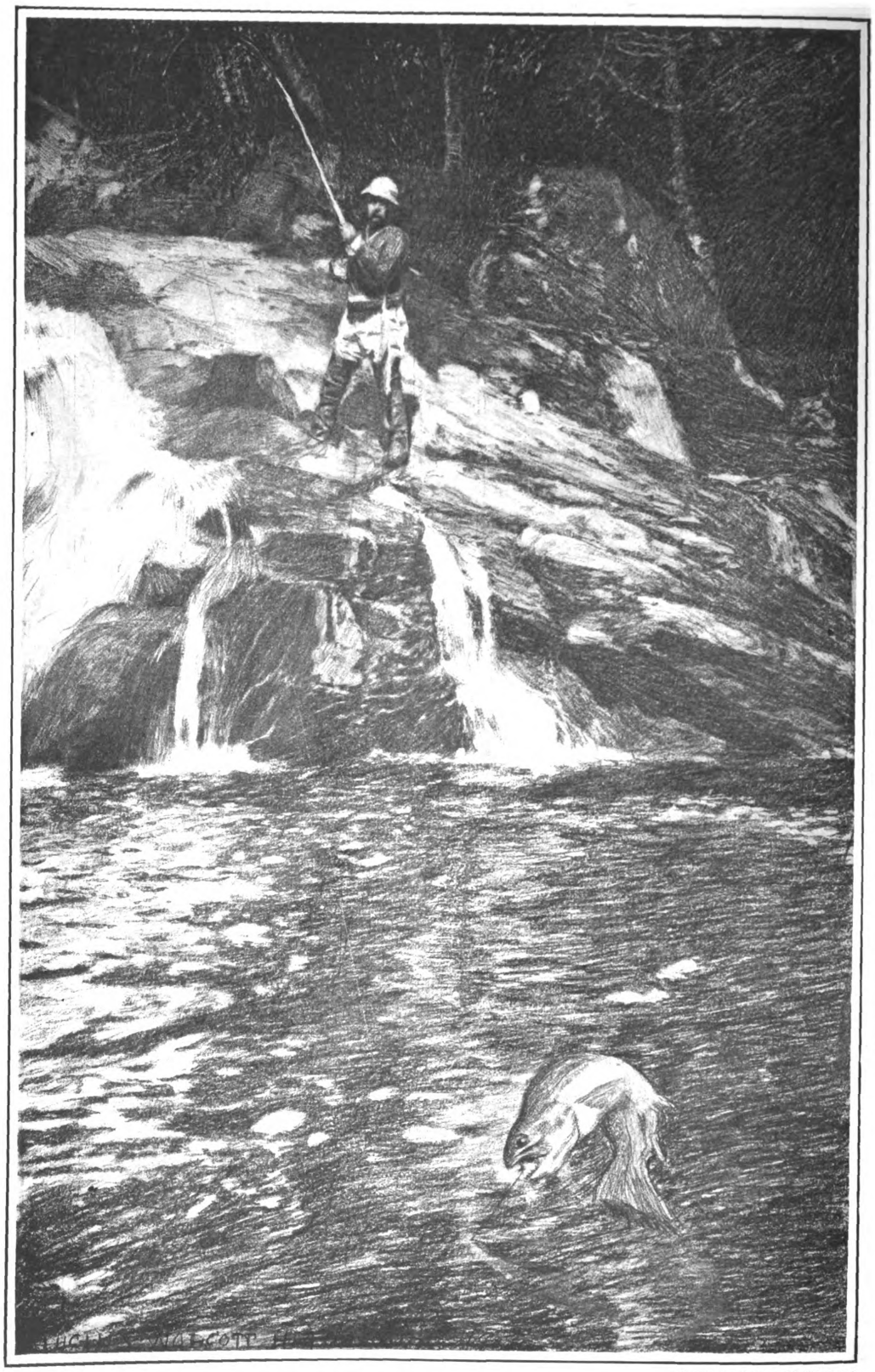
HE.

How can she so on that confounded beast
—Who'd rather have a bone—affection waste,
While I, on whom 'twere so much better placed,
Sit starving here and watch the futile feast.

SHE.

Poor jealous dear! He needn't be so glum!
A dog's a dog, content with what you spare.
A man's another story, and would share
—Given an inch—existence's whole sum.

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Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock

THE FIRST JUMP OF THE SEASON

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Stars Which Change Color

ACCORDING to Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, astronomers have been puzzled of late to account for the vagaries of one of the two stars in the northern quarter of the sky known as "The Pointers,"—the two which form the outer side of the bowl of the "Great Dipper." The upper of these, whose constellation name is Alpha, has been varying its color in a most surprising manner. It is said, by some accounts, to turn from yellowish-white to red every thirty days, or, according to later observations, from the lighter color to a reddish-yellow, within a somewhat longer period. It is interesting to speculate upon the effects of such startling variations in the daylight of any world which may be revolving in the neighborhood of that particular sun. Mr. Serviss cites in this connection the still more remarkable case of Sirius, the Dog Star. At the beginning of the Christian era Sirius is said to have been brilliantly red in hue; while now it is an equally vivid blue-white, verging upon green, and without the slightest trace of red. It is thought that this color variation in Sirius may be, as with Alpha in the Great Dipper, periodical, with the difference that the cycle may be a thousand years or more, instead of several weeks.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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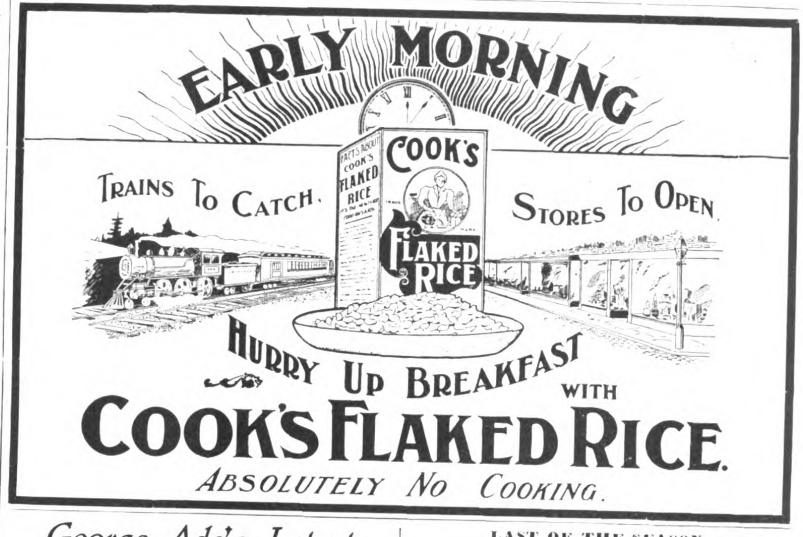
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HIS OPPORTUNITY

by MARGARET ~ SUTTON ~ BRISCOE

WHAT was known as the "Judge's Court" was in session. Six days in each week, at noon precisely, the session was called by the appearance of a waiter at the door of Judge Wells's office, bearing on a tray a smoking bowl of milk-toast — the Judge's inevitable luncheon.

"I never intend," the Judge would assert over his innocent bowl, "to lose my stomach. I know when to stop, and you will never catch me tottering into the club, pressing the juice from unfortunate canvas-backs because I can't digest anything else. No, I know my capacity."

And it would seem that he did, for he was still each day at his office, eating his simple, milk-toast luncheon, spiced by conversation.

No one knew how it was first found out that he liked to have the legal fledglings of the building drop in at his luncheon hour, but it gradually came to pass that a small circle of aspirants was always to be found hanging about the toast-bowl for half an hour at noon—composing the Judge's Court.

"You don't say so!" said the Judge. "Pussy Varden gone! It doesn't seem possible. What vitality he had. You remember that curly white head of his, Mr. Courtney?"

Young Courtney—otherwise Joe—assented. No one ever called him Mr. Courtney but Judge Wells, who called *most men* by their surnames, with an old-fashioned courtesy and formality.

"His hair didn't save him this time," said Joe. Then he added, as if by an absent-minded afterthought, "Old devil!"

The Judge looked down thoughtfully at the bit of toast on his fork and dipped it again in the hot milk and butter on his plate.

"I wonder how we are to break ourselves of that habit," he said. "I suppose we can't go on calling a dead man names. He *was* a character."

"I thought a character was just his lack," said Joe, with a chuckle.

The Judge had taken a bit of toast into his lips and could not at the moment speak the reproof his eyes foretold.

"My necessity was your opportunity, Mr. Courtney," he said, presently, with his little sidewise, sarcastic bow.

He looked off into the distance, reminiscently, and broke then into a sudden laugh. "That reminds me," he said, and laughed again.

His listeners settled back in their chairs and waited. A story was coming, as it generally came at this hour, but, as always, in the Judge's own time and way.

"Pussy Varden," mused the Judge, "and his necessity. That was an odd tale. I promised George I would never tell it while Pussy lived. I never have. George seemed to feel there was a kind of tacit bargain between him and Pussy to that effect.

"I doubt if any of you young gentlemen knew Pussy before he was so generally called by that name. Of course his sponsors in baptism never gave it to him. His sponsors on the Street called him Pussy because—well, for the same reason, perhaps, that the name, once given, stuck to him. He was always a brilliant-looking, handsome man, but his hair began to turn white when he was quite young. He was younger than I, and I recall perfectly the first time I ever saw him. He had then gray locks here and there in his black hair, and he looked more like a circus horse than anything else. He seemed doomed to look like some animal. Later, when all his hair was white, and he acquired that courtly, delightful, silken manner, every one called him Pussy—behind his back."

The Judge paused, and then added, reflectively,

"There was never a smudge on his white fur—not a speck!"

Joe Courtney laughed. "I wish I knew his process!"

The Judge never liked to be interrupted, but Joe was privileged as the youngest and the cleverest of the coterie, and a spontaneous creature, difficult to repress. He went on unreproved:

"Pussy could have doubled his big fortune any day by the sale of his white-dye secret. Wicked old White Thomas! Many's the morning I've watched him picking his way down town, bent on his schemes. Handsome, clever, immaculate old beau to the last. You'd never have guessed what wickedness was in him."

"No," said the Judge, indulgently; "he was 'Pussy Varden.' There was a young man in my office some ten or fifteen years ago who felt towards him exactly as you seem to, Mr. Courtney, with perhaps a better reason. He was quite a remarkable man in some ways—was George. He came in here to my private room one day—a few days before Christmas it was—jubilant, and, without seeming to realize in the least the serious effect it might have on his own prospects, told me he had beaten Pussy Varden, hands down. Pussy was a power to be considered in those days, both on the Street and politically.

"I looked at George in amazement, and was yet more astonished when I found he seemed to have done what he claimed.

"It appeared that he and Pussy had come to be on the same board of directors for some mill property that George was interested in through an uncle's estate, lately inherited. Pussy had run the corporation with his little finger, as it were, for years. He was so able, he had been allowed to do as he chose.

"George had waked to sudden suspicions, and, unknown to any one, had informed himself, and decided that the Swampside Mill, which we were on the verge of absorbing, had been unfairly dealt with. He had unfolded his views at a committee meeting called to consider this purchase, and, I think, rather to his own astonishment, made a stump-speech that stampeded the meeting. The committee, in spite of a hot fight by the minority, had voted not to press the Swampside people at present, and to give them a chance to recuperate. Pussy, it chanced, was away at the time—out of town. I don't suppose he ever contemplated such a surprising thing as a revolt, and George was not exactly the man one would have picked out for an eruption of that kind. I confess I was greatly surprised myself. I had put him more on cases that required tenacity than where brilliancy was needed. I knew he had stuff in him, and that as a reliable, clear-sighted, common-sense man one might depend on him. These things and a pleasant, boyish manner that put him in touch with all kinds of men were what I had supposed responsible for the measure of his success. He was young to be already a fairly successful young lawyer and a growing politician.

"If he were going to have it in him to fight Pussy Varden,—I began to look closer at the young man. He was a handsome, frank-eyed young fellow, clean-shaven, and younger looking than he actually was.

"'Was your committee with power?' I asked.

"'No, it wasn't a committee with power. He'll fight it at the annual meeting, of course. It comes in a few days. I'm going to beat him there, too. It's a good cause. His plan is to buy in the Swampside people at a ruinous rate to them. They can't refuse us, and they have been deliberately squeezed into this corner by us."

"'You don't know anything of the kind,' I said. 'I'm a stockholder in your company myself, and I don't know it.'

"'Pussy knows it,' said George. 'It will be a nice Christmas for the Swampside investors if this deal goes through, won't it?'

"'I looked up at him again. Boys have an odd way of growing up when you aren't taking any particular notice of them, and some fine day when you glance up and see a grim-looking man you think you never saw before—it's the boy.

"'And you think you can meet Pussy Varden on the forum?' I asked. 'Did you never hear him speak?'

"Then I saw where it was that this man, whom I thought a boy, was going to show his best powers. A just, but apparently, losing fight might call out the unreckoned elements in him. It was in his eyes at that moment as he looked at me—the dedicated ferocity of the born reformer of abuses. I knew then he was a man bound to raise his own banner and have his own following. I never saw that curious, beaconlike, yet smouldering, fire in the eyes of an insignificant man.

"'Well,' I said, 'I wish you luck. So far as my vote goes, you have it, but I warn you Pussy is invulnerable. I have never seen him thrown down. I don't know of a weakness in his chain-armor—unless it be a peculiarly developed sense of humor, and I fancy he is a bit sensitive to ridicule. I have seen Pussy yield a point to a man who made him laugh, and I never saw him yield to any other emotion. He knows no fear—no pity."

"'I'm no humorist,' said George, 'and there is nothing funny in this affair—it's dead earnest to the Swampside Mill people. Well, I've got it to do.'

"Then he bade me good-by and left. I wasn't any less sure of his defeat because I saw his fighting blood, for I also knew Pussy, but I was sure there was going to be a good fight, and I wouldn't have missed that meeting for a good deal.

"I went to the annual meeting, which came a few days later, on Christmas eve, as it happened, and I went at the expense of some comfort, for it was the worst day, I think, I was ever out-of-doors in—regular Christmas weather, snow, wind, rain, hail—and there was no fight at all! The committee on the Swampside Mill matter presented their report, one or two spoke—George was the first speaker—and it went through, like a Christmas love-feast of peace and good-will, in favor of giving the Swampside people another chance. No friction of any kind—a positively dull meeting. I did not see George so much as glance at Pussy Varden. He was there, and sat on the other side of the room from me, his sleepy eyes half shut, apparently, but I saw he was watching George in his keen, catlike way, and, as I thought, a bit uneasily. Every now and then a queer, surprised, yet intensely amused, look came over his face. It was as if his own amusement surprised him. I saw plainly that he was relieved when George sat down and the next speaker arose. I expected each moment to see Pussy rise, and sway the meeting his way. Nothing of the kind happened. He did not speak at all. When the meeting was over he crossed the room and, as if casually, joined me. We had political affiliations at the time, and more interests in common than later. Well, we talked over some matters, and then I saw that same queer look of amusement creeping again over Pussy's face.

"'Judge Wells,' he said, 'that young man over there,—you

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know him, I think—the one who spoke first to-night,—isn't he in your office?'

"'He is,' I answered.

"'A very remarkable young fellow,' said Pussy, slowly, his eyes still on George.

"'He never impressed me so,' I replied. Indeed, I had been thinking that George had made a rather banal, not to say sentimental, speech that night.

"'Put it to yourself' had been the keynote. 'Suppose yourself in a place where your necessity is the opportunity for some one else. Suppose yourself so cornered that you are obliged to sell for fifty cents what you know is worth ten dollars, or forced to pay ten dollars when you know the market price is fifty cents. How would you feel towards those taking that advantage of you? What would your first instinct tell you to reply to them? I think I know. I think all the manhood in you would surge up in protest. I think you would cry out—

"'But why do I put words into your mouths? You might surrender for one good reason or another, yet each of you knows what your first instinctive reply would be to such a proposition. Put it to yourself! Wouldn't you call it plain highway robbery?'

"That was about his line, something we had all heard repeatedly in Sunday-school—or its downtown equivalent.

"'No,' I replied, 'I never thought the young man remarkable. But lately I have wondered—'

"Varden opened his eyes and shot a look at me. He wanted, I saw, to know what I knew, and he was afraid—a little—that I knew something and was laughing at him. What he might be afraid of I could not imagine. He was in no sense timid. I had always suspected that his personal dignity was one of his assets, and that he was, as I had told George, a bit sensitive to ridicule, fond as he was of a joke on some one else. But of anything of this kind I was so utterly innocent that I must have shown something of my surprise in my face, for he laughed outright, suddenly, as if relieved—an odd, intensely amused chuckle.

"'Did you see him before the meeting opened?' he asked.

"'Yes, for a few moments.'

"'And he had nothing to tell you?'

"'No.'

"'Keep your eye on that young man,' said Varden. 'He knows how to handle men and to hold his tongue. You watch him. He's not quick—not always—but when he is—He's getting rather deep in politics, isn't he? It's going to be wise to get him on our side or'—he laughed again—'for us to get on his side! I tell you, Wells, we are going to hear from him.'

"He chuckled again, and yet again, until the tears rolled down his face and his eyes shut in enjoyment of his private joke. Then he wiped his eyes and went off; and what it all meant I had no idea for some time, for that same night George went away for the Christmas holidays and was gone for several weeks."

The Judge paused in his story, and sat playing with the spoon in his empty bowl, as if he had forgotten his audience.

"Well?" asked Joe Courtney.

He had an impatient way of hurrying a story that interested him. The Judge would not have tolerated it for a moment from any one else.

"I was thinking, Mr. Courtney," said the Judge, "that I would let George tell you the rest of the story as he told it to me. I believe I can recall almost his words. I sent for him as soon as he came back, and he came here into my private office and sat down in the chair by my desk.

"'Sit you down there, young man,' I said, 'and tell me all about your Pussy Varden-Swampside deal. I've been waiting long enough.'

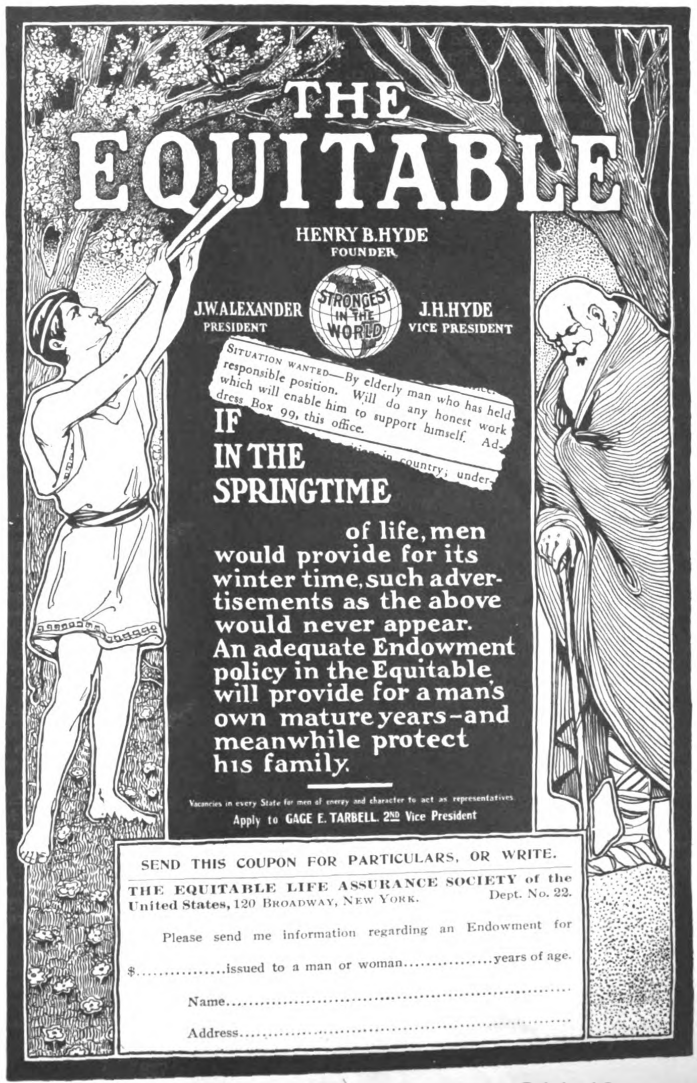
"He seemed to have forgotten the affair for the time being, and as I reminded him of it he laughed.

"'Oh that!' he said. 'I can't tell you about it now. My old schoolmaster, Father Howard, is in town, and I've promised to go out with him.' He paused a moment, and then said, with a boyish awe in his voice, 'Do you know, I find that if that Swampside deal had gone through, Father Howard would have been ruined—simply ruined! He had

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most of his savings in the mill. I didn't know he had any interest in it until half an hour before the meeting.

"'It was the oddest thing. I was on my way to the meeting, when I ran across Father Howard's old gardener—a crusty old fellow, named Silas. I hadn't see him since I was a boy. He told me that Father Howard had money in the mill; he didn't know how much, but he himself was in the greatest distress, for he'd put in every cent of his savings. Wasn't it strange—my meeting him just then? The last person in the world I was thinking of. You remember what a stormy, snowy day Christmas eve was? I was a little late for the meeting, and I knew Pussy would be on time. I was hurrying across the street when a big white horse bore down on me. He almost demolished me before I saw him. He was just the color of the weather. I suppose I was irritable. I'd been working hard over the Swampside Mill affair—to no purpose that I could see—Pussy was working too, and when that old white horse banged into me it seemed a bit too much. I caught at his bridle, saved myself from a fall, and shouted to the driver why the devil didn't he paint his horse such weather. He pulled up and promptly swore back at me, and I recognized his swearing at once—quantity and quality. I hadn't heard anything like it since I was a boy, stealing his fruit. It took me back ten or fifteen years. I crawled up on the shaft and told him who I was, and he drove me up town on the seat beside him and poured out all his troubles. I hadn't known he was in the city. He was working for a contractor, and had his cart piled with ladders he was carting home from a building. In the country he had owned his own team and worked for himself. He'd made a mistake coming to the city and a worse mistake in his investment. The Swampside Mill had paid no interest at all through the year, and Christmas had come and his children had no Christmas tree. He had never failed to give them one before—never. They were crying over it, he said, when he left home, and his heart was broken by it, the way crusty old fellows do go to pieces over a little thing like that. Altogether, he was the bluest man I ever saw in a holiday season.'



"There was one man we wouldn't take down under ten dollars"

"What's that, Mr. Courtney? Yes, that was exactly my own remark.

"'George,' I said, 'will you be kind enough to leave the tragic history of Silas and his children's Christmas tree to another day, and answer the question I asked you? How did you draw Pussy's claws?'

"'I can't stop to tell you all that now. I told you Father Howard was waiting. I'll come in again. But I can finish the story of Silas in a word. I scolded him, and tried to encourage him, and I didn't tell him that, bad as his outlook was, it might be worse for him by night. I asked him why he didn't get out and make some more money. If he had lost money that was the one way to get it back. All the time I was wondering how to get those forlorn little country children a Christmas tree. It did seem pretty hard — their first Christmas in a city. We had been caught in a block under the Elevated road, and while we waited I had been looking up through the storm at the train standing on the track ahead of us.

"'There's good money now,' I said, 'right before you. Look up there, man, at all those people on the Elevated. Can't you see for yourself something's wrong? The train's stalled between station and station, and there they are, held up in this storm on Christmas eve! There isn't one of them—if I know this town—that wouldn't pay, and pay handsomely, to be taken down, and there you sit with ladders as long as Jacob's and say you never had a chance!'

"I interrupted George: 'Why, that story was in the papers the next morning! The engine broke in the storm, and two enterprising workmen, passing with ladders in a cart, took off the passengers, and charged each one fifty cents a fare down the ladder. That wasn't you, George!'

"'Twas I,' said George. 'Silas and I did it. He got one hundred and ten fifty-cent fares towards his children's Christmas tree! Pretty good half-hour's work, wasn't it? Fifty-five dollars. And then, besides that, there was one man we wouldn't take down under ten dollars for his single fare. When Silas told him what his fare would be—"What!" he shouted, "What—" He was a hot-tempered and amazingly profane person. He leaned down towards us, and the profanity fairly pattered on the pavement. He called it "highway robbery"—with several minor embellishments. But Silas was his match at that—and more. He seemed in a particular hurry to get somewhere, and he paid his ten dollars and came down. Silas drove home with the whole sum—sixty-five dollars—in his pocket. I declined to divide with him. I thought that would buy several Christmas trees. I took it upon myself to speak a word to our ten-dollar fare when he stepped off the ladder. I lifted my hat and I walked up close to him.

"'Your sentiments do you honor,' I said. 'It *was* highway robbery, and I thank you for that word.'

"'He was so astonished he couldn't reply, and I left him staring at me and went on my way to the meeting. That's all.'

"I sat staring at George, and he sat looking at me, with his hands on his knees and with no expression whatever on his good-looking young face, save an absolutely preternatural gravity.

"'Well,' he said, 'I must go. As I have remarked before, Father Howard is waiting.'

"I jumped up from my chair and laid my hand on the boy's arm. 'George!' I said. 'You villain—'"

Joe Courtney, who had been bending forward, listening more and more intently, burst into his sudden, high, crowing laugh.

"Judge," he said, "it was old Pus—"

The Judge half arose, bowing low and repeatedly across his emptied bowl, until his laughing audience arose perforce.

"Good-day, gentlemen," he said, as they trooped by him like boys after recess, hustling Courtney along with them.

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The Finest Race-course in the World

THE Westchester Racing Association is building at Queens, Long Island, a racing plant which will undoubtedly be the most complete and luxurious in the world. It is to cost $1,500,000, and will probably be finished before the opening of the racing season of 1904. Belmont Park, as the course will be called, is to occupy over 600 acres. It will cover the territory lying to the north and south of the Hempstead Turnpike at Queens, on the south side of the line of the Long Island Railroad. Four hundred acres will lie to the north of the turnpike, and 200 to the south of it. On the larger portion to the north of the road will be located the race-courses, an exercising track, a grand stand, field stand, club-house, jockey-house, paddock, judges' stand, timers' stand, etc. On the south side it is proposed to build still another training track and additional stables. The plans provide for numerous round and straight tracks—the main one to be one hundred feet wide on the stretches and seventy-five on the turns. Races will be run from right to left, after the English custom, instead of from left to right, as on most American courses. There will be a grand stand 750 feet long which will seat 11,000 people. In the rear will be a large betting ring, easy of access from the stand and lawn.

Everything has been planned with a view to meeting the requirements of a great metropolitan race-track. The assembling and dispersing of crowds will be elaborately cared for; and for their accommodation there are to be restaurants, cafés, and ladies' dining-rooms and parlors.

The club-house—to be connected by a bridge with the grand stand—will be particularly complete in its appointments. It will surpass in quality of construction and magnificence any racing club-house in America, or, probably, in the world. The approach to it will be through groves of oak-trees between the Hempstead Turnpike and the rear of the grand stand. Trains from Long Island City will reach the park in twenty-five minutes, and visitors will pass from them through a covered walk elevated gradually to the level of the mezzanine floor of the grand stand.

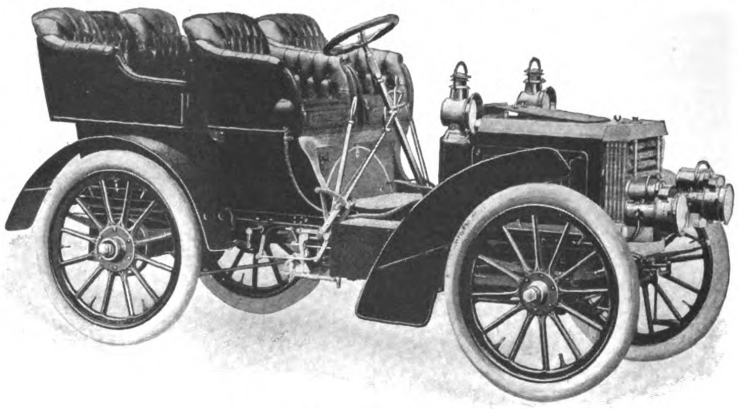
A Curious Studio

IN one of the roundhouses of the Erie Railroad is being carried on to-day an artistic undertaking of national importance. The interior of the roundhouse has been turned into a workshop known as the "St. Louis Exposition Studio," and the work that is in progress there is the completing of 250 groups of statuary for the Exposition. Mythological and allegorical figures of heroic size are being constructed of lath, plaster, and burlaps from models sent in by some of the most eminent American sculptors. As soon as the statues are completed they are packed into box-cars and sent to the Exposition Grounds at St. Louis. Several car-loads have already been shipped from the roundhouse, and more will follow. Mr. Karl Bitter, the well-known sculptor, is in charge of the work.

Elgar's New Work

EDWARD ELGAR, whose sacred cantata, "The Dream of Gerontius," has lately caused such a stir in the musical world, is at work upon a new oratorio, which he is writing for performance at the next Birmingham festival. The title of the work is "The Apostles," and the text, with a slight exception, is scriptural. Elgar has not attempted to individualize all of the twelve Apostles, but has selected only Peter, John, and Judas as his dramatic figures. The subject is severely religious in character, and should inspire Elgar's devout and mystical imagination to an impressive musical expression.

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Is there Air on the Moon?

PROFESSOR W. H. PICKERING, of Harvard, who has been carrying on a series of lunar observations, is said to have discovered unmistakable evidence of the presence of hoarfrost on the moon's surface. If Professor Pickering is right, that much-mooted question, Has the moon an atmosphere? is definitely settled in the affirmative; for the presence of hoarfrost implies both moisture and an enveloping atmosphere. The professor's discovery, if valid, demonstrates also the possibility of some order of human existence on the moon, and so plays havoc with accepted astronomical theories. Is it possible that the moon is not, after all, a dead world?

A Unique Newspaper

A DAILY newspaper for which the news is supplied entirely by wireless telegraphy has been established on the island of Catalina, a tourists' resort in the Pacific. Catalina is fifty-two miles from Los Angeles, and the *Times* of that place issues *The Wireless* as an auxiliary publication for the purpose of reaching *Times* subscribers on incoming steamers before their arrival at the mainland. *The Wireless* announces editorially that it "salutes the dawn, the people of the continents, and our sister islands of the seas as the first-born progeny of the greatest of all the achievements of electrical enterprise—telegraphy without wires in daily letter-press." The paper contains foreign and local news, and an epitomized bulletin of current events—all sent from the mainland by wireless.

A Tube-Line across the English Channel

A PLAN is said to be maturing for the construction of a tube-line across the English Channel, for the transmission of mail and express matter between Dover and Calais. Two iron tubes, a little over a yard in diameter, would be laid along the bottom of the channel or carried on pillars above the surface of the water, and the mail and parcels would be driven through the tubes by a high degree of pneumatic force. A variation of this plan provides for the laying of a miniature narrow-gauge railway track to carry diminutive trains of from ten to fifteen wagons by an ingenuous use of compressed air. The trains would serve for the transport of a considerable merchandise traffic. An ambitious extension of the scheme looks to the running of small trains to carry twenty persons each. The passengers would have to lie extended upon sofas, so as not to bump their heads against the ceiling of the tubes—a rather ticklish mode of transit for nervous travellers! It is promised, however, that they would cross the channel in twenty minutes, entirely without fear of seasickness.

The World's Wealth

A WRITER in one of the recent magazines gives some interesting facts concerning the distribution of the world's wealth among the different nations. The total wealth of the world is roughly estimated at $400,000,000,000. Of this sum the larger part is owned by Americans and Europeans, the United States share being in the neighborhood of $100,000,000,000,—about one-fourth of the whole. The wealth of the United Kingdom, combining the shares of England, Scotland, and Ireland, is estimated at £11,806,000,000—a little less than $60,000,000,000, making Great Britain the richest of European nations. France comes next, with property amounting to $48,000,000,000 in American money. Germany's portion is about $40,000,000,000, and Russia's $32,000,000,000. The other ten European nations are listed as follows, in the order of their financial importance: Austria-Hungary (approximately), $21,649,600,000; Italy, $15,168,000,000; Spain, $11,424,000,000; Scandinavia, $6,220,800,000; the Danubian states, $4,924,800,000; Belgium, $4,742,400,000; Holland, $4,224,000,000; Switzerland, $2,361,600,000; Portugal, $1,978,800,000; Greece, $1,065,600,000.

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The Melodies of Nations

A NATION'S melodies constitute its principal identification.

In Russia, a profound melancholy has always been the key-note of the popular temperament. The symphonies of Brahms breathe the calm, noble sentiments of the German race. The reason why the celebrated Italian composers have not been distinguished by their symphonies is found in their chief racial characteristic, which is dramatic and lyrical, expressing itself best in opera.

Russia is the only country in which semi-savage instincts and primitive sentiments prevail at the present time. It is for this reason that art, broadly speaking, is in its infancy in Russia. The first of our world-recognized composers is only recently deceased.

Many peasants are now living who offered Tschaikowsky hospitality in their isolated villages when he visited them to take notes of their traditional musical expressions for use in his great symphony entitled "1812." As the date signifies, this symphony was to depict Napoleon's attempted conquest of the Czar's domain. The first question, then, in the composer's mind was: How did the vast Russian populace express its musical emotions at that period? The only answer to that question was to be had from themselves, for Tschaikowsky had no predecessor as a collector of Russian folk-song.

Tschaikowsky found that the backbone of Russian national melody lay with the ancient peasant population. These are of two classes, —those who till the soil and those who do menial labor in other capacities. The Russian tillers of the soil are abjectly poor and ignorant. In the long winter Tschaikowsky, while royalty in St. Petersburg and Moscow lamented his absence, was living with peasant families in their stables, where they gathered for the warmth which the cattle gave them.

The theme to which political prisoners marched to their living death in Siberia, Tschaikowsky got at first hand. He heard their despairing chant as they passed through the villages where he stopped, and it became the foundation of his "Slave March" in his "1812" symphony.

After "1812," Russia, and indeed the whole musical world, said to Tschaikowsky, "No more operas from you, if you please."

Here in a nut shell was the dictum of the whole scholarly musical world, that opera belongs to the nations of the south. Its birthplace is Italy, and the operas of Italian composers are so well known that their famous themes are familiar even in the remote villages of this country. These themes are not based on the sufferings and the superstitions of the peasantry, as in Russia, but are drawn from the familiar alphabet of romance. The passions common to all humankind speak in their phrases. Here the courtiers at all thrones learned the measures of chivalry, and the poets found their images mated to sweet strains.

Though stirred by the same impulses, the people of Spain failed to produce composers of sufficient artistic breadth to put her wild and passionate melodies into the larger forms. From the Moors they inherited certain Oriental effects; but all were made an eager sacrifice to the dance and to the serenade. When the Spaniard is sad he does not sing, therefore his national music does not fully reveal his character, and has not a prominent place in musical history.

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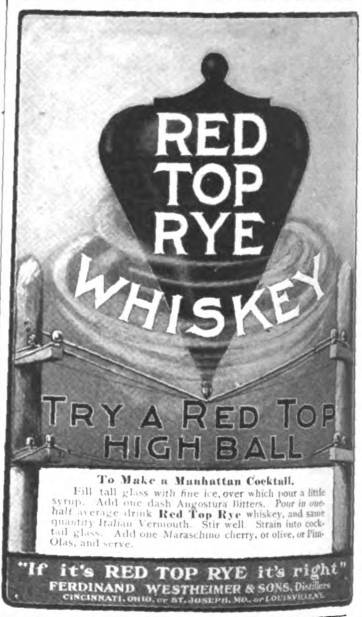
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COMMENT

IT is an admirable object which Mr. Andrew Carnegie has in view when he offers the government of the Netherlands $1,500,000 for the establishment of a court-house and library of international law to be used by the permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague. How better could money be expended than in assuring majesty and beauty to a temple of peace. We wish we could share the founder's belief that the edifice to be reared by him will fulfil the purpose for which it is designed. Thus far the International Court of Arbitration has had just one case before it, to wit, the question raised by the United States as to whether Mexico ought to pay about a million dollars to Californian claimants. It is also true that an agreement has been reached between Venezuela and the governments representing her creditors to refer to The Hague court the single question whether in the distribution of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello the blockading powers should receive any preference over other creditor powers that refrained from subjecting their debtor to such pressure. It was only with great difficulty that the reference of this single question to The Hague was brought about, and most of the powers concerned insisted that all other questions at issue should be settled by mixed commissions, although, on their face, they are just as well adapted for submission to an international tribunal as was the matter in dispute between the United States and Mexico.

Eminently suited also to the consideration of the Hague court is the question whether the payment of the Boxer indemnity should be made on the assumption that the Haikwan tael is worth seventy-four cents in gold, as it was when the indemnity was agreed upon. There is not the slightest reason to suppose, however, that China's creditors will allow this matter to be adjusted in the temple of peace at The Hague. Great Britain undoubtedly had an opportunity of launching the Court of Arbitration on a beneficent career when she was requested to refer to it her controversy with the Transvaal. She can scarcely be blamed, however, for looking askance on a tribunal which could hardly escape infection from a local atmosphere saturated with sympathy for the Boers. Nor is it only the unwillingness at present evinced by the great European powers to countenance the International Court of Arbitration that makes us doubt the wisdom of giving it a fixed habitation at The Hague. If the tribunal is to be permanently installed in a temple of peace, the structure should be erected in a country which is likely to retain its independence for a long time to come. From this point of view Switzerland would be a more suitable locality than Holland, though even Switzerland lost its independence in the days of the Napoleonic Empire. As for Holland, its absorption into the German Empire is the theme of constant discussion in the Berlin press, and cannot be looked upon as impossible. A temple of peace erected on German soil would be an absurdity.

Whether Senator Gorman desires the Democratic nomination for the Presidency we do not know, but we do know that if he cherishes such an ambition he is much too shrewd a politician to disclose it prematurely. It must be, therefore, without his consent that his name has recently been put forward in several influential quarters. Ex-Senator James L. Pugh, of Alabama, is his latest advocate. Mr. Pugh thinks that in the Democratic national convention the Southern States will follow the lead of New York, and will support Judge Parker if the latter is named by the New York delegation. He does not say that the Southern States would, under similar circumstances, accept ex-Governor Hill. On the contrary, he seems to think that the choice of the convention would lie between Parker and Gorman. The objection oftenest heard, on the part of Democrats, to Senator Gorman is that, as leader of his party in the Senate he so modified the Wilson tariff bill as to convert it into a semi-protectionist measure. Mr. Gorman's course at that time, however, has been defended by ex-Senator Jones on the ground that the Wilson tariff bill in its original form would have resulted in a formidable deficit, which the Senator from Maryland deemed it his duty to avert. Even as it was, the revenue secured under the Wilson tariff act, as amended in the Senate, fell considerably short of expenditures. We have previously pointed out that Mr. Gorman is not disqualified by the fact that Maryland used to be a slave State, inasmuch as she has often been Republican since the civil war, and only the other day was represented by two Republicans in the United States Senate.

Mr. Pugh's opinions ought to have a good deal of weight with Mr. Bryan, inasmuch as in 1896 and 1900 the Alabaman was an ardent supporter of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and of the silver plank in the Democratic platform. Now, on the other hand, he thinks that in 1904 the Democratic platform should contain no reference to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, but should be mainly confined to a demand for a revision of the tariff. He sees that for the Democratic party to make an issue of the trusts has been made impracticable through the successful prosecution of the Northern Securities Company and the Beef Trust by the Roosevelt administration. We have no doubt that Mr. Gorman concurs with Mr. Pugh in thinking that the Democracy must fight on the issue of tariff revision if at all. We feel constrained to repeat, however, what we have formerly said, that, since the outcome of the municipal elections in Cleveland and Chicago, it has seemed probable that Mr. Bryan's friends would control the delegations from Ohio and Illinois, as well as from most of the Northwestern States, or, in other words, will constitute a little more than a third of the national convention. In that event, neither Mr. Gorman nor anybody else can get the nomination for the Presidency without Mr. Bryan's consent.

Senator Hanna may have pleased labor-unionists, but he has not commended himself to employers by his denunciation of an assertion made at New Orleans by Mr. D. M. Parry, of Indianapolis, the president of the National Association of Manufacturers. Mr. Parry said, what everybody knows, that working-men are practically coerced into joining labor unions.

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The truth of the statement will not be disputed by anybody who has read the testimony given before the Coal-Strike Commission. Seldom is there a strike to which a considerable minority of the union concerned is not avowedly or secretly opposed. Mr. Parry's purpose in recalling an incontrovertible fact was to point out that, as things are now, not only non-unionist workers, but a good many members of the labor unions, while they would like to resist the coercion to which they are subjected, are afraid to do so, because they cannot look for any adequate support to their employers. The remedy, he said, for organized coercion was organized resistance, and, to that end, he recommended a federation of employers. As his proposal met with almost unanimous approval on the part of the national association of manufacturers, we presume that steps will presently be taken to carry it out. Mr. Parry's plan is, apparently, that not only should all the employers in a given branch of industry form a union, but that all the employers' unions should be joined in a federation which should be the counterpart of the American Federation of Labor. It will hardly be denied that employers have as much right to combine as have the employed, and it is beginning to be evident that they have quite as strong a motive. If a strike is legal, so is a lockout, and if the community at large can be compelled to bear the suffering caused by a strike, it must also put up with the hardship that a lockout may occasion. Moreover, if the Federal government may lawfully interpose in the interests of the employed, why should it not be called upon to interfere in the interests of employers. If working-men cannot be forced to labor against their will, neither can capitalists be constrained to run factories against their wish. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways. If Mr. Parry's plan is to be carried out at all, it ought to be completed before the next industrial crisis. Then, if the unionist workers refuse to submit to the reduction of wages rendered indispensable by the stagnation of business, they may be confronted by a general lockout, which might perhaps bring them to terms. It is evident that Senator Hanna does not want to see the employers organized until after the next Presidential election. He does not want to see all the employers enlisted on the side of one candidate, and all the unionist workers on the other. What he seems not to recognize is the fact that the non-unionist workers can outvote the unionists by five to one. Whether they will demonstrate their numerical superiority the moment they receive encouragement from a federation of employers is the question.

Evidently it will prove impossible to stifle the scandals in the Post-office Department. The notion that the rifiers of a government safe could not be punished unless the prosecution could exhibit a list of the papers abstracted was, on the face of it, an absurdity. Nor is it to be presumed that the papers subsequently shown to the department were identical with those improperly taken from the safe. We have never doubted that when the charges of corruption in the Post-office Department were made known to President Roosevelt, dishonest government employees would be rigorously dealt with. Nor should we be surprised if the official directly in charge was personally called upon to explain how it happened that, after Assistant Attorney-General Tyner was forced to resign, the safe in his office was not opened and all government papers removed. We do not know whose duty it was to examine the contents of the safe, but it is clear that somebody was guilty of gross negligence. Public attention should not be confined to the safe scandal, however. The charge that postal facilities were sold to persons engaged in defrauding the public is only one of many accusations which need to be thoroughly sifted. We are sorry to say that when the first exposures were made, the department evinced a disposition to belittle them. It pursued precisely the same course when the postal frauds in Cuba were revealed. Ultimately, however, the embezzlers at Havana were duly punished, and we do not believe that a political "pull" will avail to save delinquents at Washington under the present Administration. It is worth noting, however, that the testimony has not yet been published which was taken by the District commissioners who in December, 1901, were directed by President Roosevelt to investigate the school conditions in Washington. An immense amount of evidence was collected, and its incriminatory character may be inferred from the fact that the District commissioners, whose investigation had been secret, proposed to destroy the records. Fortunately, General H. V. Boynton, president of the Board of Education, pointed out that such an act was an offence punishable by fine, or imprisonment, or both. However, although some sixty important documents were thereupon filed in the safe of the office of the Board of Education, they have been carefully withheld from the public up to the present hour. We cannot believe that this fact is known to President Roosevelt. He is the last man to countenance a state of things that may give rise to the impression that the government of the District of Columbia is so honeycombed with fraud that purgation is next to impossible.

General Miles's report on the state of things in the Philippines has been published by the War Department simultaneously with a letter by Judge-Advocate-General Davis. Some of the charges made concerning the conduct of affairs in the archipelago rest upon the General's personal observations; others are based on hearsay evidence. As we have repeatedly said, there is no doubt that our soldiers in the Philippines have at times been guilty of extreme severity, and even of cruelty. Unhappily, such incidents are inseparable from war, and especially from war against a treacherous and savage enemy. If the war between our Northern and Southern States was justly described as "hell," what epithet can depict it when waged against men who habitually torture and mutilate American prisoners? The utmost that the wisest and most humane commanders can do is incessantly and firmly to enforce a rigorous compliance with the rules of war upon subaltern officers and soldiers. That such has been the aim of our War Department, and that the aim has been pursued with commendable fidelity and thoroughness, cannot, we think, be denied by candid readers of General Davis's letter. Unquestionably, some officers and soldiers who deserved punishment have escaped, because they have been discharged and are beyond the reach of the military authorities. Judge Davis shows that in all other cases the charges of misconduct have been investigated, or are in the process of investigation, by courts martial or by official inquiry. Courts martial, however, in the Philippines have been very lenient with American officers charged with misconduct towards Filipinos, as is demonstrated by the number of verdicts which have been disapproved by the reviewing authorities. A recent instance was the disapproval by Judge-Advocate-General Davis of the findings in the case of Lieutenant Lee, acquitted of manslaughter in causing the death of Father Augustine. The list of like cases is long. The prospect is better for avoiding future cruelties in the Philippines than for punishing past misdeeds.

General Miles suspects that the distribution of rice in certain provinces was an unlawful transaction, which resulted in profit to the distributors. General Davis explains that the rice was distributed in order to avert impending famine, and in such a way as to relieve suffering without pauperizing the native population. He adds that the profits accruing from any and all sales of rice made by the military government were transferred to the insular treasury, and applied by the civil government to the relief of the distress occasioned by cholera and famine in southern and southeastern Luzon. Touching General Miles's assertion that soldiers are debilitated by the climate of the Philippines, Surgeon-General O'Reilly concedes that the bad effect of the climate is undeniable. The sickness resulting therefrom must be looked upon as a part of the price paid for our occupancy of the islands. Surgeon-General O'Reilly also suggests that General Miles's observations at remote island posts scarcely justified his conclusion that the discontinuance of the sale of liquor had been beneficial to the army. The effect of the discontinuance of the canteen must be judged largely by reports from posts in the United States and cities in the Philippines where liquor is easily procurable at barrooms near the barracks.

By the injunction which he has secured from a Federal Circuit Court against the Beef Trust, Attorney-General Knox has gained a victory which, in one sense, is even more decisive than that which he achieved in the case of the Northern Securities Company. The defendants have decided not to appeal. In other words, the Beef Trust has been demolished at a blow. This means, of course, that no future combination of capital will be attempted on the lines adopted by the beef-packers.

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It is also plain that, pending the appeal to the United States Supreme Court from the decision rendered against the Northern Securities Company, the plan of combination exemplified in that corporation will be discarded. So far, at all events, the present Attorney-General has demonstrated the truth of his assertion that the inter-State commerce act would be found an effective weapon against monopoly if it were wielded with a will. The inference seems unavoidable that previous Attorneys-General did not want to wield it. How can we otherwise explain the fact that the inter-State commerce law, though it has been on the statute-book some thirteen years, has been looked upon as a scarecrow by the actual or prospective organizers of trusts? Nobody dreaded the statutory machinery for repression, because the assumption was current that it was not meant to be used. That assumption has been overthrown, but, even now, the precise extent of the machinery's efficiency remains to be determined by the United States Supreme Court, and it is improbable that the highest tribunal will go beyond the specific question presented in the Northern Securities case. Only by a close analysis of the general reasoning set forth in the opinion may it be possible to forecast the fate of other and different experiments in consolidation. It also remains to be seen to what extent the Roosevelt administration will proceed in its campaign against the trusts. Having proved that it possesses in the inter-State commerce act, as supplemented by recent legislation, an engine of tremendous power for good or evil, will it show itself keenly alive to the grave responsibilities attaching to the ownership of such an engine? Finding itself clothed with a giant's strength, can the Administration be trusted not to use it like a giant? We hope and believe it can, and we may probably take for granted that the anti-trust campaign will be stopped until next autumn, when the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Northern Securities case is looked for. There is no doubt, however, that, should the Circuit Court of Appeals be confirmed, President Roosevelt will be subjected to a great deal of pressure from the trust-busters, and it will not be easy for him to evince caution and discrimination without provoking imputations of insincerity. As things are now, Mr. Roosevelt has the credit of being the first President to show what the inter-State commerce act can do. It remains to be seen whether he has self-control enough to withstand a popular outcry for its indiscriminate use.

We have discussed elsewhere the relation of the United States to the imbroglio threatened in Manchuria. We would here draw attention to the fact that we had Russia's sympathies during our civil war, when our national existence was at stake, and that, in our turn, we ought to sympathize with Russia's reasonable desire to secure an ice-free outlet to the sea for her vast Asiatic possessions. England has repeatedly baffled her attempt to secure such an outlet, and at this hour stands ready to deny her access to the Mediterranean through the Bosporus, and to the Persian Gulf, or Indian Ocean. She has at last gained the coveted ice-free outlets at Port Arthur and Dalny, but of what use will those harbors be to her unless she can thoroughly control the branch line connecting them with the Trans-Siberian Railway? The maintenance of such control unquestionably involves the practical absorption of Manchuria. We should be the most ungrateful of nations if, even for the sake of retaining commercial privileges in Manchuria acquired by treaty from China, we should join the British and the Japanese in a war which, if successful, would cut off Russia from the sea during winter; in summer, of course, she can use Vladivostok. As for those commercial privileges, we have no doubt that Russia would agree to perpetuate them, and would furnish any guaranties of the agreement that we might require. There is another point of view from which it behooves us, as representatives of the white race, to consider the matter. If the Russians are expelled from Manchuria, it is certain that the Japanese will take their place. Once planted in Manchuria, the Japanese will inevitably become preponderant in northern China, and eventually masters of the Chinese Empire. Thenceforward, the four hundred and fifty millions of the yellow race, consolidated, organized, invigorated, enlightened, and directed by the Japanese, will constitute a source of tremendous peril to the rest of the civilized world. Should Russia, on the other hand, be permitted, through the occupation of Manchuria, to interpose herself between the two sections of the yellow race, the political fusion of those sections might be averted, and the peril of which we have spoken would be for a long time postponed, if not annihilated. We hold that the interests of mankind are vitally concerned in the erection of barriers to the acquirement of ascendency by the yellow race. We have read history in vain if we have forgotten that European civilization has been four times threatened with extinction at the hands of Mongol peoples, to wit, by the Huns, by the Avars, by the Magyars, and by the Tartars. We might say five times, if the traces of their Turanian origin had not by the end of the fifteenth century disappeared from the Ottoman Turks almost as completely as they have from the Hungarians. Those earlier invasions would seem insignificant if compared with the danger that would threaten us should the hundreds of millions of Chinese be trained and led by a Japanese Napoleon.

Nothing will go farther to making Mr. Chamberlain's coming visit to this country a success than the recantation he has just made, in the House of Commons, of certain attacks on the character of the Transvaal and Orange Free State Boers. He informed the House that he had been misled, and that the majority of the House had been misled with him, by statements which were made, to believe that the treatment of the Kaffir native by the Boer was very bad; and in that belief he and his colleagues had expressed the hope that when the war came to an end they would be able to improve that treatment. He went on to say that the war itself was evidence that this charge against the Boers was exaggerated. This admission he freely made. If it had not been exaggerated, he said, it is impossible to believe that the Boers could, as in hundreds and thousands of cases they did, leave their wives and children and property and stock in the care of the few natives they had previously on their farms. Very few outrages took place, and undoubtedly in many cases the natives gave assistance to the Boers during the war. Mr. Chamberlain went on to say that the Boers were absolved of the charges of brutality, of violent misconduct towards the natives, or of ill-treating them. They regarded and treated the natives as children, were neither hard nor severe masters, nor was there any ill-feeling towards them in the minds of the natives themselves. Mr. Chamberlain sums the matter up by saying that the Boers "seem somehow or other to have understood the native character." It is satisfactory to record that this tardy justification of the Boers is accompanied by deeds. It is not so long since Mr. Chamberlain peremptorily refused even to entertain the proposition of the Boer generals, that they should be indemnified, according to the provisions of international law, for the destruction of their farms by the British armies. He asserted that beyond $15,000.000 England could not and would not go. It is gratifying to find that he now considers that the sum of $75,000,000 will not be too much for England to spend in restoring the devastated farms of the two republics.

While this is satisfactory for the Boers, it begins to look grave for England, in view of the enormous financial obligations which she is already compelled to assume. Mr. Chamberlain realizes better than any one else what this means, as witness his parting speech to the loyalists of Cape Town, when he declared that the burden laid on the mother country was becoming more than it could bear, and asked Cape Colony and, through her, the other great self-governing colonies, "to contribute their full share to the defence of the Empire." He said that the colonies had hitherto failed to shoulder their part of the weight, and although using the most cautious and guarded expressions, he made it quite clear to his hearers that, in his view, on their shouldering that part in future depended the possibility of carrying on the Empire. He called on the colonies to take as their watchword "Community of Sacrifice," and to pay "their full and fair share" of the imperial bill. The imperial bill, it will be remembered, was increased by a billion and a quarter dollars by the South-African policy of Mr. Chamberlain himself, a policy which, he now admits, was in one important particular based on wholly false accusations against the Boers. Another part of the imperial bill is the three hundred million dollars a year which is now the cost of Britain's armaments, as against the hundred and seventy-five millions which sufficed when he and his colleagues came into power. All this is piling on the white man's burden with a vengeance; and this burden, Mr. Chamberlain

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says, England cannot continue to bear, unless her colonies pay their part. It remains to see what answer this will draw from Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Australian Premier, who seemed by no means enthusiastic about contributing during the days of the colonial conference.

Mr. C. T. Ritchie, who took the place of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach as Chancellor of the Exchequer, takes a somewhat more optimistic view of England's financial outlook. He told the House of Commons, in introducing his first budget, that whereas his predecessors had been compelled to impose fresh taxes, it had been his pleasing duty to remit burdens, and in general he thought that there was nothing in the monetary situation to create alarm. Money, he said, had been necessarily scarce and dear, as in addition to the government demand there had been many other calls on the money-market. Any further demands on account of the Transvaal, however, would be wholly for reproductive works, and would have the guarantee of the British government. Here Mr. Ritchie doubtless alluded to the new indemnity of $75,000,000 which Mr. Chamberlain feels called on to invest in reconstructing the Boer farms. Mr. Ritchie declared that he saw no reason for apprehension in the fall of consols. Both the high-water mark of 113 and the low-water mark of under 90 had been abnormal, and in view of the large amounts the country had borrowed, he thought it might think itself lucky that the fall in consols had been so little as it was. Mr. Ritchie has decided to abolish the unpopular grain tax, which probably cost his party more than one election, and he sees his way to cutting the income tax down four pence on the pound, bringing it now to eleven pence. He has, however, left the taxes on tea, sugar, and coal, and, by doing this, has drawn down on himself the thunderbolts of Sir William Harcourt, who accuses him of lightening the burdens of the comparatively well-to-do, who pay income tax, while doing nothing for the poorer users of tea and sugar and coal. Mr. Ritchie's budget shows a surplus of about $1,850,000, which is doing fairly well. He tells us that the greatest lesson of the year is that capital and labor should endeavor to come more closely together, so as to strengthen their power of competing with foreign countries.

One of the most important points touched on by Mr. Ritchie was the increase of the British navy. It is true that he justified the present increase by saying that the strides made by other powers rendered it imperative that England should not be left behind; but he added that there were reasons to hope that England could come to some arrangement with certain of these powers, whereby both could agree to limit their armaments in the future. It was evident that he alluded to the growing understanding with France, which King Edward's visit did so much to bring about and strengthen, and, as France is the second naval power in the world, while her friend and ally Russia is the third, it is evident that, once England declares her willingness, the three first naval powers can come to an agreement to diminish their armaments together. They can doubtless also come to an arrangement whereby the naval power of Germany may be neutralized, as the three together could do with perfect ease. In this way a considerable step would be taken towards releasing for useful and reproductive purposes the immense sums annually tied up in building battle-ships. It is true that this train of thought is somewhat unpopular in the United States; but the real reason is, not that we are less pacifically and industrially inclined than England, Russia, and France, but that our fleet is at present wholly out of proportion to our population and commercial interests. Once a due proportion is reached, we also shall be thoroughly willing to consider proposals for the abatement of future expenditure.

We have before us the text of the reports of the Moseley Industrial Commission, composed of representatives of the principal British industries who recently crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of studying the conditions of labor in the United States. The reports, of which there are upwards of twenty, differ in some of the details, but they substantially agree as regards the general conclusions. It is acknowledged, for example, that the American workman earns higher wages, and that, consequently, in the United States, the average married working-man owns the house he lives in, which not only gives him a stake in the country, but saves the payment of rent, and thus enables him either to increase his savings or to purchase additional comforts. It is also admitted that food is as cheap in the United States as in England, if not cheaper. On the other hand, rent, clothes made to order, and a variety of incidentals, including all luxuries, are considerably dearer. Luxuries, however, do not enter into the every-day consumption of the average working-man of Great Britain, and the fact that he gets them at all in the United States deserves remark. The American workman's house is usually well furnished and fitted with comforts in the way of bathrooms, laundries, and heating systems that are, for the most part, unknown to the British workman. Indeed, it may truthfully be said that a skilled laborer in the Northern States has more of the comforts just mentioned than are procurable in the British universities. The impression got by most of the visitors was that there is less drinking among working-men in the United States than in Great Britain. It is true that the average annual consumption of spirits per head is considerably larger in the former country, but the difference is more than counterbalanced by the excessive consumption of beer or ale in England. One of the questions which the delegates were invited to investigate was whether or not a working-man wears out faster in the United States than he does in England. Some difference of opinion was expressed, but Mr. Moseley, for his part, was convinced that the question should be answered in the negative. He holds that, in consequence of labor-saving machines, and the excellency of the factory organization, an American workman does not need to put forth any greater effort in his work than is the case in Great Britain. As at the same time he is better paid, and, therefore, better housed, fed, and clothed, and also more sober, the deduction that he is more healthy must, in Mr. Moseley's judgment, be accepted. Attention is directed to the fact that in the United States a workman is able to leave his factory at an earlier age, because, owing to relatively temperate habits and a relatively high rate of wages, he is not constrained to work up to the very end of his life, as is the case in England.

Both Mr. Moseley and the visiting delegates were particularly struck by the sympathy which they found existing between master and man in American factories. It seems that to this state of fellow-feeling there is no counterpart in Great Britain. As a rule, the British employer hardly knows his men by sight, seldom leaves his office for the workshop, delegates most of his authority to a foreman, whose powers are arbitrary, and who, if any of the men under him show a gift for invention, immediately becomes jealous and fears he may be supplanted. Hence, as a rule in England, a workman offering a suggestion to the foreman—the proprietor himself is usually inaccessible—is met with a snub and the inquiry, "Are you running this shop or am I?" or else he is told, "If you know the business better than I do, you had better put on your coat and go." Mr. Moseley recognizes that such a state of things must be put an end to, and that forthwith, if England is to hold her own industrially. Initiative on the part of the workers must be encouraged, and it must be paid for liberally when exhibited, if the brains and inventive powers of English workmen are to have full play. Nothing more astonished the visitors than the fact that in American factories suggestions from the workmen are welcomed, the American manufacturer recognizing that it is not the man sitting in the counting-house or private office who is best able to judge where improvements can be made in a machine, but he who attends to the machine from morning till night. Usually a locked box is provided for such suggestions, and precautions are taken against the foreman's learning by whom any particular improvement is recommended. Of course, after a suggestion has been accepted, its author's position is too firmly established to be shaken by a foreman's jealousy. Another "Yankee notion" which Mr. Moseley urges British manufacturers to adopt is the record-book of every workman's character and technical qualifications, which in some American factories is studiously kept. In such factories a workman is not hastily discharged for a single offence, but reference is first made to the record-book by members of the firm, when, in many cases, they discover that in getting rid of the delinquent they would be sending away a man who in the past had rendered excellent service. British manufacturers are also warned that they must not only introduce modern machinery, but be ready to encourage exceptional skill by assuring to their

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men a "piece" price that will not be "cut" when the latter's earnings exceed what has hitherto been deemed sufficient. Without an industrial system thus modernized, Mr. Moseley deems it certain that British manufacturers cannot hope to compete with their rivals in countries like the United States.

The assertion has recently been made that nearly two-thirds of the last House of Representatives had, when first elected, reached or passed the age of forty years, whereas almost all the members of the present British House of Commons were under forty when first elected. The fact, if it be one, simply proves that, as members of the House of Commons are unpaid, the seats in that body are mainly occupied by young men belonging to the aristocracy and the upper-middle class who can afford the luxury of a legislative career. There is no reason to believe that in professional or business life Englishmen attain success at an earlier age than do Americans. Rather is the contrary the case. There are no counterparts in England to Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller, who must be deemed astonishingly young when we call to mind that they started with nothing, and have acquired hundreds of millions of dollars. It is certain that, as regards society in the technical sense of the word, men and women between sixty and seventy years of age play more conspicuous parts in England than they do on this side of the Atlantic. Look, for example, at the activity of the Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Ronalds in London. They have had no recent counterparts here, if we except Mrs. Harriett Lane-Johnston, who accompanied her uncle to the Court of St. James in the early fifties. There seems to be, indeed, no doubt that in Europe and in the United States the limit of what may be termed the age of usefulness in professional and political life has been materially raised in the course of a hundred years. In the list of British prime ministers of the eighteenth century, we should look in vain for parallels to Palmerston and Gladstone, and it would now be very difficult for young Americans to acquire the influence in public life which was attained by Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, and Henry Clay at a very early age. As Mr. Depew has pointed out, the most influential members of the United States Senate on both the Republican and Democratic sides are over seventy. So far as the Senate is concerned, we seem to be reverting to the Roman precedent. It will be remembered that by law a Roman had to be well advanced in middle life before he was eligible for the consulate. There was no such thing as a young military commander. The career of Alexander, of Hannibal, or of Napoleon Bonaparte would have been impossible under the Roman Republic. In France, under the *ancien régime,* not only the marshals, but the generals, were old men, except in the case of princes of the blood, or of representatives of the very highest aristocracy. The same thing is true to-day of the Prussian army. The case of von Moltke was typical.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the event—the purchase of the Louisiana Territory—the centenary of which was commemorated on April 30 by the dedication of the St. Louis Exposition. There is no doubt that the acquisition of the mouths of the Mississippi and of the vast region stretching westward from the right bank of that river was indispensable to the peace and cohesion of the Union, as well as to its expansion and prosperity. Inseparably connected with that great waterway were the fundamental interests of the white communities formed or forming in the section west of the Alleghenies, and the law of self-preservation would have justified those communities in repudiating political association with the Atlantic States had these thwarted the attempt to gain free access to the Gulf of Mexico. It is well known that the inhabitants of Kentucky had been strongly tempted to proclaim their political independence, in order that, by treaties of their own framing, they might secure freedom of navigation on the Mississippi. There had been times when to many Kentuckians it had seemed expedient, from the view-point of commercial progress, to enter into close political relations even with a country so reactionary as was Spain, which, since the Peace of Paris (1763), had been the owner of the Louisiana Territory. It was no longer necessary to contemplate such an objectionable course after the retrocession of Louisiana to France by Spain. From that moment it was made evident that, unless our Federal government could and would acquire the Louisiana Territory by purchase, one of two events would be likely to happen. Either Great Britain, by means of her navy, would seize New Orleans, and set up a claim to the whole of the French possessions in North America, in which event the Kentuckians, and all other Americans west of the Alleghenies, would have had the strongest incentives to become British subjects, or else Napoleon, in order to avert a British conquest of the Territory, would have offered the Kentuckians absolute control of New Orleans and of the Mississippi Valley, on the sole condition that they declare themselves French citizens. The value of New Orleans, considered as the key of the Mississippi, was thoroughly understood in London, and it will be remembered that no sooner were England's hands freed by the collapse of the Napoleonic Empire than a large force of Peninsula veterans was despatched across the Atlantic for the purpose of occupying the coign of vantage. What was unsuccessfully attempted in 1814-15 could easily have been accomplished ten years earlier, unless, as we have said, Kentuckians could have been persuaded to become French citizens. Even then it is doubtful whether the English, once in possession of New Orleans, could have been ousted. Thus we see that international and political dangers of the gravest kind were averted in the nick of time by Jefferson's purchase of the Louisiana Territory.

There is still another point of view from which the value of the Louisiana Purchase should be recognized. We do not now have in mind the obvious growth of the Territory in population within the span of a single century—from perhaps fifty thousand civilized inhabitants to upwards of fifteen millions. What we ought especially to recognize, when we commemorate the event which occurred a hundred years ago, is the unifying and decisive part which the Mississippi River played in our civil war. Had, in 1860, the food-products of the States bordering the Missouri, the Upper Mississippi, and the Ohio been habitually transported by trunk railway lines to the Atlantic seaboard, those great agricultural commonwealths would not have deemed the preservation of the Union a matter of industrial life or death. As it was, freedom of access to the Gulf of Mexico through the Mississippi and its tributaries was absolutely indispensable to the farmers north of the Ohio and the Missouri. To them, as to the Kentuckians sixty years before, it was an unendurable thought that the mouth of the great continental waterway should be controlled by a foreign, and conceivably hostile, power. To the agriculturists of the Northwest and the Central West the secession of the Gulf States was a deadly menace. In their case the blow struck home with a directness to which there was no counterpart in the Middle and Northeastern States. The result was, as we well know, that, threatened in their most vital interests, the men of Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, fell like an avalanche on the South, and never stopped in their triumphal sweep until they had freed the Mississippi. From that hour the Confederacy was doomed. For the recovery of New Orleans, indeed, we were indebted to the navy under Farragut, but the credit for the rest of the gigantic work required for the redemption of the waterway belongs almost exclusively to Western commanders and to Western soldiers. Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Vicksburg—such were the shining proofs of the West's inflexible determination to regain freedom of access to the Gulf. Twice, therefore, in our national history has the Mississippi River proved an indispensable bond of unity. When we consider the incalculable importance of the preservation of our Union, not only to American citizens, but to the onlooking world, we must acknowledge that, by virtue of its unifying influence, and aside from all other considerations, the Louisiana Purchase should be ranked among the most memorable achievements in history. Twice has it saved the Union, and it would continue to be found an indissoluble bond were it conceivable that a project of secession should once more be mooted.

The public mind in the United States will be little agitated by the reports of the inhospitable disposition of the German government towards Mormon missionaries. No government that respects and values its own people wants Mormon missionaries to go among them. The Mormon machine is as efficient in turning inferior human material to industrial use as any machine in the world. Dr. Richard T. Ely says of it in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April: "So far as I can judge from

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what I have seen, the organization of the Mormons is the most perfect piece of social mechanism with which I have ever, in any way, come in contact, excepting alone the German army. The Mormons, indeed, speak of their whole social organization as an army, the reserve being those at home, and the fighting force being the missionaries in the field." If Germany were loaded down with surplus population of a low order of intelligence and efficiency, the Mormon missionaries would be just the men she might reasonably welcome, for they would take away what she didn't want, and put to use what they took. But apparently she considers that Germans are too good to make Mormons out of, and with that sentiment public feeling in the United States will be strongly in sympathy. In the popular mind the Mormon missionaries rank not as missionaries, but as seducers of the ignorant and credulous. They are an extraordinary body of men, zealous, devoted, and able. The closer they are watched abroad, and the more they are restricted in their proselyting enterprises, the better it will be for this country, which has to harbor them and their proselytes, and which finds in their insidious and spreading organization one of the ugliest problems it has on its hands.

Two Pennsylvania colleges, Swarthmore and Bucknell, have chosen the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* as a text-book to be used as a model of journalism in their classes in literature. It is a pretty compliment to the *Ledger,* which has long been one of the most respectable papers in America, and highly acceptable to a large constituency. As a family newspaper for Pennsylvania, the *Ledger* is admirable, and the Swarthmore and Bucknell young men will find profit in studying it; but of course they will not learn all about newspapers from that journal alone. The *Ledger* has never got very far, for example, in developing the possibilities of type, color, pictures, and the ingenious combination of morality, fireworks, politics, and sensation, in which other journals of the time so conspicuously excel. Some colleges now give slum courses in sociology. To a like end Swarthmore and Bucknell might profitably give slum courses in journalism, and for that, of course, they will need to supplement the *Ledger* with other papers. It should be made clear to the students that newspapers nowadays are made, like coats, to fit the user, and that the quality of a newspaper, taken in connection with the character of its advertisements and the size of its circulation, tells the informed observer a good deal about the character of the population that supports it. No student of newspapers or of humanity can afford to ignore the newspapers that are made for the millions, by the million, and sometimes by millionaires.

It is no disparagement of Mr. Carnegie as a philanthropist to say that, considering how much money he has given away, it is wonderful how little he has promoted his own popularity. He seems to give from the head rather than from the heart, and to be always more solicitous that his gifts shall not be wasted than that they shall stir grateful emotions in any human breast. He is not emotional in his disbursements, and his beneficiaries are not much more emotional than he is. His libraries do not make the heart sing, and the widows and the fatherless do not rise up and call him blessed when he sets aside a pile of steel bonds for the promotion of scientific research. The results of his bounties must be satisfactory to him, for he keeps on giving, but one could wish that his investments brought him in even better returns than they do. It is pleasant, therefore, to notice that his gift of $600,000 to Booker Washington's Tuskeegee Institute has more than usual of the quality that warms the heart. We are all grateful for that. The interest in that institution and its founder is warm, intimate, and national, and so substantial an addition to its resources makes us all Mr. Carnegie's obliged and appreciative debtors.

The Acorns, a Good Government organization in New York, have planned to open a reform saloon on Broadway between Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets. Real drinks are to be sold at this saloon to sober customers, but every man must pay for his own. That is the chief peculiarity of the place; treating will not be allowed there. Another peculiarity is that the barkeepers are all to be total abstainers. That is right: barkeepers ought all, for their own safety, to be total abstainers. They are sure to take in quite as much rum as is good for them through the pores and the lungs. Mr. Fulton Cutting, Mr. City-Chamberlain Gould, and Mr. Herbert Parsons are named as being among the backers of this enterprise, and Bishop Potter and Parson Rainsford are expected to endorse it. The purpose behind the no-treating saloon is not to make money, nor yet to keep liquor in circulation, but to disassociate liquor-selling from private profit, politics, blackmail, and immorality, and to decrease the *per capita* consumption of liquors. Such saloons have been started in England, and are thought to be useful there, and maybe there is a field for them in New York. No one who is not in the habit of drinking in saloons is qualified to say how valuable the no-treating regulation may be. The ability of the average, responsible, well-to-do man to pay for drinks so far exceeds his capacity, or, at any rate, his desire, to consume them, that the question of who pays is of very slight consequence to him. What he is apt to insist upon (to himself) is that his occasional or semioccasional drink shall not be taken alone. Treating or being treated has very little to do with the number of his potations. But experienced saloon drinkers have reported in intervals of coherency that in saloons the practice obtains of setting up rounds of drinks, each partaker contributing a round in turn, until the social glass has overflowed into the convivial cup, the emotions have been unwarrantably stirred, and proper expenditure and moderate indulgence have both been far exceeded. If the no-treating rule corrects inconsiderate excesses of this sort without encouraging the habit of solitary potation, it may evidently be useful. To drink wisely seems to be so fine an art that the inexperienced may well despair of acquiring it, but it will seem easier if the neophyte will remember that all the serious mistakes are made on the side of over-consumption, and that it is the rarest thing for any one to find cause for regret in drinking too little. So long as there is such a conspicuously safe side to err on, no observing person need go seriously amiss.

Allusion was made in a recent paragraph in the WEEKLY to the retention of certain old machinery in some of the Lowell cotton-mills whose employees are striking. It is explained by the agent of at least one of these mills that the machinery in his mill was long ago replaced, except some old carding-machines, which the management expected to dispense with altogether.

New York's new junk-selling ordinance, designed to delay the transfer of stolen property, provides that every dealer in second-hand goods shall pay twenty-five dollars for a license; shall purchase no second-hand articles between sunset and 7 A.M., nor in any place except his own shop; shall keep a record of all articles bought, setting forth the day and hour of purchase, price paid, and seller's name; and shall retain all such goods in sight and unsold for thirty days. The ordinance, it will be seen, bears pretty hard on the junk-dealers, but in their case may be warranted. But it is also proposed to enforce it against all dealers in second-hand books, whereat nearly all the booksellers in town are crying out in protest. Such firms as Scribners, Dutton, Brentano, Putnams, Dodd-Mead, and others of like standing, join the smaller dealers in vehement objection to the enforcement of the ordinance against booksellers. They ought to win their point. Of course stolen books are sold to second-hand booksellers, but that evil can hardly be so great as to warrant the embarrassment of so many concerns of high character by rules which, if enforced, will be of doubtful effect in checking the dishonesty they are designed to hinder. The game isn't worth so much candle. The legal maxim, *De minimis lex non curat,* applies.

As the WEEKLY goes to press, report and denial about Russia's demands in Manchuria still follow each other fast, and our editorial on that subject may not deal with the very latest phase of the situation that has come to the reader's knowledge. But the general aspects of the case are stable, and discussion of them is not much affected by the cable's reports. The letter on another page by Mr. Alexis Edrikhine, political editor of the *Novoe Vremya,* will be found to be of special interest as the presentation, by an accomplished and highly qualified Russian publicist, of the attitude of his government towards both Manchuria and the United States.

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The War Between Platt and Odell

SENATOR MORGAN of Alabama, who, it is fair to say, is not invariably accurate, predicts that the Republican party is entering upon the stage of internecine strife through which, he says, the Democratic party has already gone. If he had said through which the Democratic party is still going he would have been correct, at least in the latter part of his observation.

The immediate future of the Republican party, as of its rival, is problematical. In the main, it has ceased to be distinguished by advocacy of any great principle, now that the money question, so far as the standard of value is concerned, is settled. It is holding on, or "marking time," or "standing pat," these varying phrases being those of Republican leaders themselves, while its rival, still suffering from the eruption of 1896, is looking about for a principle or a battle-cry to which all its elements may cling. In this contingency, anything which happens within the party councils denoting disintegrating tendencies is of the utmost interest and importance. A bitter strife between rival bosses, by the dislocation which it compels, may show internal weakness, just as the breaking of a limb may reveal the dry rot in the tree whose fair exterior had theretofore concealed the sickness of which it had long been dying.

Here, in a nutshell, is the reason why the contest between Senator Platt and Governor Odell is important. It indicates a hollow, or, at least, a decaying, interior. As was natural in existing political conditions, the quarrel was over patronage. For many years the only thought of most Republican leaders has been that of patronage. There have been outbreaks over tariff reform, and an effort to secure subsidies for ships; there has been rallying for beet sugar against the effort to be just to Cuba; but the party leader of the tariff-reform movement in Congress subsided when the campaign contributions of the brewers were refunded from the public treasury, and, as for the rest, the only principle manifested was, to speak after the manner of the traditional bull, the lack of principle. With the exception of the President, no Republican leader has been ambitious to be called the Justinian of his day, nor has any one but Mr. Roosevelt, at any time, manifested any desire that the party should once more stand for a political thought or a political or a moral ideal. The government, in these later days of the organization, affords an opportunity for plunder, not an opportunity for service.

The historical evolution of the Platt-Odell quarrel is interesting, and ought to be instructive. Mr. Platt has so long been the leader of the party in the State of New York that the character of his leadership is beyond dispute. Men who want office and nominations within his control say that he has served the country and the State; if they think at all they cannot believe what they say; no one else, except the perverse in mind and heart, believes it; no honorable man and lover of his country can believe it. On the whole, the patronage mongers and seekers have been happy under the rule of Mr. Platt; he has been known as an "easy boss." We know, of course, that his yoke has been light only to inferior men, men inferior either mentally or morally. The mere fact of the yoke has itself galled strong men upon whom it has rested. It has not galled Aldridge, or "Lou" Payn, or Raines, or Quigg, or any of that set; but it has rested too heavily on the neck of Black; Roosevelt shook it off; and now Odell has shown that he can no longer endure it, but that he wants a yoke of his own.

Mr. Black has proved that he is an astute criminal lawyer, but not a skilful politician, while he was very far from being an admirable Governor. His nearest friend was "Lou" Payn, who is with Black, or Platt, or Odell, or any one else, as his personal emergency demands. Mr. Black made a mistake is trying to establish a machine of his own in opposition to the machine of Platt. He undertook a task that was difficult to any one, and impossible to him. Platt, Odell being then his companion in power, toppled Black over very easily, denied him the second nomination, and, at the demand of the rank and file of the people, named Roosevelt for the Governorship. Here was an opportunity for virtuous fighting, and it was valiantly improved. From the beginning of Governor Roosevelt's administration to the end of it Mr. Platt and Mr. Odell, now recognized as joint bosses, were forced to fight against a Governor who had the people on his side. They ordered him to pass a State constabulary bill; he refused. They commanded him to reappoint George W. Aldridge and "Lou" Payn; he refused, and proved to the State that he was right, and thus won the approval of all citizens whose consciences work in politics. He turned politics out of the control of the canals; he transformed the public offices at Albany into places where business, and not politics, was the chief labor of the employees of the State. The "organization" came to the aid of the Ramapo enterprise, and the Governor met and overcame "him." Against orders, he insisted on the enactment of a franchise-tax law—an enterprise which had in it more of virtuous motive than of sound sense, but on which he once more defeated the bosses. Much of the good that he accomplished was obscured and concealed by certain pietistic clamor about the breakfasts which Mr. Roosevelt ate with Mr. Platt at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Whatever may be said as to the propriety of the conduct of a Governor who seems to be at the beck and call of a boss in the matter of breakfasts, lack of dignity is not invariably lack of morality, and, on the whole, it is better to be obedient to a boss in the matter of meals than in the far more essential matter of the business of the State. Mr. Roosevelt did not try to build up a machine of his own, but he had a support which is more powerful than any machine, and that is the support of the people, of the voters, and especially of the rank and file of his party, against whom, or without whom, bosses and machines are nothing. So strong was Mr. Roosevelt in the party that, at the national convention at Philadelphia, from twenty to twenty-two of the New York delegates were entirely devoted to him, and would have followed him against Mr. Platt. Here was a situation the like of which had not been known for many years, and it was a stubborn fact of such moment that it prevented Mr. Platt from carrying out a threat which he made to put Mr. Roosevelt in nomination for the second place on the ticket. His object was accomplished in another way, Mr. Quay being Mr. Platt's great help in time of need.

So we have Mr. Black, for his own selfish purposes, endeavoring to supplant Mr. Platt's machine with one of his own, and Mr. Roosevelt greatly unsettling the machine, throwing it out of gear, by serving the State and winning public approbation. Now we come to Mr. Odell's administration. The present Governor came to his office rich in experience. He had been Mr. Platt's right-hand man, and had done his best to aid the Senator's administration of the party machine. He had also felt the value of the confidence of the public. In other words, he had not encountered Mr. Roosevelt without profiting by his own defeats. No intelligent observer of current politics has any doubt as to the character of Governor Odell as a politician. In the language of the craft, he is a "smooth and cold-blooded proposition." He hesitated before deciding on his own candidacy, because he felt the friendship of the rank and file for Roosevelt and its hostility to Platt and himself and their methods. Mr. Bryan, however, opened too tempting an opportunity, and Odell accepted. He went into the Governorship with the purpose of winning the party to himself. He wanted its patronage and its leadership. In order to gain what he desired, he joined Roosevelt's popular causes with his own schemes of machine-building. He declined to favor the State constabulary bill, which, with Mr. Platt, he had attempted to force on Roosevelt. He announced himself as in favor of the franchise-tax bill (with some amendments), although he had opposed it before. He turned his back on "Lou" Payn, whose reappointment he had urged upon his predecessor. He kept a reforming face to the public, and undermined Mr. Platt. Good is to be expected from both courses. The recognition of the worth of public virtue makes for good government, and so will the overthrow of Mr. Platt by one who, whether in cold blood or for conscience's sake, believes that, in the long run, virtue is the card that wins in the great game of politics.

In the course of the contest, the country has been shown the interior workings of a modern political machine. It knows now how little virtue there is in such an organization as that of the Republican party in New York; how utterly indifferent are all concerned in it to the interests of the State; how greed takes the place of principle, and how the working politician regards the State as a quarry for himself and his kind. Organizations like this must come to an end in time; a party managed by such organizations must either die or reform. When those who lead the party are at work together merely for plunder, the day when they will quarrel and break up is sure to come; and herein lies the application of the tale of Platt and Odell.

The United States and Manchuria

BEFORE considering what our government ought to do about the new and unexpected demands put forward by Russia with reference to Manchuria, it may be well to recall precisely what those demands are said to be, and to point out why they seem, at first sight, inconsistent with assurances previously given to the treaty powers in general and to the United States in particular. In the first place, Russia insists that no new treaty ports shall be opened, and that no new foreign consulates shall be established in Manchuria.

According to the very latest news, however, from St. Petersburg, Russia denies having prescribed such a condition for evacuation. This requirement would be, on its face, irreconcilable with the commercial treaty now in course of negotiation between the United States and China, which proposes the opening of treaty ports at Mukden and Takushan. Another demand is that no foreigners except Russians shall be employed in Manchuria in an administrative capacity, whether military or civil. This requirement, if really made,—which is denied,—would be plainly incompatible with a treaty as-

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suring to citizens of the United States rights equal to those of the citizens or subjects of any other foreign power. A third demand is that the customs revenues at Newchwang shall be paid into the Russo-Chinese Bank, as is the case at present, and not into the Chinese Customs Bank; as our government is one of the creditors entitled to share in the Boxer indemnity, it is, manifestly, interested in seeing the proceeds of the customs duties at Newchwang, as at other treaty ports, paid into a bank controlled by the debtor, to wit, China. As for a fourth demand, that Russia shall control the sanitary regulations at Newchwang, this seems as unreasonable as it would have been for us to insist upon continuing the supervision of the sanitary regulations of Havana after our evacuation of that city. The demand, finally, that Russia shall have the right to erect its own telegraph-wires wherever the Chinese telegraphs extend in Manchuria, using the same poles, may seem, at the first glance, unimportant. Every practical electrician knows, however, that, if this concession were made, the Manchurian telegraph system would be of very little value to China, or to any foreign power except Russia. According to a telegram from St. Petersburg, however, no such demand has been made.

Now there is no doubt that, when Russia leased the ports of Port Arthur, Ta-lien-wan, and the adjacent territory in the Liautung peninsula, she gave assurance to the United States that the "open door" would be maintained in the leased district. Again, on December 18, 1899, Count Mouravieff, replying to Mr. Hay, said that, as to Manchurian territory other than the leased district, the fixing of duties would belong to China itself, and the St. Petersburg government had no intention of claiming privileges for its own subjects to the exclusion of other foreigners. Similar statements have been subsequently made by the Russian Foreign Office, and on April 26, after the publication of the new demands made upon China, Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador at Washington, told Mr. Hay that the assurances which Russia had given on different occasions with reference to the security of American trade interests in Manchuria remained in full force. Previously to this interview, however—*i.e.*, on April 25—Mr. Hay had instructed Mr. McCormick, the United States ambassador at St. Petersburg, to ask an explanation of some of the Russian demands; and Mr. Conger, the United States minister at Peking, was also directed by our Secretary of State to urge strongly upon the Chinese authorities our objections to some of the conditions attached by Russia to the evacuation of Manchuria.

It should be particularly noted, however, that these representations at Peking and St. Petersburg were made by our State Department independently, and not in conjunction with the Foreign Offices of London and Tokio. Had we combined with Great Britain and Japan to enter a joint protest against the Russian demands, we should virtually have committed ourselves to cooperation with those powers in further measures if the protest were unheeded. Any joint demonstration of the kind would have been a mistake on the part of our State Department, because it would not have been sanctioned by the sober second thought of the American people. For two reasons: in the first place, it has been our unvarying policy for upwards of a century to avoid entangling alliances with foreign powers. In the second place, we do not want a war with Russia, even if our trade with Manchuria could only be preserved at such a cost. As a matter of fact, the American trade can be retained without the sacrifice of a man or a dollar.

In his interview with Mr. Hay on April 26 Count Cassini said that, while his government was naturally unwilling that Mukden, which lies far in the interior of Manchuria, should be made a treaty port, it was willing to make such a commercial treaty with the United States as would practically permit the entry of American goods at that place. This is a remarkable concession, when we bear in mind that American commodities can only reach Mukden from the seacoast by being transported over the Russian railway.

As for the maintenance of China's territorial integrity, which we have consistently advocated, we cannot deny that certain concessions, not easily reconcilable with absolute territorial integrity, may reasonably be exacted by Russia with regard to Manchuria, because that country lies between Siberia and the Russian seaports on the Yellow Sea, and because the Trans-Manchurian Railway needs incessantly to be protected against interruption and depredation at the hands of brigands. There is no doubt that if British or American capitalists had built a railway between Canton and some point on the Yang-tse-kiang, Russia would recognize the necessity of permitting the line to be guarded by soldiers of the nationality to which the capitalists belonged. If this be an infringement, then China's territorial integrity will have to be infringed to this extent, unless all the plans for opening the interior of the Middle Kingdom with railways constructed by foreign capital are to be renounced.

There is another point of view from which Russia's position in Manchuria ought to be considered. She alone since the outbreak of the Boxer troubles has maintained peace and order in that wide region. But for her the whole of Manchuria would long ago have lapsed into anarchy, and we need not say that, in such a state of things, the consumers of American commodities would have been few and far between. That there is at present a large demand for our products in Manchuria is due to Russia, and we have no doubt that if law and order continue to be enforced by Russian officials, the demand will be rapidly increased. All our merchants need is security against extortionate customs duties in ports under Russian control, and that is precisely the safeguard which Count Cassini has offered to furnish by a commercial treaty between the two countries.

It ought to be distinctly understood that our interests in Manchuria are by no means identical with those of Japan, and would not justify us in entering an anti-Russian alliance, even if such an act would be consonant with our traditional policy. The Japanese would, if they could, annihilate the Manchurian branch of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and drive the Russians out of Port Arthur and Dalny. We have no desire to see anything of the sort accomplished. All we wish is to keep our trade privileges in Manchuria, and to avert an outright dismemberment of that country, which might be made a precedent for the wholesale partition of China, while, at the same time, we recognize that Russia may fairly claim special privileges in a country which she has redeemed from anarchy, and which she has spanned with a railway built under exceptional difficulties and at great expense. We doubt, also, whether Great Britain will join Japan in fighting Russia about Manchuria, and it must be remembered that the terms of the Anglo-Japanese alliance do not bind England to aid Japan, unless the latter find herself embroiled with more than one European power. Under the circumstances, it is questionable whether Russia would request the assistance of France, because she probably deems herself strong enough to deal single-handed with Japan.

"There is Smuggling and Smuggling"

THUS saith Postmaster-General Payne, while Secretary Moody is of the opinion that officers of the navy and other officers are being persecuted because they are brought to book for taking into port certain comforts and consolations contrary to the revenue laws of the country.

Swings the moon in another quarter? Marry, it must. Not a year ago the Secretary of the Treasury had his say touching the revenue laws and the violation of them by private citizens who took the liberty of doing precisely what was done by the officers involved in the Porto-Rican episode. When Mr. Shaw spoke for the Administration the true spirit of the sixteenth century breathed upon the law, and we know that the Secretary from Iowa, sometimes irreverently spoken of in Washington as the "President's gold brick," was the embodiment of the spirit of protection. And now the voice of the Administration, speaking through the mouths of two cabinet officers, neither of whom can by any possibility be called a gold brick, utters distinctly revolutionary sentiments, sentiments twisted from the straight course into immoral channels after the fashion suggestive of revolutions.

Mr. Payne and Mr. Moody are guilty, in their thoughts and in their suggestions, of that pernicious crime of evasion so big in the imaginations of those who are not successful in making statutes that will restrain and confine men within unnatural bounds. The evil spirit of righteous liberty is working its way into the mediæval protection bark when the augurs are discovered with their tongues in their cheeks, and with a one-eyed wink solemnly asserting that "there is smuggling and smuggling," meaning thereby that some smuggling is to be overlooked, while other smuggling is to be punished. Let the party which has upheld the principle of protection as meaning prohibition, think for a moment, and they will see that, in a large way, protection has grown to be what it is, not because it was ever an economic truth, but because it was a good political cry, because it was an excellent dodge, a "vote getter," a policy which therefore does not command the true heartfelt allegiance of the high priests of the cult, who advocate it solely for what it is worth to themselves and to their party. Their necessities require that they shall persuade as many of the voters as they can to believe that to protection are due the prosperity of the country, the fertility of its soil, the salubrity of its climate, the splendor of its sun, the soft beauty of its moon, the brilliancy of its winter skies, the variety of its fauna on land and in its rivers, and the character and efficiency of its people. The high priests of our present system of protection are the modern descendants of the augurs of the Roman Empire. Mr. Shaw is an ancient augur, a survival of a time of narrower mind and of pioneer faith, but Mr. Payne and Mr. Moody are modern, and know how much of their party's economic system is real and how much is fooling.

The fundamental principle of protection, of that kind of protection, the perfection of which required the mind of a Dingley, is that it is sacred. It is an article of faith. To doubt this sanctity is to be heretical; to question the principle is to be blasphemous. Theodore Roosevelt was once a heretic and a blasphemer; he is now on the anxious bench. Mr. Shaw, who still conducts protection experience meetings, can have no doubt of the essential paganism of Payne and Moody. The fact that such people are in the high places of the temple is a mournful and dangerous fact to an earnest believer like Mr.

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Shaw, and must disturb a neophyte. It is passing strange, indeed, that admonition has not already come out of the West, and it may be argued from this that the neophyte is not yet fixed in his principles.

The sanctity of the principle of protection of the Dingley school, the shorter term for which is prohibition, makes all smuggling wicked. That is the dogma of the school of Shaw. Beginning with the theory that protection was for the benefit of American manufacturers and their trade, it has developed into quite another and different principle though, in truth, we cannot say that the development is unnatural,—perhaps it was to have been expected. It was established in order that infant industries might be guarded from competition from abroad. It was then an incident of the revenue raising power. Soon the dogma was enlarged to admit the farmers, and then those who saw clearly into the devices of men became convinced that the system had been attacked, in the very house of its friends, by intelligence, the most redoubtable foe that could rise up against it. First, the farmers were told that protection was building up the home market for them. When this pretence ceased to deceive, the farmers were frankly protected against the competition which they do not, and cannot, suffer. Until comparatively recent years, protection was, as we have said, an incident of revenue collection; suddenly revenue collecting was declared to be an incident of protection. At last we come to the present stage, where protection is transformed into prohibition, and the law is frankly made for the pecuniary profit of certain carefully selected interests who respond proportionately. Comprehending the point which the system has reached in its evolution, we can understand why it is thought necessary to maintain it by awakening a superstitious and worshipful feeling concerning it. The sanctity of the tariff law and of the custom-house must be preserved, or the people would come to have as little faith in the one and respect for the other as are felt by the most intelligent of the priesthood.

Mr. Shaw either understands the necessities of the altar which he guards, or is one of the deluded. It makes no matter which; he is bound to foster the delusion, and to defend and preserve the superstition. Therefore, when a year or more ago, some ladies complained to him that his inspectors were rude to them, he told them that perjurers like them have no just complaint if they are treated rudely. The tariff was once for the protection of American producers and tradesmen against those who would sell foreign goods in our market; in its development it has prohibited the importation, without duty, of articles for personal use and adornment. Mr. Shaw insisted on the strict enforcement of the law, the harshness of which was fast undermining the patriotism of some of our fairest citizenesses. The customs officers had made them swear, sometimes to the truth and sometimes to a falsehood, and then, on the general theory that all Americans who go to Europe lie about their purchases abroad, examined their trunks in order to catch them,—and, if the truth is to be fully told, they often caught the fairest. In making their examination, the customs officers often showed slight respect to the belongings of travellers, tossing the most delicate fancies about a dirty wharf not only with indifference, but occasionally in merest mockery. Mr. Shaw, to do him justice, did attempt to modify the harshness of this performance by recommending that a lady's wardrobe be not exposed, in all its intricacies, to the gaze of government officers and wharf rats, but he was stern in enforcing the law, and, from his point of view, he was right, for if the system is to be maintained as a sacred institution, any breach of it, however slight, is as worthy of punishment as any other breach, however great.

But now comes the insidious assault of a heresy. The priests, Payne and Moody, have denied one of the articles. They hold to the doctrine of venial sins; they say that the letter of the law may be ignored so long as its spirit is maintained; that they who smuggle for use are not to be treated as the criminals who smuggle for trading purposes. Shaw says, on the contrary, that the faith is the faith, and that an oath is an oath. "Not so," says Payne and Moody. "Smuggling is to be forgiven to officers of the United States if the smuggling be for their comfort or consolation." The Porto Rico cases are "on all fours," as the lawyers say, with the cases, which, presented by the ladies, invited the stern censure of Mr. Shaw, except that in the later cases the culprits are officers, so that the latest decisions of the Administration amount to this, that if the smuggler be an officer he may smuggle, but if he, or she, be a private citizen, he, or she, may not smuggle. To the pagan revenue reformer, or free-trader, this entrance of the disintegrating spirit of revolt must needs be refreshing and a means of joy unspeakable; but to him whose duty is sternly to preserve the ancient superstition, it must appear as the beginning of Socinianism, Arminianism, Jansenism,—the precursors of a time when economic Wyclifs, Luthers, and Calvins shall rise up to smite and kill with the sharp weapon of reform.

An American Criticism of the Monroe Doctrine

In its last number of the North American Review, faithful to its motto, *Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*, which, however disputable on the score of grammar is ethically admirable—permits an American merchant to denounce the Monroe Doctrine as a bar to civilization, and to set forth at length his reasons for holding that it ought to be repudiated by the United States. His reasons are the following: First, the Latin-Americans are mongrels; secondly, they are incapable of attaining to a high civilization; thirdly, the Latin-American republics would, if they became dependencies of an enlightened European power, like Germany, for instance, be more civilized than they are now; fourthly, American business men would, under the supposed conditions, find trade with the Latin-American countries more convenient and lucrative than it is to-day. The principal ground for our promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine is scarcely touched by the American merchant, although he does assert that we cannot be politically interested in maintaining the independence of any Latin-American republics except those which are in close proximity to the isthmus of Panama, and, therefore, to the contemplated interoceanic water-way.

Let us glance at these objections in their order. We would not for a moment dispute that the Latin-Americans are mongrels, but we add that, if they are students of history, they must be proud of the fact. The Romans, who conquered the Mediterranean world, were mongrels. So are the English, Celt, Saxon, Angle, Jute, Norwegian, Dane, Norman, Fleming, and Frenchmen have all contributed to fashion the British stock. So are the inhabitants of the United States: from an ethical point of view, there is no more heterogeneous people than our own. But, our American merchant may say, the cases are not parallel, for into the Latin-American admixture have entered non-Aryan elements, which render the acquirement of a high civilization impossible. This brings us to the question of fact which constitutes the second objection. Is it true, as a matter of experience, that Latin-American peoples cannot attain a high grade of civilization? So far as this point is concerned, the writer in the North American Review gives his own case away by admitting that nothing which he has said in depreciation of the progressive capabilities of Latin-American commonwealths is applicable to Mexico, Argentine, and Chile. Nowhere in Latin America, however, is there so large an infusion of the aboriginal and non-Aryan element as there is in Mexico. President Juarez was a pure Aztec. If Mexico, Argentina, and Chile can surmount the unpropitious conditions under which they entered on the path of progress, there can be no ethnical reason why other Latin-American commonwealths should not outgrow revolution and anarchy, and pursue an exemplary course of orderly and upward development. Proofs of the capacity of political and social improvement have been already furnished by Brazil, by Uruguay, and by Costa Rica, and no well-informed man would refuse to predicate such possibilities of Peru, of Bolivia, of Venezuela, of Salvador, and of Guatemala. In view of their past, even such backward States as Colombia, Ecuador, Nicaragua and Honduras must be credited with a future.

What reason have we, in the third place, for assuming that Latin-American republics would be better off than they are now if they became dependencies of a European power? Are the existing colonies of France or Germany prosperous and contented? The question answers itself. The well-being of the English-speaking and self-governing colonies of Great Britain is indisputable, but how is it with the British subjects who do not speak the English language, and who do not enjoy self-government? Is India prosperous and contented? Was French Canada contented so long as it was a Crown colony, and until by rebellion it extorted an instalment of autonomy? Is French Canada even now, with its ecclesiastical system that dates back to the seventeenth century, comparable, in respect of civilization, with Argentina? Again the question answers itself.

We pass to the fourth assumption made by the writer in the North American Review, that, if the Latin-American republics became dependencies of European powers, United States business men would find trade with them easier and more profitable than it is now. Was it easier for us to trade with the Spanish-American countries when they were governed by Spain, or with Brazil when it constituted a part of Portugal? Is it easy for us to trade to-day with the colonies of France or Germany which maintain a rigorously protectionist policy in their dependencies? Can we even take for granted that, if all the Latin-American republics became British colonies, we should have freedom of access to their markets? Do we know that they would not follow the example of the Canadian Dominion, and in their tariffs give imports from the ruling State a preference of 33 1-3 per cent.? We know that the South-African colonies agreed but the other day to adopt the precedent set by Canada, and to give imports from Great Britain a preference of 25 per cent. At present there is no discrimination against us in the tariffs of Latin-American republics. It is nobody's fault but our own that we do not under actual conditions get a preponderant share of the foreign trade of those commonwealths. If we want such a share, it is our business to make our commodities attractive, and to sell them no less cheaply, or more cheaply, than the products of foreign competitors are sold. It is ungener-

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ous, to say the least, to express a wish to deprive a country of its political independence because, with a fair field and no favor, we are unable to cope with European rivals in its markets.

All these considerations, however, are really beside the question. The "American Business Man" who discusses the subject in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW overlooks the fundamental fact that it was primarily in the interest of the United States themselves, and only secondarily in that of Latin-American republics, that the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed. Throughout the eighteenth century the Caribbean was one of the cockpits of Europe, and quarrels engendered by Old-World jealousies between France and England were fought out upon the soil of North America. When, at last, an opportunity of exemption from implication in European disputes was furnished by the revolt of Spanish-American colonies against Spain, we seized it in obedience to the law of self-preservation. Had we not seized it, Latin America would, soon or late, have been divided among European powers, and every war in the Old World would have been extended to the Western hemisphere. It would then have been practically impossible for us to avoid European entanglements. It is obvious that our national interest in safeguarding Latin America from incorporation with the European system is incomparably greater now that we are resolved to build and operate the Panama Canal. The "American Business Man" who denounces the Monroe Doctrine in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, seems himself to admit that our control of the interoceanic waterway might be menaced if Central America, or Colombia, and, we presume, he would add Venezuela and Ecuador, fell into the hands of a European power. Does he think that our security would be perfect if Germany, for instance, had naval stations in the north of Peru and in Dutch Guiana, or even in the north of Chile or of Brazil? Is it not clear that, if we suffer European powers to get any foothold at all in South America, it will be difficult to set limits to their ambition and to their acquisitions? For us there is, in truth, only one path of safety, and that was traced for us by Monroe, when he said that, with the Latin-American governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. That manifesto, as we have said, although in its spirit and effects fraternal and beneficent, was originally prompted by the instinct of self-preservation. The instinct is still active and imperative.

Russia in Manchuria

NEW YORK, *April 27, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I willingly respond to your request to record my opinion on the Manchurian question, so warmly debated just now by the American press. Allow me to begin by drawing a parallel between the political views of the United States and of Russia.

Shortly after securing their independence, the United States, which constituted only a twentieth part of the American continent, and which had literally nothing in common with the Latin republics, whether in race, language, religion, character, or customs, nevertheless felt themselves entitled to announce the Monroe Doctrine, which made the whole American continent inviolable, thereby clearly indicating a determination to make this whole territory exclusively their own at some future time.

Russia, taking a similar standpoint, might, with incomparably greater justice, announce a like doctrine in her own favor, not only with reference to the whole of Slavonic western Europe and Constantinople, the hereditary claim to which came to our Tsar Ivan III. with his wife Sophia Paleologos, but also as an Asiatic power, ruling half of Asia, we might, with even greater right, announce an Asian doctrine.

Without assuming such vast undertakings, we advance slowly, but with firm steps, along the rough path marked out for us by divine destiny, and every step of our advance, marked by the blood of our sons, becomes an inalienable part of our empire. Therefore any retreat for us is as impossible as the recession of the lava which has flowed down a volcano, or the retrogression of the sun.

We took Manchuria by force of arms, in a war called forth not by Russia, but by the missionaries and traders of Western lands. Manchuria was taken by the efforts of an army of two hundred thousand men, of whom twenty thousand fell in battle. Manchuria has cost us hundreds of millions, drawn from our national treasury. In a short time, instead of anarchy, insurrection, and universal chaos, we have there evolved such order and well-being as have drawn forth unqualified praise from the English press, so perpetually hostile to us, including even the *Times*. In view of all this, Manchuria belongs to us by the best of all rights, the right of justice; and all claims on Manchuria we cannot consider as other than attacks on our rights and our property. And if these claims, coming from England and Japan, each of whom is serving the interests of the other, are entirely intelligible, they are, on the other hand, quite unintelligible when coming from the United States.

Let Americans put aside prejudice, and look back over the history of the past. They will remember that during the century of their young republic's existence they have always had the sincere sympathy of the Russian people, and been the favored object of Russian policy. A century ago we were the first to greet with sincere joy the birth of a new child among the nations, and to recognize its lawful birth. Then, during the dark and dangerous period of the civil war, when the ambitious and self-seeking nations of western Europe had prepared their war-ships, thus sharpening the knife to cut the United States in two, Russia sent Admiral Lisovsky's squadron, putting it absolutely at the disposition of the United States. It was not only the powerful squadron which was important, but the fact that behind western Europe the armed millions of the Russian reserves were drawn up; for at the first shot fired by our squadron Russia would inevitably have declared war against England and France, which were menacing the United States.

Finally, only the other day, when a new European coalition stretched forth its claws towards Venezuela, and, under the pretext of collecting a debt, spread its skilfully woven nets around Washington, the wise action of our ambassador, Count Cassini, dean of the diplomatic corps, thoroughly in harmony with the spirit of the quiet, far-sighted, and traditionally friendly policy of Russia, was one of the causes which dissolved the storm-cloud hanging so threateningly over America. All those who are acquainted with the course of these negotiations, whether diplomats or writers, know well that, at the psychological moment of the greatest tension and perplexity, Count Cassini, with his great tranquillity and experience, was one of the first pilots who directed the Venezuelan episode to the quiet haven which had been indicated at a timely moment by our peace-loving Emperor—The Hague.

But, while giving such sincere proofs of friendship, and helping the United States to solve its historical problems, Russia cannot stretch her friendship to the evident damage of her own interests and her national honor.

We clearly understand the wide abyss which separates the real national interests of the United States on the American continent from the aggressive and intrusive pretensions and tendencies of the half-English "American Asiatic Association" which seeks to lay hold of Manchuria.

In return for all we have done for the United States we do not seek the gratitude of the capitalists, whose influence on the Department of State is so indubitable; first, because international obligations are not bills of exchange, and, second, because we seek no obligation in the present case. But your press menaces us with protests. Very good: protests are easily written, and Secretary Hay has much experience in writing them. But I take the liberty of saying that the result of his first experience in this direction was the profound astonishment of the Russian public, and, later, a comparative indifference to the outcome of the Venezuelan imbroglio. As for the probable results of a new attempt of Secretary Hay to serve England at the expense of Russia, we can only answer by the following hypothesis:

The Spanish war ushered the United States into the wide field of international politics. At the first step along this rough road the United States made very large admissions, with regard, first, to the Constitution of Cuba, secondly, to the commercial treaty with Cuba, and, lastly, to the Philippines. Precedents were abundantly created of high interest, not merely to students of diplomatic science. But let us pass over them, as comparatively unimportant, and look more closely at the immediate future. The favorable issue of the Venezuelan imbroglio is a great victory for the United States. By forming a chain of forts at Key West, Bahia Honda, Guantanamo, Culebra, and Porto Rico, and by ratifying the Panama Canal treaty, you have at one step advanced your southern boundary two thousand miles to the south; and if not *de jure*, at any rate *de facto*, you have included the West Indies and Central America in your sphere of activity, and have even made contact with South America. This is an immense achievement. But it is not difficult to see at the same time that the United States has entered irrevocably on the inclined plane along which, according to the laws of accelerated motion, they cannot fail to come into conflict with the powers which have vital interests in that region. This is, doubtless, what President Roosevelt meant when, speaking the other day at Chicago, he declared that the Monroe Doctrine called for more ships.

In conclusion, let me draw a parallel. In the sixties, two European powers, only too willing to cut your young republic in halves, were checked by the squadron and power of Russia. When a like situation presently arises, as a result of your new forward policy on the American continent and in the West Indies, it may be of vital consequence to the United States to know that, behind the European powers which oppose you Russia stands as a cordial and not ineffectual friend.

Thus giving you my personal view of the Manchurian question,

I am, sir,

ALEXIS EDRIKHINE,

Political editor of the *Novoe Vremya*.

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Modern Rush and Some of its Remedies

THE onlooker—if there be any such—at modern life might easily fall under the illusion that mental energy is drawn from an inexhaustible source. The increasing complexity of living, the unceasing demands, social, intellectual, and moral, made upon the average citizen, the very glare and noise of large cities, all these must either blunt the senses into apathy and dulness, or keep them at constant, irritated strain. No wonder Carpenter writes upon "Civilization and its Cure," and that Wagner's *La Vie Simple* should be so widely read and translated into various tongues. "This is mere existence," he says. "No time to breathe, not an hour for self-recollection, for exchanging a quiet word. . . . No, this is no life." The drain upon mental energy, the complexity and haste of an industrial and commercial age, the insatiate and insane craving for material accumulation, the fever of ambition and rivalry, of overreaching and outshining which have attacked even our women, all these exact their penalties. The proverb is proving itself, when put to the test, "The more a man has, the more he wants."

Too little is said of the social readjustments necessary for living at such speed. We are careful of our delicate, mechanical instruments; we use them guardedly; we are watchful of repairs; and yet the most delicate instruments of all, the mind and spirit, are treated with almost criminal neglect. The demands made upon them are endless, and rest and care—whoever heard of resting the spirit, or of caring for the mind unless by overworking it?

Wagner's picture of the wedding, in the Complicated Life, with its interminable defile of visitors, its loads of presents, its caterers, decorators, furnishers, its preparatory days, spent with tailors, dressmakers, jewelers, and cabinet-makers, in antiquity shops, and the apartments of painters and house-builders, its endless ceremonies of calls, introductions, balls and dinners, the frenetic sending and receiving of notes, congratulations, compliments, acceptations, refusals, excuses,—this is apparently a realistic picture for all lands. Alas! that every house has not its single room which is the sanctuary of quiet, where the octogenarian sits and dispenses wisdom.

"She was just short of eighty, and having suffered and worked much, she now saw things with that calm surety which is life-giving. There in her armchair she sat, adoring the silence of the long, meditative hours."

"Rest a little," she used to say to the poor, harassed lovers. "Rest a little and think together: belong to each other; that's the principal thing. All the rest is nothing: it isn't worth notice."

During the past Lent the daily papers have several times called our attention to the society women who "make retreats." But it is not only the Catholics who flee from the rush of life and spend a week or two in quiet and repose.

Every city begins to have its havens of peace. Far up on the outskirts of New York, set back in a huge garden surrounded by a high wall, stands a convent for retreats, overlooking the Hudson River. Entrance is gained by ringing a bell at the outer wall, and once inside no futile words are spoken. The place is managed by a community of French nuns, who give retreats throughout the year. There are seasons for retreats for domestic servants, for shopgirls, for ladies, for young girls preparing for the first communion, times when seventy-five to a hundred people move in silence and orderliness almost imperceptibly through the still expanse of the great grounds. The rest of the year the house is open to all who want its peace and stillness. No questions are asked, no religious exercises are demanded, although the offices and services in the chapel are continuous. Bit by bit, the habit of peace and meditation permeates the visitor, the world wheels slower through space, and the long days are full of grateful recollection.

Farther up the Hudson, and under the jurisdiction of Bishop Potter, there is the new building of the fathers of an order whose work is the same; that of carrying on missions and retreats for the spirit-weary. Of another and a sadder order is the new psycho-pathological laboratory, now attached to the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. Here are brought and treated the helpless victims of mental strain. The State of New York now takes care of 26,988 insane patients, of which 15,909 are drawn from the commercial and educational classes. Only within the last decade, however, has it been considered necessary, in this country, to have a laboratory for the study of abnormal mental life leading to such deplorable results. In France, Janet has long been experimenting with and successfully treating the initial stages of insanity, and in Germany, Brener, Freud, Ranschenberg, and Hajos carry on the same work. In these laboratories experts work upon the victims of alcoholic amnesia, psychic epilepsy, depressive delusional states, and functional motor disturbances. Here the hopeless army of stragglers who might go to swell the numbers in the State insane asylums receive assistance, are instructed in the neglected science of mental hygiene, and are turned out capable citizens, coping once more ably with the difficult conditions of an overwrought life. Strangely enough, New York furnishes the only laboratory for research into nervous disease of the whole United States.

Nor are these the only remedies. None who follows carefully the trend of modern literature can fail to take account of the popularity of books, such as Maeterlinck's *Wisdom and Destiny* and *The Treasure of the Humble;* Wagner's *La Vie Simple*, recently translated and published in America, and Lahor's *Gloire du Néant*. Here the limited field of vision is broken up, and the wide perspective of the thinker brings its own quietude.

"Hush! hush!" the prophets are saying. "It isn't worth wanting. It will be disquieting even after you get it! If you drink the draught, you will thirst again. Let it pass. Go and come in peace. Keep the eye fixed on the far-off event. Judge the moment by eternity; life, by death. A little quiet, a little peace, a little folding of the hands to sleep."

The Bagdad-Basra Railroad

RENEWED attention has been called to the Bagdad railroad by the announcement made in London on April 12 that an agreement had been entered into whereby Great Britain, France, and Germany would participate equally in the control of the projected line, the revenues of which were to be guaranteed by the Turkish customs. A day or two later, in an interview, the director of the Deutsche Bank in Berlin, the representative of the German financial interests in Turkey, minimized the political significance of the new plan of joint construction, declaring that the reports of an Anglo-German alliance in connection with the Bagdad railroad were absurd; that negotiations were being conducted entirely between private financial interests; that arrangements were on foot which would give British capitalists a large share in the construction of the line, and that the main railroad was to run from Konia to Karaman, Eregli, Mossul, Bagdad, and Basra, with branches to Aleppo, Urfa, and the Gulf of Alexandretta. Contracts were now being let for the construction of a stretch of 200 kilometers, or 125 miles; while the whole concession called for 1200 kilometers, or 750 miles, to be completed in eight years.

The original convention obtained from the Porte by the German syndicate was subject to a number of very embarrassing financial complications, which compelled the syndicate to enter into fresh negotiations with the Porte, and only within the last few weeks has the supplementary agreement for the construction of the Bagdad railroad been formulated and signed. It is as a consequence of this new convention that the present activities have sprung into existence. In its present form this new convention makes the Porte responsible to the concession-holders for the payment yearly of 11,000 francs, or $2200 for each kilometer of the line constructed and put into operation, and for the yearly payment of an additional 4500 francs, or $900, for each kilometer of the line put into operation, to cover the expenses of operating the line. As the line is 1200 kilometers in length, this calls for an *annual* payment by the Porte to the syndicate of $2,640,000 for construction, and, in addition, an annual payment of $1,080,000 for operating, making a total annual payment of $3,720,000.

These large annual payments are guaranteed by a new Turkish loan, which consists of an issue of four-per-cent. bonds, amounting to £5,400,000, or about $25,000,000, the interest on which will be about $1,000,000. The guarantee of the interest is attained by the alienation by the Porte to the syndicate of the entire revenues of the districts of Konia, Aleppo, and Urfa. To cover the expenses of the second section of the railroad, the Porte has conveyed to the syndicate the revenues of the fisheries along the Turkish coasts of the Black Sea, the Bosporus, and the Sea of Marmora. In case the profits of the line exceed $2000 a kilometer, it is stipulated that the surplus shall be divided between the Turkish government and the syndicate in the ratio of three to two. If the profits are under $900 a kilometer, the Turkish government undertakes to make good the deficit.

That the announcement in the papers, as to a final understanding between the money powers of Germany, France, and England were somewhat premature is evidenced by Premier Balfour's statement of April 21, in the House of Commons, that "no arrangement for the co-operation of British financiers in the construction of the Bagdad railroad had yet been completed." We may also look for a heated international discussion of the validity of the new convention, in view of the fact that it assigns to the railroad syndicate revenues already pledged to the earlier creditors of the Consolidated Ottoman Debt and the various issues of Turkish bonds made in recent years.

If the German financiers can carry out their programme, the chief immediate result of the construction of the line will probably be to afford a new outlet, if not for German colonization, at least for German capital. There are already schemes for turning Anatolia and the valley of Babylon into a great cotton-growing country, and we are told that abundant deposits of naphtha are also to be found in the region to be traversed by the railroad. Both these anticipated products will come into competition with our exports to Germany, if the new German tariff leaves us any exports there.

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The English Seaside

By Sydney Brooks

FOLKESTONE, *April 15, 1903.*

BATH chairs, visitors, schools, and soldiers seem to be the chief products of this part of England. Perhaps it would be as well to explain that by this part of England is meant the extreme southeastern coast. Folkestone lies eight miles or so southwest of Dover, and competes with the older port for a share of the Continental traffic. It is the point of departure for Boulogne, the second quickest route between London and Paris. You may breakfast comfortably in town, take the boat-train to Folkestone, and reach Paris with an hour to spare before dinner. The sea journey, even in the old side-paddle boats, only takes an hour and a half, which is half an hour longer than the Dover-Calais trip. Also, so the local guide-book tells me, Folkestone is the fourth most important port in England, its imports averaging some $90,000,000 a year. But just now I am concerned with it as a watering-place, not as a stepping-stone to the Continent or a depot for merchandise, but as a place to take a holiday in. As such it is really very adequate.

There are two Folkestones, the old and the new. The old lies huddled and tumbled round and above the harbor, a maze of red-tiled houses, mildewed with age, and narrow twisting streets that zigzag up the face of the cliff, and are helped over the steepest places by stairways. It is worth while getting on good terms with the owner of one of these houses, for a good deal lies hidden behind their innocent frontages—queer subterranean passages, secret cellars, panels, and trap-doors of an inviting suspiciousness, and so on. Evidently New York gamblers are not the only ones who have known how to make their home a castle. It would have gone, one conceives, somewhat hard with a coast-guardsman who was rash enough to track a cargo of smuggled goods through this network of domestic ambushes. Those spacious times, of course, have passed now, and the attraction of old Folkestone to-day is just that of fooling round a place simply because it is old, of turning corners, and finding oneself almost stepping down a chimney or on a level with a garret window, of speculating on the elusive charms of living always on a gradient of one foot in three. New Folkestone, the Folkestone of hotels, boarding-houses, and visitors, is everything that old Folkestone is not. It is perched right on the top of the cliff, two hundred feet or so above the sea, and is bountifully, sweepingly laid out in broad avenues, parks, gardens, and public promenades. The "mild canopy of English air" has here a touch of bracing breeziness in it, and the mixture is good—good enough, at any rate, to make Folkestone a health resort all the year round. Always in England when you find an abundance of bath chairs and girls' schools, you may take it that the local climate needs no further guarantee; and here in Folkestone both abound. You have only to whistle from your door-step, and a bath chair will come plunging round the corner: and as for the girls' schools, it is impossible to go out on the chief promenade without seeing two or three of them, walking in pairs and all dressed alike, with a couple of severely scholastic mistresses bringing up the rear. Nothing can exceed the extreme Englishness of their appearance. For the rest, Folkestone seems to be made up of some thirty thousand residents and about as many visitors—mostly convalescents.

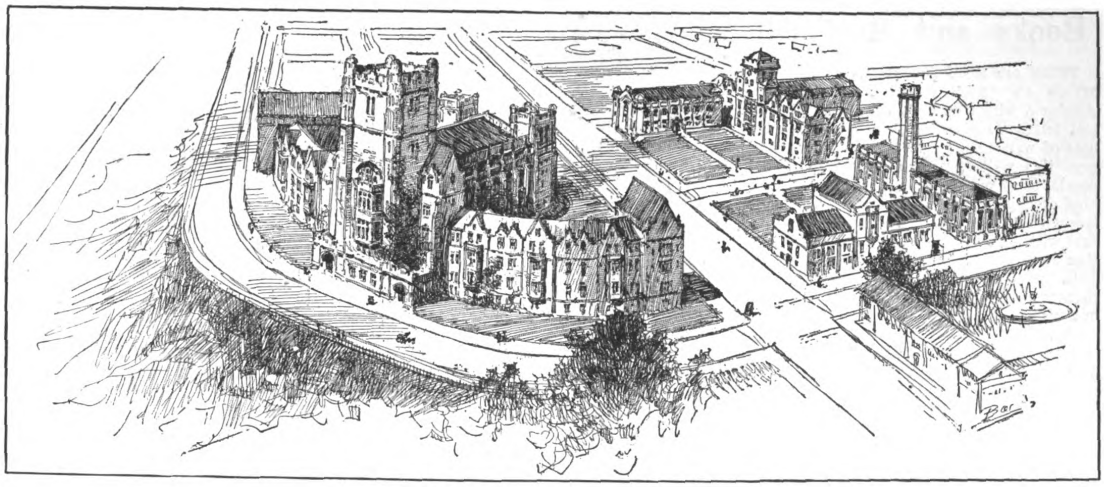
Where a place like this differs, let us say, from Atlantic City is, first of all, in its air of finish and permanence. It is no more like a caravansary than the Bank of England. There is nothing of the makeshift, of the extemporized, about it. All the details have been thoroughly, carefully worked out; everything is neat, solid, and fully rounded. Compare, for instance, the Folkestone Leas with the Board Walk at Atlantic City. The Leas is the name given to the main promenade. It runs for nearly two miles along the top of the cliff, is from forty to fifty yards wide at its narrowest, and is all of grass — bordered and intersected here and there with gravel and asphalted walks, but presenting to the eye a long sloping stretch of the springy, the incomparable English turf. On one side the cliff falls down a steep two hundred feet to the beach; on the other, lies the town with its sweeping front of white, gray, or terra-cotta stone and brick houses, flanked and spaced out with lawns and enclosed gardens and smooth leafy avenues. Everything, you see at once, has been intelligently taken hold of, thought out, and executed. Even the cliffs are pressed into admirable service. They are overgrown with trees and shrubs—the combined work of nature and the municipality — so that from the Leas one looks down, as it were, on a shady woodland. A hundred pathways have been cut into them until they form a maze of groves, avenues, terraces, and bowery retreats. However high the wind on the Leas and from whatever quarter, it is always possible, by taking one of the paths down the cliff, to find a sheltered seat that will be warm on the coldest and cool on the hottest day. A municipality that does such things and does them well, fences in all the pathways with "rustic" railings, keeps everything trim without making it look artificial, and is prodigal of seats and benches at just the right spots—is one that can have my vote any time.

On the Leas a devotee of Atlantic City might complain of bareness. The only accessories, except an infinity of public benches along the gravel walks at the very edge of the cliff, are a couple of band-stands. Folkestone is within a mile or two of the great military encampment of Shorncliffe, and the regimental bands play twice a day on the Leas. The music they provide is of the kind one would expect to come across at the "popular resorts" of a country that really takes Sousa seriously. Still, they offer a pleasant enough excuse for lounging in the canopied chairs that this pervasive municipality supplies for a few pennies, and their performance, morning and afternoon, always winds up with a distinctively British ceremony. No sooner are the first bars of "God save the King" sounded than the whole company rises, the men take off their hats, and so we all stand, devoutly patriotic, till the verse is played through. It is done so quietly and soberly, and is, above all, so extremely mild a way of being an Englishman that the ceremony never grates on foreigners, who find themselves, indeed, very easily moved by its pretty significance and the reserves that may be supposed to lie behind it. And, after all, it exposes one to nothing worse than the risk of a cold in the head.

Beyond this the Leas have no adjuncts. There are no "shows" along the sidewalks, none of those unspeakable stores that fit in so naturally with the rest of the Board Walk at Atlantic City, no invitations to "come and see the celebrated $10,000 picture, 'Fatima,' that Washington press and society raved about"—in fact, nothing of that kind. The Leas are just a promenading lawn where you stroll up and down to digest one meal and to prepare for the next, and to see and be seen. As a promenade it is everything it should be, except for the people on it and the dresses they wear. Those dresses! French women come over from Boulogne, look at them, and take the first boat back. It must be owned that the "crowd" at an English watering-place, even one so fashionable as Folkestone, is not, at any rate round Easter-time, an exhilarating sight. I put it on record, for whatever it may be worth, that three pair of American eyes, diligently employed, have discovered out of all these thousand promenaders just one really good-looking woman and one other who was passably dressed. And the trouble is not that English women "never worry about dress at the seaside," but that their worrying seems so ineffectual. The effort is undeniably there, and it is precisely that that makes it all so pathetic. Here, at least, Atlantic City runs a long way ahead of Folkestone, and, indeed, of most English "resorts." On the other hand, Folkestone immensely scores by the number of things it is able to put decently out of sight. The switchbacks, merry-go-rounds, penny-in-the-slot machines, and so on, are all comfortably stowed away near the entrance to the pier, at the foot of the cliff, and agreeably beyond the range of the Leas. It scores again by being totally free from any suggestion of dishevellment and disarray, of being pitched down there overnight. Everything is of brick or stone, the roads are perfection for a radius of at least fifty miles, the whole place has a substantially British air of quietude and everlastingness. The beach and the hotels and the promenades do not absorb life as they do at Atlantic City. There is plenty to do away from them and plenty to see, more walks and drives to take, more chances of healthy exercise, of good golfing, of a run with the hounds. Unlike Atlantic City and almost all American seaside places, Folkestone, in short, has circumference.

The first thing an Englishman demands of a holiday resort is that it shall be a good place to get away from. Folkestone in this respect fills the bill admirably. It makes a capital basis of operations, and its hinterland is well worth operating over. Almost anything in this part of England is thought modern if it cannot show at least five hundred years to its credit; and the supply of neighboring antiquities is so generous that one hardly takes any account of a merely Elizabethan or a merely Tudor affair. It must be Celtic, Saxon, Roman, or Norman at least to move one. At least this is what I judge from the guide-books. Personally, I have only stumbled upon two or three such veterans. One was a church at Hyde, three or four miles away, in the crypt of which, for the sum of threepence, you may see about a thousand skulls ranged along shelves like apples in a store-room, and a pile of bones some eight feet high and twenty-five feet long—all Celtic or Saxon. The other genuine veteran was Canterbury Cathedral. Canterbury has the peculiarities of all English cathedral towns. In itself it is so charming that only Mr. Henry James should be allowed to write about it. The main street of the town, long, narrow, crooked, and flanked with gloriously old red-tiled squat little houses, is everything it should be—a fine and gentle preparation for the full splendors of the cathedral. The cathedral itself, too, is abundantly satisfying. It has, of course, been largely "restored," and by Englishmen who have a genius for mutilating their ancestors' work. Some of their "improvements" shriek at one like the Moslem shields in San Sofia. They have renovated and redecorated the Chapter House, for instance, after letting it decay for five hundred years, until it now looks like a collection of paper-hangers' samples. With all this the cathedral and its precincts remain one of the most delightful of English treasures—even when you are "shown over" them, with a party of gaping middle-class Britishers, by a verger whose proper position would be that of doorkeeper in a dime museum.

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General View of the new College Buildings

The New President and Buildings of the College of the City of New York

AN old institution, a young president, and an entirely new outfit of grounds and buildings is the unusual combination which confronts the College of the City of New York. In September, 1904, the college is to be transferred to the new Gothic buildings



Main Building and Tower, from the West

on the heights above the Hudson, at 138th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. Preparations are being made for the accommodation of 3000 young men, with the expectation that in a few years more their number will be increased to 5000. It seems hard to argue from the present Twenty-third Street structure to such a complete equipment as is presaged by the accompanying illustrations (from the architect's designs), without feeling that a revolution is impending in more ways than one.

In March the soil was turned which marked the new physical era in the history of the college. On the ridge overlooking the Hudson at 138th Street and Amsterdam Avenue will arise a group of buildings which will properly house the city's college, and which will be the nucleus of what is apparently to be the largest college in the world. Every New-Yorker is familiar with the quaint structure of ecclesiastical architecture at Twenty-third Street and Lexington Avenue. Perhaps its appearance has been against the fame of the college which it housed. There are now some 2300 students attending, with 119 professors and instructors, and although classes are held from eight o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night, and though many buildings are rented in the neighborhood, the fact remains that the facilities of the institution are taxed beyond all possibility of accommodation.

Hence the move up-town—to the region along the eastern ridge of the Palisades where so much of the city's artistic, educational, and architectural development has been accomplished within the last ten years.

The money, the architect, the students, and the occasion are present; and the choice of Professor John Huston Finley, of Princeton, for the presidency completes a combination which promises success beyond ordinary expectations. Born on an Illinois prairie thirty-nine years ago, Professor Finley was president of Knox College at twenty-nine, later filling other positions of trust and honor. A man of quiet speech, simple manners, and modest demeanor, he has won his way by innate force to a position of commanding importance. At thirty-nine years of age there is an opportunity before him such as few men have possessed, and which all who know him believe he is destined to improve beyond any normal expectation.

As the real head of the public educational system of a city of four millions of inhabitants, Dr. Finley is to be given the rare opportunity of welding various and somewhat incongruous parts into a complete and harmonious whole which will be of the highest importance to every person in the city.

A word as to the new buildings. As the accompanying illustrations indicate, the Tudor style of Gothic architecture prevails, and the group will be one of the most satisfactory in the country. There are vacant lots adjoining, so that indefinite extension is possible.

The buildings will call for an expenditure of $2,600,000. The figures are easy to write, but a glance at the list of the world's educational institutions will show that few have so substantial a foundation as this. As there are to be no dormitories, this sum represents only the amount to be expended on the construction of buildings for the housing of classes and lecturers. But it is neither money nor buildings, no matter how abundant, which give the real value to an educational institution. Garfield's off-quoted definition of a university suggests the essential requisite — "a log cabin with Dr. Mark Hopkins at one end of the bench." Although much has been accomplished through the untiring endeavors of General Alex. S. Webb and his predecessors, the college has been embarrassed by trying conditions. But now a better era has begun, and the man best fitted to take advantage of it has been found.



The Central Tower, Main Building

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Books and Bookmen

THERE are some paragraphs in a recent article on "Fiction and Froth," in the *Academy*, which strike a sympathetic chord and tell some plain truths about the business of writing novels. "There are times," says this writer, "when the multitude of novels upon our shelves strikes us with a kind of hopeless amazement. With the best intention in the world it is impossible to deal with them all; impossible even to mention more than the titles of many of them. This, in itself, does not necessarily imply that the production of novels is too great; but when we approach the question of selection, the implication that it is too great becomes hard and unblinkable fact. The number of novels which can stand the test of a reasonable critical standard is astonishingly small: even if we accepted the modern and, as we think, the untenable theory that the main end of fiction should be to amuse, it would remain astonishingly small, for true amusement is not often to be found in these rows of many-colored volumes. But the main end of fiction should not be to amuse any more than it should be consciously to instruct. Fiction, indeed, is an instrument of too wide a range to be brought within the narrow circle of a definition: it has all the world for its pasture, all the infinite follies and vices and noblenesses of man for theme. Yet definite theme, point of view, individuality of presentation, are precisely the things which we find lacking in so much recent fiction. A critic whose faculty has been cultivated by much practice can run, say, through a score of novels, and find that he can divide them into three or four sections with unmistakable labels. The crop of this season's novels is raised from the seed of last season's; certain formulas are popular, and innumerable pens restate those formulas with no more variation than simple reshuffling implies. We open book after book to find ourselves confronted with the very ghosts of familiarity.

"The conclusion to which we are forced is plain—many of our novelists go to books for inspiration and ideas instead of going to life. It is much easier to go to books, but that is not the way to produce work which may here and there stir a reader to actual emotion, here and there touch some hidden or subconscious spring of the soul. It is, no doubt, given to few writers to unveil even the smallest mysteries of the terrible and beautiful spirit of man, but it is the business of every writer to strive after the highest that is in him. He may not have much to say, but he should at least endeavor to say it well, and he should not attempt to say it at all unless from some impulsion of knowledge or temperament. This is a hard saying, but it represents the only way of art. Take up half a dozen of these novels at random, and you will find misrepresentation blatant: misrepresentation of every class of society, misrepresentation of the most ordinary affairs of existence. It may not be conscious misrepresentation, but there it is: the servant-girl stands in as impossible a light and as ruinous a perspective as the countless men and women who trail titles across the pages. There comes upon us at times a positive yearning for anything vital, anything truly and personally observed, were it only a sideling tramp or a garbage-sodden gutter.

"It is well to recall now and then what Ruskin wrote of books in *Kings' Treasuries*. A book is written, he said, because the author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down forever; engrave it on a rock, if he could; saying, 'This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.' That, it may be said, is a counsel of perfection, but it has the right spirit. If it at all consorted with the spirit of the age we should have fewer and better novels; which would not mean that the novel-reading public would go empty, but that it would have more to think about. The average novel, to put the matter briefly, is concerned neither with real ideas nor with real life; it is a comment—jaunty, or sentimental, or frivolous—upon what never existed: it is a kind of ineffective phantasm, blurred, inchoate, remote. And the tendency is to level all to this average. Our greatest, as we said the other day, are silent. The call is for leaders; of followers in every kind we have rank-and-file enough."

Wee Macgreegor was first published by a local firm of publishers in Glasgow at the author's expense, and had reached a sale of nearly one hundred thousand copies before it was heard of in London. Mr. Grant Richards, an enterprising young London publisher, recently undertook the English publication of the book, and the fresh invasion of London by a Scottish writer is celebrated in this fashion by Mr. J. D. Symon in the *Sketch*:

O' Wallace and Sir John the Graham
And Robert Bruce o' deathless name
Lat Scotia's bards the deeds proclaim
Wi' native vigour;
But lat them no account it shame
To spare a stanza for the fame
O' Wee Macgreegor.

His great name-father, bold Rob Roy,
In Glaisca wrocht an unco ploy
And did his utmost to destroy
The Bailie's figure;
Still, his exploits were but a toy
To those o' that rampaugeous boy
The Wee Macgreegor.

This rascal o' a later age,
A bairn whiles, an' whiles a sage,
Wha's tricks our liking now engage
And now our rigour,
Serenely treads his humble stage,
Sublime when storms maternal rage
Roun' Wee Macgreegor.

His countrymen he made his own,
And now the nickum, bolder grown,
Mairches wi' war-pipe's stirring drone
To conquest bigger:
Across the Border he has flown,
To thirl the Southron to the throne
O' Wee Macgreegor.

What though the Gorbals claim his birth?
This contribution to the mirth
O' nations but enriches earth
In joy too meagre:
O' stuff heroic fear nae dearth,
While Scotland nurtures lads o' worth
Like Wee Macgreegor.

It will be good news to the readers of the *Adventures* and the *Memoirs* of Sherlock Holmes to learn that after flirting with the great detective in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Conan Doyle has at last concluded to get down to work seriously, and recount the further adventures of Sherlock Holmes. We understand that the new series have been secured by the *Strand Magazine*. In this field Conan Doyle has no rival.

In *Marjorie*, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's new novel, the hero who tells the tale informs the reader that "Crowninshield is my name, with Raphael prefixed, a name my mother fell upon in conning her Bible for a holiname for me." We think it is more likely that she found it in *Paradise Lost*, for it does not appear that the archangel figured in either the Old or New Testament. But if Mr. McCarthy nods he does so in good company. In this matter of an angel, for instance, take Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night." The Cottar is reading from the Book of Revelation,

How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

As a matter of fact the doom of Babylon was pronounced before ever the angel in the sun appeared, and, anyway, the latter's functions were quite otherwise than described, as a glance at Revelation xix. 17 will suffice to show. It was Sir Walter Scott who spoke of Oliver le Dain gliding from house to house, making himself friends at Peronne, "but not in the apostle's sense, with the mammon of unrighteousness." The words alluded to were spoken by One who was higher than any apostle. But this is a pardonable slip compared to that made by Charlotte Brontë in *Jane Eyre* where she makes her heroine describe the panelled front of a cabinet bearing, "in grim design, the heads of the twelve apostles," among whom she observes was "the bearded physician St. Luke." Yet she was a clergyman's daughter, and conversant with the Bible, as her frequent allusions attest. Readers of Lubbock's *Pleasures of Life* may recall the author's assigning the Hymn of Love in 1 Corinthians xiii. to St. John. Froude in his *Cæsar* relates how Mithridates, overmastered by the Roman troops, fell "like Saul by the sword of a slave." The historian, it would appear, knew his Cæsar better than his Bible. This curious trick of memory plays false even with Stevenson, who certainly knew the Scriptures well, in a verse from his "Songs of Travel":

I ran as, at the cannon's roar,
The troops the ramparts man—
As in the holy house of yore
The willing Eli ran.

We know that Paul did not write any "First Epistle to the Ephesians" in Greek or any other tongue, yet if you refer to your *Dombey and Son*—chapter xii., if we mistake not—you will find Dr. Blimber delivering this rebuke: "Gentlemen, rise for grace! . . . Johnson will repeat to me tomorrow morning before breakfast, without book, and from the Greek Testament, the First Epistle of Saint Paul to the Ephesians."

In spite of recent failures early in the season on both sides of the Atlantic to make a successful production of *Lorna Doone* on the stage, we hear that another attempt is to be made before the end of the season at a London theatre. Mr. Hayden Coffin, who for some years has taken a leading part in such comic operas as "San Toy" and "The Country Girl" at Daly's Theatre in London, is to "create," as the word goes, the part of *John Ridd*. This particular dramatization is said to lend its promoters great hope of its success; and once the fact has been established on the London boards, we are likely to see it in New York later on. One wonders how Blackmore would have regarded these efforts to transplant his beloved Devonshire into the land of lime-light and fustian. It is not generally known that Blackmore was inclined to slight *Lorna Doone*, and to consider *Springhaven* his best work. For our own part, we prefer the less well-known *Cristowell*.

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Correspondence

POLITICS AND THE NEGRO.

CHICAGO, *March 14, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your excellent editorial, "The President's Doctrine and the Facts of History," is the most concise and forceful presentation of this subject that I have seen. You say:

> The history of the negro in politics has changed the attitude of the South toward him, and Republican leaders, North and South, are responsible for that history. Without inquiring into the motives of those who gave the suffrage to the negro, it is true that the gift has been made the instrument of his corruption from the very first.

It would go a long way toward permitting improvement of the mass of negroes in the South, and toward purifying politics throughout the country, for the average voter in the North to come to a realization of the following "facts of history" concerning participation by negroes in politics in the South, either State or Federal.

1. It has never done the mass of negroes any good.

2. It has corrupted politics in the South, including the national minority party, by making "the solid South" not only possible, but imperative.

3. It has often defeated the will of the majority of the voters of the dominant political party by giving the balance of power in national conventions to the political boss who controls the Southern delegation of professional spoilsmen at a price.

4. It has often corrupted both State and Federal politics in the North, by placing at the disposal of the boss the Presidency and the enormous patronage.

5. It has completely eliminated from the councils of the party that has shaped most Federal legislation for the last forty years, the virtue, intelligence, and experience of the South, a part of the country that always before supplied a large percentage of the most efficient statesmen of the nation, and this, too, at a time when questions of gravest moment peculiar to the South were under consideration.

How can the good people of the North who really wish to benefit the mass of negroes South, accomplish most? By making it unpopular for the politicians to even mention the Southern negro.

It is a "fact of history" that the mass of negroes in the South to-day are in better condition than a like mass anywhere else in the world. All the good that has come to the mass of negroes in this country has come not through the politician or the philanthropist, but as merely incidental to the white man's business policy. The Northern ship-owner captured a savage in Africa. He was used as a slave in the North, or sold to the Southerner, whichever paid better. In either case he was taught industry, how to care for his health, religion, morality, and other elements of civilization just in that proportion that was supposed to make him more valuable from a business standpoint.

After the war, as Booker T. Washington has often said, the negro thought freedom meant freedom from work. Thousands of plantations lay untilled. The white leaders from the North openly encouraged the negroes to believe that they might be not only the equals of white men, but that they might dominate the white men of the South.

"De bottom rail is on top" was a favorite expression among the negroes. Yes, the "mud-sill" was on top, and its slime besmirched the entire structure. Northern politicians and philanthropists impaired the business ability of the negro by causing him to leave occupations in which he was a success, largely swelling the roll of idlers and criminals. They restricted his business opportunities by frightening capital away from the South. Whatever the politician might say, or the philanthropist might believe, the hard-headed Northern business man would not invest his money where "de bottom rail is on top," except on extraordinary terms.

No improvement came until "de bottom rail" went back to the bottom. When the improvement did come, it came through the Southern business man aided by Northern capital. Cotton is planted about April 1, and is harvested during the fall and winter. Almost without exception the negroes had to buy supplies on credit, to be paid for when the crop was harvested. The merchant had to borrow the money to buy these supplies, chiefly in the North. Anything that tended to make capital for this purpose expensive, passed along the line until it finally rested on the negro. The crops were raised largely under the advice and supervision of the merchants who were selling the supplies on credit, and who had an intimate knowledge of local conditions. There is room for improvement, but great improvement has been made within the last twenty years. The outlying plantations have been put back into cultivation, and much new land has been "opened up." The negroes have gone back to work.

There is now no such thing in the South as a negro unable to get a job at fair wages. There are plenty of jobs and to spare. Plain business competition for his services and his patronage will give the negro in the South better and better opportunities for his own development. There are two dangers that he should fear most. He will succeed in spite of all the rest. 1. Political agitation that has the effect of curtailing his business opportunities, and causes to line up against him the white men with whom he comes into daily contact, from whom he learned most that he knows, and to whom he is accustomed to look for protection, guidance, and support. 2. Himself.

I am, sir,

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

A MISAPPREHENSION.

1305 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, *March 26, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR.—On page 516 of HARPER'S WEEKLY of March 28 is a notice of my recent book, *Why Soldiers Desert from the United States Army*. The comment is inaccurate, and does me an injustice. For instance: "He has been a soldier." And again: "On the strength of experience gleaned in the Spanish war." I was not in the Spanish war, and nothing appears in the book from which to draw such a conclusion. Neither is there anything to indicate that I have been a soldier, as the article states.

I am, sir,

ELLWOOD BERGEY.

THE anniversary of Emerson's birth will be celebrated on May 25. One of the interesting features in next week's HARPER'S WEEKLY (out May 13) will be an article, by W. D. Howells, on his "Personal Impressions of Emerson." The article, with a new portrait, is written in Mr. Howells's delightful reminiscent vein, and will undoubtedly prove to be one of the most interesting contributions yet published to the story of Emerson as a man and writer.

The date of the WEEKLY containing Mr. Howells's article will be May 16—on the newsstands three days earlier.

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Finance

THE lack of a definite tendency in the securities market, however irksome it may prove to the professional speculators, is easily explicable. On all sides you hear of the utter absence of "outside interest" in speculation, and at the same time of the inactivity of the strong men of the Street. This condition of affairs is held to have various meanings, which differ according to the individual temperament of each observer. The inveterate trader finds in it absolute discouragement to operations for the rise, since without the co-operation of either the public or the "strong interests" an extensive upward movement is utterly out of the question. It is the kind of a market which the professional trader will sell one day because it is dull and non-rising, and buy on the next because it is dull and non-falling. Perhaps as good a description of this market as any is that it is a perfectly "natural" market. It is difficult to find bear ammunition when basic conditions are as prosperous as they are to-day, and when the future as well seems to hold in store nothing but good. At the same time, the apathy of the speculative community seems to be so settled and the indisposition of the bull leaders to inaugurate a campaign for the rise so evident, that the available bull ammunition is inadequate. The market, thus left to itself, falls into the hands of the professional element—that is, of men whose horizon is bounded by the four walls of the marble "Board Room," and whose operations are accordingly governed by the insignificant fluctuations from minute to minute. It means the deadly monotony of a "traders' market."

On the whole, however, it is safe to say that if sentiment is anything at all it is bullish. There is cheerfulness without the fever of a bull market; there is optimism without the delectable visions of sudden wealth to be made by buying stocks to-day to sell at a profit next week. To that extent the situation in the speculative markets has improved from the quasi-demoralization which prevailed immediately after the announcement of the Northern Securities Company decision. There is no question now that the majority of stocks and bonds are not inflated. The favorable features of the situation are considered by sellers as well as buyers. The public is not speculating, but is doing better; it is buying here and there, where it desires to invest and finds fairly cheap securities. This process of digestion is from its very nature slow. But it is safe, and it averts the harm that would come from unwise speculation. There is, therefore, very much less talk to-day of the huge volume of "undigested securities." Similarly, because money has become easier, we hear less about the "investment level." But it should not be forgotten that the present ease in money is to a significant extent due to the very inactivity of speculation.

There is no abatement in the encouraging reports of good times in the various industries, as in the agricultural outlook, notwithstanding some unfavorable weather in certain sections. But the country at large has grown so accustomed to good times that we now take our prosperity as a matter of course. It is nothing new for mills to be busy, for railroads to move more freight than ever before, for labor to be receiving the highest wages paid in the world. To announce such things and expect people to be thrilled thereby is to utter rank platitudes through a megaphone, and expect applause from a blasé audience. In other words, "good" news nowadays "falls flat," in the stock-market as everywhere else. To arouse speculative enthusiasm to a high pitch something more sensational is needed.

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION
(CONDENSED)
Report to the Comptroller of the Currency
APRIL 30th, 1902
RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts - -	$12,745,106.56
Bonds - - - - - -	770,029.74
Banking House - - -	545,796.92
Due from Banks - - -	835,829.80
Cash and Checks on other Banks	8,297,120.00
	$23,193,883.02

Capital, Surplus, and Profits
$4,496,310.20

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By JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY
Author of "If I Were King"

"Oh, Marjorie, my world's delight,
Your yellow hair is angel-bright,
Your eyes are angel-blue.
I thought, and think, the sweetest sight
Between the morning and the night
Is just the sight of you."

This story is romantic in nature and deals with the daring adventures of a piratically inclined expedition which started to establish a colony in the West Indies. Life, vitality, action, and splendid color enliven the pages and make stormy the course of a dainty love story.

Frontispiece in Colors by C. Allan Gilbert. Fully Illustrated

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By WILL N. HARBEN
Author of "Abner Daniel," etc.

A story of Northern Georgia. A young man of humble birth but natively fine character is befriended by an old man who desires to atone for a past sin by so educating and training him that he may become his moral substitute in the eyes of Providence. Hence the name. A strong interest centres in his love affair with the lovely daughter of an aristocratic and proud old Virginia family. From the first chapter to the last there is a continuous flow of anecdote and humorous reminiscence.

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El Principe de Gales

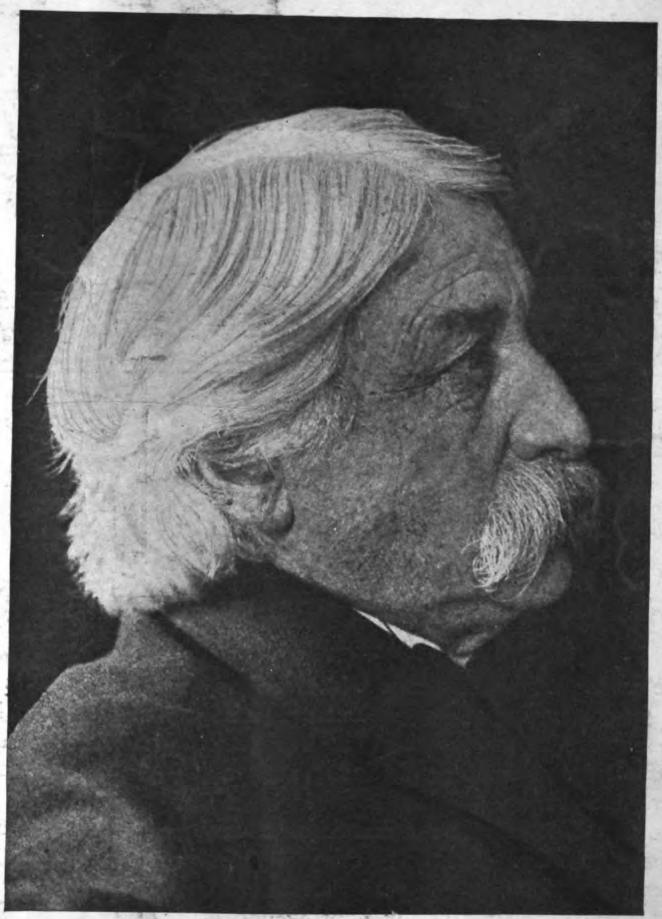


KING OF HAVANA CIGARS

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY



The Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court

SYDNEY ADAMSON

MAY 16
1903

HARPER & BROTHERS
* NEW YORK *

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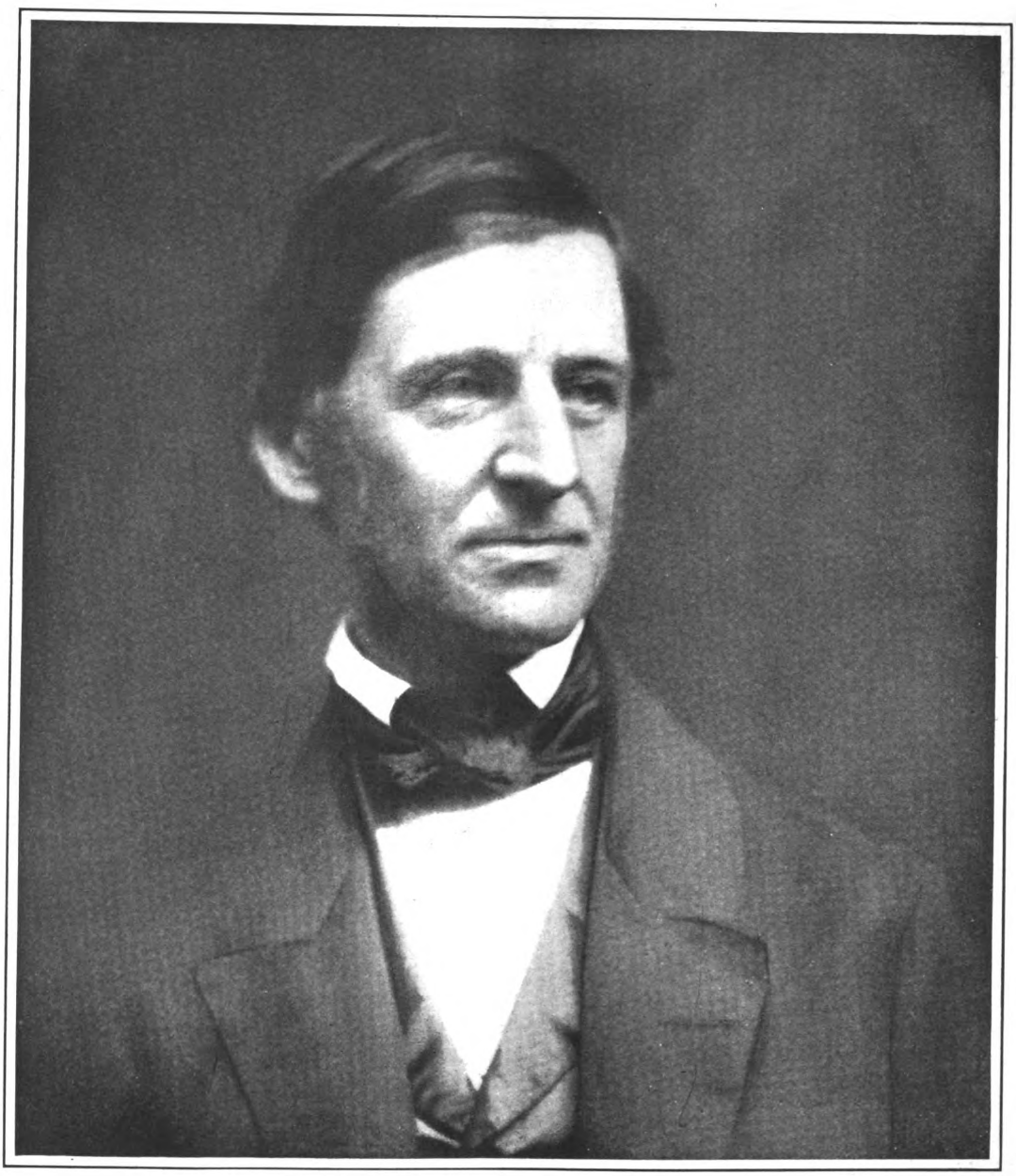
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII. *New York, Saturday, May 16, 1903—Illustrated Section* NO. 2421

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RALPH WALDO EMERSON

The centenary of Emerson's birth is to be celebrated on May 25. The reader is referred to an article by W. D. Howells on the following page

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Impressions of Emerson

By William Dean Howells

AFTER the powers that direct this publication had asked me to write of the very great man whose hundredth birthday we are all celebrating, and I had unwarily assented, I bethought me, tardily enough, of begging to look at the various pictures of him which they meant to reproduce, but which they have since more advisedly withheld from the public. My vague notion was that these might enable me to do something of the sort that the powers owned they wanted: something reminiscent, special, peculiar, of such inspiration as my having seen him, spoken with him, personally known him (at least in the degree of personality of which his starry substance was susceptible from an earthling so far below him), might have eventuated in. I found the likenesses all very like; no photograph could well err as to the beautiful Greek serenity of Emerson's looks; and yet they all seemed to me a shade, or several shades, severer than he seemed; they lacked that certain wise sweetness, remotely touched with humor, which was the first and last characteristic of his face; and I have since wondered if a composite of the several pictures would not have brought this more to the surface. A composite likeness is never quite true, of course, but it has the truth in it, and this may come out through the blend. As far as the camera is concerned, it is the effect of an unimpeachable veracity, and having been persuaded by much criticism that I am little other than a camera myself, I am not wholly without the hope that if I assemble my impressions of him, and print them, or reprint them, one upon another, something of his veritable presence may show from them.

I first saw Emerson when I heard him lecture in the West, but I first met him at Concord in 1860. Then I saw him again and again in Boston between the year 1866, when I went to live in Cambridge, and that last of his years, 1882, when he died. But it was not oftenest about the office of the magazine of which I was an under editor and he was a most high contributor that I saw him. Sometimes, indeed, he was to be seen there, a tall, spare form, slightly stooped, but so as from within rather than without that it only seemed urbanely bowed; and then if one asked one might be presented to him without fear of causing him embarrassment from his recollection of a former introduction. He was already beginning to forget, to achieve an identity independent of the memory which constitutes the unsevered consciousness of other men. This gift of purely spiritual continuity evinced itself publicly as well as privately, and it was part of the singular pleasure of hearing him lecture, to see him lose his place in his manuscript, turn the leaves over with inaudible sighs, and then go smiling on. Once I remember how, when some pages fell to the floor and were picked up for him and put before him, he patiently waited the result with an unconcern as great as that of any in his audience. He was, in fact, the least anxious of those present, for by that time it had come about that the old popular cavil and doubt of him had turned into a love and reverence so deep and true that his listeners all cared more than he to have the distractions of the accident end in his triumph.

If I linger in such trivial, fond records, it is because, perhaps as much as anything, they seem to paint a condition, mystical and pathetic, and yet more awe than pity inspiring, which became more and more characteristic of Emerson in the impressions of the witness. I have a sense of having told before of an experience at a dinner given to Longfellow on the completion of his *Dante*, when Emerson came in and took a chair between a young brother author (how young one's brother authors used to be!) and this idle remembrer, and atoned for all his past forgetfulnesses of me. I had been lamenting my lack of a personality persistent enough for my continuous acquaintance with Emerson, and the young brother author had been boasting that Emerson always knew *him*. The sage looked warily at both of us, as if trying to make something respectively of us, after he sat down, and then said to my friend, "Mr. Howells, what do you think of the poetry of William Morris?" It was the *only* time that he recognized me with so little effort on his part, or so little merit on mine, and I was naturally more satisfied than my friend.

Now and then I saw Emerson at the dinners of the Saturday Club, where he was apt to be constant, and sometimes after making sure of both who and what I was, he would address me some grave and courteous conversation, always with that apparent willingness to be instructed by any fellow-man, which did not so much flatter one in ideal of one's self as confirm one in one's ideal of him. In these or like moments he was exquisite, because he was exquisitely sincere; and however preposterously insufficient the poor fellow-man might be for such purposes of comparison, so exquisitely modest. He seemed to have the faith, if not the expectation, that something might come from his communion with that poor fellow-man which would enrich him, without reducing the other to destitution. But his attitude necessarily left the treasures of thought to be contributed by the poor man, and that is doubtless why I cannot recall anything very inspired from his sayings on these occasions. I think it was all an effect, his kindness toward my youth, a blossom of the rather voluntary festivity which flowered after the feast in the sage's smoking a cigar. It was as if one then saw Dante smoking, and one saw it with all the reverence due the spectacle. Neither eating nor drinking associates itself distinctly with even these thoughts of Emerson, who, however, ate and drank none the less, and was approachable enough by the playfulness of lighter spirits, though I should have felt safer in keeping my own lightness from other men.

Emerson could be severe when he felt that his dignity had been trifled with or his patience abused; and Mr. J. T. Trowbridge has lately told, in his charming biography, how he refused the acquaintance of a newspaper editor who had pursued him with petty ridicule and persistent misunderstanding. "I have nothing for him: and he has nothing for me," he said; and he was right; he did not resent it, but he would not personally tolerate the humor of the wilful and stupid annoyance; they had literally nothing for each other. He kept his resentments, such as they were, for use in behalf of his friends, and I have already elsewhere related how in my first meeting with him I suffered rebuke for quoting from a cruel criticism of his neighbor, the poet Channing, by Poe, whom Emerson called to mind with feigned effort as "the jingleman." No man is ever so free of his environment as he seems to outer men, and especially to after men, and Emerson was much more Concordian probably than any but his Concordian contemporaries knew. It was my misfortune never to see him on his village ground after that first time; but once, at that kindly Fields-house in Boston, which, with its graceful literary traditions, was of a type now lost to the world elsewhere, I heard him, as it were, on that ground, while he read a paper to a chosen circle on a character of rare local quality. I do not know whether this paper has been anywhere printed, but if it has not been, it is no great invasion of its privacy to say that it related to an elder kinswoman of the poet's who was known to all her friends for her singular but very sincere passion for death. Her ambition of it, as a condition, was so absolute, that she was not moved by the scoffs of her family, and accepted in the same blithe spirit the gay salutation of the relative who used to wish her joy of the worms.

The sketch was a humorous tribute to a whimsical memory, and it was confided, with certain spare glimmers of amusement proper to a man who doubtless laughed, sometimes, but who could have been known to few in the moments when he went farther than a smile. I at least never saw him pass the limit, and my prevailing sense of him is that of a gentle gravity. He left always the same spiritual image in the eye, which, since our spirits are clothed in flesh and our bodies in turn are vested in garments of a common tailoring, relates itself in the retrospect to that tall slender figure, urbanely bowed, with rather narrow, rather sloping shoulders, on which the beautiful head was statuesquely set, and from which hung a coat always of scholarly black, of no special date or fashion, but of an apparently unconscious formal conformity to the ideal of the frocks of other men.

In this figure the mind and the man Emerson had shown themselves to so many thousands of Americans in every part of the country that he was popularly accepted as a great prophet if not our greatest poet. The people, if they did not hear him gladly, heard him hopefully, and with the sense that somehow he was with them and for them. If they did not always know what he meant they knew that he meant what he said, and the meaning of the prophet often interprets itself to the soul without passing through the mind. But the supposed obscurity of Emerson was always more a stupid and impudent pretension of his purblind critics than a sense in his straight hearers or readers, as any one may satisfy himself by taking any of his essays or poems and approaching them in the simplicity and sincerity that inspired them. What great things they say, in what a great, plain fashion! If one will come to them out of the din of the day's events, and give one's self up silently and reverently to the charm of their truth, spoken gravely, spoken quaintly, they will seem of the latest thinking; and we will find in them not to-day's news, but to-morrow's, which is more important. He set his bound so far and reached it so easily that the rest of the world has not caught up with him; it was only in his distance before us that he could ever have been dim.

Other readers of his life will have been struck, perhaps, as I was with the cool patience of his spare allusions to slavery, in the letters he wrote home on his early visit to the South. These were the expressions of a nature which did not at once flame forth what was kindling within. When the time came, no one could speak of slavery as he spoke. He had never any plan of social reform, but the latest reformer can draw reasons from him keener and clearer than any that his creed supplies. In literary form, both as to his verse and his prose, he was an idealist, but the realist who is trying to paint the next thing as he sees it, can find help in him, which hardly Aristotle himself can give. He was patrician in his tastes and preferences, as the philosopher has often been, but his democracy, his gospel of equality and fraternity is of a force which the world has still to feel from any other. There is little or nothing of formal literary criticism in him, but all his work is a precept to that highest literary art which has freed itself from art. He lived nearly his whole life in a little town of a few thousand people, though among minds of rare enlightenment, but his tone is cosmopolitan. Of all the Americans dedicated to philosophy, in that large meaning which includes æsthetics, he seems to me the properest American; and, in the realm only apparently apart, likest that supreme American type, Abraham Lincoln, of whom one who had seen both could not help thinking, when standing in his living presence. Next after Lincoln, there are reasons why he should have wider and fuller recognition than almost any other American, for he interpreted the American spirit in homely images and instances as poetically true to it as the point and pith of Lincoln's stories were humorously true to it. Emerson talked in tropes, and Lincoln in parables, as all America still talks.

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THE DEDICATION OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION AT ST. LOUIS

The ceremonies on April 30, attending the centenary of the Louisiana Purchase, were noteworthy for the presence of the President and the only living ex-President of the United States, as well as for the unusual military display. This photograph, taken by our special photographer, Mr. N. Lazarnick, shows the troops immediately after passing the reviewing-stand as they marched by the Building of Varied Industries

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Why America is in Manchuria to Stay

IN 1896 a New York engineer, M. Seigey Friede, completed the first journey ever made over what is now the route of the completed Chinese Eastern railway from Newchwang to Moukden and beyond. He met the Russian engineers on their way southward surveying the railway through Manchuria, and secured from them contracts for the greater part of the material used in the construction of Russia's railways in the Far East. From that moment began America's commercial and political interest in Russian Asia.

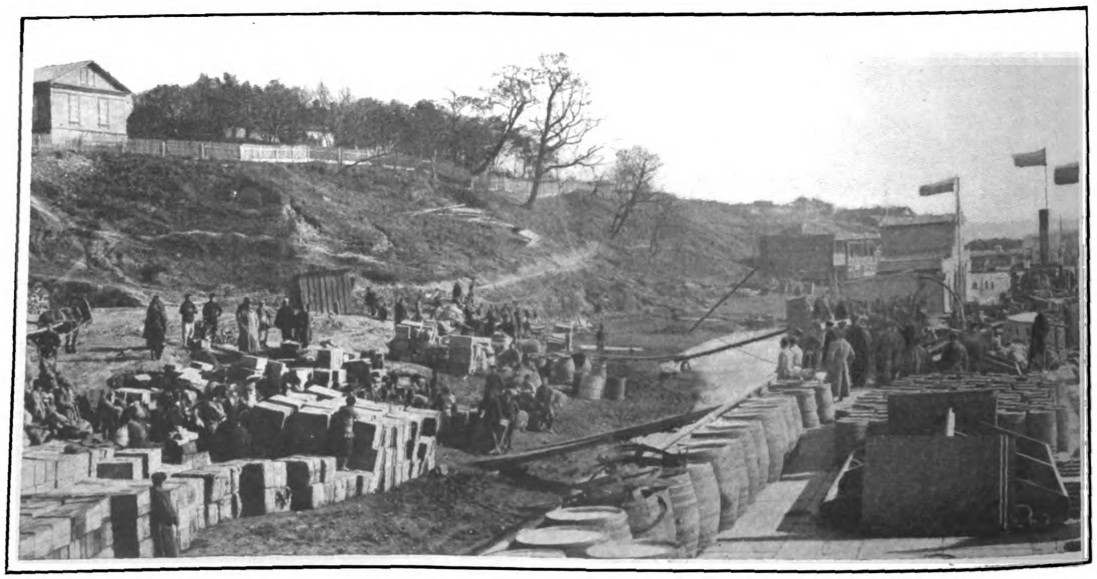
To-day Manchuria may be described as the northern province of China, lately Americanized, at a vast expense to Russia, by the laying of Yankee rails, connecting the Trans-Siberian system and St. Petersburg with every part of the territory over which she is squabbling with Japan and England; thus bringing, as it seems to all good Russians, the proper moment for the transfer of some 400,000 square miles of territory and 20,000,000 of subjects from Celestial rule to that of the Tzar. This, in brief, is the masterly position in which Russia has placed herself by the adoption of American methods and constructive material in the building of her railways and cities in the Far East. Since the commercial invasion of the first American, some seven years ago, Russia has quietly formulated, and practically carried to completion, her plans for the conversion of Manchuria.



Main Street of Moukden, Capital of Manchuria, the Town which America wants for an open Port

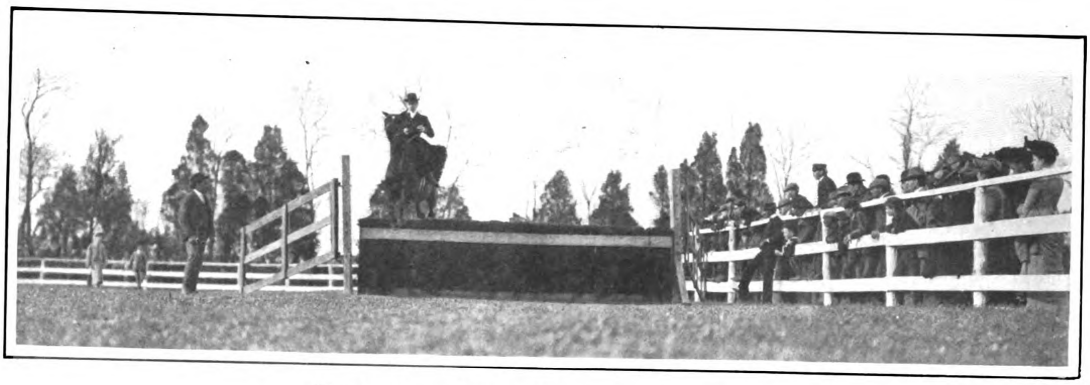
It is at the eleventh hour that Japan and England protest. France applauds while advancing northward from Tonquin, Germany nods acquiescence as she tightens her grip on Shantung, and America, fearful of being shut out from Far Eastern markets, which grow more necessary to her commerce every year, now seriously contemplates carrying out the recommendations urged in one of Mr. McKinley's last messages, to appoint a commission for the purpose of visiting the Far East in behalf of our commerce with that part of the world. Despite our neglect, however, we have captured from Great Britain, India, and Japan the cotton-goods market of Manchuria for our Southern factories; and, in fact, so far as America is concerned, Manchuria has become, thanks to the millions Russia has so lavishly poured into the country, a perfect trade bonanza. Our manufactured articles, machinery, lumber, and construction tools, while nominally shipped to Japan and Shanghai, quickly find their way northward to Manchuria. Russia spends $20,000,000 a year in the construction of a single commercial port at Dalny, where the Trans-Asian railway is to have its terminus. She seems insatiate in her greed for every kind of material and mechanical device that will aid her most quickly to build and equip the towns and cities she calls into being, at the touch of her golden wand, along the line of her American railway in Asia. Our commerce is established in Russian Asia to stay, chiefly because Russia, independent at last of European aid in the Far East, relies upon America. She may evade our request to make Moukden an open port, for this struggling town of some 20,000 inhabitants is hundreds of miles from the ocean, and is reached only by the Russian railway; but in rebuilding this, the Manchu capital, American material will play its part. Open ports in Russian Asia are more important to European commerce than to American; we are not likely to get other than those Russia is willing to throw open, and, looking the inevitable squarely in the face, we should content ourselves with the reflection that Russia has built her railways to develop, not to stifle, commerce, and that we, as the nearest manufacturing neighbor of this great non-manufacturing nation, will be the chief beneficiary.

The Tzar is actual president of the Trans-Siberian railway, and at his command the Russo-Chinese Bank was organized to finance the Manchurian railway and prepare the country for Russian colonization. How well this work has been accomplished is demonstrated by the fact that the Russo-Chinese Bank now seeks to gather all of North China under its financial control. If the wand of progress is now to touch and enrich every part of the Celestial Empire, as it has Manchuria, America should not withdraw from a continuance of her lucrative contracts for equipping Russia for the accomplishment of her inexorable destiny. The Russo-Chinese Bank has already diverted a flood of gold from Manchuria to America; and as Russia alone can and will pour both treasure and an industrious white population into Asia, while we can best supply the needs of her colonists for generations to come, the time seems ripe for us to come to an understanding with her, and also to induce more of our pioneers to visit the closed provinces of Asia. It is probable that they would be successful in divining Russia's intentions, and in turning her feverish industry in the Far East to the advantage of new commercial conquests for America.



Building the Town of Harbin, in Central Manchuria, with Materials sent from America

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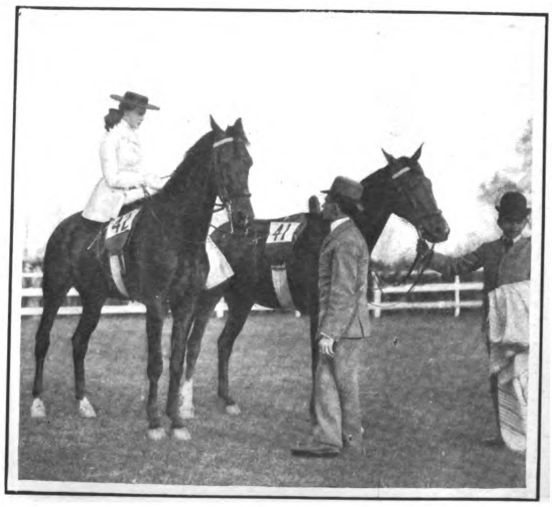


Miss Langhorn taking a Hedge in the Jumping Contest



Miss Alice Roosevelt and a Party of Friends

Photograph copyright, 1903, by Clinedinst



Miss Elkins up on "Pendennis," one of the Entries in the Jumping Class



Miss Walsh and Miss Elkins watching a Blue Ribbon Event

THE CHEVY CHASE HORSE SHOW AT WASHINGTON

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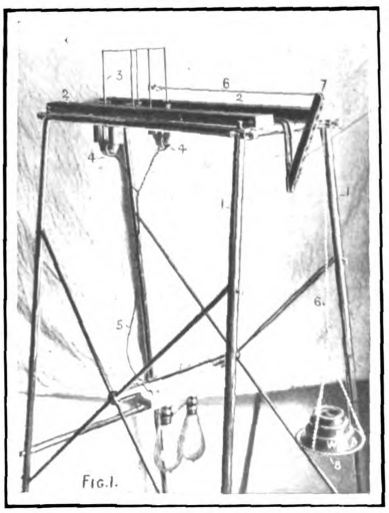


Diagram of the Albertson Magnetic Train, showing the Force required to move an empty Car



Professor A. C. Albertson

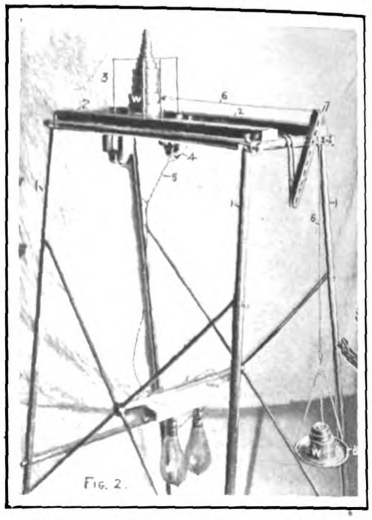


Diagram showing that the same Car with an increased Weight is propelled by a smaller Force

Across the Continent in Ten Hours

FROM New York to San Francisco in ten hours, on a train of cars without wheels, drawn at the rate of 300 miles an hour by a one-horse-power locomotive, and operated at one-sixth the cost of an ordinary railway — this is the achievement promised for a new system of railroading invented by Professor A. C. Albertson, an electrical engineer, late of Copenhagen University, Denmark. The American and European governments have granted letters patent on the invention: a working model of the system is now on exhibition in this city; and the facilities of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad have been placed at the disposal of Professor Albertson for the working out of his scheme.

If the invention proves to be practicable, it upsets a law hitherto regarded as immutable, namely, that the heavier the load, the more power is needed to move it; instead, Professor Albertson seems to have demonstrated the truth of the seeming paradox that the heavier the load, the *less* power is needed to move it. The scheme is, in brief, as follows:

The train is equipped with a set of powerful electric magnets, which slide along under the rails and lift the cars from the track. If, for instance, a car weighs ten tons, the engineer of the train would merely turn on a magnetic force of eleven tons, which would thus overcome the weight of the train and allow it to be propelled with a friction of only one ton. In other words, the entire weight of the train is held up by the magnetic force, and experiments have actually shown that the more the train weighs, the less force is needed to propel it. The great speed claimed by the inventor for the magnetic train is made possible largely by the fact that friction is almost wholly done away with.

With the under surfaces of the rails kept fairly clean by properly attaching sweeping devices travelling ahead of the magnets, and lubricated at the same time, the moving of a car, whether loaded or empty, will be accomplished by only a fraction of a horse-power; since nearly the entire weight of the car in both cases is suspended in the air. Instead of the cars pressing downward upon the rails, they would, on the contrary, pull upward. When it is necessary to turn off the magnetic force, the cars will drop down upon the tracks and rest on eight small wheels. The current necessary to supply 1000 electric lights of ordinary power would hold suspended a weight of 120 tons, or six railroad cars weighing twenty tons each. Such a train, according to Professor Albertson, could be moved at immense speed by a motor of less than ten horse-power, as the friction would be inconsiderable.

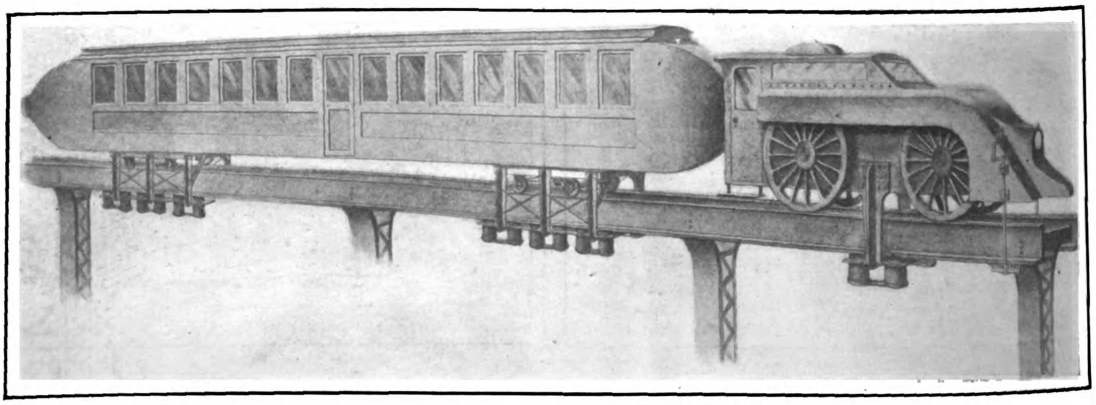
On such a railroad system as this, smoke and vibration would be eliminated; there would be no possible chance of grade-crossing accidents, no derailing, no hot boxes. It would not be necessary to purchase land for the construction of the road, as the structure could be supported by single iron pillars.

Heavy and expensive locomotive engines of from two to three thousand horse-power in capacity would no longer be needed, as their place would be taken by small motors acting upon large driving-wheels. This, in turn, would necessitate but comparatively light-weight rails. Sleeping-cars would be superfluous, as the distance between the oceans could be covered in one day. No mechanical or pneumatic brakes would be needed, for the train is itself a brake; for, in order to stop, the engineer would simply turn on more magnetic power, thus making the pressure upward greater.

As shown in the diagrams at the top of the page, the heavier the weight of the train the less power is needed to propel it. For instance:

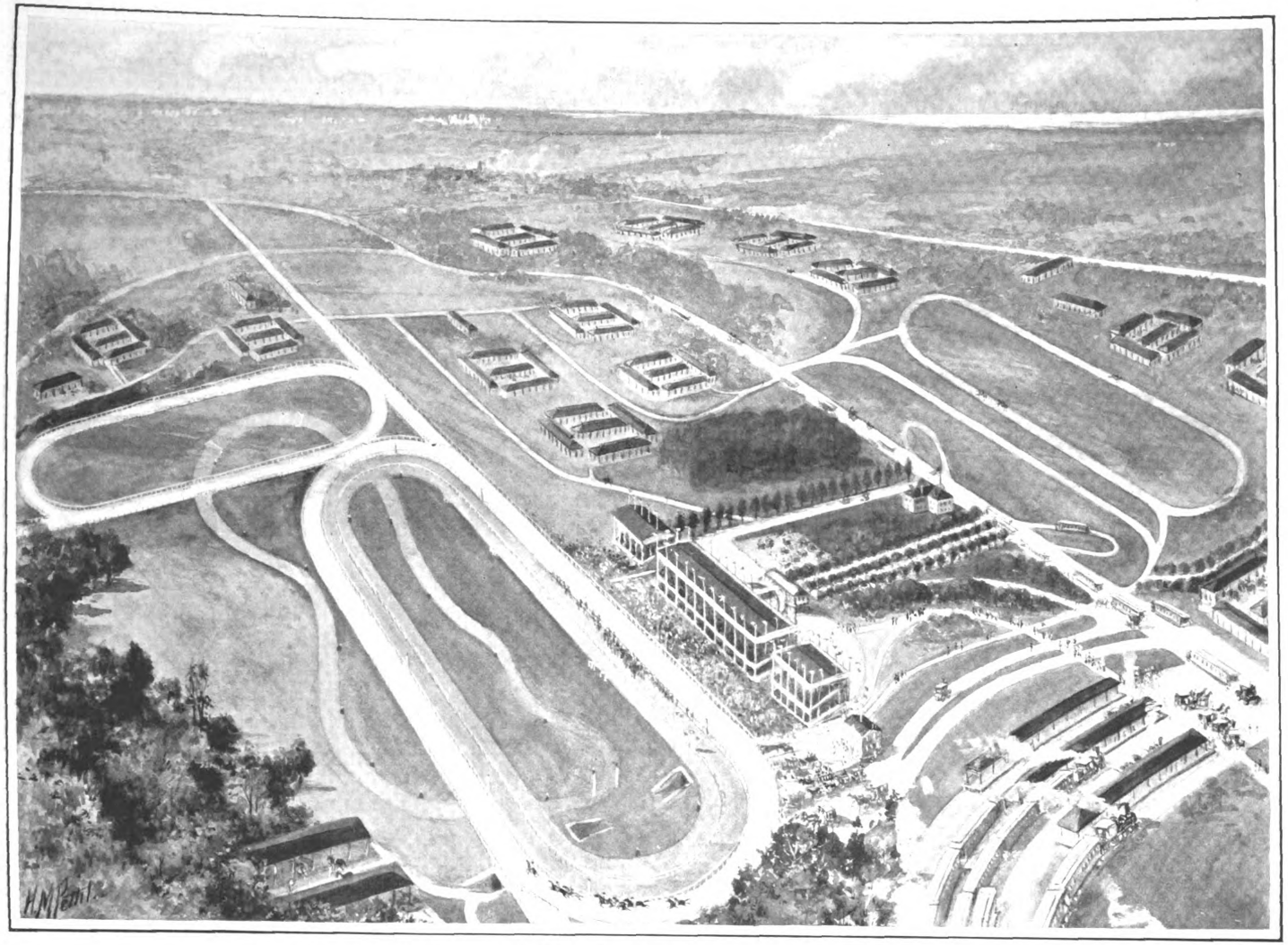
The suspended weights (8) represent motive power, drawing a small car (3) along the two iron bars (2-2) resting on the framework, which are supposed to be a short section of rails. The car is equipped with two electromagnets (4-4), which are excited by an electric current taken from any source; in this case from a lamp-socket. When the car is empty, it requires seven pounds to move it along the bars. When loaded with twenty-one pounds, only three pounds are required to move it. It might be moved by two pounds if the load on the car were increased, and by still less if loaded to its full capacity.

At first glance it might seem that whatever is gained by the reduction of locomotive power must be applied to the establishment of magnets strong enough to lift a given weight. But this is not so. Five hundred amperes, for example, will lift at least 60 tons, the moving of which, ordinarily, requires a steam-locomotive, but which, suspended, can be drawn by a few horse-power. The current for the purpose could be picked up from a wire along the track or from storage batteries placed in the cars.



Model of the Albertson Magnetic Train from a Drawing made by the Inventor

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THE FINEST RACE-COURSE IN THE WORLD

Drawn by H. M. Pettit

This drawing gives a bird's-eye view of Belmont Park, the new race-course now in course of construction at Queens, Long Island. The park, which was described in Harper's Weekly last week, is to occupy over six hundred acres of ground, and will cost $1,500,000. It is planned to have the course ready for the Metropolitan racing season next year

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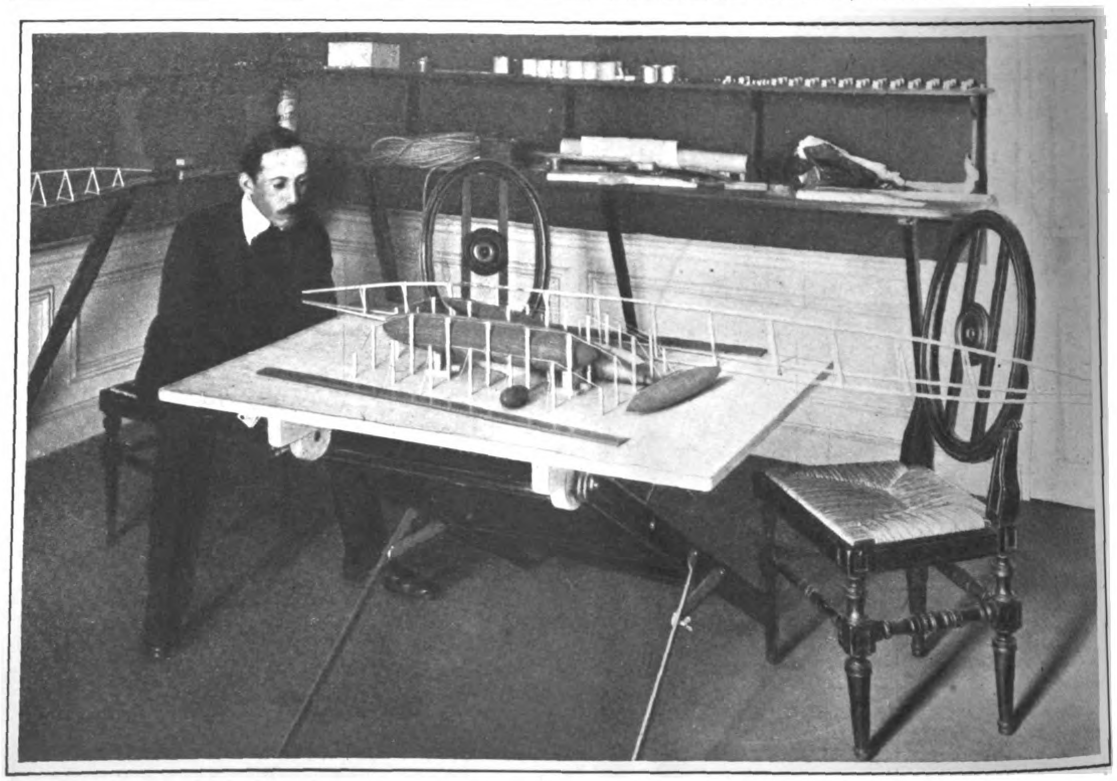
Mr. Borglum's Broncos and Bronco-Busters

THE modest collection of small bronzes, marbles, plaster casts, and sketches in clay by Mr. Solon H. Borglum, now on view at Keppel's Art Gallery, is notable for the virile and thoroughly native qualities of the sculptor's work. Others than Mr. Borglum have interpreted the West in the terms of their art. Both Mr. Wister in fiction, and Mr. Remington in painting and illustration, with an occasional excursion into sculpture, have depicted the cow-puncher. Mr. Borglum knows this subject intimately. The first serious business of his life was ranching in the West in the days before the advent of the syndicate and the barbed-wire fence. He is well acquainted with the cowboy, and is thoroughly in sympathy with the spirit of Western life, and, what is equally important to his art, he knows the Indian and the bronco with a familiarity bred by a long apprenticeship in the cattle country.



Mr. Borglum at Work on one of his Statuary Groups for the St. Louis Exposition

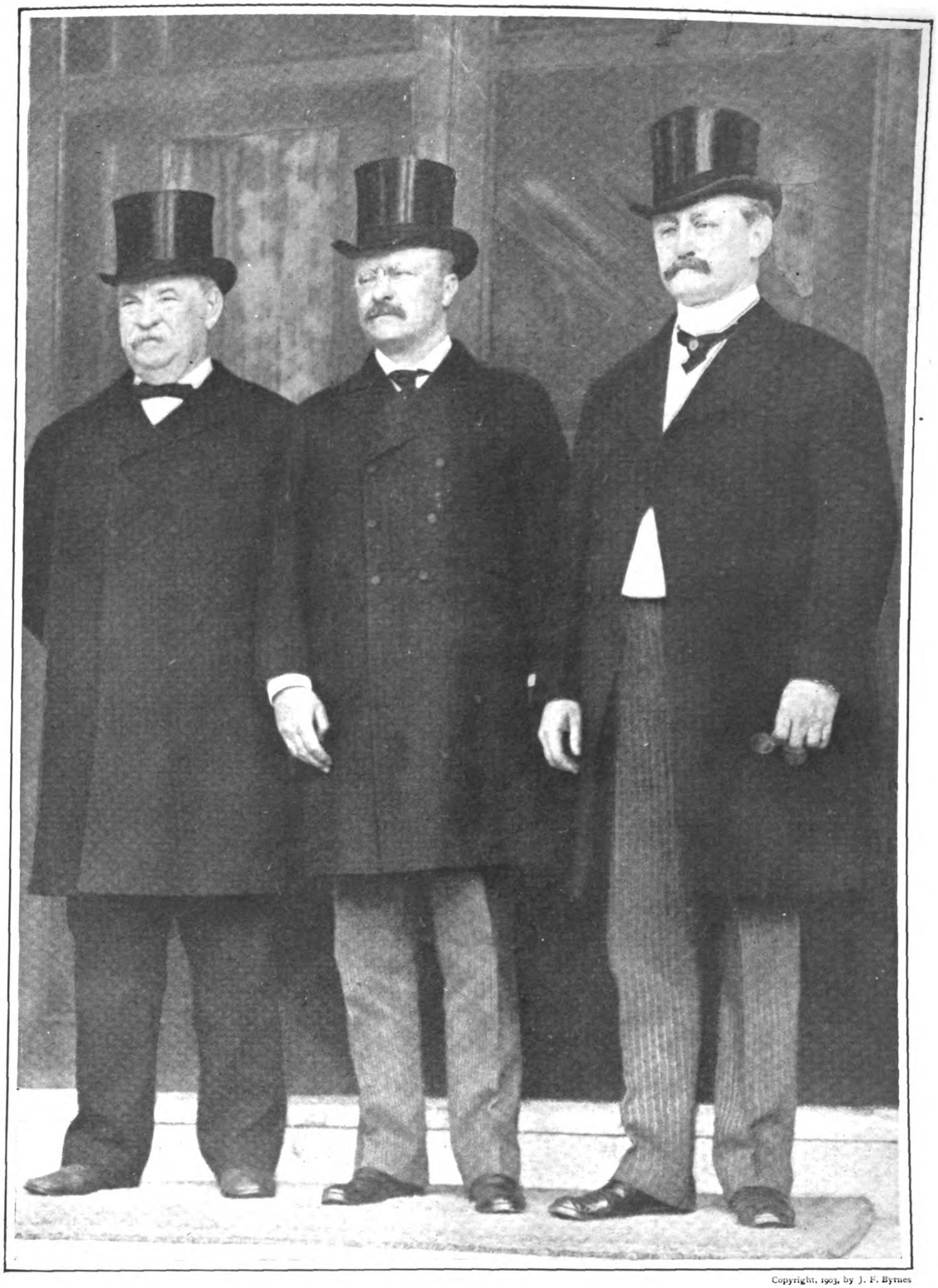
Born thirty-five years ago of Danish parents, Mr. Borglum during his early years followed the fortunes of his father from Ogden, Utah, to St. Louis, where the elder Borglum, a man of middle age with four children, studied medicine. Later, after the diploma was gained, they moved westward again to Fremont, Nebraska, where the future sculptor grew up,—a frontier lad who hated school as much as he loved the prairie. At fifteen he began work as a cowboy on the ranch of his elder brother, returning to Nebraska a year later to try cow-punching for himself on a tract of prairie owned by his father. It was here that he became familiar with the harsher aspects of ranch life—the isolation, the night vigil, and the blizzard. A taste for sketching, and the encouragement of an older brother who was a painter, led to a resolution to sell the ranch and study. The sale was quickly made, at a sacrifice, and he began to paint. For months his home consisted of a blanket and an oil-stove, as he studied and worked with his brother among the mountains of California. But an unexpected commission to paint a portrait furnished a roof to the oil-stove and blanket, and he began working in a studio. The Indians and Spanish adventurers of the Southwest still, however, claimed most of his time and interest. Realizing that he needed a more thorough technical equipment, he went finally to Paris, where he attracted the favorable notice of Frémiet, and was medalled by the Salon. He is too good an American, however, to live abroad all of the time, and he is now in New York city. At present he is engaged on four large statuary groups which he is preparing for the St. Louis Exhibition, the clay model for one of which, "The Buffalo Dance," appears in the accompanying picture of the sculptor at work in his studio. Mr. Borglum's work shows the influence of Rodin, but it has real and striking merits that are original, and it is the most interesting of recent contributions to American sculpture.



Santos-Dumont and the Model of his new Air-ship

One of the features of the St. Louis World's Fair will be an air-ship race around the Exposition grounds, and also from St. Louis to the Washington Monument and back. The photograph shows Santos-Dumont in his workshop in Paris studying the model of the air-ship in which he will take part in the races at the World's Fair

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GOOD FRIENDS AND POSSIBLE OPPONENTS

This photograph of President Roosevelt, ex-President Cleveland, and President Francis of the World's Fair, was taken at the recent dedication of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, at St. Louis, on April 30, at President Francis's house. It is interesting especially because of the political possibility that two of these three men may be the candidates for President of the United States next year, and also because they are the only persons living who have held the Presidential office

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A Tuba Wine-gatherer



Towed in a Native Boat at the rate of Twelve Miles an Hour

An Explorer in the Philippines

By A. Henry Savage Landor



Old Woman of the Island of Panay

TO say that the Philippine Islands are "a paradise on earth" would be *incorrect*. The climate is somewhat too hot, and the people not angelic enough. *On* the other hand, when we hear the more frequent comparison of these islands to the "warmest of regions down below," the libel is uncalled for and wholly undeserved. A visit to the various groups makes it difficult to understand why some writers have described the Philippines as worthless and ugly; the climate vile, and the people bad. Surely, if one takes the *trouble* to go about, there are few islands in the world which reek with more interest, beauty, richness, and charm than the Philippines. The climate—for a tropical climate—is excellent and, for anybody living sensibly, quite healthy. The people *au fond* are not so bad as they are painted, and, indeed, can claim to be no worse than the people of any other country. In some parts, true enough, the natives have been led into bad ways, and need to be got out of them. That is all. The Americans have adopted a sensible civilizing course, and in due time good results may without doubt be expected.

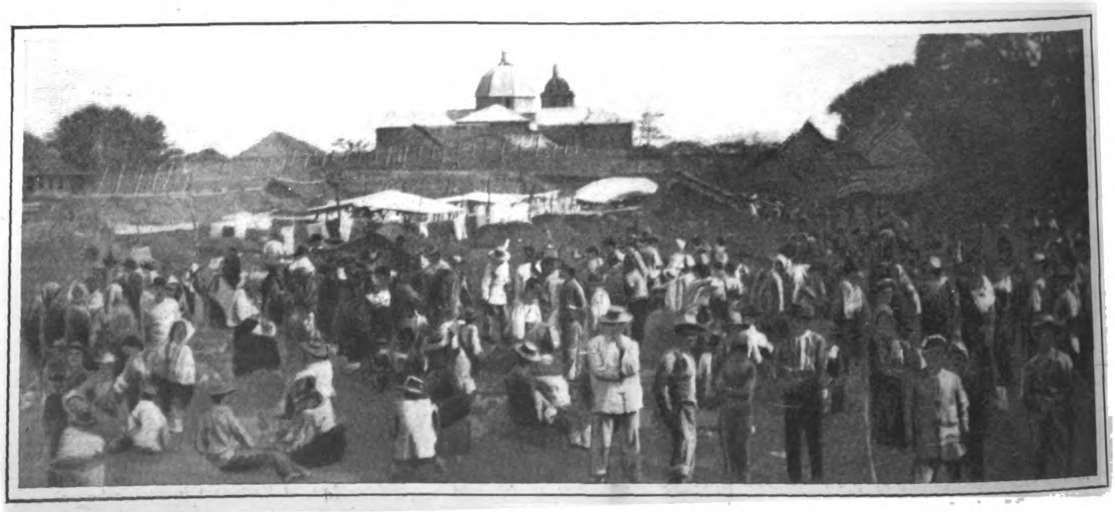
Most that has so far been written upon the Philippines has evidently been from hearsay or from impressions received in Manila only. That is rather a pity, because in a group of islands said to exceed 1400 in number—each subdivision of this group of islands bearing characteristics perplexingly different from other parts of the same archipelago—no correct idea can be obtained of the actual features of each island and the manners and customs of the inhabitants by a short visit to a single and semi-demoralized cosmopolitan city. Manila, like Port Said, Singapore, Hongkong, or Shanghai, is a city of foreigners, with a rather unattractive portion of native population thrown in. There is nothing typical of the Philippines about the place. But go anywhere out of Manila, and you will find many spots that have great charm.

Perhaps one of the most fascinating groups of islands in the archipelago is the one known by the name of "the Kalamianes"—a group of small but high islands lying between the northeast end of Palawan and Mindoro and extending between the parallels of 11° 39′ and 12° 20′ N. and the meridians of 119° 47′ and 120° 23′ E. Although, as can be seen by the above figures, the group extends less than a degree either way, it possesses sufficient variety of scenery to satisfy the most fastidious.

Take, for instance, the island of Busuanga, the largest of the group. On my first visit to the place I was on board the coast-guard cruiser *Balabac*, in command of Captain Schoon, as careful a navigator as ever lived. And a careful navigator you have to be in these regions if you want to keep your ship afloat, for reefs and shoals and treacherous rocks are more plentiful than one can imagine, and the charts not as perfect as one would wish.

At sunset we were off the southern point of Penon de Coron, a rugged island of volcanic formation with a coast-line of gigantic, vertical, wall-like rocks, some of which rose to a height of 1200 feet. Against a golden sky fringed with vermilion stood Point Calis, when we steamed past it, and as we looked up its precipitous sides the spectacle was most impressive. We could clearly trace a section of an extinct crater, and what seemed an inlet into one of the several lakes—other extinct craters—which are found in the interior of the island.

At different altitudes eroded into the face of the rock were deep holes and caves, and in these caves, which to ordinary mortals appear inaccessible, edible birds'-nests are collected. A tribe of wild people living on the island manage by means of fibre ropes and at great risk of their lives to reach the nests. They are then bartered to Chinese traders from the neighboring island of Busuanga, who call in boats to obtain them for export to China, where



An every-day Scene in the Market-place at Molo, Island of Panay

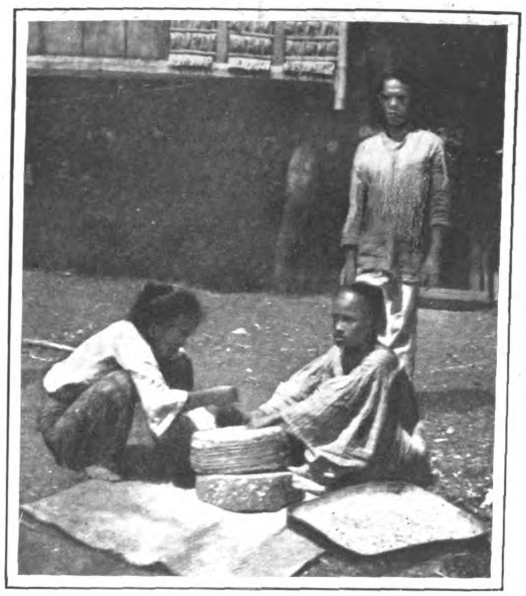
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the nests are much cherished as a delicacy, besides being said to possess certain medicinal qualities.

The natives are very timid people, and generally stampede at the sight of a stranger. Only those who know a weird cry of identification can approach their haunts and bring the natives out of their hiding-places.

We skirted the great rocks of Penon de Coron Island, which seemed to have been shot up bodily in a volcanic commotion, and bore evident marks of a subsequent further rise of several feet above their former level. There was deep water alongside the rocks, but an extensive shoal of white sand, rock, and coral lay to the east of us, about half-way along the east coast of the island, and yet another dangerous reef further north, with not more than three and a half fathoms of water upon it—almost directly in front, eastwards, of the Coron Harbor passage. In the daytime and when the sea is smooth the water above this reef is so clear that the rocks and white sand seem nearer the surface than they actually are. A deeper and safer passage to be recommended for vessels coming from the east is the one north of Delian, an islet rising 450 feet above sea-level, and easily recognizable by a beach of white sand with a spit on its western shore. There are a number of rugged rocks to the south of the islet and a small reef to the northeast. The first time I entered Coron Harbor it was at night, when a full moon shone in all its glory. The vertical rocks of Penon de Coron assumed all sorts of fantastic forms in the soft bluish light of the moon and with the deep black shadows which they cast upon one another and upon the water. We rounded the northern point of the volcanic island, and doing our twelve knots steamed into the placid waters of the narrow, sinuous channel between the islands of Coron and Busuanga. Here was before us a most astounding contrast in the formation of the two islands. On one side of the channel precipitous rocky walls of immense height; on the other, only about one-third of a mile across, the moon shone on well-rounded semi-barren hills, smooth and well padded with earth. From the artistic side Busuanga presents no great attraction after the rugged picturesqueness of Coron. It consists of long ranges of hills with comparatively sparse vegetation, especially on the northeast slope of each hill, a fact possibly caused by the fierceness of the northeast monsoon which strikes this island with great force. The average hills on Busuanga do not rise to over 1000 to 1200 feet, except one or two peaks which tower above the rest, such as smooth-topped Mount Tundalara, 2150 feet; a conical mount 1300 feet near Kokonongon Point, and a three-humped summit 1880 feet in height.

There are several extensive valleys on Busuanga with plenty of good water. For agricultural purposes this island is probably the richest of the group. Almost anything can be grown upon this wonderful island, as has been proved by an old Spanish officer settled there. He owns a large and flourishing estate. The coast of Busuanga is irregular, and has numerous deep bays. The Coron Harbor itself affords an excellent anchorage, screened as it is by the islands of Busuanga, Coron, Kulion, Bulalakao, and other minor islands. Besides the east passage through which we had passed there was a southern entrance into the harbor between Point Kalis and Guintungauan, an island with a spit of sand and coral projecting three-quarters of a mile east-northeast of it. The island itself lies on the terminus of a big reef extending from Bulalakao. Busuanga Island is some thirty-four miles in length from northwest to southeast and some sixteen or eighteen miles wide. There are a number of islets, rocks, and reefs, such as at its northeast end, and these line the western side of what is termed the Northumberland Strait. The large island of Mindoro lies on the east side of the channel.



Women grinding Rice, Cagayanes Island

Coron is the principal settlement on Busuanga. A brisk trade in sea shells of great size is carried on by one or two Chinese merchants, and in birds'-nests, honey, and wax. Rice is grown, and good timber is plentiful for building and other purposes, while cocoanut-trees abound. The process of extracting *tuba*, a kind of wine, from the cocoanut-trees is quite interesting. One of the most typical figures one meets is the man who gathers *tuba*. Burdened with no clothing to speak of, the tuba-man trots about in the cocoanut groves with his head always looking up to survey the trees intrusted to his care.

Upon his right shoulder, by means of a curved piece of wood, rests a big cylinder made of a bamboo joint, three or four feet in length and four inches in diameter. To this sort of churn is attached a small box—either cut from a bamboo joint and covered with a lid, or else a hollowed cocoanut shell—containing powdered bark of the *Rizophora longissima* plant. Last, but not least, of the accessories required in the calling of the tuba-man is a small brush ingeniously produced from a section of a leaf of the cocoanut-tree, pounded at one end until the strong fibre inside splits so as to form a serviceable brush. Indeed, this small brush plays an important part in tuba-gathering, because cleanliness is necessary to obtain good results.

The tuba-man is always in a hurry—possibly the only man in the islands who is. He has many trees to look after, and his work can only be done at sunrise and sunset. He has a grave, sad look engraved upon his countenance, which well testifies to his knowledge that every fresh ascent he makes may be his last. Indeed, the news often spreads in the *pueblo* that a tuba-man has been precipitated from a tree and dashed to pieces.

The tuba-man receives no pay in cash from his employer. He gets the receipts from half the product of the trees.



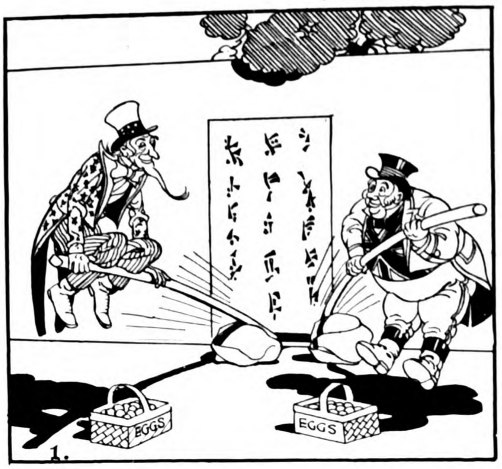
Pottery and Basket-sellers in the Philippines

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THE OCCULT DOOR

A GAME OF, "NOW 'TIS OPEN;—NOW 'TIS SHUT."

PICTURED BY ALBERT LEVERING



John Bull. "*I open it.*"
Uncle Sam. "*I raise it.*"



John Chinaman. "*I see you—*



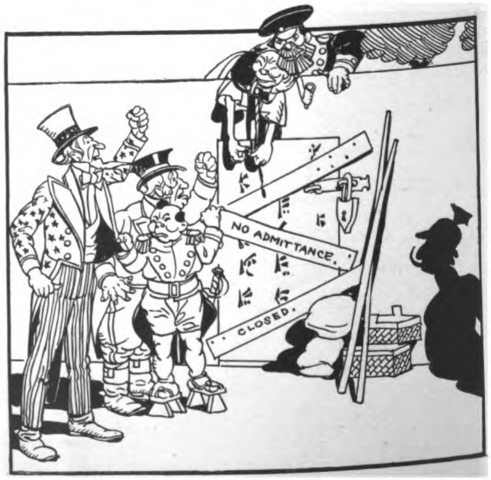
—and raze you a few."



Uncle Sam. "'*Tain't squar'!*"
John Bull. "*The play is manifestly irregular.*"



Russia. '*May I take a handoff? I know his gamesky.*"



Russia. "*I know it's a bluffsky; but I take the potovitch.*"

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We may write little things well, and accumulate one upon another; but never will any be justly called a great poet unless he has treated a great subject worthily. He may be the poet of the lover and of the idler, he may be the poet of green fields or gay society; but whoever is this can be no more. A throne is not built of birds'-nests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet.—*Landor.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER
in the frigid zone of Alaska or in the torrid zone of the Philippines can enjoy the delicious flavor of BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK in his coffee, tea, or chocolate. Established in 1857, it has stood first for forty-five years.—[*Adv.*]

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ALL OF THE NEWSPAPER FUNNY-MEN OF THE UNITED STATES IN MAY NUMBER "BOOK OF THE ROYAL BLUE." As something unique in modern literature, the "Book of the Royal Blue" for the month of May will be on advanced lines.

The attempt to issue a publication which would include the well-known Newspaper Satirists and "Funny men" of the United States has never before been made, as the proposition is a big one. Nevertheless, they have been rounded up in this number, and each man will appear in his characteristic style, with photograph and autograph.

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ROYAL L. LEGRAND *THE LATEST SUCCESS OF THE* ORIZA-PERFUMERY (Grand Prix Paris 1900)

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How Hopkins Got Another Chance

A Complete Short Story by W. E. Cairnes

THE fok'sle of H.M.S. *Plcione* was taking its ease that afternoon. The deck, which had trembled such a short time before under the rush of bare and hurrying feet, was now still, occupied by groups of lounging seamen and marines, enjoying the smoking-hour which would soon be terminated by the bugle for evening quarters. As a visitor on board, I thought that it was more than likely that among the groups on the fok'sle I might find one which would not disdain my society, but would permit me tc while away an hour or so in enjoying their conversation.

As I stepped on to the snowy deck, and let my eye roam over the clusters of men strewing it in every possible attitude of ease, I was at once attracted by a group stretched out in the lee of the chart-house, evidently engaged in a conversation far more animated than any other proceeding in their neighborhood. The principal person in the little coterie appeared to be a grizzled old marine, the length of whose service was attested by the number of good-conduct badges on the left sleeve of his serge, its variety being further shown by the Egyptian and South-African medal ribbons sewn on to his breast. This old chap had made himself exceedingly comfortable with his back propped up against the side of the chart-house, the hardness of the deck being mitigated by a number of signal flags, and he was evidently laying down the law to the listening group, consisting of some half-dozen of young seamen and a couple of marines. As I drew near, the young marines sprang to their feet, as did some of the bluejackets, the veteran also making a show of moving; this would never do, so I implored them to lie down again, and asked the old marine to go on with what he was saying when I had interrupted him by my approach. "Beggin' your pardon, sir," he replied, "I wasn't a-sayin' nothin' of interest, leastways as would interest a gentleman like you. I was only a-shuttin' up some of these 'ere young 'ands, who seem to think that the British navy is goin' to the—to the dogs, sir—"

"And wot I says I sticks to," interpolated a smart-looking young seaman, striking his thigh with much vehemence to emphasize his arguments; "these ain't the ships we licked creation with in Nelson's time. I dun'no' wot we're comin' to. These 'ere"—and he waved a hand towards the anchored fleet—"ain't ships, wot *I* calls ships; they're nothin' but bloomin' boxes of machinery. There won't be no call for men soon; the bloomin' fleet will run itself by clockwork or 'lectricity or some gadget. We'll get fightin' some day, please God, and just as we're about to give partickler 'ell to French or Roossians, some blarsted gadget will carry away, steerin'-engines, 'lectric or 'ydraulic traversin'-gear, bloomin' fans, or such like. Bah!" and he snorted with indignation. "W'ere are you then? That's wot I wants to know. W'ere are you then?" The restraint of my presence had evidently already been forgotten.

"'Ark to 'im," exclaimed the old marine, waving his pipe contemptuously, "a hinfant like that a-talkin'! Why, you fat-headed lump of ignerance, why should our gear go fust? If we carries away one thing, they'll bust twenty. And carryin' away somethin' sometimes does no 'arm. Sure as my name is 4720, Private James Lester, R.M.L.I., if a bloomin' steerin'-engine 'adn't bust up on one partickler occasion, I shouldn't now be ornamentin' this 'ere partickler teakettle."

"Sling us the yarn, Ginger," chorused two or three of the group. (Lester's hair had evidently once been—well, auburn), and my soul rejoiced within me at the prospect of a yarn.

Lester rose from his seat on the deck, filled his pipe, lighted it carefully at the Colomb light, spat twice in the spit-kid, cleared his throat with great solemnity, resumed his seat, and commenced his yarn.

"Wot I'm a-goin' to relate 'appened a few years ago. 'Twas in the bloomin' manœuvres. I was in the *Marietta*, cruiser, third class. Now 'Opkins, our 'Oppy—yes, 'im that 'as promised you fourteen days 'ten-A' nex' time 'e sees you," nodding pleasantly to his opponent, "was skipper. She was 'is fust ship as a captain. 'E came to us from 'alf pay, 'avin' been previous commander in a Mediterranean battle-ship. Now you all knows 'Oppy, so I needn't waste my time in a-describin' 'im. 'E's smart now, but 'e were 'ellish smart then, she bein' 'is fust ship, and a smart ship she was. 'E had a good Number One, too, in Parsons. Parsons backed 'Oppy up well. Paint and brasswork! Lor' bless you, she fair shone like a bloomin' star. Well, as I was a-sayin', we was taken on the manœuvres. I should 'ave told you, in case you didn't know, that we was a Channel Squadron ship, and the smartest, dandiest ship in the whole bloomin' crowd. Now bein' a cruiser, after the rendeevoo, war bein' declared, so to speak, we was sent off a-scoutin'; leastways, we judged so, from the course we steered, a-goin' backwards and forrards at about ten knots, ekernomical speed, and a-circlin' round and round in great circles. Well, we soon began to notice that 'Oppy was not quite as usual. In course the lower deck wasn't fust to find this out; it began in the ward-room. I was a-waitin' at lunch as extra, and one day, when Number One 'e gets a-talkin' and they all gets a-talkin', and the Pay 'e gets a-talkin', and the Doc 'e chips in, and even the bloomin' Sub,—we 'ad no gunroom mess,—'e 'ad a word or two to say, and all most mystrerious and a-whisperin'. Well, at fust I took no partickler notice, bein' that occupied with my dooties and keepin' watch that the other 'ands didn't get to wind'ard of me over the beer, till I 'eard the Sub say, quite out loud: 'The Owner's off 'is nut. Gawd! I should—' 'E didn't say no more. 'E stopped suddenlike, but I seed Number One fetch 'im one on the shins under the ward-room table. Oho! I thought to myself, so the old



"'E swore as 'e would never wear that 'at again till 'e was a-takin' 'is ship into action"



Clusters of men . . . . in every possible attitude of ease

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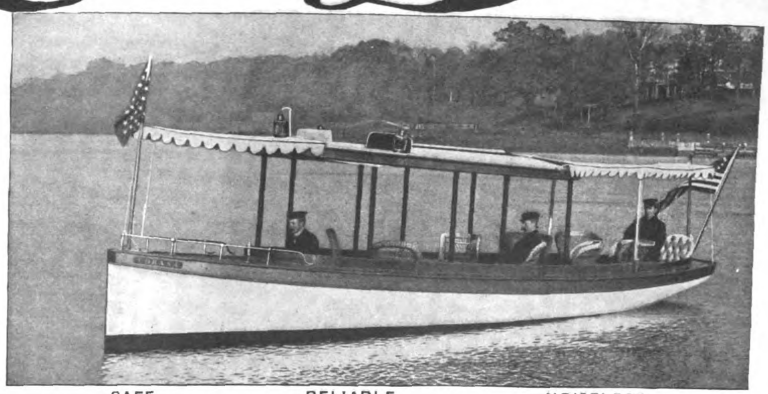
Chan

rnes

ıan's mad, and the ship's company's not
› know; oh no! After that, as you may
hink, I kept the Owner werry pertickler
nder my observation, and soon I saw that
› was percooliar, werry bloomin' percooliar,
ut still I couldn't rightly say, 'You're for
armouth, Skipper,' though the way 'e car-
ied on made the whole ship's company chaw
heir fat before long. It wasn't that 'e
id anythin' outrageous all at once, and fust
'e all thought that it was only that 'e were
ver-anxious, so to speak, about the manœu-
res goin' right and the ship a-doin' 'er
air share; but after what I 'ad 'eard in the
ard-room, I soon saw that there was more
han over-anxiety in his exstrornary keen-
ess. I tell you we was fairly sick when
he Owner gave out that the men were to
leep at their guns! Sleep by their guns!
awd 'elp us, we was fair puzzled when that
vas give out. Why, it's no bloomin' manœu-
res, said some of the old 'ands; this is war,
loody war; the French must be a-goin' to
lay up at last; and the thought of this
air consoled us, and we was the happiest
hip afloat for a day or two, thinkin' of the
un in store for us. At last there came a
ittle excitement. It came in the middle
vatch. I was sleepin' by the three-pounder,
. f., which was my pertickler charge. It
vas a dirty night—blowin' fresh and rain-
n', and a lumpy sea; but as we was a-goin'
slow, 'ead to wind, we was a-makin' fair-
y comfortable weather of it, when all of
sudden I woke up with a start and found
hat the Owner was a-singin' out from the
oop to the Buntin' on the bridge. 'E was
ellin' 'im 'e would disrate 'im, askin' 'im
what sort of man 'e was. I got up and
looked over the nettin', and away to the
norrard I could see a mast'ead lamp a-wink-
in' and a-winkin', werry busy. The next
hing we was stokin' up and the ship a-trav-
ellin' best foot foremost. As you'll see
direckly, the fun was a-goin' to begin in ear-
nest, only in a way we none of us dreamt of.

"It began that very mornin'. I was pass-
in' aft to the ward-room galley about one
bell in the mornin' watch to see about
some cocoa for Mr. Watson, whose watch
it was, when the Owner came on deck with
'is telescope tucked under 'is right arm.
'I wants you on the bridge,' 'e said. Wants
me on the bridge, I thought! Well, this was
a go! Mad as a March 'are, that's what 'e
was. However, I couldn't argue the point,
so I wheeled around and follered the Skip-
per up on to the bloomin' bridge. Mr. Wat-
son 'e saluted the Owner, and gave me a
look out of the tail of 'is eye, as much as
to say, 'What the 'ell brings you 'ere, and
where the 'ell's my cocoa?' and I saw the
Quartermaster and Telegraph and Buntin'
all lookin' a sort of surprised; but, in course,
I said nothin', but just caught 'old of a
stay, jammed my cap on my 'ead, and stood
quiet. The Owner 'e looked at the binnacle,
then asked the officer of the watch 'is course
and the number of revolutions 'e was doing,
and kept a-squintin' round with 'is glass.
Bar 'im and me, every one on the bridge was
in oilers. Suddenly 'e remembered that wa-
ter would wet 'im, and 'e turned to me.
'''Ere,' 'e said, 'you wooolly-'eaded marine,
go to my servant and get my number-one

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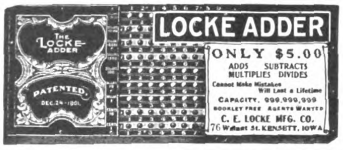
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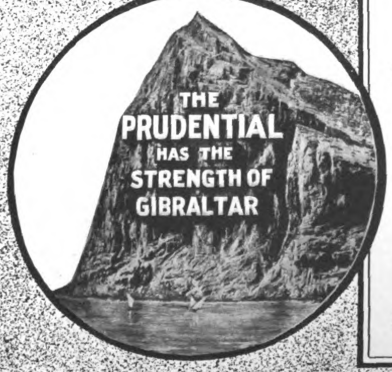


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"I could see a mast'ead lamp a-winkin'"

foul-weather 'at and my oilskins.' I nipped down and gave the message the same as 'e gave it to me. 'Oh,' said his valley, 'is number-one foul-weather 'at, that's it, is it? Why, 'e swore as 'e would never wear that 'at again till 'e was a-takin' 'is ship into action. I shall have a job to find it'; and he started a-routin' amongst the old man's gear. 'Ah, 'ere it is,' and 'e 'anded me the Owner's oilskins and one of them old 'ats like black shiny straws, with a black ribbon for a chin-stay, and the four stripes and the curl on a bit of ribbon on the port side of it. This was the Owner's fightin'-'at, but you never see one of 'em now; they're obserlete.

"Back I went to the bridge with the Skipper's gear, and 'e shifted into the things I brought, and at that minute we sighted the land, the nor'west coast of Ireland. As we raised the land, old 'Oppy got more and more excited. It was as much as ever I could do to keep my feet on that there bridge, but 'Oppy 'e fair waltzed up and down it, every minute a-sweepin' the coast line—now gettin' quite plain—with 'is glass. As I watched the land, it suddenly appeared to me that I saw wisps of smoke a-flyin' from the far side of an 'eadland we was every minute gettin' closer to. 'Oppy, in course, 'ad spotted this afore me, 'im 'avin' his glass, and 'e glared at the smoke as if his eyes would start out of 'is 'ead. Suddenly 'e shut up 'is telescope with a smack. 'The enemy at last!' 'e shouted, and in 'arf a jiff 'e 'ad us at quarters, leastways all but me, as I still stood on the bridge, afraid to move. The sea was worse than ever. Number One went to the connin'-tower, and from the back of it 'ailed the bridge, and began speakin' to the Skipper, who leant over the rail a-talkin' to 'im. I didn't rightly 'ear what was said, as we were travellin' fast, the fans were 'ummin' like mad just behind me, and altogether the sitooation was not favorable to eavesdroppin'; but it was somethin' about the weather bein' too bad to fight the ship in, and that it was dangerous to cast loose the 4.7's, which was our main armament. Anyways, they wasn't cast loose. As we got nearer the land the smoke flyin' away in wisps was plainly to be seen, and, what was more, we could see that the smoke was comin' from ships as were a-movin'. We 'adn't long to wait for information. The 'ole of the bloomin' Blue fleet suddenly came round the 'eadland, the Blue fleet bein' our enemies, as I should 'ave told you afore. There they was, the bloomin' lot of them, the battle-ships in line abreast, the flag-ship, the *Ramilies*, bein' nearest to us, and the cruisers, five of them, plainly sneakin' round the outer flank to cut us off from the open sea. The line was maybe three miles off. The *Ramilies* opened with a round from a six-inch gun. Gawd! I thought to myself, so it's that blarsted flapdoodle of manœuvres, after all, not bloody war with France or some one, as we'd all 'oped and prayed. But what the 'ell was the Skipper up to, in that case, with live shell ready to 'and and full-service charges likewise? I was to know blamed soon. 'Oppy kept steady on 'is course, the men a-standin' to their guns in the best way they could, the seas flyin' over our bows and near sweepin' us at times, and the great waves racin' past our sides, while the Blue fleet came on, bows on. They looked fine, I can tell you, and all the while no second shot was fired after the one with which the flag-ship 'ad opened the ball. I should 'ave told you that when that shot was fired, the Skipper 'e larfed, and said, said 'e: 'Short and over! Bad shootin', mounseer. You wants a steadier platform.' 'E said nothin' more for a second or two. Then 'e leant over the rail and 'ailed Number One, who came out of the connin'-tower. 'Mr. Parsons,' 'e said, quite calmlike, but I could see the veins on 'is neck all swollen and 'e was clutchin' the rail as if 'e thought 'e might fall, 'I 'ave made up my mind 'ow to fight this lot. Escape is out of the question, but I'm goin' down with the flag a-flyin'. We'll make them devils sit up afore we've done with them.' 'E leant lower over the rail. 'I'm a-goin' to ram their flag-ship.' Gawd! you should 'ave seen Number One's face. Then the Owner 'e 'ailed Mr. Nugent. Said 'e, ''Ave we sufficient water to pass inside of the enemy's flag-ship?' I didn't rightly 'ear 'is answer, but it must 'ave bin that we 'ad plenty of water, because the Skipper goes on to Number One. 'On the course we're a-steerin' now I calkerlates that we shall pass about a cable clear of the flag-ship on a parerlell course, passin' between 'er and the shore.' 'E raised 'is voice so that all on the bridge could 'ear him plain: 'She can't work 'er 'eavy guns in this sea. So it will be the ram or torpedo, and I prefers the ram. If she 'olds on, when we gets almost abreast of 'er bows, I shall give 'er the full port 'elm, and I calkerlates that we shall strike her just abaft the beam, and will drive a 'ole in 'er that would sink anythin' that floats.' 'E said one or two things more, but I was so flabbergasted, and the wind and sea, not to speak of the 'ummin' fans and ceteras, made such a row as I didn't 'ear no more; but you can bet I 'ad 'eard enough; there was no doubt 'e was fair off 'is onion now. Thought the *Ramilies* was a French ship, so 'e did, and was a-preparin' to ram and sink 'er as cool as you please! Number One slipped back into the connin'-tower, but I saw 'im nip down on the other side and race aft like a loonatic. Ah, I thought, 'e's gone off for the Doc, and about time; but 'e 'ad a better game than that, as you'll see. You can imagine I was badly scared. The whole ship was at the mercy of a ravin' loonatic.

"All this while the Skipper 'ad been watchin' the *Ramilies* like an 'awk a-watchin' a sparrow, 'is face workin' somethin' 'orrid. If ever a man looked mad, it was 'im. I stood sort of parerlyzed behind 'im, but the other men on the bridge showed no sign. The Skipper turned to the quartermaster as we got close to the *Ramilies*. 'When I says, *Now!*' said 'e, ''elm 'ard aport for your life. Do you 'ear me?' and 'e fairly screamed. 'Aye, aye, sir,' said the quartermaster, as calm as you please.

"That satisfied 'im for the minute. Then as we comes almost abreast of 'er, 'e sings out, '*Now! Now!*' Then, in a voice like thunder, 'Prepare to ram!' and the bugler blew 'is G, and the ship's company threw themselves flat on their faces. I didn't. I was too scared to move. I just 'ung to the rail and clung on like a babby. Round went the wheel. There was no 'esitation about the quartermaster. But we kept steady on our course. We should, by rights, 'ave 'eeled to port, shippin' a few seas as we turned, and 'er 'ead should 'ave lifted round to starboard; but no, not a move, steady on we kept, and before you could wink or say knife we 'ad passed the *Ramilies*, and there could be no rammin' that day. The Owner saw at once that she didn't answer. 'E glared for a second round 'im, then 'urled the quartermaster from the wheel and took it 'imself. Well, 'e saw it was all up so far as rammin' was concerned. So 'e just gave a yell—'The chance of a lifetime!'—rolling 'is eyes dreadful; then somethin' rattled in 'is throat, 'e gave a gurgle, and fell all of a 'eap in the wheel-'ouse. As 'e fell the Chief came runnin' to the bridge, and sung out, 'Steerin'-engine broke down, sir,' but the quartermaster 'e 'ailed 'im and said, 'Tell Mr. Parsons, sir, that the Captain's in a fit.'

"Well, that about ends my yarn. 'E got all right in a fortnight, and never 'ad no recollection of ever 'avin' been bad. It was a rum go while it lasted, and I never wants to be shipmates with a mad skipper again."



"'When I says, 'Now!' said 'e, ''elm 'ard aport for your life'"

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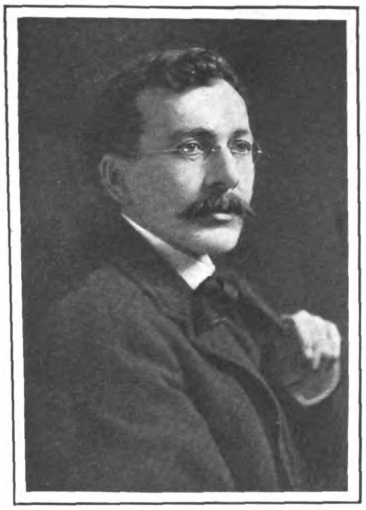
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The Bach Festival at Bethlehem

ONE of the most curious and impressive events in the musical life of this country is now in progress at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania—a six-day festival devoted to the performance of music by Bach. The festival is held in the historic Moravian Church of that town, and the beginning of each performance is announced, with solemn and



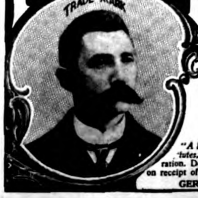
Mr. J. Fred Wolle
The director of the festival

beautiful effect, by a choir of trombone-players stationed in the belfry of the church.

The works to be given are, in the following sequence, the cantata, "Sleepers, Wake!" and the Magnificat in D; the Christmas Oratorio; the second Brandenburg Concerto Grosso; the cantatas, "Strike, Oh, Strike, Long-looked-for Hour," and "I with my Cross-staff Gladly Wander"; the St. Matthew Passion music; the Easter cantata, "The Heavens Laugh, the Earth itself Rejoices"; the Ascension cantata, "God Goeth up with Shouting"; and, for the final number, the great B-minor Mass. The festival is planned, it will be seen, to exemplify, in some of the most eloquent and noble music ever written, the salient events in the life of Christ, with a view to emphasizing their religious significance.

The chorus, consisting of 110 voices, is recruited from Bethlehem's Moravian population, as is a part of the orchestra. The soloists include such excellent singers as Gertrude May Stein, Miss Marguerite Hall, Herbert Witherspoon, and W. H. Rieger. The entire undertaking is under the direction of Mr. J. Fred Wolle, the organist of the church, to whose enthusiasm and energy is due the establishment of the festivals upon the high plane of artistic importance and success to which they have attained. Without the spirit of fine sincerity and devotion which animates all those who take part in the performances—they are rather services—the festival would not have been possible: it is this rare spirit of artistic devotion and enthusiasm which constitutes the unique and notable feature of the event.

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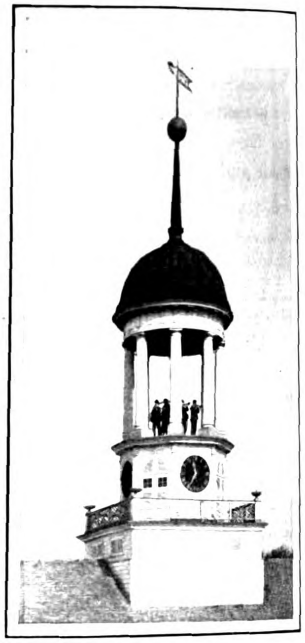
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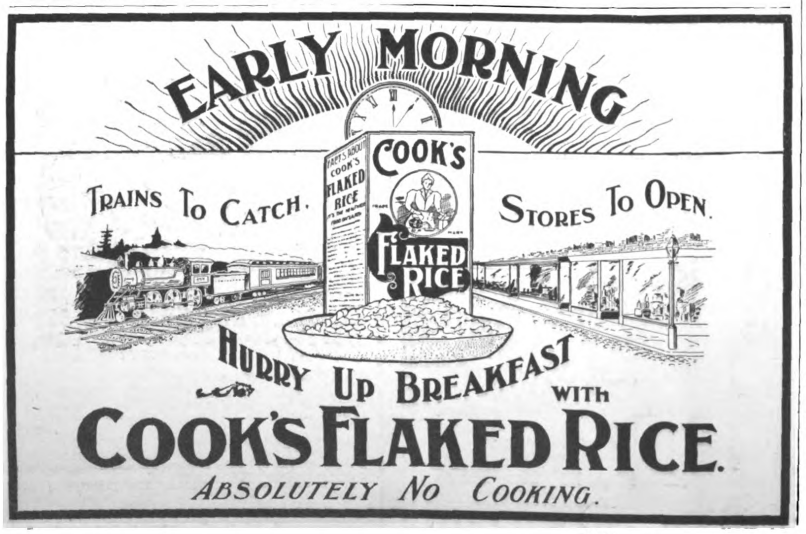
Ask for the Brewery Bottling

The first Bach performances at Bethlehem were given in March, 1900, when the B-minor Mass had its first complete presentation in America. In the following year Mr. Wolle arranged a Bach festival of more ambitious dimensions, and gave, besides the Mass, the Christmas Oratorio and the St



The Trombone Choir
Announcing the beginning of the performances from the belfry

Matthew Passion. The current festival is the third, as none was held last year. The performances have aroused extraordinary interest among musicians and music-lovers, and the limited accommodations of Bethlehem have been taxed to their utmost to receive the increasing number of people whom the festivals attract to the little Moravian community.



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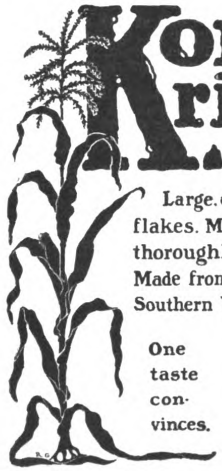
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A Side-light on the Dedication Ceremonies at St. Louis

ACCORDING to local reports, St. Louis is much encouraged over the fact that it has been able to accommodate the 250,000 visitors who flocked to the city for the World's Fair dedication ceremonies. It was not, of course, a complete test of the city's capacity; for many among the crowd were present for one day only. Although the hotels were packed and the rooms were filled with cots, the resources of the city were by no means exhausted. A World's Fair crowd is not one that patronizes the ordinary hotel. To draw a crowd large enough to make a fair successful, the people of moderate means must be attracted, and they cannot afford ordinary hotel rates. They will patronize hotels of the balloon variety that dotted the prairie near Jackson Park, or they will hire rooms in private residences. St. Louis is not a city of apartment-dwellers; people live in their own houses. So there are thousands of families who have several spare rooms which they would be willing to make a source of income during the Fair; the little flag which indicates rooms to rent was visible throughout the city during dedication week. Hotels were far more necessary in Chicago, as that city has a smaller proportion of detached dwellings, and a great number of these are the humble homes of working-men.

Another housing possibility peculiar to St. Louis became apparent when a Mississippi River steamer tied up at the levee and turned itself into a hotel for dedication week. Eight of our largest fifteen cities are on tributaries of the Mississippi, not to speak of Peoria and Omaha. Steamboats with barges in tow can bring parties to the fair and house them while there. With no ground-rent to pay, it will be very easy to care for thousands of visitors in barges on the river. The problem of housing the Exposition crowd has thus far been the principal source of worriment to the city; dedication week seems to have solved the problem.

To Circle the Globe in Forty Seconds

ON July 4 the Postal Telegraph Company plans to send, in connection with the opening of the new colonial cable, a message which will circle the earth in forty seconds. After greetings have been exchanged between President Roosevelt and Governor Taft at Manila, the Postal Telegraph Company will send from its New York office a message that will travel completely around the globe, and be received on the same spot within less than a minute later. The message, which is to follow but two telegraph and cable lines, will travel over the following route: from New York to the Pacific coast, over the lines of the Postal Company; to Manila, *via* the Commercial Cable; from Manila to London, by the Eastern; and from London, *via* the Commercial and Postal lines, to the starting-point. In order that no time shall be lost, matters will be so arranged that communication between the different relays will be practically instantaneous. There is every prospect that the feat will be successfully accomplished as planned.



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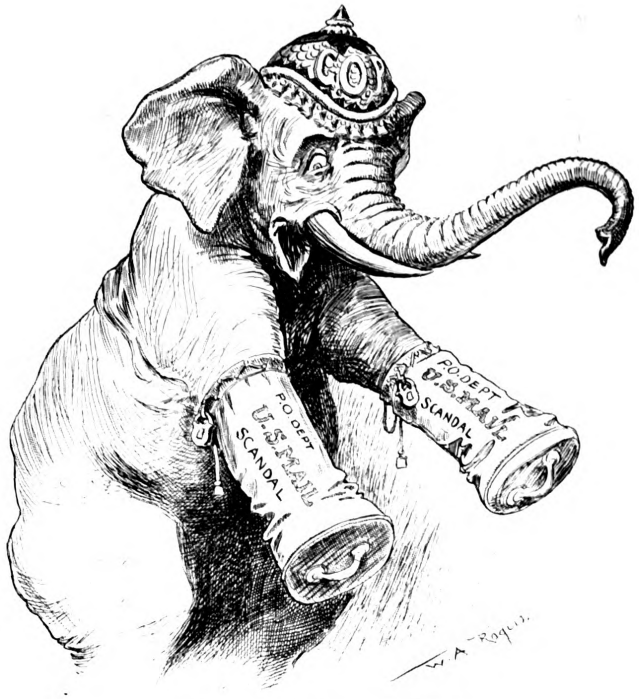
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending May 16, 1903

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COMMENT

WILL Mayor Low be renominated? Six months ago this question would have been answered in the affirmative, and it is still believed that he can command the support of the Republican organization, although there is much dissatisfaction with his administration among the file-leaders and in the ranks of that body. There is no reason to doubt, however, that President Roosevelt, Governor Odell, and Senator Platt will give him the Republican nomination if he wants it. He may not want it unless he can again rely upon the co-operation of anti-Tammany Democrats with the Republicans. He knows that under the most favorable circumstances his re-election would be by no means a certainty, and that it will be hopeless if he is opposed by any considerable fraction of his former Democratic supporters. Now by far the most important of the anti-Tammany Democratic organizations is the German-American Reform Union, the president of which, Mr. Herman Ridder, editor of the *Staats Zeitung*, makes no secret of his unwillingness to see Mr. Low retained in office. He probably speaks for his organization when he says that if Mayor Low should be the candidate of the Republicans, and such a man as Edward M. Shepard or George B. McClellan should be put forward by Tammany Hall, a large majority of the German Americans would support the latter. In that event, the election of the Tammany nominee would be assured. It is quite possible, however, that Tammany Hall, which is confident of victory, will nominate neither of the men named, but will prefer a candidate whom it would feel sure of controlling. In that event Mr. Ridder and most of the German Americans might see cause to reconsider their present intentions and to accept Mayor Low. Much depends upon which convention is first called. The friends of good government may deem it expedient to compel Tammany to show its hand. Events have proved that there is an anti-Tammany majority in New York; all that is needed is to weld it together. If this cannot be done by Mayor Low, we presume that he would cheerfully withdraw in favor of another candidate. That he could beat the average Tammany hack is probable.

A daily newspaper which professes to be well informed avers that in the next Democratic national convention ex-Governor David B. Hill can have the New York delegation if he can make any use of it. The assertion is based on the assumption that Mr. Hill would have the support of Tammany Hall under its present management. This is very doubtful, for the new leader, Mr. Murphy, has evinced an eagerness to conciliate the Cleveland Democrats. Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Hill might receive the complimentary vote of the New York delegation, we are unable to see how he could profit by it. There is no sign of a Hill movement in any part of the Union. The ex-Governor seems equally obnoxious to the Bryanites and the anti-Bryanites. The Gold Democrats want Cleveland, if the Brooklyn *Eagle* can be accepted as an authority on the point. The Silver Democrats will take almost anybody recommended by Mr. Bryan, but we doubt whether they could be persuaded to support Mr. Hill, even were he nominated by the *Commoner*. There is no reason to suppose that any such suggestion will be made by Mr. Bryan, although a rumor to that effect has of late been current in certain quarters. Whether Mr. Hill in 1896 voted for Mr. Bryan, or for Palmer, or for McKinley, or whether he refrained from voting altogether, is a question that only he can answer. What he did in 1900 was equally a mystery, though it would seem to have been his duty as an honest man and conspicuous politician to announce beforehand how he meant to vote.

Judge Parker has made no secret of the fact that he voted for Mr. Bryan at both elections. An attempt has recently been made to discredit Judge Parker by pointing out that, while he voted for Mr. Bryan, he was avowedly an advocate of the gold standard. Judge Parker has never tried to conceal his opinions with reference to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. It is probable that of the six million Democrats who voted for Mr. Bryan, from one-third to one-half were opposed to the silver plank in the Democratic platform, but supported the candidate because, on general grounds, they were loath to leave their party. Every party programme is the outcome of a compromise between conflicting opinions. This is thoroughly understood, and the test of party regularity has always been, not the indiscriminate acceptance of a platform, but the support of a candidate at the ballot-box. When George B. McClellan ran for the Presidency in 1864 he distinctly repudiated the most salient plank in the Democratic platform. If, as the *Commoner* maintains, it was the duty of all Democrats to vote for the person nominated by the Democratic conventions of 1896 and 1900, it will be the duty of Mr. Bryan and his friends to vote for the nominee of the Democracy in 1904, whether or not they happen to approve of all his political opinions. By the way, will Mr. Bryan tell us whether he voted for Mr. Cleveland in 1888 and in 1892?

Our State Department has the credit of having persuaded the St. Petersburg Foreign Office to repudiate the demands made upon the Chinese government by M. de Plançon, the Russian Chargé d'Affaires at Peking. There seems to be no lack of evidence that the demands were really made, but, in pursuance of a practice familiar to diplomatists, they were put forward as a *ballon d'essai*, or trial balloon, to see how far M. de Plançon could go without provoking opposition. It must have been disconcerting to the St. Petersburg politicians to find the first and most earnest objections raised by the United States, the good will of which is particularly desired. With Germany neutral and with France an ally, Russia would view without apprehension a coalition between Great Britain and Japan in the Far East, for both of her opponents would be more vulnerable than she is. Even if Japan were able to transport soldiers across the strait which separates her from Korea, she would still be at a disadvantage on land, as compared with Russia, which is believed to have placed over 80,000 troops in Manchuria, to which re-enforcements may be continually added by means of the Trans-Siberian Railway. At present the joint naval forces of Russia and France in Chinese

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waters are said to be stronger than those of Great Britain and Japan, but the scale would be turned if the United States were driven to co-operate with the two powers last named.

We shall never take such a step unless we are convinced that our commercial rights in Manchuria are threatened by a Russian annexation of that province. We are told that Russia's assurances on this subject are entirely satisfactory to our government. We should also be glad, of course, if the St. Petersburg government would leave China's sovereignty in that region nominally intact, so that no pretext would be afforded for other encroachments upon China's territorial integrity. But, just as we should insist upon the privilege of protecting the Panama Canal, so we recognize Russia's claim to safeguard the Manchurian branch of the Trans-Siberian Railway, whereby alone she gains access to her ice-free harbors on the Liautung peninsula. It should not be impossible, however, to combine adequate measures for the defence of Russia's property with an acknowledgment of Chinese sovereignty. It is probable enough that the Japanese would like to see the United States and Russia become antagonistic, but so old a friendship as that which binds us to the Czar is not likely to be easily broken. Without foreign assistance, the Japanese would scarcely venture to fight Russia, and she could not rely upon obtaining aid from her British ally so long as Russia refrained from requesting the assistance of France. We may say, then, that, thanks to our State Department, an outbreak of hostilities in the Far East has been postponed.

A new charge of suppressing frauds has been brought against the Post-office Department by a thoroughly reputable man, Mr. S. W. Tulloch, formerly cashier of the Washington post-office. Mr. Tulloch asserts that three years ago the Comptroller of the Treasury, Mr. Tracewell, found irregularities in the accounts of the Washington post-office, and employed one of the Treasury experts to investigate them. Mr. Tulloch asserts that the inquiry was stopped by high-placed officials in the Post-office Department, and the expert was punished for excessive zeal. Mr. Tracewell has since testified that in 1900 he did find many irregularities, not to say frauds, in the accounts of the Washington post-office, and disallowed many items. On a promise from the postal officials that such improper disbursements should not be continued, he agreed, he says, not to hold the disbursing officers responsible. This, of course, is substantially an admission of the truth of Mr. Tulloch's charge. Mr. Tracewell also acknowledges that the expert employed in the investigation was punished by being transferred to another office, which amounted to a reduction in grade. The expert, he says, was very efficient, but was not sufficiently *tactful* in his methods, and some of the persons investigated complained of his conduct and demeanor as *offensive*.

Curiously enough, the postal officials see nothing humorous in these adjectives *tactful* and *offensive*. Their attitude recalls the adage that "no rogue e'er felt the halter draw with good opinion of the law." The American people do not want an investigator of frauds to show himself over-tactful and inoffensive. We regret to see that Postmaster-General Payne seems to think that Mr. Tulloch's accusations would be disproved if they are met with a general denial on the part of the accused persons. They certainly will not be deemed disproved until Mr. Tulloch has been called upon to produce the evidence for his statement, evidence which he claims to possess. It is high time that President Roosevelt should give his personal attention to the state of things in the Post-office Department. The investigation made in 1900 was carefully kept from public knowledge, and it remains to be seen whether any of the persons convicted of "irregularities" have been subjected to any penalties. It will be remembered that when the frauds in the Cuban post-office were exposed, the Post-office Department evinced no eagerness to bring the delinquents to justice. We should have more confidence in a drastic purgation of the department if Postmaster-General Payne were invited to resign, and if such a man as Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow were appointed to fill the vacancy. It is quite absurd for post-office officials to imagine that the present scandal can be hushed up, for President Roosevelt is the last man in the world to connive at corruption. We hope next week to be able to announce that measures have been taken to uncover the whole truth, no matter who is hurt by it.

The more carefully the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Alabama suffrage case is considered, the more important it is seen to be. Now that the text of the majority opinion has been published, it seems clear that the tribunal declined to sustain the position taken by the Federal Circuit Court that the relief demanded by the negro who claimed to be disfranchised was beyond its jurisdiction. The question of jurisdiction is left in the air, but the five justices composing the majority went into the merits of the case, and held that the relief for which the appellant prayed was beyond the equity powers of a Federal court. The wrong of which he complained was a political wrong, for which a remedy must be sought either in the State courts of Alabama or through a Federal statute defining the mode of redress. As yet no such statute has been passed by Congress. The practical effect of the decision is to remit to the Federal legislature the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. It follows that the expediency of enforcing that amendment will now be forced into the foreground of public discussion. That in the present state of popular sentiment the Fifteenth Amendment could not now be passed is certain; indeed, the State of New York, which ratified it, rescinded its ratification on January 5, 1870, nearly three months before the adoption of the amendment was proclaimed. Whether three-fourths of the States would now concur in repealing that amendment is as yet doubtful, though it is plain that the drift of public feeling is in that direction. While, however, it might be difficult to obtain a repeal of the amendment, it would be comparatively easy to secure a bare majority in one House of Congress against the legislation needed to make the amendment operative. The words of the amendment indicate that it was not expected to be enforced in the absence of a Federal statute prescribing the method of enforcement. After reciting that the right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, the amendment goes on to say that the Congress shall have power to enforce the provisions of this article by appropriate legislation. We deem it probable that even now, at this early stage of the discussion, a majority of the States would favor a repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, and although the majority might fall short of the three-fourths prescribed by the Constitution, its moral effect upon Congress would probably suffice to prevent the enactment of the legislation needed to make the amendment operative.

It is, of course, understood that nobody desires a repeal of the *Thirteenth* Amendment, which prescribes that neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist in the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction. Neither does anybody wish to withhold from negroes the rights and privileges possessed by white women, or by young white men under twenty-one years of age. For that reason we shall never witness an attempt to rescind the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment, which, having first declared that all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside, proceeds to say that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. That the privileges or immunities which by the Fourteenth Amendment are safeguarded against abridgement do not include the suffrage is evident from the fact that the Fifteenth Amendment, which does forbid a denial or abridgement of the suffrage, was deemed indispensable by the Congressional Reconstructionists. But while the first section of the Fourteenth Amendment is unobjectionable, this cannot be said of the second section, which declares that when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial offi-

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cers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crimes, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the numbers of said male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

It is obvious that this section forbids any State, whether at the North or at the South, to impose any educational or property qualification for the suffrage. It is just as much a violation of this amendment for Massachusetts to insist that a voter shall be able to read as it is for South Carolina. Congress, however, has never enacted the legislation needed to enforce this section of the Fourteenth Amendment, and there is no reason to suppose that it ever will do so. It is probable that if any attempt were made to enforce it, three-fourths of the States would combine to rescind this section of the Fourteenth Amendment. Had Alabama confined herself to prescribing in her State Constitution an educational or a property qualification for the suffrage, the act would have met with almost universal approval, notwithstanding its irreconcilability with the second section of the Fourteenth Amendment. What has provoked criticism is the provision relieving white illiterates from the operation of the law. Yet, as we have seen, notwithstanding this obvious discrimination against race and color, the United States Supreme Court declines to give the disfranchised negroes relief, and herein apparently represents the preponderant opinion at the North.

The repeal of the Eight-Hour law by the New York Court of Appeals is the severest reverse which the labor-unionists have yet encountered. Some six years ago they procured the insertion in the penal code of the State of New York of a provision that any person or corporation who, contracting with the State or a municipal corporation, shall require more than eight hours' work for a day's labor is guilty of a misdemeanor. This provision is declared void on the ground that it violates the equal protection guaranteed to all citizens by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. That is to say, it makes a person contracting with the State or a municipal corporation guilty of a misdemeanor for doing what another person contracting with individuals or any corporation not municipal is at perfect liberty to do. Had the provision of the New York penal code made it a misdemeanor for a person or corporation to contract with *any other* person or corporation to do more than eight hours' work for a day's labor, there would have been no discrimination against a particular class of citizens. There is no likelihood, however, that any such law could be enacted, because the farmers of the State of New York would never accept eight hours' work for a day's labor. They would regard it as impracticable to harvest grain under such conditions. What is true of farmers in New York is true of them all over the Union, and, therefore, an eight-hour law which would not violate the Fourteenth Amendment of the Federal Constitution is unattainable. One obvious effect of the decision of the New York Court of Appeals is that the State or municipal corporations will hereafter be able to get work done on terms much more favorable than those which they have been able to secure during the last six years. So long as contractors were bound by the eight-hour law, they were obliged to demand considerably higher prices than otherwise they would be willing to accept. In the case of all unexecuted contracts, it is plain enough that the contractors will profit by the difference between the cost of work under an eight-hour law and the cost at which they will now be able to perform it. We repeat that the decision of the New York Court of Appeals will probably put an end to the eight-hour legislation movement.

We have referred elsewhere to the speeches made on April 30 by President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland at the dedication of the St. Louis Exposition. The speeches delivered on the following day by M. J. J. Jusserand, the French ambassador, and by Señor Don Emilio de Ojeda, the Spanish minister, deserved all the applause that they received. It was a delicate mission which these gentlemen admirably discharged. They represented the former possessors of the Louisiana Territory, and they were called upon to witness and commemorate the extraordinary development which American hands had given to a region of which France and Spain had made next to nothing. It was a Spaniard, De Soto, who, first of Europeans, discovered the Mississippi, and it was a Frenchman, La Salle, who, first of Europeans, explored the great waterways from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. How could M. Jusserand survey without regret the incalculable value of a prize which had once been his native country's, and which had not been lost through conquest, but surrendered for a pittance. Yet, if regret he felt, he showed it not, but, on the contrary, expressed delight at the splendid uses to which Americans had put the territory sold by France. It is ungracious to look a gift-horse in the mouth, but, since he was dealing with history, we must recognize that M. Jusserand was scarcely justified in depicting Napoleon Bonaparte as actuated solely by disinterested liking for the United States in his sale of Louisiana. Aside from his treatment of American commerce, hardly, if at all, less exasperating than the course pursued by Great Britain, there is an abundance of evidence that Napoleon had no liking for the United States, and that if he sold Louisiana, it was because he knew he could not keep New Orleans in the teeth of the British navy, and that if New Orleans were lost, he would have no means of access to the rest of the territory. It is certain that if Napoleon had waited a year or two he would have had nothing to sell, for either the British or the Kentuckians would have seized the mouth of the Mississippi. Besides, the sixty millions of francs received by way of purchase-money were extremely useful to Napoleon at the time, although the sum seems insignificant in view of the tremendous value which the thing purchased has since acquired.

If it was not easy for M. Jusserand to stifle regret as he beheld what the United States had made of the wilderness acquired from France, the position occupied by Señor de Ojeda was incomparably more difficult. Napoleon had received for the Louisiana Territory what he deemed a fair pecuniary equivalent, because he knew that he was selling what he could not possibly keep. A Spaniard, on the other hand, is justified in feeling that Napoleon was disposing of stolen goods, the proceeds of a robbery of which Spain had been the victim. When Spain received the Louisiana Territory in 1763, it was generally regarded as an inadequate compensation for the grievous losses sustained by her through her co-operation with France in the Seven Years' War, one result of which, it will be remembered, was her compulsory cession of Florida to Great Britain. There has never been a more high-handed act of spoliation than that which Napoleon committed when he compelled the Madrid government to hand back Louisiana gratuitously to France. When we recall the humiliation and exasperation with which the transaction is described by Spanish historians, we must acknowledge that we exacted a rare, not to say impossible, display of magnanimity when we invited Señor de Ojeda to congratulate us upon the outcome of a theft in which Napoleon was the principal, and in which the United States unquestionably figured as receivers. Indeed, when we took possession of New Orleans, the Spanish authorities were still there, not having yet delivered the Louisiana Territory to the representatives of the spoliative French Republic. Every patriotic Spaniard at the time regarded the Americans as accomplices of the Frenchmen in a disgraceful act of pillage. That is a view of the matter which seems never to have entered the head of the Master of Ceremonies at St. Louis, or any of the speakers who took part in the dedication of the Exposition. We may be very sure, however, that it did not escape the Spanish minister, and he deserves the highest honor for the forbearance, discretion, and high-mindedness with which he bore himself on a trying occasion.

We have been told, times and again, that King Edward used, in his long days of eclipse as heir-apparent, to express his envy of his nephew's influence, practical power, and dominance in the politics of the world, and even to say that, as King of England, he would never be other than a figurehead, or have any real influence over the destiny of nations. King Edward has, in the last few weeks, turned the tables on Kaiser Wilhelm II., and has brought about results of such magnitude that they must have astonished even the King himself, long as is his experience of the ways of the world. It is noteworthy that these re-

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sults have apparently been brought about much more through the temperament than from the calculated intention of King Edward, and it is an excellent thing that this is so; for, as Kaiser Wilhelm is too well aware, fine calculations are sometimes fraught with dismal failure, whereas a man's temperament stays with him always, and, if it be of the true quality, does him perpetual service, and fails him not at all. As a distinguished Russian said of King Edward recently, "C'est un vrai gentilhomme!" meaning, in Hibernian phrase, a gentleman every inch of him; and it is pre-eminently what are called "the instincts of a gentleman" which have done such robust service for his country in the last two weeks. The visit to the King of Portugal, the double visit, so full of perplexing possibilities, to the Vatican and the Quirinal, and, most of all, the fraternizing with President Loubet and the French nation generally, will have an excellent influence on European politics, and, by making evident the moral and political influence of Germany, will lessen the power of that country, or rather of the Kaiser's government, to make international mischief, whether in Asia, Europe, or America. It is becoming clear to every one that certain tendencies of modern German policy, of the neo-Bismarckian type which has unfortunately commended itself to the Kaiser, are inimical to the best interests of all countries, and of civilization itself. That the Kaiser sees the import of King Edward's visits is made sufficiently clear by his rush to Rome, where he fell into the arms of King Victor Emmanuel, and was, incidentally, soaked with rain.

From his diplomatic and courtly victories in France, King Edward goes to Scotland, and probably to Ireland, to reap some of the popularity whose seeds Mr. Wyndham has sown. In Scotland he meets with a curious dilemma, which does not seem to have occurred to him or to any one else at the time it was first brought into being. His title is, of course, King Edward VII., and in England nothing seems more natural and fitting. But Scotland, if she is to hail him by the same title, must do violence to certain time-honored national traditions, and in a sense must admit the title of the previous six Edwards. But none of these ruled over Scotland, and some of the most splendid pages in her history were written in the struggles against English Edwards. Since the union between Scotland and England, this question of title has remained almost wholly in abeyance, because the monarchs for the most part bore names new in the history of both nations, or, as in the case of Dutch William, names of no historic significance in Scotland. It will be interesting to see whether, when the clans and the fine old Caledonian nobles gather at Holyrood Palace to do fealty to their liege lord and lawful sovereign, they will find some way of bringing it home to him that while he is the seventh Edward to reign over England, he is the first of that ilk who was ever lawful King in Scotland.

The recent happenings at Salonica have made it true, in a literal as well as a figurative sense, to say that the Macedonian question is full of explosive elements. A deliberate and elaborately devised plan seems to have been made which, had it succeeded, would have laid the city of Salonica in ashes and destroyed the banks and foreign consulates, thus forcing the question upon the foreign powers. By some miscalculation, or by stress of circumstances, some of the numerous mines in different parts of Salonica were set off prematurely, and while considerable damage and loss of life were caused, a clue was given whereby much worse damage was avoided. It cannot be denied that the Turkish question is thus rendered more acute—a thing most regrettable, now that tranquillity is being restored in the Albanian districts; yet we may hope that Russia and Austria will persist in their policy of peaceful intervention and gradual amelioration of Turkish conditions. We must not conceal the fact that the reports of Russian consuls at points throughout the three vilayets or provinces which we group together under the name of Macedonia paint the situation in colors considerably darker than does the Russian Foreign Office; there is only too much evidence that abominable outrages are frightfully common—outrages of the peculiarly atrocious types which have given Turkish rule in the Balkans such an evil repute for generations. Yet we may console ourselves, on the other hand, by remembering that the present outbreak was arranged months ago, before the Austrian and Russian governments had come together, and that months must elapse before any large results can be expected from the present policy of reform. If the Sultan be not encouraged by certain occult influences to resist the reform plans, we may hope for definite results within the next five or six months; but we cannot but shudder when we contemplate the possible fate of many Macedonians, both men and women, during those months. This country not long ago intervened on behalf of the Berlin Treaty in Rumania; this precedent would amply justify an intervention, in cordial support of Austria and Russia, on behalf of those sections of the Berlin Treaty which guarantee good government in Macedonia.

Seldom is a message of the President of Argentina calculated to interest citizens of the United States. This year it is, however, because it dwells at length upon the note sent by the Buenos Ayres government to our State Department with reference to the blockade of Venezuela by certain European powers. It is perfectly true, as the President of Argentina points out, that the real motive of the blockade was not the redress of grievances, for the sums exacted by way of reparation for wrongs were insignificant, but the enforced collection of comparatively large debts arising out of contract. It is mainly for the payment of such debts that a considerable part of the customs revenue of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello is to be set aside. As we showed, when discussing the communication laid before Mr. Hay by the Argentine minister at Washington, the proposal was that the United States should concur with Argentina in proclaiming that, so far as the collection of debts arising out of contract is concerned, the maxim *caveat emptor* should be held applicable to foreign creditors. Argentina, it will be remembered, did not dispute the right, inherent in every independent nation, of compelling by acts of war the redress of grievances. It simply contended that, so far as the collection of ordinary debts is concerned, a foreign creditor should be relegated to the courts of the debtor country. The suggestion came with a good grace from Argentina, of whose willingness to enforce the payment of all debts incurred by her government or her citizens no foreign creditor has had reason to complain. The President of Argentina in his message does not fail to draw attention to the fact that his proposal, though it was not accepted by our Secretary of State, elicited favorable comments in the British Parliament. A representative of the Balfour ministry has found it expedient to declare that, on the part of Great Britain at least, the demonstration against Venezuela was not undertaken for the purpose of collecting ordinary debts. Why, then, did not the British government content itself with the payment of the small sum demanded as reparation for alleged damages, instead of insisting that arrangements should be made for the payment of ordinary debts from a part of the debtor's customs revenue? But, although the official disclaimer is not easily reconcilable with the facts, we may doubtless draw from it the assurance that Great Britain will not again co-operate with Germany in a debt-collecting expedition against an American republic.

Will the United States undertake to enforce the payment by Salvador of the El Triumfo award? This, of course, is not a case analogous to that of which Argentina complains. An analogy would have existed only if our government had taken for granted the validity of the El Triumfo claim and had compelled Salvador to pay for it by a blockade of her ports. As a matter of fact, we took nothing for granted, but made a proposal, which Salvador accepted, that the validity of the claim should be determined by a commission, upon which Salvador was represented by Dr. Pacas, and the United States by ex-Postmaster-General Dickinson, while the third member was Chief-Justice Sir Charles Strong, of Canada. The claim was put forward by a San Francisco syndicate, which undertook to build docks and to develop the harbor at El Triumfo, but which, through a lack of pecuniary resources, failed to carry out its contract, whereupon its franchise and property were confiscated by the Salvador government, acting, it asserts, in pursuance of the terms of the agreement. The Canadian and American members of the commission concurred in rendering an award for upwards of five hundred thousand dollars, which was at the time denounced by the Salvadorean member as unjust and excessive. The Salvadorean Legislature has refused to make an appropriation for the payment of the award. Now nobody denies that when a government has agreed to refer a claim to arbitration, it is bound to accept the decision of

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the arbitrators. Does it follow that the United States should by acts of war compel the payment of the sum awarded? We hope that, before resorting to such a course, our State Department will undertake a new and independent investigation of the facts. It should be remembered, to the honor of our State Department, that it has not always regarded the award of arbitrators as final. The notorious Weil and La Abra claims against Mexico were referred to arbitrators, and their decision was in favor of the claimants. Thereupon Mexico paid a part of the sum awarded, and promised to pay the remainder, but vehemently denied the justice of the award. A subsequent inquiry proved that the arbitrators had been misled, and that the claims were fraudulent. Suppose Mexico had refused to recognize the award, and we had undertaken to compel payment by force, should we not have had occasion bitterly to regret such coercion? Would it not be well for our State Department to follow the creditable precedent set in the case of the Weil and La Abra claims, and for its own enlightenment institute a rigorous examination of the El Triumfo affair?

It seems that President Vasquez is to be numbered among the noble army of fallen great ones so steadily swollen by the Latin-American republics. Santo Domingo has a new government, and we hasten to record the name of its new ruler, President Wos-gil, as this may be his only appearance in history. The immediate cause of President Vasquez's fall was the failure of the government troops to recapture Santo Domingo city, which fell into the hands of the successful revolutionists early in the game. At the assault on Santo Domingo city, General Aguiles Alvarez and Minister Cordero were killed, and their deaths created a panic among the adherents of Vasquez, and they straightway deserted him, casting in their lot with the forces of the new luminary of San Domingo. Monte Christi is the last hope of the government that was, and it is already experiencing some of the rigors of a siege, water being sold, it is said, at eight cents a gallon. The revolutionary gunboat *Independencia* has caused much commotion among the American residents of Monte Christi, and they have gone so far as to request the United States government to send warships to protect them. The government forces—that is, the forces of the government that was—at Barahona, San Pedro de Marcoris, and Seiba have joined the revolutionists in the northern part of the island, and the cause of Vasquez seems irrevocably lost. It remains for him to join the Latin-American "kings in exile," where he will be able to exchange stories of fallen grandeur and departed glory with so many who, like him, have lost their jobs.

Where will science concede to us some measure of safety? It has lately been proved experimentally—which means that it is really so—that books may carry tuberculosis, and it was already known that they communicate scarlet fever and other infectious diseases. It is no longer safe to borrow a book unless we disinfect it thoroughly with powdered formol. If we fly to the mountains to escape germs, we find that even the pearly raindrops that fall there contain them. Almost any one would suppose that in the middle of the sea we should find surcease from them; but certain conclusive observations lately recorded in the *Zeitschrift für Hygiene und Infektiouskrankheiten* show not only that "even the water of the central portion of the North Atlantic Ocean is not wholly free from bacteria," but that the germs in sea-water are increasing in numbers. No sea-water and no rain-water has been found perfectly devoid of germs, though the rain-water over the deep sea is more nearly free from them than the rain-water that falls over the land. Not all these wandering germs are hurtful, but some of them are. The conclusion is rapidly being developed in the lay mind that, the microbe being omnipresent, one is as safe from him in one place as another. This may be a highly unsafe conclusion, since there must be relative safety in relatively germ-free localities. But the lay mind is easily confused. We know of the case of a certain man, very tired of life, thoroughly willing to die, but unwilling to take his life by any active step, who for more than one weary year courted bacterial disease in New York by frequenting, and especially by eating in, the places where dangerous bacteria are known most to abound. He made himself a mark for microbes. But none ever seemed to find him. If he had a cold, or was exhausted, or "run down" from any special cause, he straightway sought Chinese and other cheap restaurants, trusting to get hold of the typhoid bacillus and become its prey. In vain; his health improved, rather than otherwise, on the Chinese or the Syrian regimen. He is alive and in good health to-day. Ordinary experience, indeed, tends to confirm the impression that either there is a divinity that shapes our ends, regardless of germs, or else that preservation from bacterial disease depends rather on constitutional or inherent immunity than on deliverance from contact with the ubiquitous little monster.

This is a true story, told to illustrate and enforce the costliness of indulging in the weakness of vanity when displayed before the shrewd officials of his Shrewdness our Uncle Sam. Matilda—which may or may not have been her real name—journeyed to Europe last summer, and in her travels collected a few treasures, in which her heart greatly rejoiced. The eternal feminine repugnance to the tariff, whether for purposes of protection with incidental revenue, or for revenue with incidental protection, manifested itself in her neglect to declare that her luggage contained any dutiable articles. Accordingly, the inspector of customs proceeded to make some examination of her effects, though he evidently expected it to yield nothing liable to duty, seeing that Matilda bore the air of sophisticated honesty. Just as he was about to give over the search he chanced on a small box, which he found to contain what appeared to him to be an insignificant little china bowl, having neither form nor comeliness to appeal to his sense of the beautiful. With mingled indifference and apology he remarked, "Oh, that doesn't amount to much," and was about to replace the package in the trunk, when Matilda hastily interposed to say, in her most crushing accents: "Doesn't amount to much! My dear sir, I'd have you understand that that is *nice*. It cost me twenty dollars." Any other man would have yielded to the temptation to assume superior knowledge, and to retort that she had been cheated. But the inspector knew his place and his duty better. Meekly and suavely he replied: "Madam, I should never have dreamed it. Still, under the circumstances, you force me to call an appraiser." And the sorrowful outcome was that with the help of Matilda's twenty-dollar bowl, and with that of sundry other importations which were disclosed by a zealously resumed search, she enriched an already overflowing public treasury by the sum of thirty-five dollars. All this goes to prove that so long as an undiscriminating government fails to place connoisseurs in pottery at the nation's portals, it is vastly more economical for the returning Matildas to refrain from boasting about their bargains in crockery. Pride, says the Good Book, goeth before destruction. Manifested in the presence of an inspector of the American customs it may also, as this tale teaches, go before an assessment of sixty per cent. *ad valorem*—which may be a fitting punishment, but not one to be sought deliberately.

Various college presidents and professors have at various times informed the people, and especially ambitious parents, of the inadequacy of the preparatory schools, and especially the public high schools, for the task of preparing boys and girls to enter college. So much has been said of the weakness of these schools in this regard that in some imperfectly informed quarters the suspicion has been excited that they are failures in every respect, and scarcely worth their maintenance. It is interesting, and may be profitable, therefore, to note an example of a disposition to pass the blame farther down the line to the schools below the high school. In a New England city, where money is expended lavishly upon the whole public-school system, and where presumably a correspondingly high condition of efficiency has been reached, attention has been recently directed to a suggestive result of an examination of the pupils who entered the high school in September last. Not one of them reached an average of 90 per cent., while most were considerably lower, and a surprisingly large number far below. Six members of the class were sent back to the grammar grades as being entirely unfit for the high school, and twenty or thereabouts were suspended because they stood below 50 per cent., with the warning that they must exhibit adequate reason for reinstatement before they can return. Requirements are not very strict, either,

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only 70 per cent. being exacted to ensure advancement. When an explanation of this poor showing is sought, superintendent and principal talk for the public about radical changes in methods making difficulties for new pupils, but a department teacher to whose care these pupils are committed, says bluntly, "Not one of them comes up to the high school from the grammar-school ready to do the work," and inquiry among high-school teachers discloses such a judgment to be prevalent.

The college presidents charge the high schools with unsatisfactory preparation; the high-school teachers say the grammar-school graduates are not fitted to do the high-school work; the grammar-school teachers are critical of the primary-school products; more than half the primary teachers pick flaws in kindergarten methods and results; and kindergartners invariably sigh over the incapacity of parents for the moral and intellectual culture of their children. Parents, of course, retort by blaming teachers all along the line; but as they do not appear to count for much in most modern set schemes of education, maybe their strictures need not be considered. The striking feature of the sequence is that each grade, from the ending to the beginning of school life, inclines to charge on the next previous a good share of its own ill-success. A Freshman class is discovered to be weak in spelling, uncertain in history, vague in literature, and forthwith the high school is indicted for inefficiency; the high-school boy begins with haziness about the past and with apprehensions about the future, and the grammar-school is scored for inability. Persons who have no children to go through the machine may look on in mild wonder; but persons who have children are not blameable for being scared. Can it be that they are faulty for not bringing into the world babies already fitted to enter the high school or the grammar-school? Or, for that matter, why not have the youngsters born all ready for the Sophomore year? Life is short; the time schedules of education are long. The world cannot stop for kindergartens and primaries and secondaries, much less for putting time into them. Training, culture, development —oh yes, certainly, they answered well for the days of the stage-coach; to-day, we must get there, and get there quick, and, moreover, in our grab for an education, we must pick up and carry along more baggage than ever. So, at every point, one result is that the teacher is saying that the guide next preceding neither packed the baggage well nor packed the whole of it.

As to the child, the youth, the young man, what wonder that his school life is in so many instances the chasing of bewilderments, one after the other—or that his teacher of to-day, in despair of the task, seeks the relief of explosion in criticisms of the teacher of yesterday? But the subject has a very serious side. Popular attention is to-day turned very largely to the demands of the college on the high school. Some thought has been given to the demand, in turn, of the high school on the schools below — though not half as much well-digested thought as should be given. Is it really comprehended that this problem of the college-work has its beginnings in the days when the child enters his school life in the kindergarten, if not before? Or that in the public schools of America it is complicated with the needs of hundreds of children who will not or cannot enter a college, but whose intellectual training needs completion and perfection, none the less? When in each successive step of school life the charge is made that the preceding step was defective, there is manifestly need of probing to the bottom of things.

The doctors of natural history are in disagreement about the habits and abilities of animals. Messrs. Thomson-Seton and W. J. Long are among the most acceptable of recent writers about animals. Mr. John Burroughs, veteran, fell upon both of them in the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and ferociously declared that neither of them wrote the truth. Mr. Burroughs thinks these other gentlemen either make up the stories with which they regale their readers, or have been imposed upon by guides and trappers of whom they have sought information. Some of Mr. Thomson-Seton's work is confessedly imaginative, but even some of the stories that he offers as true are derisively rejected by Mr. Burroughs. As for Mr. Long, he lately published a book called *The School of the Woods*, in which he told how the parent animals teach the young ones. But Mr. Burroughs says that animals keep no such schools. "All animals," he says, "do exactly and instinctively what their parents did." He says Mr. Long's story about the kingfisher that put minnows in a shallow pool for her young to catch is a fib; that his story of the red squirrel carrying chestnuts in his cheeks "has the air of a false witness trying to mislead a jury"; that Mr. Thomson-Seton's story of the fox that rode on a sheep's back isn't so. Mr. Burroughs seemed to leave Mr. Long without a leg to stand on, but apparently Mr. Long can stand on his head, or his record, for he comes back at Mr. Burroughs in the May *North American*, and insists that he is a *bona fide* observer, and that his witness is true. Mr. Burroughs's denials are much less convincing when Mr. Long gets through them. Mr. Long's main contention is that animals have a vast amount of individuality, that their habits vary in different localities, and that the mice and woodchucks of Mr. Burroughs's farm are not a law unto all the mice and all the woodchucks, much less to the bear and caribou of the Maine woods. That seems reasonable. On the other hand, the naturalists of the imaginative school have given themselves so much rope that it is not always easy to tell where their facts end and their fiction begins. To the end that learners may know what to believe, it were well that this dispute between the naturalists were arbitrated, and we nominate Dr. Roosevelt as arbitrator.

One of the best authorities on negroes and the negro problem is Mr. Alfred H. Stone, of Greenville, Mississippi. We have read many deliverances of his about the Southern blacks, and always with edification. He knows whereof he speaks, and he speaks dispassionately, kindly, and wisely. In the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* he discusses "The Mulatto Factor in the Race Problem," pointing out considerations which, though obviously true and important when one thinks of them, are apt to be overlooked unless some one does point them out. Mr. Stone regrets that the last census made no separate enumeration of mulattoes, for he thinks it would be of value to real students of our race problem to know what proportion of the persons rated as negroes are of mixed blood. American social policy has ruled that a drop of negro blood in a man's veins makes him a negro. Mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons,—all are negroes; all their abilities, aspirations, virtues, sins, and failings are credited to the negro race. An able and good mulatto we think of as a credit to his race. His abilities and achievements are proofs of what negroes may accomplish.

Folly! says Mr. Stone. The mulatto isn't a negro. His talent is Caucasian; his aspirations are born of white man's blood and white man's abilities; his meanness, when he is mean, is white man's meanness. Almost all the "famous men of the negro race" whom we hear about, from Crispus Attucks down to Booker Washington, were mulattoes. The true negro, says Mr. Stone, is of a contented and happy disposition. When free from white or mulatto influence he is docile, tractable, and unambitious, with but few wants, and those easily satisfied. He inclines to idleness, and though prone to commit petty crimes, is not malicious, and rarely cherishes hatred. He cares nothing for "the sacred right of suffrage," and infinitely prefers the freedom and privileges of a car of his own to the restraint of one that he has to share with white people. But the mulatto, naturally enough, is quite a different creature. He aspires; he chafes, and chafing, he stirs up the negroes over whom, through papers, pulpits, and political associations, he exercises a tremendous influence. All but an insignificant part of the agitation over "negro disfranchisement," "negro cars," "the negro's rights," the "lack of opportunity," the "injustice of race distinctions" comes from the mulatto or the white politician. The best mulattoes, like Booker Washington and Dubois, are great powers for good; a lot of others are very active powers for mischief. So says Mr. Stone, and seemingly he is right about it. He offers no moral. He merely points out that the mulatto is what he is and does what he does because he is a mulatto, and that he is not a negro, though we have formed—and, indeed, cultivated—the habit of so regarding him.

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Roosevelt and Cleveland at St. Louis

THE enthusiastic reception given at St. Louis on April 30 to President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland proved conclusively that they are the two men whom American citizens are the most eager to see, and for whom they feel the most cordial regard. Over and over again, as he journeyed from the Far West to the Mississippi, Mr. Roosevelt was acclaimed as the next Republican candidate for the Presidency, while Mr. Cleveland, though he studiously avoided publicity as he travelled westward from New Jersey, was met with clamorous appeals for "Four more years of Grover!" From the duration and fervor of the cheers which greeted them, as they rose to speak at the dedication of the Exposition, it would have been impossible to tell which had the firmer hold upon his countrymen. Comparisons are odious, yet it seems certain that, if Mr. Bryan had been present, he would have had a less effusive welcome, although he has twice been the nominee of the Democracy for President, and although Missouri is a Democratic State. Clear at least it is that, if Mr. Cleveland's popularity was at any time in danger of eclipse, that time is now far distant, and he is at present looked upon by the great mass of Democrats as their ideal standard-bearer.

The address delivered by Mr. Roosevelt has received a great deal of praise from thoroughly qualified persons, but it seems to us that Mr. Cleveland's speech is no less worthy of commendation. One of the most admirable features of Mr. Roosevelt's address was the graceful allusion to the presence of Ambassador Jusserand and Minister Ojeda, who could hardly be expected to view with unmixed feelings the marvellous development of a region which was once the property of France and Spain. The President did well to remind his hearers of the deathless record of heroism which Spaniards and Frenchmen have contributed to the annals of the New World. True it is, as he said, that, while English-speaking settlers were clinging to the Atlantic seaboard, the pioneers of Spain and France had pierced the wilderness of the West, and had wandered far and wide within the bowels of a continent hitherto untraversed. Unjust and worthless would be the history of the western country that did not recognize the part played by the missionaries and soldiers, by the explorers and the traders, of France and Spain. Two and a half centuries were to pass away before the great river, discovered by a Spaniard and traced to its mouth by a Frenchman, was to fall into the hands of an English-speaking people.

Particularly relevant, also, in view of recent events, was the President's reference to the apprehension felt at the time of the Louisiana Purchase by some of the good people dwelling on the Atlantic coast, lest they might somehow be hurt by the westward growth of the nation. Mr. Roosevelt acknowledges that the feeling was not on their part unnatural, for only the far-seeing and adventurous can be expected heartily to welcome the sudden and wide expansion of a nation. The President foresaw and strove to parry the objection that Louisiana was one thing, while the Philippines are another, because the former region was capable of quick transformation into States, by reminding us that, although one portion of the territory acquired from France received Statehood within a few years, another portion is still deprived of it, although a century has elapsed.

The weakest passage in Mr. Roosevelt's speech—the only one which had a sophomoric tinge—was that in which he undertook to contrast our American civilization with that of Greece and Rome. Rome, he said, extended her rule over the entire civilized world by a process which kept the nation strong and united, but gave no room whatever for local liberty and self-government. If the President were as familiar with Gibbon and Finlay as he ought to be, he would know that east of the Adriatic the Roman republic and early empire conceded an astonishing amount of local self-government to the Hellenic and Hellenistic communities. The slip made in this instance confirms us in the opinion that American statesmen would do well to follow the example set by Daniel Webster when dealing with the inaugural address of President William Henry Harrison. To a friend anxiously inquiring why he looked so worn and haggard after his expurgatory task, Webster exclaimed, "I have just slaughtered seventy Proconsuls."

In Mr. Cleveland's address there was no allusion to Greece and Rome, but there was a significant reference to the Philippines, although the name of those islands was not mentioned. There are three fundamental differences between the Philippines and the Louisiana Territory, considered as more or less desirable additions to our national domain. From a geographical view-point Louisiana was not only contiguous, but indispensable: the Philippines are separated from us by the breadth of the Pacific Ocean, and are in no wise essential to our national well-being. In the second place, Louisiana is the fruit of a peaceful transaction, having been bought for a song: the Philippines, however the transaction may have been disguised by the offer of twenty million dollars to Spain, were, obviously, the prize of war. In the third place, the Louisiana Territory, from one end to the other, was eminently suited to be the home of a Caucasian race: the Philippines, on the contrary, are not fit to be inhabited by white men, and white men cannot be tempted to go where the climate will not suffer them to work. It is evident that these vital distinctions between the territories acquired in 1803 and 1898 were in Mr. Cleveland's mind when he bade his auditors consider that they were celebrating a peaceful acquisition of territory for truly American uses and purposes. We should rejoice, he added, not only because the Louisiana Purchase immediately gave peace and contentment to the spirited and determined American settlers west of the Alleghenies, who demanded an outlet for their trade to the sea, but also because it provided homes and means of livelihood for the millions of new Americans whose coming tread fell upon the ears of the expectant fathers of the republic.

There were in Mr. Cleveland's speech two other striking passages, which, if read between the lines, may, perhaps, convey salutary lessons to younger and more impulsive statesmen. We sometimes wonder if Mr. Roosevelt ever heard the story of the venerable Dr. Jowett, who, when addressing a number of bright young men at Balliol, remarked, "Perhaps I may be permitted to say that none of us is infallible; not even the youngest." We should not be surprised to hear that the anecdote was in Mr. Cleveland's mind when he singled out for particular laudation the fact that Jefferson, while personally convinced that the purchase of Louisiana was unconstitutional, recognized that others were as likely to be right on that point as he, and deferred to their opinions. While we reflect, said Mr. Cleveland, that, if the doubts by which Jefferson was perplexed in 1803 had been allowed to control his action, we might have lost the greatest national opportunity which had been presented to our people, we cannot fail, at the same time, to be profoundly grateful that these doubts were those of a man open-minded enough to listen to wise and able counsellors, and to give his country the benefit of the admission of his own fallibility.

Still more pointed, as it seems to us, is the reference in another paragraph to the disregard of precedents and consequences evinced in Mr. Roosevelt's interposition between the parties to the coal strike, and his hasty assumption of functions for which, as he himself well knew, there was no warrant in the Constitution. We are glad at this hour that Jefferson was wrong in his too strict construction of the Constitution, and glad that he was liberal-minded enough to see that he might be wrong. Yet, adds Mr. Cleveland, may we not profitably pause here long enough to contrast in our thoughts the careful and reverent manner, in which the restrictions of our fundamental law were scrutinized a hundred years ago, with *the tendency often seen in later times flippantly to attempt the adjustment of our Constitution to the purposes of interest and convenience?*

The Significance of the Franchise-Tax Decision

THE highest court in the State of New York has decided that the franchise-tax law is constitutional. Whether this be a departure from the settled principles of law or not, it is now the law and will be explicitly obeyed. Corporations may endeavor to arrange their privileges in such a manner as to escape taxation; but this they have the right to do under the law; in the forum of conscience another and a quite different question arises. It is not, however, our intention to discuss the decision, or the law which takes away from localities the age-old right of determining the value of property as a basis for local taxation. That question has been removed for the present and is settled, so far as the present law is concerned. The debate can be renewed only when the policy of such a tax is again presented to the Legislature.

The essential significance of this decision is much deeper than that of its bearing on the relations of the State to corporations. At the most, economic questions in politics are things of the moment. They bear no large relation to the fate either of the government which seeks to settle them or to the phenomena or the interests which are assailed or aided by legislation. The world and its various countries go on with their economic questions unsettled by law, or settled wrong or settled right. The principle of protection which was enforced between the towns of England in the time of Henry II. gave way at last to the principle of free trade between the nation and the world; the same principle which was viciously enforced between the new States of the confederation was changed for free trade by the Constitution, and with inter-State free trade we now couple protection against foreigners. Some day the dispute will be ended in the natural course of events. In the mean time individuals will be enriched and other individuals will be ruined; but in the large life of the world, in which the age of a generation counts as nothing, even this economic principle will, in the end, be temporary. So it will be with the questions of State control of corporations, fast merging into State hostility. The little flurries of our time will some day be looked back upon as the steps which marked the movement of the age, and especially as indicating the powerful and resistless flow of the great stream of popular government. The essence of the political movement which, gathering for

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ages at the royal dam in England, leaped over it in the later years of the eighteenth century, is the same, and will remain the same, no matter what experiments may be tried in the narrow practical field of economics. Wholesome economic changes may be stopped or checked, the individual giants of the race may be balked until the many thousands just below catch the direction and rhythm of their forward step, unwholesome movements may be encouraged, and, altogether, the times may seem out of joint, the world may seem to have slipped out of the "ringing grooves of change," the race itself may appear to have wandered hopelessly astray; but all this we can endure, and all this may even give us hope for the future, when we reflect that it is a manifestation of the power of the people, and that, finally, the people's power is sure to be exerted to the promotion of substantial justice. Public opinion may be tyrannical; it is; but tyrannical public opinion, if it expresses class selfishness, does not express individual selfishness. It is the selfishness of part of the controlling power which for a time has its way, not the selfishness of the whole as of a single despot. It is bound, therefore, to cure itself, and in the end moral considerations of justice and freedom are the strongest in a democracy. The excesses of popular despotism are often followed by the excesses of popular license; but in the long-run the balance hangs even, and the individual flourishes and grows to his best estate. It may be that this franchise-tax decision will breed State corruption, and injustice to the corporations that must bear the burdens imposed by a too-distant power; it may be that it is a serious assault upon the principle of local self-government, but we may rest assured that popular government will not always tolerate corruption, will not permit the cause of it to exist after it has discovered it, and will not surrender forever that control of its local affairs which the English-speaking race has demanded since long before the time when the English tongue was born. This generation or the following or the next may not see the full righting of an economic wrong; but nature cures economic ills, and man is powerless to sustain them. They die by violence or by inanition, and no mistake of legislature or court can long survive under popular government.

In this decision, rightly or wrongly, the people seem to have had their way. Decisions against corporations are supposedly in obedience to the demands of the nation. It may be that the nation is under the influence of sound thinkers who see that state socialism is logically and properly near at hand, or it may be that demagogues of the hour have caught its ear. The point is that the nation has been obeyed; it has had its way. At least this is true, if the politicians of the moment have properly interpreted the popular mind. Sometimes the politicians are mistaken. They were mistaken as to the attitude of the people on the silver question. They imagined that the country was eager for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. The astute Mr. Bryan, so those say who know him best, adopted the 16 to 1 issue on the opportunist basis. He turned his back on the tariff issue because he thought there were more votes for silver. The silver men harangued the country for years. They covered it deep with pamphlets. Some of their literature, like Coin's School, for example, became extremely popular. At all events, the land rang with the silver cry. But when the question came to be discussed and deliberated upon, the response was quick and intelligent. When any question of large import and of general application is discussed before the American people, the verdict is usually correct. Only once in recent years have the people enjoyed the opportunity to decide fairly on the tariff question; that was in 1892, and the decision was in favor of individual liberty and against class legislation. It may well be that when the present outcry against corporations, and in behalf of harsh rule is spent, when the noise of the moment is stilled, and reason has the floor, it will be found that public opinion has been misunderstood. But now it is believed that the nation wants what the legislatures, the New York Court of Appeals, and the Circuit Court in Minnesota have given it. The power which rules is having its way, as it has nearly always had its way against government, against the law of the time, against the judges. Henry II., who was the state of England, had his way against the barons. The barons, in their turn, had their way against King John. Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. had their way against the judges. Then the Commons had their way against the King. Then the nation had its way against James II. Finally, it had its way, on both sides of the ocean, against the King and the whole power of English government. In this country, in 1861-1865, the majority took from the courts the interpretation of the Constitution as to the question of secession, and in any crisis, or on any question, the people under a popular government will have their way and will govern their own government.

This furnishes a complete answer to those who fear the domination of accumulated wealth in this country. Landed wealth has dominated in England because civil liberty was developed from the privileges and the rights of the landed man. A feudal nobility oppressed the French people in the eighteenth century because the French government grew out of the feudal system. In this country property is safe because the people have treated it justly. It has never dominated, because it had no power to start with. It will never dominate, because it can only do so by corrupting the great majority of 75,000,000 people. It will never try to dominate, because it is too wise to attempt the obviously impossible. Rightly or wrongly, the people have decided that modern combinations have grown to be too powerful, and that they must feel the heavy hand of the people, who, in some vague way, are timid. These people are jealous of their rights, and they have spoken. In speaking, they have destroyed forever the illusion that wealth can ever get the upper hand in this free country.

The Romance of the World's Trade

THE Bureau of Statistics has just issued a general review of international commerce, which suggests many reflections of high interest, not only economical, but also sentimental, in the wider sense. To begin with, we are told that the world's international trade, as distinguished from the internal trade of different countries, has increased a hundred per cent. during the last generation, and when we consider the commodities involved, we shall be led to conclude that this increase has affected the great masses of the nations, which have, therefore, on the whole, got twice as much from foreign lands as they did thirty years ago.

The British Empire still easily leads the world, and it goes without saying that England's share is out of all proportion greater than that of any other division of the empire. Over three and a half billion dollars is the total of the world's trade accredited to Britain, and as soon as we begin to analyze it the element of romance comes in. Politically considered, England's relations are limited to her colonies, with which she is united by ever-weakening bands, so that Australia and Canada are to all intents and purposes independent sovereign states, and South Africa will shortly follow their lead. There are also alliances between England and Germany, and also Japan, but they are rather picturesque than effective, and there is an understanding between the British Empire and the United States, which has survived the Venezuelan strain, though somewhat weakened thereby. But contrast with Britain's practical political isolation her relations with other lands along commercial lines, and the result of the comparison is most striking. We learn that, besides Britain's trade relations with her own possessions, dependencies, and numerous colonies, she has trade relations with all European countries without exception; the Asian lands, such as Persia, China, Japan, Siam, Java, and the Eastern Archipelago generally; the remaining African countries, such as Algeria, Morocco, Tunis, West Africa, and the Canary Islands; and, on this continent, Mexico, the Central-American republics, Colombia, Ecuador, Venezuela, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, and Argentina, and ourselves.

Taking Britain as a typical example of the possibilities of world commerce, it is evident that she has direct relations of give and take, of buying and selling, of exchange and barter, with literally every country, nation, people, and tongue over the whole surface of the globe; that she receives strange, weird, and outlandish commodities from every tract and region the sun shines on, and sends thither yet other products in return, a few of her own growth, but the greater part things she has already brought from afar. We can see at once the tremendous imaginative and sentimental value of so overwhelming and inclusive a fact. It helps us to realize the ceaseless, interminable flux and flow of human productions, circulating by endless arteries to and from every corner of the globe, and thus keeping every member of the human race in perpetual touch with each and every other member, however remote, wherever situated. Dobbo in the Aru Islands, for example, is some distance from New York; yet many of our mother-of-pearl shirt-buttons hail from there, and are worn by people who never heard of Dobbo, even though, in a roundabout and indirect way, they are sending something of their own back to Dobbo, to pay for those shirt-buttons. Canned goods are not ultra-poetical; yet they represent such a girdling of the earth as would make dainty Ariel's hair stand on end; canned salmon, for instance, means a friendly meeting between British Columbia and the tin-mines of Banca, in the Java seas. And so on, and so on.

We saw that the world's commerce has grown a hundred per cent. in a generation. England still leading, with a total of three billions and a half. The United States and Germany come next, with about two and a quarter billions each; and it is interesting to know that we have just overtaken Germany, and are forging ahead much faster than she is; for, while German trade has increased only sixty per cent. in the last thirty years, our own commerce has in the same time increased one hundred and eighty per cent., or just thrice as rapidly, and is now definitely leading Germany and rapidly catching up with Britain. Within a generation we shall lead the world; and each and every inhabitant of this republic will be in close and intimate relations, through our world commerce, with each and every inhabitant of the globe.

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England and Germany

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *May 2, 1903.*

IT is curious, comical, and characteristic—this British suspiciousness of Germany. The English are quite wonderfully given to fixing on some foreign statesman or some foreign nation as a hobgoblin of all diplomatic black arts. At one time it was Russia. The man who would take the word of a Russian minister at its face value was thought an incredible fool. Disraeli was largely responsible for this legend of the preternatural long-headedness, subtlety, and unscrupulousness of Russian diplomacy. Among ordinary Englishmen it grew to be a settled article of faith. Whenever the two countries came into diplomatic conflict, it was taken for granted that England would be outwitted, that her simple statesmen, with their laborious honesty and unsuspecting innocence, would prove no match whatever for their scheming rivals. More recently the Boers succeeded to the same flattering suspicions. Every proposal they put forward was examined by Englishmen with the touchy minuteness of men who feel there is a trap somewhere, but cannot precisely say where. To-day it is the German Emperor who is the monster of cleverness, diabolical influences, and hypnotic suggestions. Englishmen have no confidence in him or in the ability of British ministers to bargain with him on equal terms. They have an almost ludicrous terror of his shrewdness, the more so when they contrast it with the general standard of intelligence that obtains in Downing Street. Lord Lansdowne *versus* the Kaiser strikes people here as about as equal a match as Mr. Gerald Balfour *versus* Mr. Pierpont Morgan. That is why England is at this moment scrutinizing Germany's invitation to join in a political and financial guarantee of the Bagdad Railway with portentous caution. Is it another case of the spider and the fly? Will England find, when it is too late, that she has been manœuvred into an ambush even more humiliating and more disastrous than the famous "Venezuelan mess"? I do not know what the official answer may be, but of the popular answer there can be no question. It is that of distrust of, and even aversion to, any scheme of co-operation with Germany. That is the stage which the relations between the two countries have now reached.

In this fact there is summed up one of the quickest revolutions in sentiment on record. It is not absolutely *the* quickest—that belongs to the change which the last seven years have wrought in Anglo-American relations. But it easily holds the second place on the list of international transformation scenes, and its phases have a surpassing historical interest. Fifty-odd years ago Germany was not only England's admiring friend, but in some sort her pupil. On almost all points of political, economic, and constitutional theory the bulk of the German people looked to England as their guide. The enthusiasm for the British Constitution which Montesquieu set a-blazing throughout Europe was shared nowhere more heartily than in Prussia. The debt England owed to Germany in philosophy, science, and classical poetry was amply repaid by Adam Smith and his successors and by the example Great Britain afforded of a nation at once self-governing, united, and powerful. For a while it seemed as though the whole movement of German destiny would develop along English lines. The Prussian National Liberals looked forward to, and worked for, a peaceful union of all German States under Prussian leadership, that should closely follow England's example. Centralization, militarism, and the semipaternal theory of government were equally abhorrent to them. What they aimed at was a liberal constitution and a popular monarchy, based upon the federal system, and buttressed by a real and adequate representation of the people, and, above all, by a responsible executive. Such a system, they argued, if erected in Berlin would ultimately draw to Prussia all the States of Germany in a durable federation. This was the party and these the views with which the late Empress Frederick associated herself, and their triumph or failure meant the triumph or failure of English influence.

Against them stood Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon, and ultimately King William, all alike convinced that through war alone could German unity be secured. The battle between the two sections opened formally when, the Lower House having rejected the army estimates, Bismarck undertook to govern the country, double and reorganize the Prussian army, and enforce all the rigors of conscription with or without the sanction of Parliament. The Liberals opposed him to a man, and bombarded all his proposals with precedents drawn from British sources. The result is a matter of history. Bismarck's masterly and masterful policy and the brilliant results it led to swept all before it, crushed the Liberals out of existence, and hopelessly discredited the English notions and sympathies they represented. From the moment he began to get the upper hand the disparagement of all things English became a political necessity. The nation had at any cost to be converted to the Bismarckian "Staatsidee." It could not be done more easily than by holding up England as the antithesis of everything on which the Germans had built up their success. To deride English institutions and exalt by implication the Hohenzollern system, to belittle the English voluntary army in order that Germans might be still further convinced that conscription alone was compatible with military efficiency, became the favorite pastime of German politicians, journalists, and historians. It is a sober fact that within the last forty years the whole tale of English history has been rewritten to suit the change in German sentiment.

So the breach began to widen. England's official policy did nothing to close it up. In the crisis of 1848, throughout the Schleswig-Holstein complication, and on the question of the neutrality of the Baltic, England was feebly, vaguely, but exasperatingly anti-Prussian. From the Franco-Prussian war, as from the American civil war, she emerged with nothing but the cordial, and deserved, animosity of both sides. The disappearance of a weakly, divided Germany and the rise of a powerful, aggressive empire in its place did not greatly appeal to English sympathies or to the popular view of English commercial interests. From the moment Germany became united, she became England's rival, not only in trade, but in political ambitions; and in neither direction was she a welcome competitor. The defects in the national characters of both peoples helped still further to keep them apart. The Germans, in their new-found pride and strength, developed an unholy vein of assertiveness and unnecessary brusqueness—bumptiousness, as the English thought it. England, on her part, never quite gave the Germans their due, still affected to regard them as interesting prodigies rather than as a matured and responsible nation, and persisted in that "lecturing" attitude which Americans had long learned to know, but hardly to love, in their kinsmen. The Germans, in short, were "touchy," and the British pose of "superiority" flicked them on the raw.

The estrangement grew sharper, on the German side at least, when the colonial fever began to influence German foreign policy, and it was found that so far as all hope of a Greater Germany that would spread the German idea, receive German colonists, and extend German trade was concerned, the empire had been born too late. Wherever Germany turned she found England comfortably settled in her path. This was, and is, a natural, unreasoning, and keenly felt grievance; and as the stress of rivalry in other spheres grew fiercer, as the Germans, duplicating English experience, began to change from a mainly agricultural to a mainly industrial basis, and as they woke to the necessity of a strong navy and a large mercantile marine, the same discovery was made that here, too, England had been before them. In this country there are periodical "scares" over the inroads Germany is effecting on British commerce and carrying trade; but these little fits of apprehension are as nothing by the side of German emotions when they scan the leeway that has yet to be made up. That England should have acquired such a start at so trifling a cost, while Germany was struggling through blood to attain the indispensable condition of unity, appears to all Germans so monstrously unfair as to afford a strong presumption of trickery. From that to convicting England of hypocritical duplicity, of stirring up strife among her rivals while she quietly carries off the booty, is a short step. "Perfidious Albion" is a very terrible compound indeed to the German imagination, an unblushing master of craft and cant. Nor have the ruling powers of Germany done anything to dispel the bogey. On the contrary, they find it useful, and make the most of it with really consummate skill. Had it not been for England and the necessity of being always and everywhere on guard against her wiles, it is doubtful whether the Kaiser would have been able to extort his new fleet from the Reichstag. By playing upon the prevalent Anglophobia he got pretty nearly everything he asked for. "Our future is on the water," translated into the language of the ordinary German, means that England's must be somewhere else. It is this alone that reconciles him to the increasing naval expenditure, and it would not be hard to show that in nourishing this ambition he has received something more than the tacit encouragement of officialdom.

England attempted at first to meet the new German spirit by bribery, by "graceful concessions." Now she is trying a more resolute tack. She is at last realizing that the two countries must, by the necessities of the case, be rivals. Their goal is too much the same for their interests to be identical, and the Kaiser's commercial, naval, and colonial ambitions can only be fulfilled at the partial expense of Great Britain. The average Englishman sees this quite clearly. The official Englishman does not yet see it, but he will in time. Even for his inspired myopia, it is becoming altogether too manifest that Germany's policy is, broadly, to expand under cover of England, and by alternately threatening England with Russia and Russia with England. The "man in the street" believes that in this policy is to be found the clue to German eagerness that England should take an official share in the Bagdad Railway. He believes that this eagerness fits in suspiciously well with Germany's object of keeping England and Russia apart, of persuading St. Petersburg that Downing Street is the enemy, and Downing Street that by Germany's help alone can Russia be held in check, and, generally, of stirring up bad blood between the two countries—as she tried to stir it up between England and America by her "exposure" of Lord Pauncefote's action during the Spanish war. Add to all this, first, the exaggerated distrust of Englishmen in the capacity of their

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present rulers; secondly, their greatly exaggerated estimate of the shrewdness and trickiness of German diplomacy—and you may easily conceive the anxiety with which the government's decision in this Bagdad project is awaited. Mere Anglophobia does not much move the average Englishman, except when it is used, as the Germans use it, as a lever for raising the price of their cooperation. Indeed, from any large point of view, German Anglophobia must be regarded as a sort of sportive parergon, as simply Germany's way of whistling to keep her courage up. All sane Germans know in their heart of hearts that the storm which will shake their empire, if any storm can, will come from the east and not from the north, from Russia and not from England. But that only makes Englishmen all the more unwilling to pay blackmail to so factitious an agitation.

The United States Supreme Court

We pointed out the other day that a foreigner who, desirous of gaining a clear conception of our Federal government, should confine himself to a study of the text of our Federal Constitution would obtain a very inadequate idea of the powers which Congress is permitted to exercise at the present time. Of the powers now possessed by Congress which he would not find explicitly set forth in the Constitution, the greater part are implied powers, deduced by interpretation or construction from the text of the Federal organic law, and a few are resulting powers, that is to say, powers deduced from the whole scope and nature of the Constitution, and deemed inherent in the national government, for the reason that it *is* a national government for various purposes, and, therefore, must be credited with every function essential to the life and processes of a nation. For the vast superstructure of implied and resulting powers which in rather more than a century has been reared upon the bed rock of the Constitution, the American people are indebted to their Federal Supreme Court. Considered from this point of view alone, as an expander and modifier of an organic law, this tribunal's achievements can only be compared with the stupendous body of equity decisions made by successive *prætores peregrini* which were ultimately given to the Roman Empire in the *Corpus Juris*. So colossal is the task performed by the Supreme Court in the exposition and application of the Constitution—a task the outcome of which must be sought in innumerable volumes of reported decisions—that very few lawyers in the United States are able to declare offhand just what are the powers of the Federal government under the Constitution, as defined by the highest Federal tribunal. Indeed, there are certain questions to which no lawyer and no judge can give an authoritative answer, for the questions are still in the air, not having as yet been presented in a concrete case to the Supreme Court, and, therefore, not having been decided. It is, in a word, no exaggeration to say, as Mr. James Bryce has said, that the American Constitution, as it now stands, with the mass of fringing decisions which explain it, is a far more complete and finished instrument than it was when it came from the hands of the members of the Philadelphia convention in 1787. The Constitution, as it exists to-day, is not merely the work of its framers, but the work of the judges of the United States Supreme Court, and, most of all, of one man, the great Chief-Justice Marshall, who presided over the highest Federal tribunal from 1801 till his death in 1835, and whose fame overtops that of all other American judges more than Papinian overtops the jurists of Rome.

From still another point of view the Supreme Court of the United States is justly regarded by all lawyers as the most august tribunal upon earth. In no other country possessing representative institutions—whether federative or not, and whether defined in an unwritten or a written Constitution—does a court exist invested with the power of overruling the legislative department of the government, and of declaring a statute null and void. Herein the framers of our Constitution builded better than they knew, or than they appear to have known, for, in the brief article devoted to the Federal judiciary, the power of invalidating an act of Congress, if adjudged counter to the Federal organic law, is not specifically conferred upon the Supreme Court. A story is related by Mr. Bryce of an intelligent Englishman who, having heard that the Supreme Federal Court was created to protect the Constitution, and had authority given it to annul bad laws, spent two days in hunting up and down the Federal Constitution for the provisions he had been told to admire. Naturally, he did not find them, for there is not a word in the Constitution on the subject. The truth is, that the so-called power of annulling a constitutional statute is a *duty* rather than a power, and a duty incumbent on the humblest State court, when a case raising the point comes before it, no less than on the Supreme Federal Court at Washington.

Not quickly or easily did the American people arrive at the conclusion that the annulment of a Federal statute by the Supreme Court, when, in the judgment of that tribunal, the statute violates the Constitution, is either a duty or a power. It is at least disputable whether the framers of the Constitution meant to authorize such an annulment. In the Philadelphia convention a proposal to give Congress a veto on the acts of the State legislatures when, in its opinion, such acts were irreconcilable with the Federal Constitution, was rejected. Is it reasonable to presume that this power, having been deliberately withheld from the Federal Congress, was inadvertently conferred upon the Supreme Court? It is certain that, when the early decisions and interpretations of the Supreme Federal tribunal brought this power unexpectedly into being, Jefferson and the adherents of State Rights denied that the function could be lawfully exercised by the court. Jefferson regarded as very dangerous the doctrine that the judges of the highest Federal tribunal were the ultimate arbiters of all constitutional questions. Such a doctrine, he said, would place us under the despotism of an oligarchy. Nevertheless, this doctrine has prevailed and become an inseparable feature of our Federal system, owing mainly to the tremendous influence exercised by the decisions of Chief-Justice Marshall. The relation between the annulling power asserted by the Supreme Court on the one hand, and a written Constitution on the other, was brought out by Marshall in his first great decision, wherein he contended for the right of the court to set aside an act of Congress. He pointed out that the original and supreme will of a nation organizes its government, and assigns to different departments their respective powers. It may establish certain limits not to be transcended by those departments. Such is the government of the United States. The powers of the Legislature are defined and limited; that those limits may not be mistaken or forgotten, the Constitution is written. To what purpose, asked Marshall, are powers limited, and to what purpose is that limitation committed to writing if those limits may at any time be passed by those intended to be restrained? The distinction between a government of limited and one of unlimited powers is abolished if those limits do not confine the persons on whom they are imposed. Marshall went on to pronounce it emphatically the province and duty of the judicial department to say what the law is. If a law be in opposition to the Constitution, the court must either decide the case conformably to the law, disregarding the Constitution, or conformably to the Constitution, disregarding the law; the court must determine which of the conflicting rules governs the case. The courts cannot close their eyes to the Constitution and see only the law. Marshall did not mean, of course, to assert that the judicial department is superior to the legislative, but only that the power of the people is superior to both. When an act of Congress is declared unconstitutional, there is no conflict between the legislative and judicial departments. The conflict is merely between two kinds of law. The judiciary must say what the law is, and decide every case according to the supreme law—the law that is to prevail. As Mr. J. A. Woodburn has lately pointed out in his book on *The American Republic*, there are four kinds of law in the United States, to wit, the Federal Constitution; Federal statutes; State constitutions; and State statutes. The Federal Constitution is the supreme law, and all the other forms of law must be in harmony therewith. If two laws conflict, not the later, but the higher, prevails; the lower authority must give way. The court, in interpreting the law, merely states what the higher law requires, and shows wherein the lower law is inconsistent with this. The judges must regulate their decisions by the fundamental laws, rather than by those that are not fundamental.

The deep and vital distinction between our Federal judiciary and the judicial system of the United Kingdom lies in the fact that the power or duty to annul a statute is conceded to the former. The unwritten Constitution of the United Kingdom, on the other hand, is at the mercy of the Legislature, which can abolish when it pleases, any institutions of the country, the Crown, the House of Lords, the Established Church, the House of Commons, nay, Parliament itself. It follows that the courts of the United Kingdom never have to distinguish between the authority of one enactment and another otherwise than by looking to the date. They never have to inquire whether an act of Parliament was invalid when first passed. Invalid it could not have been, because Parliament is omnipotent, and Parliament is omnipotent because Parliament is deemed to be the people. The British Parliament is not a body clothed with delegated or limited authority. The whole fulness of popular power dwells in it. The whole nation is supposed to be present within its walls.

Experience seems to have shown that Marshall was mistaken in asserting that, whenever a country has a written Constitution, the power or duty which he claimed for the United States Supreme Court must necessarily belong to the highest judicial tribunal. He declared roundly that all those who have framed written constitutions contemplate them as forming the fundamental, paramount law of the nation, and, consequently, the theory of every such government must be that an act of the legislature repugnant to the Constitution is void. This theory, he added, is essentially attached to a written Constitution. Things have happened since Marshall's day that prove his generalization to have been too hasty. Both France and Italy have written constitutions, but in neither country does the highest tribunal exercise the power of an-

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nulling a statute on the score of unconstitutionality. In both countries the legislature is credited with the right to take its own view of the meaning of the written Constitution. It is not true, therefore, that, in every country possessing a written Constitution a tribunal like our United States Supreme Court will inevitably arise. But, it may be said, France and Italy are highly unified nations; if their political systems were federative, they would find a Federal tribunal like ours indispensable. Not even this assertion is borne out by the facts. The German Empire is a confederation which has a written Constitution, yet it possesses no court authorized to annul an act passed by the Reichstag and the Bundesrath on the score of unconstitutionality. Again, Switzerland is a confederation, and the respective powers of the Federal government on the one hand, and the cantons or constituent States on the other, are defined by a written Constitution. Nevertheless, the Swiss Federal court, although it was avowedly modelled on our own, is bound to enforce every law passed by the Federal legislature, even if it violate the Constitution. Nor is it always competent even to determine whether a cantonal or State law is void because inconsistent with the Federal Constitution, for in some cases recourse must be made, not to the court, but to the Federal council, which is a sort of executive cabinet of the confederation. Thus we see that our United States Supreme Court, far from being, as Marshall imagined, inseparable from a written Constitution, or, at all events, from the written constitution of a confederation, is positively unique.

We cannot escape the conclusion that we owe that feature of our Federal government which more than any other commands the admiration of intelligent onlookers, namely, our supreme Federal tribunal, not to circumstances alone, which elsewhere have proved inoperative, but to the use made of such circumstances by a series of great men, and especially to one man, Marshall, who shaped the destinies of the court at a time when the Federal institutions were still plastic. There could be, as we have said, no greater mistake than to suppose that the United States Supreme Court came forth, panoplied from the Constitution, like Athene from the head of Zeus. Few and meagre are the reports of its decisions in the first eleven years of its existence. When, early in its career, it attempted, in the case of Chisolm *vs.* Georgia, to exercise the power plainly given to it by the second section of the third article of the Constitution, the power, namely, to adjudicate between a State and citizens of another State, such an outcry rose that the Eleventh Amendment was promptly passed, whereby the judicial power of the United States was prohibited from extending to any suit against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or citizens or subjects of a foreign State. Thus the very first effort to exercise powers explicitly conferred resulted in a mutilation of those powers. The Eleventh Amendment was declared in force on January 8, 1798, or about three years before John Marshall became chief-justice. Not till 1801 did the court distinctly assert its duty to treat as invalid an act of Congress inconsistent with the Constitution, and not until 1806 did it pronounce a State statute void on the same ground. Many more years elapsed before it rendered decisions establishing its authority as a Court of Appeal from State courts on "Federal questions," and unfolding the full meaning of the doctrine that the Constitution and acts of Congress in pursuance thereof are the fundamental and supreme law of the land. Even as late as 1832, when the Supreme Court ordered the State of Georgia to release persons imprisoned under a Georgian statute, declared by the court to be invalid, President Jackson, whose duty it was to enforce the decision, remarked, "John Marshall has pronounced his judgment: let him enforce it if he can." We add that the Dredd Scott judgment, pronounced in 1857, by a majority of the judges, was so far from commanding universal acquiescence, that the Republican party denounced it in the national convention of 1860, and its doctrine as to citizenship was repudiated in the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment.

Being a human institution, the Supreme Court is, of course, not flawless, and there have been times when it has suffered an eclipse in public opinion. Yet, upon the whole, it has retained the extraordinary dignity and influence that Marshall gave it, and it stands to-day, as we have said, incomparably the most powerful and august tribunal in the world.

Paul Du Chaillu

Paul Belloni Du Chaillu died on April 29 at St. Petersburg, whither he had gone to pursue his life-long vocation of traveller and writer of travellers' tales. Foreseeing that the development of the Far East by Russia would lead to a great expansion of commercial relations between Russia and the United States, he had determined that the Americans and the Russians ought to know one another better, and had undertaken to do what he could to make the great empire of the Czar and its people familiar to his countrymen. It would have been a useful labor, and it is much to be regretted that he has died, leaving this last service unaccomplished.

Du Chaillu devoted practically all his life to travel and exploration. When he was not travelling or exploring he was writing about what he had seen, disputing with incredulous critics, resting, or preparing for a new expedition. He made such extraordinary discoveries so early in life, and wrote about them so graphically, that his reports were generally disbelieved, and he had to devote years of his early life to proving that his stories were true. He was born in New Orleans in 1838, and went while still a boy to Africa with his father, who was consul in the Gaboon. He was educated by Jesuits, and learned some of the African dialects. At fourteen he came back to America with a shipload of ebony, and wrote newspaper articles about the Gaboon country. In 1855, being then a lad of seventeen, he went exploring into equatorial Africa, and travelled 8000 miles without any white companion. He came back to New York in 1859, bringing a valuable collection of specimens, and the first reports of the existence of the gorilla. He had killed divers gorillas, but brought none back, and when, two years later, he published *Equatorial Africa* (Harpers), scoffers overwhelmed him with their jeers and called him a Munchausen. Scientists raged and disputed about his stories, and assailed his geographical discoveries; and he determined to go back for more proofs. In time his statements were all verified. In a later expedition he discovered the pigmies, but got scant credit for that, since their rediscovery by Stanley made much the greater stir. Although his veracity was finally established, and his extraordinary ability and success as an explorer was acknowledged, he never got all the credit he deserved, or would have had if the kodak had been invented in time for his use. However, he did win fame, succeeded much, and lived happily, and according to his taste. His travels included two expeditions into Africa, and a long visit to Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Finland, from which resulted *The Land of the Midnight Sun*, *The Viking Age*, and other books.

Personally, Du Chaillu was of an exceptionally friendly and companionable nature. He never married, but was a lover of children, who found great pleasure in the discourses of their "Brother Paul." He was very successful and acceptable as a lecturer, added much in his day to human knowledge, and has left behind some good books and many good friends.

The Scholar in the World

It is not our intention to answer the old question of the ignorant and the thoughtless. We assume at the outset that it has been settled, indeed, that it was never even suggested but by envy. Successful men have small traits as clearly marked as are the dominant features of the unsuccessful. Perhaps it is to be expected that as the great stream of a man's activity rushes on in gathering volume to its end, the little spurs of character and traits that are thrust out here and there take on an added significance from the very power and affluence of the larger life—that small and mean traits are emphasized and exaggerated by contrast with the finer or the abler characteristics. At any rate, we are sure that when one asks if college graduates make as good business men as others, either he does not know precisely the range or significance of his question, or he does not mean what he intimates. We dismiss the latter as quite unworthy of consideration, while as to the former we have only to interpret the question and to lay bare its real meaning to answer it. They really ask whether training is worth while. It makes little difference, perhaps, if the training be sound, whether the man's training has been gained in the world of affairs or in the cloister of the college; but it is certain that he whose mind has been really awakened in the cloister, and trained in the liberal arts, nine times out of ten is a better man than he who picks up what he knows, and who toughens the fibre of character by his own experience.

What we want to point out now, however, is that the world is beginning to look out for its scholars, and that one of the finest marks of our advancing civilization is the provision that is made and that is employed for the purpose of guarding the scholar from want. The time was when the world had no welcome for the mere scholar. He who made his way to the front in letters and in learning did so by his own exertions. The only help which was at the bidding of students of Pavia, of Bologna, of Paris, and of mediæval Oxford was the help in free teaching given by passionate and self-sacrificing teachers. The turbulent, quarrelling, brawling, but earnest scholars who met in the porch of St. Mary's at Oxford had little to hope for unless they combined the arts of the politician with their learning, and entered the Church in order that they might walk through its portals to the high places, even to the highest office, in the kingdom, next to that of royalty itself. But it was a struggle of the driest kind, and so, with growing comforts to the studious, however, it continued to be well on into the last century. Thirty years ago, who ever heard of funds at the disposal of university and college professors, to be used for the purpose of enabling young men to pursue their studies—not necessarily to prepare for a profession, but primarily, and so far as the donors are concerned, wholly to be scholars and investigators of the phenomena of the universe, or teachers? In the day of college men still in middle life, it was the custom

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of the faculty at the last meeting of the year to go over the list of applications from the schools for teachers, and to recommend for the positions those who, first, were good enough, and, second, knew enough, to fill them. We advisedly put goodness first, because in those days it meant a good deal more than high character; it included a theological bias. In the New England colleges, for example, Unitarianism was goodness at Harvard; Universalism at Tufts; the Baptist faith at Brown; Episcopacy at Trinity; Congregationalism at Yale, at Williams, at Amherst, at Bowdoin, and at Dartmouth; Methodism at Wesleyan. If the Senior possessed the theology which seemed sound to the college faculty, then composed almost exclusively of clergymen, the slightest intellectual equipment was sufficient to secure him a recommendation for a teacher's position. Incidentally, we may pause long enough to say that it is no wonder that for thirty years earnest men have been struggling to lift the secondary school out of the quagmire into which this system plunged it. In the older day the teacher got a place and lingered in it, almost a starvling, until the nap on his Sunday blacks had worn shiny and the light of ambition had died out of his eye. The minister found a pulpit. The lawyer found clients and the bench. The scholar shifted for himself after his graduation, and starved, or yielded to the world's temptations to materialism, or discovered something of money value, the profits of which usually went to the kindly gentleman who "financed" him.

The times have changed. A different spirit rules in the world. Modern civilization is advancing once more towards the old Greek civilization when mind dominated, and when men of mind wore brighter laurels than were placed upon the brows of the soldier. It is certain, too, that these laurels were the more enduring, for the fame of the men of art and letters has outlived in splendor that of the conquerors and demagogues. The American scholar has now little need to dread his future. It may be said that this is because the true scholars are so few, and there is a grain of truth in this. Scholars would be more numerous if provision were more generous. We prefer, however, to consider not the generosity, but the enlightenment, of the men who have provided the means for assuring a certain amount of comfort and freedom from the fear of poverty to those who wish to get all the education that is to be had at the world's schools, to carry on original research, and who, by their work in the college of arts and letters, have given promise of success in the larger world of letters.

There is now no need of actual fear of want on the part of the few who would devote their lives to scholarship despite their present poverty. There is provision made for their comfortable maintenance in the work of investigation which they wish to carry on. Nor is one who intends to make teaching his profession any longer under the necessity of going to his work immediately on graduation, if he has distinguished himself. This means going into his work with only a partial preparation, going without the high scholarship which teaching work demands, or which it ought to demand. This means a life of drudgery in elementary and drill work, especially on the culture side of education. The student who, in our day, gives to university and college authorities evidence of ambition, sincerity, industry, and ability, by his life and accomplishments as an undergraduate, may rest content for his future. Philanthropic persons have provided funds for the maintenance of these young scholars to pursue their studies. They may go to the English universities—we are not now considering the undergraduate work provided for by the Rhodes scholarships, but the specializing of graduates for the benefit of humanity in one way or another, through discoveries, inventions, and better and sounder teaching. They may go to Germany or to the American school at Rome. Their expenses will be provided for until they have been through the schools of the world, and after that, if they are investigators. The universities, notably Harvard and Yale, have large sums intelligently administered to provide deserving students with means of going on with their studies. The smaller colleges also have funds, and if more is needed for exceptional men the greater universities help. The new scholar of to-day need not enter the world's work, no matter how poor he may be, until he is thoroughly prepared for that part of it which he chooses to do. As time goes on, there will be more and more need for money. Large universities and small colleges will want more to meet the growing demand. They cannot do all that they would, as it is, but what we set out to declare is the evidence of the growing civilization of the world that is afforded by the fact that the world's scholars are growing dear to it, and that it is beginning to look after them.

Growth of the Gaelic League in Ireland

A REMARKABLE manifestation of the development of the present feeling for preserving the distinctive features of nationalities was afforded by the Irish people on the 15th of March last. The Celtic temperament is dramatic—Dublin has organized some striking demonstrations and parades. Yet even in Dublin the procession that filled her streets that day was unique. It was very big, three miles long, and took almost an hour and a half to pass a certain point. It symbolized a wide range of interests: arts and athletics, music and industries, education, national games, literature, and temperance.

This demonstration, with its varied aspects, was organized by the Gaelic League, whose objects are officially stated to be nothing more than the preservation of the Irish language, spoken and written, and the study and promotion of Irish literature, past, present, and to come.

Well may it be claimed that the language of a nation is its very soul! For here is this movement, starting with the apparently limited programme stated above. Fifteen years ago, its originator, Dr. Douglas Hyde, as has been said, was a voice crying in the wilderness. The Gaelic League itself, over which he presides now, is not yet ten years old. But it may be claimed for it that its influence is at least as great as that of any other league that has arisen in Ireland, and that its grasp is wider, and its effects likely to be more lasting. It keeps clear of politics. In the procession spoken of, the many bands played Irish music, to be sure, but there were none of the party tunes which have so often stirred up strife. It eschews religious controversy. In Belfast the president of the league is a Protestant, and a prominent Orangeman joined the movement with the remark that he did not choose to forget that he was Irish too. Thus it offers a meeting-ground, and on equal terms, for Irishmen of every creed in politics and religion.

It has done remarkable things for music. The society known as the Feis Ceoil has branches in every part of Ireland. Its object is the cultivation of music, and especially of Irish music. Every year, for a week, two of the finest public halls in Dublin are devoted to the concerts and competitions of the Feis. Prizes to the value of some hundreds of pounds, as well as medals, are awarded. Any one can compete, and a significant circumstance is that the people are so largely represented. Some of the competitors are in very threadbare garb, and the audience listening patiently to trial after trial are mostly from the humbler class.

The Gaelic League promotes temperance. A prominent member of the Feis Ceoil told me that, in organizing a branch, his most telling argument was to show how the study of music helped sobriety by providing an innocent pastime. The Gaelic League athletic meetings use every effort to put down drinking. How great such influence is can be judged from the fact that, although the publicans of Dublin refused to join the universal closing movement on St. Patrick's day, practically they did so, yielding with admirable spirit to the dictum of the Gaelic League.

The industrial revival in Ireland—a very real movement—owes much to the Gaelic League. Most of the workers in Mr. Horace Plunkett's great movements—the Irish Agricultural Co-operation Society, and the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction—are Gaelic-Leaguers in sympathy, if not formally. Many of them are literary men of high standing, and when they draw on the treasury of old Irish song and saga for material, they remember that it has been made accessible by the Gaelic League. Mr. Plunkett declares that he can best arouse an apathetic district by telling them of their glorious heritage of story and song, long neglected by all but the despised "illiterate Celts." Stephen Gwynn, in *To-day and To-morrow in Ireland*, tells of a Connacht peasant who could "repeat long narrative poems in a dead literary dialect" (Irish), and adds that an equivalent would be an English laborer repeating Chaucer.

That the language movement has "come to stay," or, rather, to go forward, there is no longer any reasonable doubt. It has not only been taken up by the cultured classes—some we know who have abandoned Dante to pore over Middle Irish; the people themselves, and in the cities, have taken to it warmly. In O'Connell Street the classrooms are crowded, hundreds of young men and women spending their evenings after hours over Irish grammars and reading-books; surely better there than in bars or music-halls. London has 2000 Gaelic-Leaguers. The classes are conducted in a cheery, informal way. Many of the teachers work "with the zèal of those who labor for love," and not in imparting Irish only as a language. Irish songs are taught, and at a given signal the desks and chairs are cleared away and Irish dancing begins.

All over the length and breadth of Ireland this work is going on. The language, the history, the music, and the dancing that belong to them are being revived among the most impressionable people in the world. The growth of the Gaelic League is phenomenal. Last year, the number of affiliated branches almost doubled itself; so did the entries in the literary section of the annual *airactas*, or meeting, last May. But most striking of all is the output of Irish books, of which, during 1902, 213,000 were issued by the Gaelic League Committee, in addition to 40,000 copies of propagandist pamphlets and leaflets. Irish music is also being issued, both new music and new arrangements of old airs; a stirring of the dry bones.

Here is an immense and elaborately framed organization, appealing to the finer and higher instincts, which has struck its roots deep into the hearts of the people. Its position is unassailable, for its members are peaceable. It is building up a nation—self-reliant, self-respecting, cultivated, industrious, and sober.

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Ireland and Her Land Laws

By Charles Johnston, B.C.S. (retired)

As the son of an Irish landlord, early indoctrinated with the strictest principles of imperialism and Protestant ascendency, and at the same time an enthusiastic student of Irish national history, literature, culture, and tradition, the great measure revolutionizing conditions in Ireland, which Mr. Wyndham introduced the other day in the House of Commons, has for me a special and singular interest; not merely a class interest, but one also personal, as many of the leading figures in the recent negotiations were close personal friends while I lived in Ireland. To instance only three: the first speech of Colonel Saunderson, who has for years been the spokesman of the Irish landlords in Parliament, was made at my father's house on a certain morning in July, when an event in Ireland's history was being commemorated; Mr. T. W. Russell, the Liberal-Unionist apostle of land-purchase, was a close friend of mine in Dublin, with whom I have often talked over many of the principles involved in the present measure; while Mr. W. F. Bailey, one of the new Estates Commissioners, was a friend of my college days; finally, another member of the same commission is a distinguished member of the Bengal Civil Service.

Many reflections are suggested by the new Land-Purchase bill, beyond the criticisms which have already been made on both sides of the Atlantic; these reflections touch not only the causes of the new measure, but its effects, so far as these can be foreseen and foretold. To begin with causes, and with the original first cause: why is there a land question in Ireland to be settled, and why is it the duty of England to see that it is settled? The first cause lies far back in history, though not, I believe, so far back as is generally supposed. It does not date from the time of Earl Strongbow and the first Norman invaders, but rather from the Stuart period and the seventeenth century. It is true that the Normans acquired large estates in Ireland, marked even to-day by the strongly built keeps of their feudal castles, in which they settled themselves side by side with the old Gaelic nobles. But the Normans soon became enthusiastic sons of the soil, giving birth to the proverb, "More Irish than the Irish," and assuming the language, thought, and culture of their adopted land.

The first real seed of strife in Ireland was sown by Henry the Eighth in 1537, when, following the policy he had already initiated in England, he decreed the disestablishment of the Continental monastic orders, the Franciscan followers of the saint of Assisi, the Order of the Spanish Dominic, the friars of Saint Bernard, whose ruined abbey-churches all over Ireland still preserve the memory of a period of rare and profound culture and religious enthusiasm. The abbey and priory lands thus confiscated by Henry Tudor were distributed among his own adherents, and largely among the servants of the Anglican Church, of which he had decreed himself to be the head. The newcomers by no means followed in the footsteps of the older Normans, nor did they take any steps to make themselves morally at home in their new country. They were definitely an element of foreign invasion; in a sense the Normans never were. Everything that spoke of the old nationality was hostile to them, and this hostility they never outgrew.

A period of conflict was begun in Ireland, which came to a culmination about the time James the Sixth of Scotland became James the First of England. Two great nobles of Ulster, the heads of the O'Neills and the O'Donnells, were compelled to seek refuge on the Continent, and their lands were declared forfeited to the crown and distributed among adherents of the English party. This was the beginning of the so-called "partition of Ulster," which took place in the year 1611, noteworthy for two famous events in English literature—the retirement of Shakespeare and the authorized version of the Bible. To the period of conflict now succeeded a period of chicanery, a dark chapter which included two revolutionary wars. The English law courts were made the instrument of any amount of injustice and dishonesty; forged titles were filed in abundance; fraudulent accusations were made; false charges were brought forward, with the invariable result that the estates of native Irish families passed into the hands of English or Scottish settlers, many of whom were frankly adventurers, and all of whom profited by a system of legal plunder thinly veneered with political sophistries. At the close of this period there were two classes in Ireland — the legal owners of the land, mainly English and Scotch, and the actual tillers of the land, of native birth and speaking Gaelic, who were, to all intents and purposes, the serfs of the former.

The old native tribal tenure, under which the elected chieftain held the tribal land in trust, gave place to absolute ownership by the imported landlord, whose serfs were subject to private taxation, whether in kind or in coin. Thus the landlord class and the tenant class came into existence; and it is by no means to be wondered at that a landlord class, thus imposed on the country by a system of legalized expropriation, should never have succeeded in forming strong and healthy relations with the class of cultivators, whose original tribal ownership in the land still held morally good in their own eyes.

Nothing is quite so much to be regretted in the history of Ireland as the chivalry with which the Gaelic element espoused the cause of James the Second, grandson of the Stuart who created the policy of spoliation. Nor are there many figures so little worthy of honor in history as the good king who ran away from his army, having already sent his artillery away on the eve of battle, fearing that it might impede his flight. To their adherence to the valiant James the Irish owed the darkest pages of their history, when, for more than a century, they were deprived of civil rights, even of civil existence, and when the courts could take cognizance of no wrong inflicted on an Irish Catholic. The words of Benjamin Franklin give a vivid view of this part of the picture: "The misery and distress which your ill-fated country has been so frequently exposed to, and has so often experienced, by such a combination of rapine, treachery, and violence as would have disgraced the name of government in the most arbitrary country in the world, has most sincerely affected your friends in America, and has engaged the most serious attention of Congress."

At the end of this period a system of land laws had grown up, whose deficiencies in justice and principle have been well analyzed by John Stuart Mill in his *Principles of Political Economy*. To put it briefly, the source of the evil was this: the ownership of the land was vested absolutely in the landlord, who had the English law courts and the English army at his back. Certain English legislation, jealous of the success of industry in Ireland, had destroyed the shipping and commerce of Ireland, driving the whole population to the soil as their one means of subsistence. They had the alternative of taking the land on the landlord's own terms, or of starving. Many thousands, then and later, were forced to the second alternative.

The leases were renewable year by year. This may not, at first sight, seem a very onerous measure, but consider a moment what it meant. Let us suppose that the Irish tenant had taken over a stretch of wilderness, at the beginning of the year, for a certain rent. Being a man of energy and enterprise, of knowledge and skill, he had cleared land, broken up soil, built outhouses and barns, besides a dwelling for himself, and these were the result of his first year's work. At the beginning of the new year the landlord thus addressed him: "What rent will you pay me for this highly improved and superior farm? It is evidently a far better and more profitable property than the piece of wilderness you took a year ago, and is, therefore, evidently worth a great deal more. How much can you pay?" If the tenant protested that the entire added value was the work of his own hands, and therefore that he would pay nothing but the rent already agreed on, he presently found himself dispossessed and his property turned over to a newcomer, at the higher rent he himself had refused to pay. Or let us imagine that he decided to grin and bear it, and went on improving and adding new value to his land. At the end of the second year the same story. Pay a higher rent or go. And so to the end of the chapter.

Remember that these people had no redress. They were unrepresented in Parliament, had no votes, were even under penal laws, and had only enough legal existence to make them victims of the legal process of eviction. They were in no position to resist, as they had been disarmed for a century. Therefore they had to pay or starve. And this is why England is face to face with a land question in Ireland to-day. We may illustrate this aspect of things by the words of Mr. Wyndham himself, when he spoke of an estate "where the tenants lived under conditions worse than those of the Kaffirs of Africa."

Many of the evils which afflicted Ireland for two centuries have already been withdrawn, for the most part comparatively recently. The penal laws affecting Irish Catholics were finally repealed in 1829, as the result of O'Connell's national movement. The Anglican Church, which owed its existence to the confiscations of Henry VIII., was disendowed by Gladstone. The Land League agitation, of which Parnell was the central figure, gradually ameliorated the condition of the cultivators, securing for them fixity of tenure, instead of the leases renewable every year, at a rent fixed by the courts, instead of one arbitrarily decreed by the landlord.

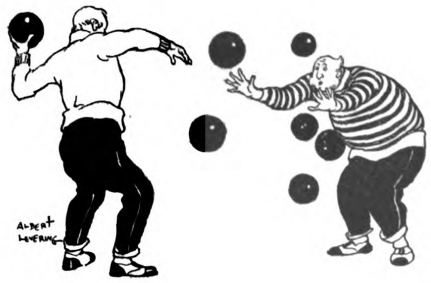
The bill introduced by Mr. Wyndham takes one step more in the same direction, gradually restoring to the Irish cultivators the land of which they were deprived by the legal chicanery of the Stuart period. But while thus restoring the land to the people, it does something else well worthy of notice, and certain to bring forth great results in the future. It leaves the landlord class still in their homes, for the most part surrounded with parks and private demesne land; and left, not to drag out an existence of genteel poverty, but with money in their pockets, available, it is true, for foreign investment, but equally available for investment in Ireland itself.

The gradual amelioration and consolidation of the Irish cultivators are certain. What is yet uncertain is the destiny of the new class of capitalists, who at the same time are saturated with local and rural traditions, and who have a very definite love for the land of their adoption, very different from the love of the older race, but nevertheless strong and deep. Great possibilities lie before this newly created class if they have the insight to realize them.

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Scared Back to Nature

In a beautiful stretch of territory near New York, where the land passes softly from peaceful valleys into low rounded hills, there is an establishment, half country seat, half inn, to which comes many a peculiar traveller. Among them are men whose



Hurry up, now! Faster! Put the ball back to me"

countenances instantly betray them as members of various professions—lawyers, doctors, preachers, merchants. A distinguished judge of one of the Superior Courts of New York, and an actor known everywhere in the English-speaking world, were easily recognizable at the time I was making my stay in this retreat. A score of those present were related by birth or achievement to some fact of public significance. There was, however, an all-pervading atmosphere of good-fellowship, except for a marked strain of autocracy on the part of the host and a certain helpless servility on that of the guests, none of whom seemed able to rise above it.

This gentleman, a tall, well-proportioned individual, with a color as fresh as a rose, and an eye as clear as water (in spite of his sixty-five years), seemed an all-pervasive, dominating presence. His voice was commanding, his eye insistent, his whole manner that of one used to being implicitly obeyed.

As we approached the various chambers which he was doing me the honor of showing, the laughter and merriment of those within died away, and the men who were gathered in company looked at each other in that pointless way which people adopt when disturbed or overawed.

A half hour later, during the dinner hour which followed, there was much jovial badinage going on, until one of the serving-maids approached the director, who was seated at a centre-table, and said something to him in an undertone.

"No," he answered, in a loud voice; "he can't have another glass of buttermilk. Tell him to eat what's before him.

The delivery of this, in a very unmistakable tone, had a quieting effect, and for a few minutes thereafter the dining-room was decidedly silent.

The following morning, after being ordered up at six, I was watching the company of gentlemen of all ages and professions tossing medicine-balls in the gymnasium, when the director entered, and, taking his place in the centre of the room, called the names of various men who should toss changes with other men, winding up with the name of one who should come to him.

A tall, refined-looking gentleman, of evident dignity and learning, but slightly caricatured by the necessity of wearing a pair of bicycle trousers and a sweater, came forward, and taking his place opposite the host, was immediately made the recipient of a volley of balls and brow-beating epithets.

"Hurry up, now! Faster! Put the ball back to me. Do you want it all day? What are you standing there for? Here!" and before the man could appreciate the difficulties which were besetting him, he was struck in the neck, and again in the chest, by the rapidly delivered three-pound balls, three of which the two men were supposed to keep in constant motion.

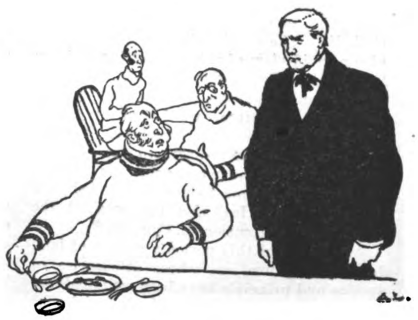
"What are you standing there for?" repeated the abler opponent, when the weaker one had once more recovered himself and had begun to regain the balls. "What are you looking at? Get a move on you! Don't let the ball drop behind you. I haven't the whole morning to fool away with you. There!" and again a ball arrived rapidly, and landed upon the distinguished gentleman's chest.

Dignity had long since been defeated, however. On the floor was an excited, red-faced, fearfully flustered though still legal-looking gentleman, who was bending, skipping, jumping, and madly falling over himself in a wild scramble to meet the exigencies of the occasion.

"Hurry, now!" was the constant salute, and so many other harsh demands for further activity were poured on the luckless one that when he was at last completely robbed of his self-control, and, being caught in a corner with the balls raining in on him and the voice of his preceptor sounding through the din of catastrophe, he began wringing his hands pathetically, and repeating over and over:

"Well, I can't go any faster than I can, can I? I can't do any more than I can!"

"Come! Come!" was the only reply; until, evidently exhausted, he was allowed to depart, and another individual was called in his place. I wondered at the nature of the



"Aren't you going to eat the carrots?"

ungentle conduct of the preceptor, but was not able at the time to comprehend the matter.

For a day or two there was comparative peace in the household, until one morning, at breakfast, a newcomer was approached by the host, who, surveying the dainty table from which the novice was eating, suddenly inquired,

"Aren't you going to eat the carrots?"

"Carrots!" said the other, a weary-looking, rotund merchant. "Oh, no! I don't care for carrots. I never eat them."

"You must eat your carrots, though. You cannot leave anything of what I give you uneaten."

"I know, but I don't care for carrots. I don't like them."

"You will have to eat the carrots, just the same, whether you like them or not."

"Well, I like the audacity of your insinuation. I'll not eat them."

"Well, if you eat here, you'll have to eat the carrots."

"Well, I won't stay here then," and the argument was temporarily ended by the merchant leaving the room.

A day or two after he was back again, however, meekly eating carrots and whatever was put before him.



"They lead the horses back"

"It is a part of a theory I have—this rough manner," explained my host; "a method of wresting a man's mental control from him in order to increase his mental energy. If his will has nothing to do with the arrangement of his day, his mind is much more likely to contemplate nature and to rest. If you let the mental process busy itself along some particular groove you soon get it to where it is purely mechanical in its operation and entirely outside of what we look upon as creative mental activity. A man may follow a business or a trade, intellectual or physical, if he wants to, but he must find some method of coming back to nature, and getting in touch with the evident energy of the world in order that his mind may be generally active, quick to see and to appreciate."

"You exercise your victims, though," I said.

"Not in the conventional sense," he replied. "About the only exercise you see these men taking is pitching the medicine-ball for a half hour in the morning and riding horseback for a half dozen miles. They lead the horses back. My idea in using the medicine-ball is merely to fix the mind on energy as a thing. If a man is anxiously watching a moving ball he is unconscious of his body, his surroundings, everything, in fact, except the motion of the ball. That brings the mental process in direct contact with objective energy. Ten minutes a day with that, combined with rational living, ought to restore a worn-out mind to activity. Air, sunlight, a little food, a little exercise, that is all the man who is worn out physically and mentally needs. Let any one who is run down, undo his habits if he can, and go back to nature for a little while."

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Correspondence

CAN THERE BE OVER-PRODUCTION?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., *April 18, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I wish to take exception to the concluding sentence of your paragraph on the earnings of the Steel Corporation in the current issue. You say, "It is only by overproduction and by the resultant glut of the market that an industrial, as distinguished from a merely financial, crisis is caused."

The question I wish to raise is fundamental. *Is there any such thing as over-production?* The negative answer is ably presented by Mr. George H. Hull in "The Mischievous Fallacy of Over-Production," *Engineering Magazine* for March, 1902, pp. 813-822. A few quotations will outline his position.

"The all-pervading blight to British industry is the development of trade-unions upon the controlling principle of 'restriction of production,' and this has grown out of the widespread belief in the false theory of over-production."

"Already the most potent factor in influencing workers to 'nurse their jobs,' limit their production, and join in strikes is their growing belief that over-production is the cause of industrial depression; that if all the producers are fully and continuously employed it will sooner or later result in overproduction; that over-production would deprive many of them of work, whereas the curtailment of production, brought about by union regulations and strikes, prevents or postpones such results."

"This pernicious belief . . . has already deluded thousands of manufacturers and merchants," as well as workmen.

The writer then defines production, and states the theory of over-production as "The belief that by the introduction of machinery, improved methods, etc., it is possible for man to produce more than man is able to buy, or . . . desires to acquire."

For his analysis of the proposition I refer you to the article. He takes issue with all who claim that over-production can occur, and says that they "are not cases of 'over-production,' but simply cases of *temporary surplus production*—and that temporary surplus production is not only natural, but that it is necessary to man's comfort and welfare."

"Over-production is a term which should never be applied to the production of any useful or desirable commodity, which can be preserved or carried to a place or time when it will be needed."

The harvest season is a time of temporary surplus production. "We find vegetables, eggs, butter, fish, poultry, and many other perishable articles getting the benefit of an intelligent system which brings regularity of supply out of irregularity of production. As man masters the art of dealing intelligently with the temporary surplus production of each article we hear no more of overproduction in connection with that article."

"If temporary surplus production of perishable products like fruit and vegetables is the only condition available for increasing consumption and creating stability in the supply and prices of these things, is it not reasonable to believe that temporary surplus production of imperishable articles, like iron and copper, is the only condition available for creating stability in the supply and prices of these staples? To waste the labor and the facilities to produce such commodities to full capacity in dull times, when it is certain they will be in great demand in active times, as Talleyrand says, 'Is worse than a crime; it is a blunder.'"

"When production is cut down in any particular line of business, it cuts down the buying power of those engaged in that line of business. Immediately we see the piling up and accumulation of the class of goods ordinarily consumed by those engaged in that branch of industry. The accumulation of unsold goods is not an evidence of too much production, but . . . of too little production by those workers who ordinarily consume that kind of goods."

"Whenever scarcity in the supply of any important commodity forces the price . . . up to the point of restricting its use—thus bringing on industrial depression—it is simply nature reminding us that there has been too little temporary surplus production of that article in the past."

"The fact that most people believe that the accumulation of unsold goods is caused by 'over-production,' or that twin absurdity, 'under-consumption,' is not to be wondered at. On its face the theory seems to be self-evident, just as it seems to be self-evident that the sun rises and sets. But there is no more truth in one than in the other. This plausibility is what makes these terms so deceptive and mischievous, and probably no other popular error has done so much harm in the industrial nations of the world."

I am, sir,

FRANKLIN W. SMITH.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN ON $3500 A YEAR.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The "higher journalist" in the HARPER'S WEEKLY of April 25 is the only person who has offered a solution of "How to Entertain on $3500 a Year." I am emboldened to state my personal experience of pleasant possibilities in living and entertaining on even less than that sum.

My husband and I had, for $35 a month, a flat of five sunny rooms, with modern comforts; neighborhood not especially good, but easily get-at-able; furniture (our own) sufficient, plenty of easy chairs, enough sketches, pictures, china, flowers to be pleasant to the eyes, and always books, for, with all respect to Owen Meredith, one can no more live without books than without cooks. A colored factotum at $16 a month; good cook and laundress, in clean calico, with a smiling face. Always room at the table in the small dining-room for two more; good soup, roast, salad, and fruit; California claret, and coffee. Whiskey with vermouth or ginger ale for friends who dropped in of an evening. For a crowd, supper only, possibly Welsh rarebit and beer or salad and punch.

The experiment was tried for four years, friends often dropping in, and few refusals to informal suppers. The trouble with women who worry about guests is that they don't take the trouble to live well when they are alone. No woman of brains and refinement should ever, in her own house, sit down to a meal that she would be mortified to offer to her richest and most fastidious friend. I do not say pleased, for one likes to offer one's best in hospitality.

I am, sir,

BEE.

ANNOUNCEMENT

We have printed from the original plate (suitable for framing) a very limited edition, on heavy coated cardboard, of the Supplement of HARPER'S WEEKLY this week.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week (out May 20) will be the 56-page

SPECIAL PITTSBURGH NUMBER

It will contain the usual number of pages in the illustrated and editorial sections, together with an extra 16 pages of picture and text, on the industries and development of the city of Pittsburgh. If you are not a regular subscriber to HARPER'S WEEKLY, your order for this special number should be placed at once with your nearest newsdealer, as no extra copies can be promised after the edition is off the press.

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Finance

THE stock-market has not yet rid itself of the monotony which is the most prominent and exasperating characteristic of a "professional" market. To be sure, at this writing the majority of people directly or indirectly interested in the vagaries of the ticker take a more cheerful view of affairs, and look hopefully to the future, but there has been no very great increase in speculative activity. It cannot be denied, however, that signs are not wanting of reviving interest in investment issues. Dealers in bonds report a better demand for the established, or to be strictly up to date, the "digested" bonds and stocks. The public still looks askance at the newer creations, the bulk of which are undigested, but even in these there is some "nibbling," which means that the process of digestion has begun. Given time and patience the menace of the unsold load will pass, for we are a wondrously rich nation enjoying marvellous prosperity. With money much easier and securities very much lower than when the "permanently higher interest level" first began to be used as a bludgeon against the weaker speculators, such a demand was inevitable.

The first step in a bull market is the transition from an active bearishness to a passive. Not long ago the financial community was badly frightened. Stocks and speculative bond issues sustained substantial declines, but notwithstanding the lower quotations pessimism prevailed. It was a condition of sentiment, highly propitious for the growth of fear. But the liquidation undergone by the market strengthened it. The community now may not be quite ready to buy stocks in bulk, but it is beginning to realize that it is not logical to sell any. From this to the logic and profitable wisdom of buying will be the second step.

To summarize conditions would be to reiterate what has already been pointed out in this column. We find no abatement in the value-making forces. There is every indication that 1903 will be the banner year of our industrial and commercial history. We have a profitable foreign trade, and domestic business continues more than satisfactory. Everywhere there is great activity and nowhere is the unsettling boom spirit in evidence, and therefore no disquietude over the inevitable and injurious reaction.

A good sign also is the clearer discrimination shown by the average outside speculator and investor. The experiences of the past two years have had a wonderful educational influence on the public. The old-time "lamb" who bought or sold stocks blindly, recklessly, with the courage of profound ignorance of the game, is an almost vanished type. This is not saying that there is never again to be an outburst of speculative madness on the part of the public, for there is no telling what the public may do when a "psychologic wave" sweeps over the country and the bacillus of stock-gambling attacks moral systems debilitated by long prosperity in legitimate business. But at the moment security buyers are inquiring closely into real values. This is as it should be, and it cannot fail to lead to the purchase of securities which to-day may be bought at prices that are far from being excessive. There is beginning to be a better understanding also of the necessities of all the railroads of the United States, and the reason for the increases in the capitalization of some of them. That there has been extravagance in corporate financing will not be denied, but sweeping condemnation is not justified. At all events, financiers have realized that the era of over-manipulation and financial juggling is over. The danger was realized before there was a crash, and wise men have profited by the narrow escape.

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Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

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HARPERS BOOK NEWS

THE SUBSTITUTE

The reader of "The Substitute," the new novel by the author of "Abner Daniel," meets on every page curiously set forth humorous observation and common-sense philosophy.

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In "Marjorie," the new romance by the author of "If I Were King," there is a dainty little love story enacted in picturesque environment. The scenes of the story are laid for the most part on a ship bound for the West Indies to establish a colony. The crew mutiny and seize the ship. After many exciting adventures Marjorie and her lover are rescued by an English ship. There is dash and vim in the story, and its interest is admirably sustained.

THE PRIDE OF TELLFAIR

Few young writers are content to deal with the things of everyday life, and few have the skill to make these things interesting. Mr. Elmore Elliott Peake is an exception to this rule. In "The Pride of Tellfair" he writes of life in a little Middle-Western town. He knows the life so thoroughly that he is able to make us feel it is not uninteresting. He tells his story with much skill and with such a thorough knowledge of his people that these ordinary American citizens appeal to us more strongly than the swashbuckling gentlefolk of romance. His story is meeting with the success which it deserves.

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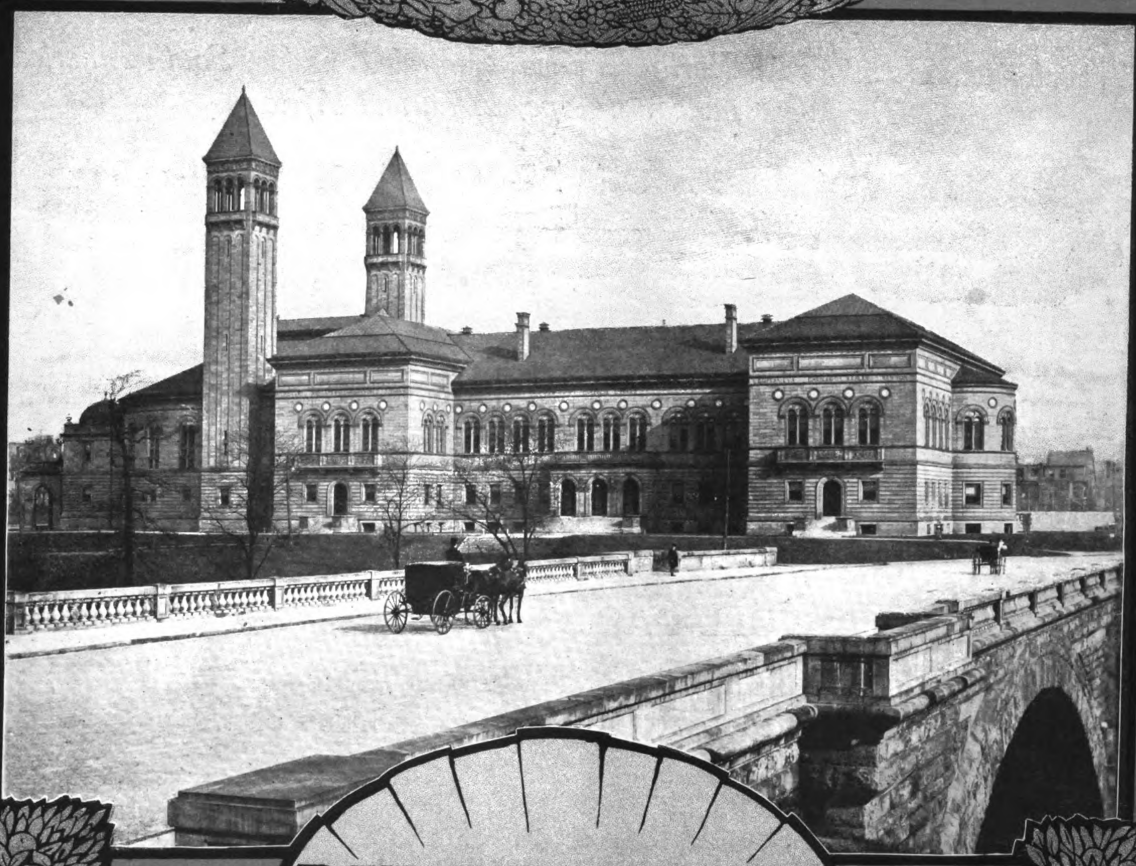
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LOS ANGELES, CAL.



HARPER'S WEEKLY



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RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

F.R.G.S.

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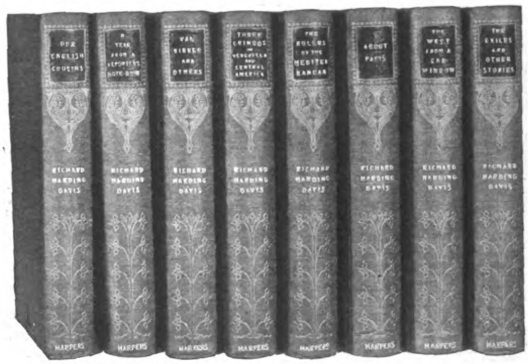


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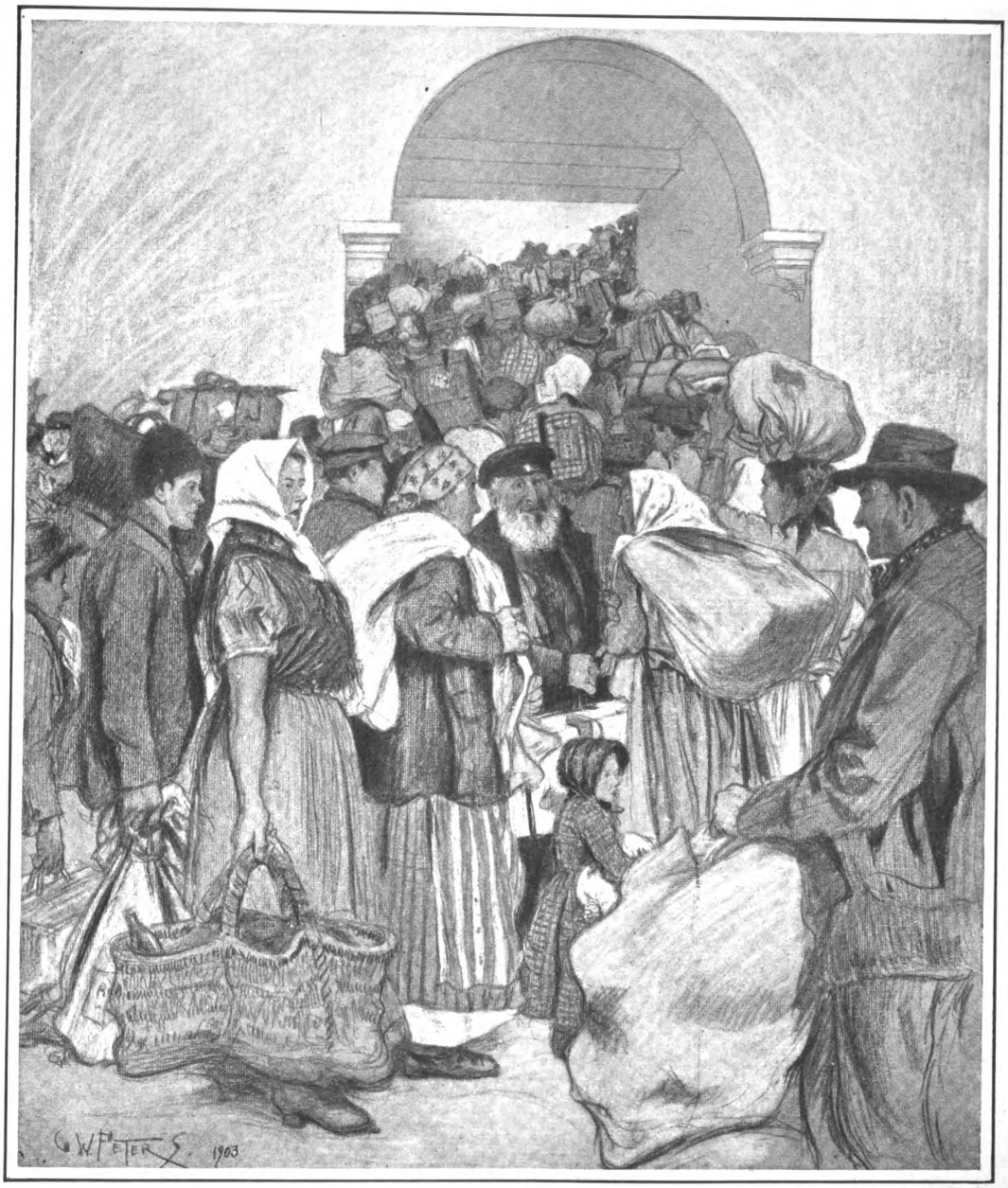
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII. *New York, Saturday, May 23, 1903—Illustrated Section* NO. 2422

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Drawn by G. W. Peters

OUR NEW AMERICAN CITIZENS

Again the weekly record of immigration has been broken. In 1902, 650,000 persons came here to live, and now it seems certain, from the record of the first three months of 1903, that this enormous figure will be exceeded this year

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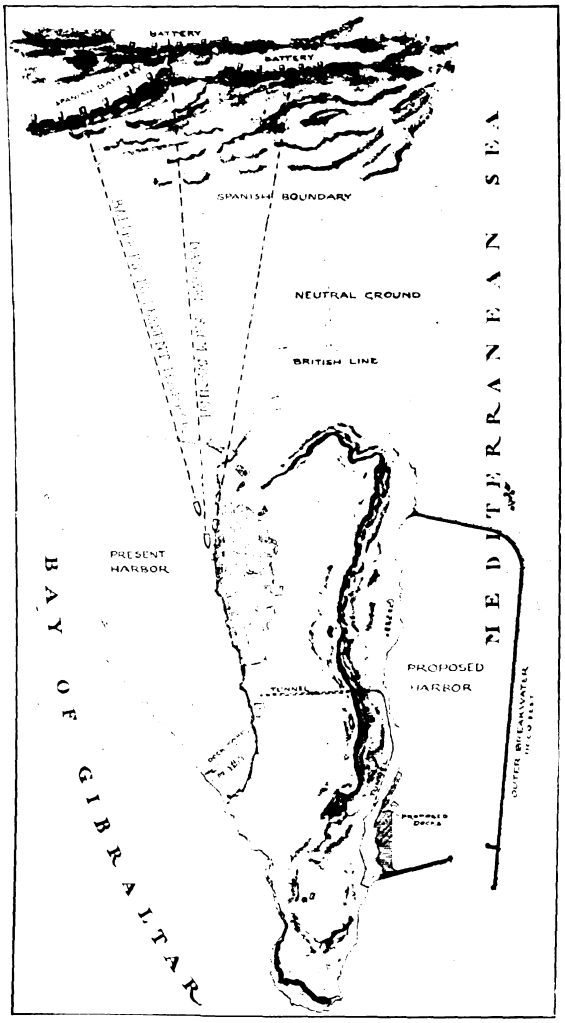
The Passing of Gibraltar

A WAVE of apprehension is at present sweeping over the English public due to the statement by Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, M.P., that Gibraltar, so pre-eminently the world's greatest fortress that the name is a synonym for strength, is in reality a source of weakness in Great Britain's defensive system, and might, under certain conditions, become a serious tax upon the fleet.

The popular idea of an impregnable fortress fails to disassociate invulnerability to capture from offensive strength, and it is safe to say that nine-tenths of the people the world over believe that Gibraltar in itself commands the entrance to the Mediterranean. This idea would, however, be a dangerous one if held by the British government. It is even less true to-day than it was in the days of sailing-ships, when accessibility to a plentiful coal-supply was not vital to the success of naval operations.

The entrance to the Mediterranean is twelve miles wide, and at half this distance foreign armored ships would have little to fear from even the most powerful of the new guns in the Gibraltar batteries. Gibraltar is not, therefore, valuable to Great Britain in the sense of a coast fortification, but purely as a naval base from which a British fleet may operate in the vicinity of the Mediterranean. Employed in this manner, since ceded by Spain in 1704, it has successfully sustained many attempts at its recapture, and under the conditions then existing was shown to have wonderful defensive powers when attacked by an almost overwhelming force. The conditions prevailing at that time make the results, however, no criterion by which to judge the outcome of an attack to-day. The object of the latter would be distinctly different: it would not be, as was the former one, the capture of the rock, but would be the crippling of the English navy by destroying one of its most valuable bases.

Mr. Bowles is performing a patriotic service in warning the British government against perpetuating the blunder originally made in establishing the dockyards and naval works on the western side of Gibraltar and within easy range of such batteries as the Spaniards may choose to erect on the high land to the northward and westward of the neutral ground. It is true that new and powerful ordnance has been installed in the batteries on the northern side of the rock and commanding the Spanish hills, and that these would probably be employed upon permanent Spanish works while in course of erection, making the fortification of the hills by large pieces of ordnance an extremely dangerous operation; but the emplacement of the heaviest guns would not be necessary to make the present harbor untenable for British ships. Powerful mortar batteries could and probably would be quickly erected, and ordnance of this character would have sufficient range and possess the proper character of fire for the purpose.



Map showing Gibraltar's present defensive Weakness, and Plans for proposed Improvements

In view of the vulnerability of the naval station it is difficult to understand why it was ever established on the western side of the rock, and it is still more surprising that in the last few years $22,500,000 should have been expended upon permanent works. The British government is apparently awakening very tardily to the necessity of establishing a new naval station and harbor on the eastern side of the rock. Mr. Bowles has been agitating the matter for several years, and his judgment has been vindicated by the report of Captain J. H. Tizard, of the Royal Navy, and Mr. William Shield, which has recently been made public. Judging from this report it would seem that much valuable time has been needlessly wasted in beginning work, which, the report states, will require ten years to complete. The labors of the commission extended from November, 1901, to May, 1902, and the report, which was not presented to Parliament until February, 1903, was made to the Admiralty in June, 1902. The commission recommends creating, by means of two breakwaters, with a total length of 12,800 feet, a harbor on the eastern side of the peninsula affording accommodation for twenty-four battle-ships, twelve cruisers, and a number of gunboats and destroyers. In addition there will be the proper complement of dry docks, workshops, and other accessories. The docks will be so placed as not to be exposed to direct torpedo attack. The entire construction, however, will not be completely shielded from a hostile fire, the report stating in its concluding paragraph: "It may be well to point out, however, in conclusion, that although the proposed harbor on the east side of Gibraltar will not be exposed to such a concentrated fire from the shore as is the harbor on the west side, it will not be altogether free from gun-fire, as the northeastern part of the harbor would be exposed to attack from Sierra Carbonera, and the whole harbor might be enfiladed from the lower hills extending east from Sierra Carbonera: the dock, however, and the reclaimed ground immediately adjacent to it, would not be open to any fire from the Spanish mainland, and could only be attacked from the sea." It will thus be seen that even the proposed harbor, by far the more protected of the two, would not be a quiet refuge for a fleet. It will, however, afford a position for a coal-supply and permanent works out of the range of Spanish guns.

The British naval authorities recognize the necessity of maintaining the two-power standard of the British fleet. To provide a yearly naval construction which will overtop the combined naval programmes of France and Russia has been a serious drain upon the British treasury, but now that the German navy is forging to the front with alarming aggressiveness it is a new factor to be reckoned with, and the financial resources of England are in danger of becoming strained. Many maintain that the yearly defence budget has reached the limit of proper expense, and that as the maintenance of the naval policy is vital, its needs must first be provided for and the army left to shift for itself on the balance. It is doubtless due to this situation that the Admiralty hesitates to request of Parliament the $32,500,000 estimated by the commission for the eastern Gibraltar harbor.

It is not only with reference to its dominance over the Mediterranean's entrance that Gibraltar's greatness is passing, but it will soon, through the construction of the Panama Canal, be relegated to second place as a strategical position. The splendid advantages possessed by Cuba in this respect will be virtually secured to the United States by a friendly government and the ownership of new naval stations, giving to our country the world's greatest strategical base. The result for England will be the supplanting of Gibraltar by Jamaica, a most important naval base. Jamaica's unique position, commanding the Windward Passage directly, and within a few hours' steaming distance of the other ocean highways to the Isthmus, gives it a strategical strength second only to that of Cuba.

As bearing on the wonderful defensive strength of Gibraltar under the conditions of other days, it is worth recalling that in 1782 the combined sea and land attack of the joint forces of France and Spain, though maintaining a siege for over three months, failed utterly to inflict any permanent damage. In this action 458 guns maintained for days a terrific bombardment at ranges of from 900 to 1200 yards. Despite the fact that the Gibraltar garrison returned this fire with but 96 guns, the loss to the allies was over 2000 men, while the English lost but sixteen in all. At its conclusion the siege had cost the Spaniards $12,000,000 and over 6000 men, while the English loss, even including those not killed in battle, was only 1231 men.

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IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD

THE LITERARY WOMAN · BY CAROLINE DUER



Caroline Duer

I HAD been asked to write something about the ideals of literary women, but I protested, first, that I was not a literary woman, and, second, that I had no ideas about their ideals, so I see I am to be allowed "to decline on a range of lower feelings," under the title of "In Application of Talent."

Nearly everybody can write now, and does,—mostly in the magazines; the only wonder is that there should be any outsiders left to read. Some people possess genius (modestly described in the dictionary as "uncommon powers of intellect"), and are born giants in the story-telling world; and some have talent, a kind of juggling skill with words and ideas; and some, again, have a little gentle facility of expression, a sort of talent-and-water, which the pressure of necessity forces them to use, and which it requires determined application to turn to any account.

Writing is work, like any other work, whether it is a talent or not, only it is perhaps a trifle more irritating to the nerves than many an occupation less respectfully considered.

"Certainly, if I could help it," says Mr. Stevenson, "I would never marry a wife who writes. The practice of letters is miserably harassing to the mind, and after an hour or two's work all the more human portion of the author is extinct."

But there are more and more of us writing all the time, and gentlemen who feel as Mr. Stevenson did (with whom, by the way, I heartily sympathize), are going to have a hard time of it. But not so hard, I vow and declare, as the unfortunate author with pencil in hand and a brain that refuses to dictate one word.

For words "finely framed" carry you far, though ideals do not seem to count for much in the market-place. If you are a small peddler, profit or loss means a great deal to you. You *must* suit the popular taste, but you *may* cling to certain principles on which you make and sell your wares.

You may keep good models before you. You may be patient and painstaking, no matter how insignificant the result, trying conscientiously to reproduce the impressions made upon you by life and character, and, if there is no demand for your *best*, at least you may refrain from putting your very worst before the public.

Women are inclined to force their talents when they have once resolved to use them, and the result is not always permanently successful. I do not believe in doing hasty, ill-digested work after you have achieved a reputation, no matter how eagerly you are sought by once indifferent editors and publishers. But of this I can speak better when such temptation comes my way,—if it ever does.

I believe that the expression of any talent should be as impersonal as possible. Writers should keep themselves out of their stories, reporting human nature,—with some tenderness, a sense of humor, and, as far as they can manage, with a trust in the higher, rather than the lower, side of it. I do not like, when I put down a book, to feel, primarily, that the man or woman who wrote it considered himself or herself a clever person. I like to arrive slowly at that conclusion through my appreciation of his or her delineation of character.

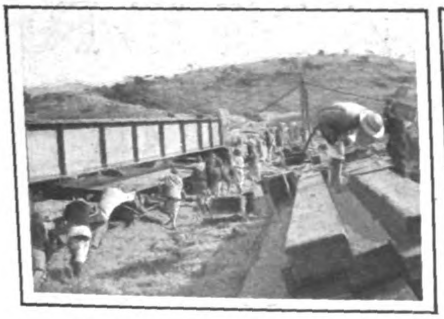
I admire simplicity, force, and directness, and I wish very much that I had not been asked to write this article, because it seems to bring all my own shortcomings in that respect so hideously before me.

I suppose you never lay down a piece of writing, no matter how small, without a sense of relief that it is finished, although it may have fallen so far below your standard of merit that some day you may regret that you ever did finish it at all. But ideal standards are appreciated by few, and attained by fewer, and in the mean time the workaday world wants something that will amuse or interest it without too much effort on its part, and you make an effort, on your part, to supply what it wants with such talent as the Lord gave you, and such application as you can force from yourself, and the result is in the hands of those terrible autocrats who threaten you with the opinion of the "Average Reader."

I should like to meet the average reader. He seems to be conventional, moral (unless wickedness is approached with great solemnity), a lover of adventure, a person with a certain sense of humor (only it must be developed along the lines to which he is accustomed, or he'll have none of it), and lately he has, apparently, acquired an overpowering taste for social life and happenings. At least so some of the autocrats say, and the application of talent to the description of social happenings is somewhat lowering to the ideals. Perhaps the average reader would tell us a different story if we could consult him personally,—a story much better worth hearing.

Be that as it may, we stand or fall by what we manage to accomplish, not what we dream of attempting, and the apology of the chronicler of Judas Maccabæus might very well be adopted by all modern writers, whether they work laborously with small talents to please others, or soar with ideals to satisfy themselves.

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Moving a Girder over Rough Country



Mr. A. B. Lueder
The American in charge of the expedition



One of the Transportation Trains

27 Bridges in 53 Weeks

AN American bridge-building company, represented by a boy of twenty-four, has just completed twenty-seven railroad bridges for a British line in Uganda, Africa, in record time.

The Uganda Railway is a line running from the coast above Zanzibar to Victoria Nyanza, the principal source of the Nile. Its construction presented difficult engineering problems, as the land rises sharply to nearly 9000 feet above sea-level, and necessitates a two-per-cent. grade much of the way. The road follows a tortuous course through broken hills and over numerous deep ravines.

After the British bridge-builders had taken two years to construct eight viaducts, it was resolved to place the rest of the work in the hands of American engineers. An American firm undertook to do the work, and to finish the bridges complete for a sum less than that asked by British contractors for loading the material on shipboard. The contract with the American concern called for the completion of the work within seven months after the foundations were complete; an unforeseen delay, however, extended the duration of the work to a little over a year.

A graduate of Cornell, Mr. A. B. Lueder, of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, was put in charge of the entire work of construction. He took with him to Africa twenty American "riggers," as the bridge-builders are called, together with 150 sailors and longshoremen from India; 150 native Africans were later pressed into service.

The British contractors shipped their material from England in small pieces, while the American company hired three tramp steamers which transported the bridges, practically complete, from the shops in Philadelphia to the African coast. All that remained to be done was to set the pieces in place, drive some rivets, and the bridge was ready for the rails.

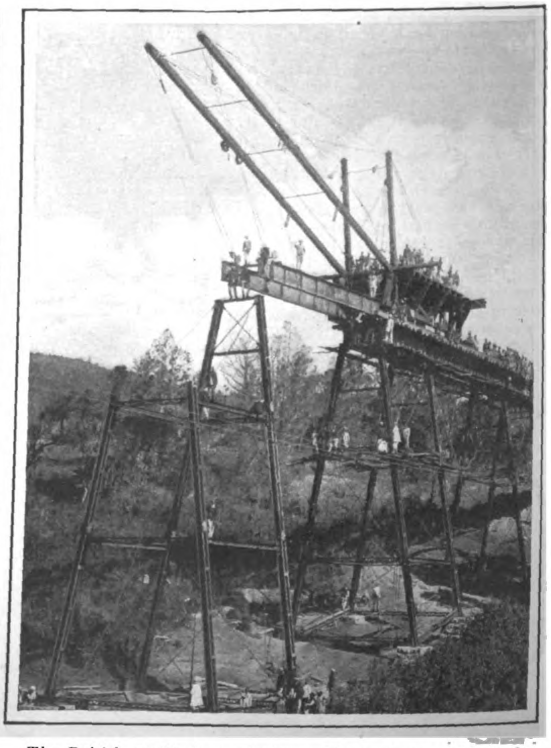
In the actual work of construction, the British and American methods were still more divergent. The British idea was to employ as many men as could be had; the American, to do with as few as possible. The accompanying pictures illustrate this contrast. Five men and an American "traveller" did the work of over a hundred natives employed by the British contractors. One of the longest of the viaducts was put up by the American force in sixty-nine working hours, to the surprise and admiration of the English engineers in charge of the line.

The actual engineering work was simple. The bridges, of which the longest was 1200 feet and the highest 112 feet, were almost entirely on curves and steep gradients; but, thanks to the perfection of the construction work at home and to the soundness of the foundation work by the British engineers, everything fitted admirably. There were 7000 tons of steel in the entire contract, and the difficulties of transportation and erection would have been serious except for the foresight and discipline of the men in charge. The great travelling crane did most of the work, with never more than a score of men on the job at once.

In December of last year the work was completed and accepted by the British government. It should be said in fairness to the contractors, that they do not consider their work in Africa remarkable in any way. They simply took the contract and filled it with characteristic American promptness.

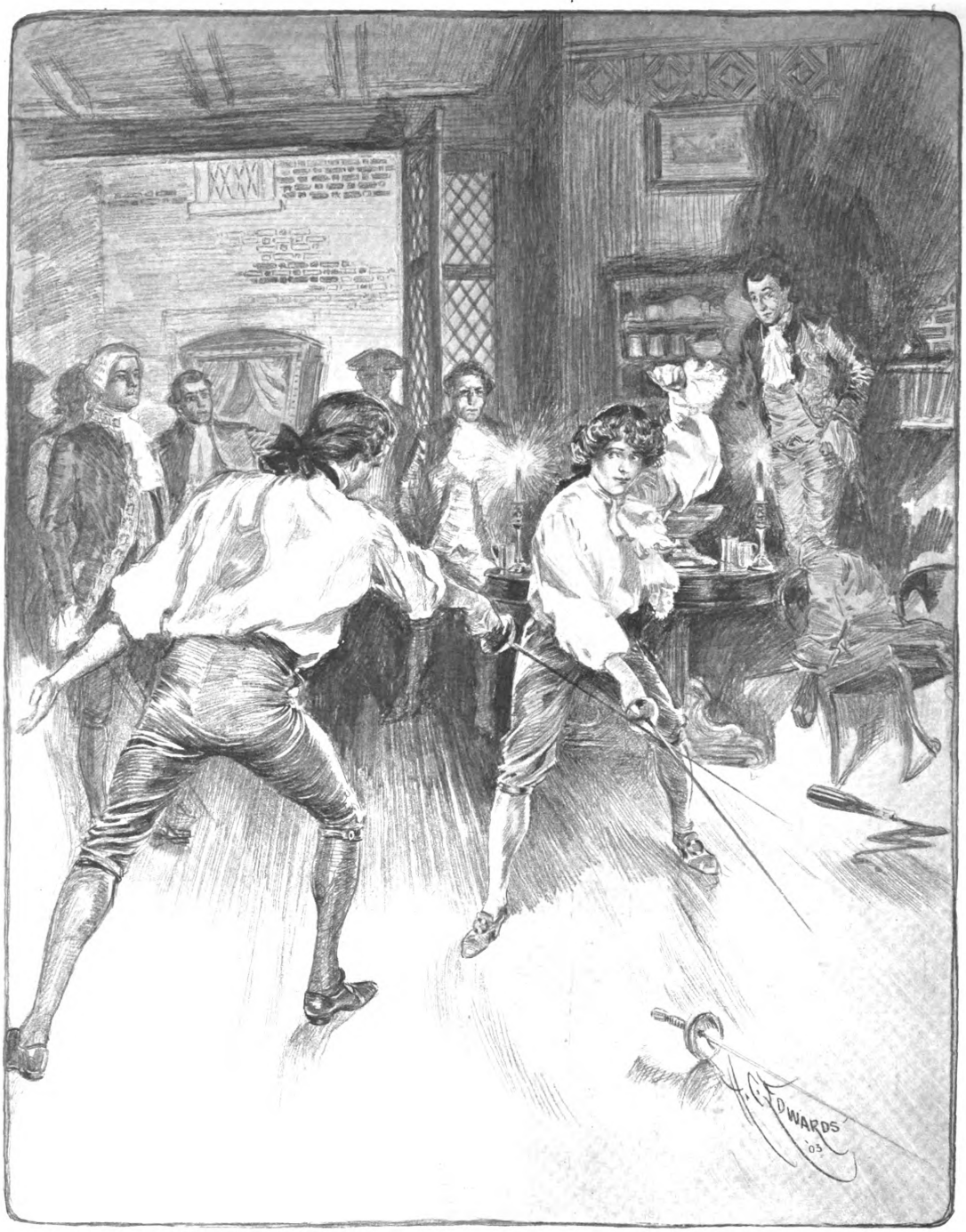


American Bridge-builders at Work—only Five Men needed



The British at Work, employing a Force of over a Hundred

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Drawn by H C. Edwards

"MY LADY PEGGY GOES TO TOWN," AT DALY'S

Peggy (Cecil Spooner), impersonating one of her suitors, fights Sir Percy (Mr. Hale), her lover

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Translating Weather Reports received in Cipher, and Charting them on the Maps

Will it Rain or Shine To-morrow?

The Way the Weather Forecast is made at the Weather Bureau in Washington

IT was an evening session. The matter in hand was to give to the United States, in its morning papers, a hint of the probable weather conditions of the ensuing day. The means were some smudged sheets of telegraph manifold, plus the sum of the experience of the United States Weather Bureau.

At five minutes before eight, morning and evening, telegraph circuits are made up covering the United States and extending into Canada, so that there shall be, as far as conditions may allow, simultaneous transmission of the reports of about one hundred and fifty weather observers to the Weather Bureau in Washington.

By the first quarter after eight, messages have begun to come into the telegraph-room of the Weather Bureau that read, for example, like this, "Tafeta lushberg beak baggy." At 8.30 exactly, five clerks are at a high desk which describes three sides of a parallelogram, and a sixth clerk perched at a separate high desk begins to drone figures and abbreviations with wonderful rapidity and continuity.

"Ninedoo thirdfour teen rain north cloud," he says, and the clerks on the inside of the "hollow square" make the final translation thus:

The telegraph: "Tafeta lushberg beak baggy."

The reader: "Ninedoo thirdfour teenrain north cloud twelfordy."

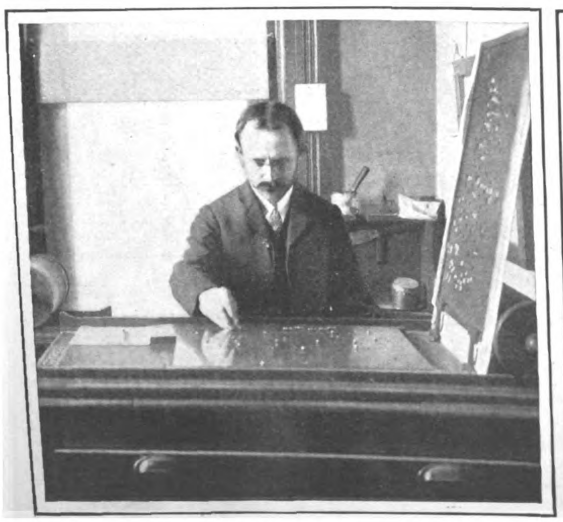
The clerks: "Barometer, 29.92; thermometer, 34; precipitation, .14; direction of the wind, north; cloudy; velocity of the wind, 12 miles; maximum temperature, 40."

Each clerk has an outline map of the United States before him. The observation stations are noted on the map with little circles. Underneath the map on which the clerk is working are maps on which the observations for previous days have been plotted. Clerk No. 1 is putting down all the data; Clerk No. 2 takes the temperature only, and before the next temperature is called has calculated and put down the figures representing the change from the previous observation and the difference from the normal. Clerk No. 3 is handling the barometer readings, and noting the variations from previous observations. Clerk No. 4 is noting, with little wriggles of red and blue pencil marks, the presence of clouds and their character. Clerk No. 5 is putting down figures in gross on a blank for the Associated Press, which will notify every city of the day's climatic conditions in every other city.

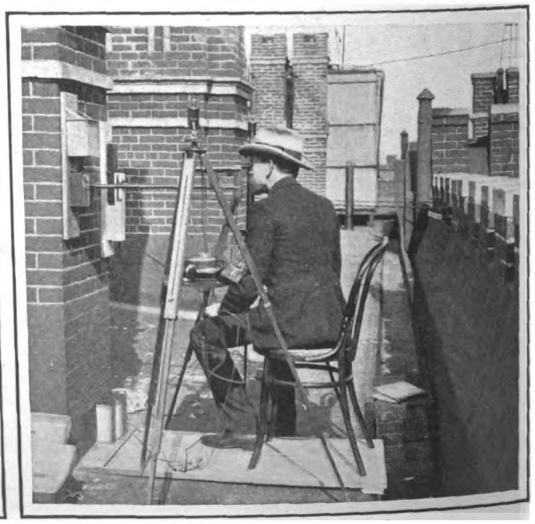
About this time, the forecast official, who sits sixth at the desk, begins to scribble furiously on a pad. He presses the first sheet with fervor into the hand of a waiting printer, and the craftsman shuffles off to his case of logotypes. The making of the night forecast has begun.

Before nine o'clock, the reader has tumbled off his stool and announced that the reports are all in. The forecaster stands before the combined map and delivers his dictum to Clerk No. 1, who is writing it out for the printer. Lines isotherm and lines isobar are racked to give up the secret of the weather for the next twenty-four hours. This is latter-day necromancy for the benefit of some seventy millions of people who will read the prophecy to-morrow for overcoat and umbrella directions.

The clock ticks second by second toward that time when the forecaster must say what the weather for the next twenty-four hours will be. Section by section he goes over the country and apportions to each its meed of prophecy, while the logographs click in the printer's stick in the corner, crystallizing divination into news. At ten the forecast in all its subdivisions is complete, and by eleven or shortly thereafter the Associated Press has sent out a forecast of the weather for the following twenty-four or more hours from the printed slip furnished by the bureau, and from which slip, printed and made permanent at 10.15 o'clock on the night before, the nation gets its day's weather wisdom.

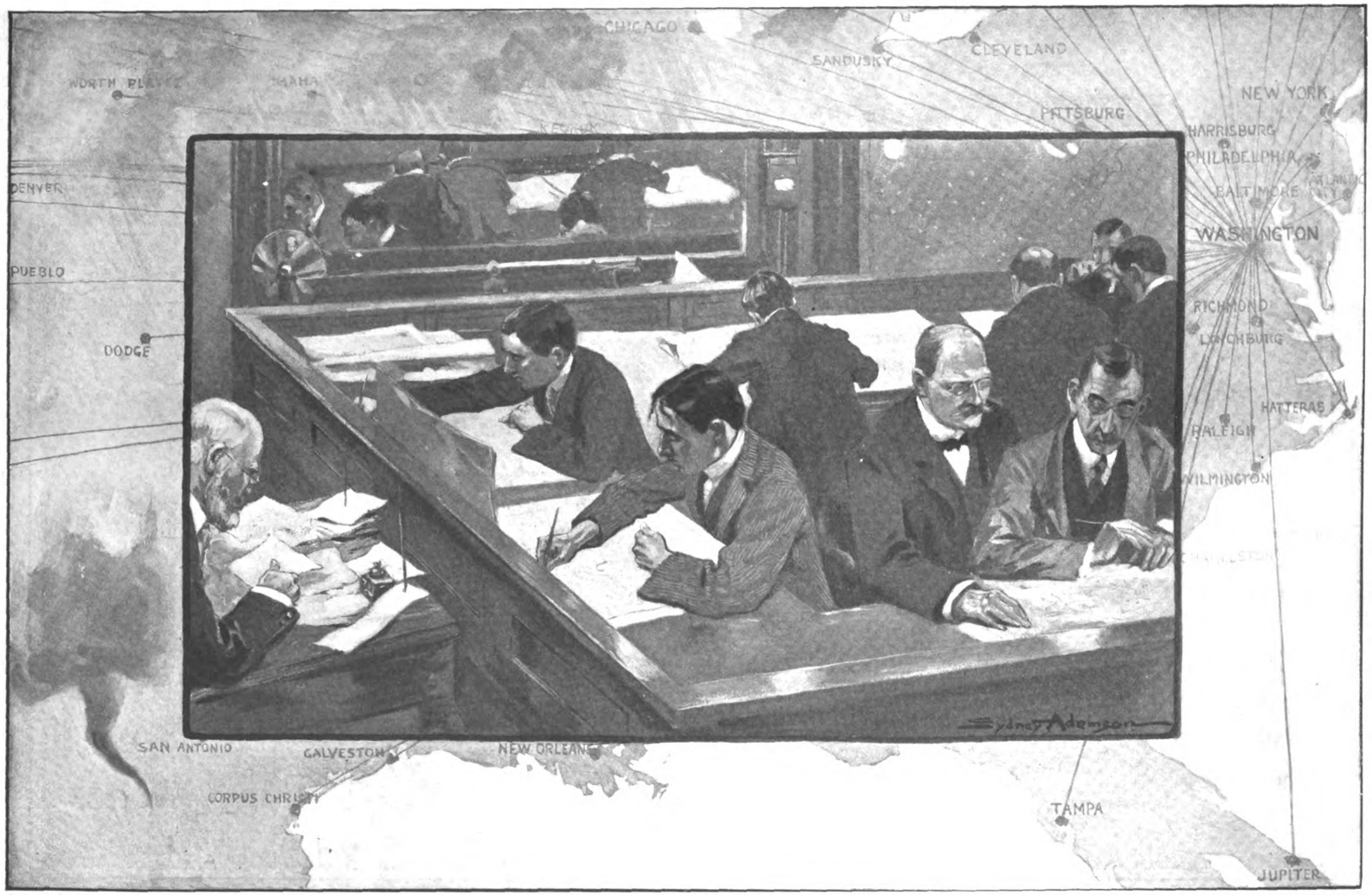


Putting the Weather-symbol Type in Place



Measuring the Heat received from the Sun

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See article on opposite page

Drawn by Sydney Adamson

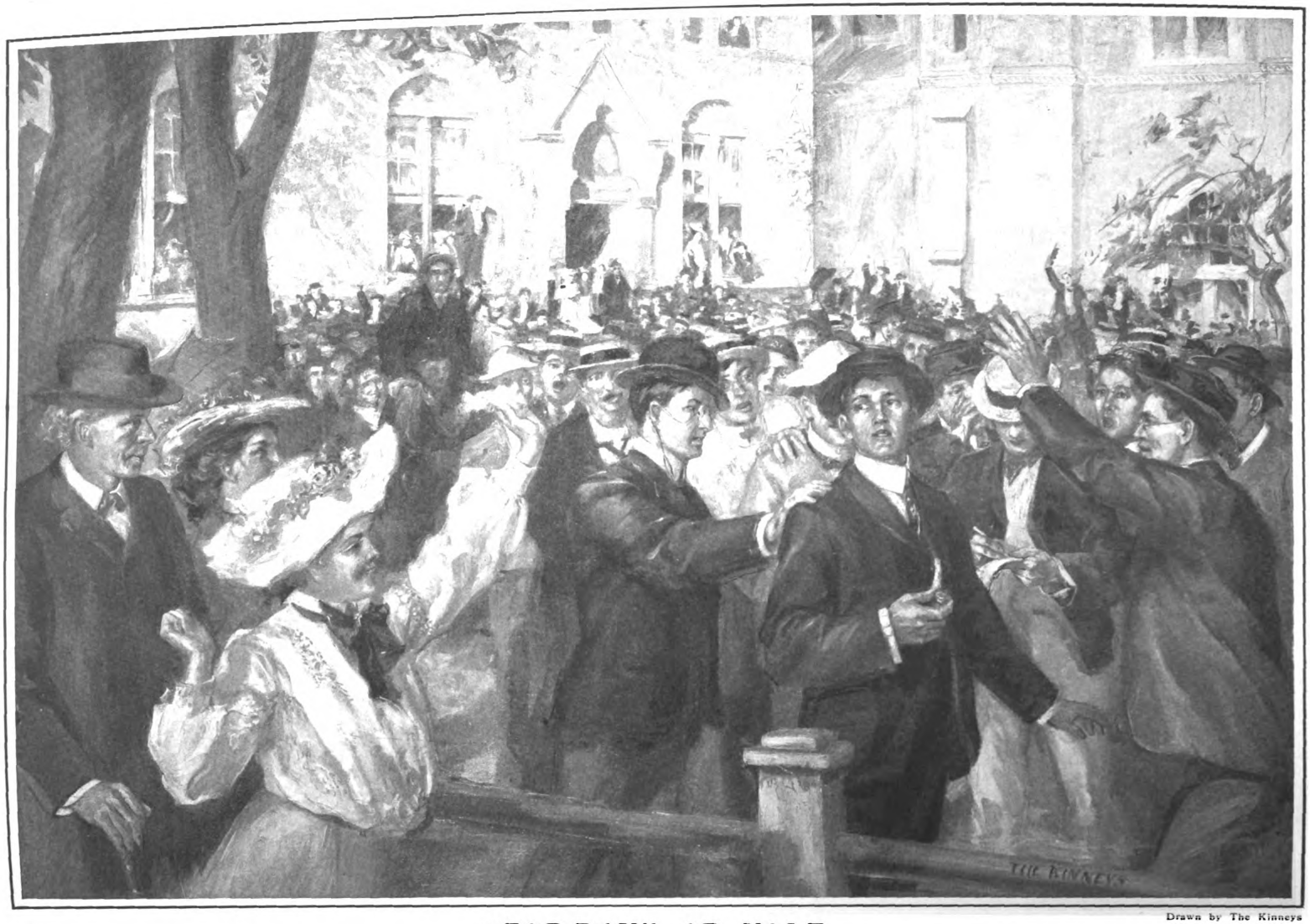
MAKING THE WEATHER FORECAST AT WASHINGTON

This drawing represents the scene at the Weather Bureau in Washington, showing the force of clerks receiving the weather reports from all over the country, and making up the official forecast. These reports are sent to the newspapers in all the large cities every evening

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Drawn by The Kinneys

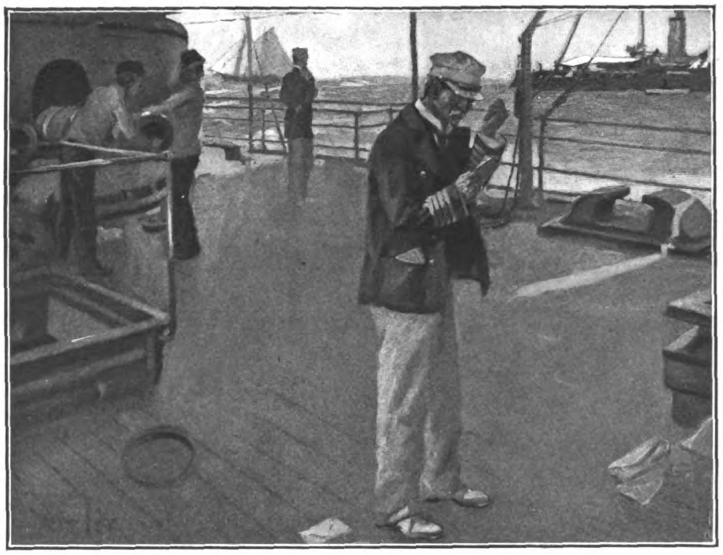
"TAP-DAY" AT YALE

Each of the three Senior societies at Yale,—"Scroll and Keys," "Skull and Bones," and "Wolfs' Head,"—elects fifteen members annually from the Junior Class. On Tap-day, the Thursday before the last Tuesday in May, the elections are publicly announced. Crowds gather on the college campus, and the Seniors indicate the successful candidates by giving each one a vigorous slap on the shoulder, with the command, "Go to your room!" Then the crowd cheers and yells as the candidate obeys the summons

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Captain Little Again

By W. E. Cairnes



"'If there's only 'arf a chance Jack must get the cross'"

WE were lying off a favorite yachting port in the Highlands. The Admiral had signalled "general leave," and I had noticed Lester going over the side into the cutter which was taking the liberty men, so I decided to go on shore too. When I landed, I saw Lester sitting on one of those stone posts which seem for some mysterious nautical reason to be placed on all jetties. When he saw me he rose and saluted ostentatiously, then walked away, once or twice looking back over his shoulder as if to see if I was following him. I was quick to take the hint, and soon found myself walking along the old coach road leading inland, the scarlet coat of my guide showing a few yards ahead. A fine clump of trees, standing some fifty yards back from the road, at last attracted Lester's attention, and, quitting the road, he waited for me in their shade. When I joined him, he lost no time in getting to business. "I beg pardon, sir, for bein' so bold as to suggest as you should come out 'ere to 'ear my yarns, but they've some idea in the ship, sir, that I've been talkin' more than is good for me, though you could tell 'em that I've said nothin' as wasn't true, and nothin' as would 'urt any of them. But I'll spin you the yarn, sir, and then you can make what you like out of it.

"This as I'm a-goin' to tell you about 'appened in the early nineties. I was in the *Bantam*, second-class cruiser, on the Cape station. Little ('e 'ad the V.C. then) was the captain, and the commander was King, a good officer, and a fine seaman, sir. The English mail 'ad come in one mornin', and 'alf the ship's company 'ad got their little bit of 'ome come out to them in the Donald Currie boat a-layin' in the bay. I was cleanin' guns on the poop, and Jo was a-settin' on the poop skylight a-readin' 'is mail. From what 'e said as 'e muttered it half aloud to himself, the letter must 'ave been from his son, who was in the service, as it said that this 'ere son was a-comin' out to the station by the next mail, 'im 'avin' been appointed to our chummy ship, the *Musk Rat*, third-class cruiser on the station, as Number One and G. This bit of news pleased the old man tremenduous, and 'e kept a-walkin' up and down and a-sayin' to 'imself, 'What—ho! Jack on this station! Blow me, that's good news! Bust me, if there's only 'arf a chance Jack must get the cross. Two crosses in one family—father and son, begad,' and so on for 'arf an hour or more.

"Well, time goes on, and at last the son, Jack Little, 'e arrives. The *Musk Rat* were round at Simon's Bay, but she were about to make a passage round to Cape Town, and the young feller 'e were ordered to wait for 'er; so 'e took up 'is quarters with us in the *Bantam*, livin', in course, with 'is pa in the Owner's cabin. Jack, this 'ere son of 'is, 'e was a long-legged, tired-lookin' sort of youngster, spoke very slow with a drawl, and 'ad brought a cargo of books and such like gear out with 'im, and used to set a-readin' of 'em whenever the old man let 'im. But 'e was a smart officer, though 'e didn't look it quite. I took stock of the youngster as well as I could, and I thought to myself, 'Ah, you may be a gallant lad enough, but you ain't the stuff as V.C.s are made of. You're too slow and steady-goin' for that game. It's the scallywag what gets the V.C., while the other chap's a-thinkin' of it out.'

"We carried on quiet on that station for some months after young Jo, as we always called 'im—though 'is name it was Jack—came out from England. But one day, while we was at our moorin's inside the breakwater in Table Bay, we all noticed that there was some fuss more than usual a-goin' on. The flag-ship was layin' inside of us, and her semaphore 'ad been busy all the mornin' with messages from the shore; the Admiral 'ad gone in in 'is barge, and 'ad come off again, and then a signal was made for Jo to go aboard of the flag-ship. 'E came off at last, lookin' pleased as be blowed, the joy regular a-shinin' out of 'is face. Somethin' was up. Workin' parties was sent ashore, and we shipped extra small-arm ammunition, rocket tubes and war rockets, stretchers, and an enormous number of cases of bully beef and compressed food of all sorts; medical stores also. We 'ad coaled a few days before, and soon after we'd cleared out next mornin' we heard officially that some murderin' black scoundrel of a King of Iseyin, up Benin way, had been a-doin' somethin' 'e oughtn't to, and we was a-goin' to check 'im.

"At last we fetches up at the place as we were bound for, a saloobrious spot called Goolung, or some such name. Off 'ere we found the *Musk Rat* a-waitin' for us, the *Kestrel*, another cruiser of the same class, and a great rusty, wall-sided tramp steamer from Gib. with more stores. A river comes in to the sea at Goolung, and it soon leaked out that we was a-goin' up this river in boats as far as a place—I clean forget the name, but it doesn't matter.

"To make a long story short, we got under way at last. The expedition was commanded by Jo, and, in course, 'e took 'is son along out of the *Musk Rat*. There was about thirty marines, of 'om I was one, and about eighty bluejackets. King, our commander, 'e came with us as second in command, and young Jo was made a sort of edge-du-cong to 'is pa, and follered after the old man.

"I don't know really which was the worst, the three days we spent in cutters bein' towed up that foul river, swelterin' in the sun all day, or sweatin' in the clammy mists at night. We got at last to a place of which I misremember the name. At that blarsted vilage we waited for nigh a week till the carriers 'ad been collected—and a dirty lot of niggers they were. Well, one evenin', sir, I accerdentally over'eard a conversation between young Jo and old Jo. I wasn't takin' no notice of what Jo and his lad was a-talkin' about, till I 'eard Jo say somethin' about the V.C., and then I cocked my ears. 'E was a-saying, 'Keep your eyes open for a chance, my lad; you'll never know when it's a-comin', and it'll never come twice, never.' 'I'll do my best,' said young Jo; 'but don't you think it will sound a bit funny, you know, if I'm given the cross on my father's recommendation? Why, wotever I did, supposin' for the sake of argyment that the chance did come and that I took it, supposin' that, why, there'd be plenty to say that it was a family job.' Jo was fair flummoxed. 'E groaned 'orribly to 'imself, and I could 'ear 'im a-swearin' softlike below 'is breath. 'Gawd 'elp us,' 'e said at last. 'But I believe it's true. You must give up all idea of the cross this journey, my lad. I could never 'old up my 'ead if anything like that could be even 'inted at.' Young Jo 'e gave a little larf. 'There is a way out of it,' 'e said, 'though not a way as would be likely to suit you. If you was to go sick, *and* the opportunity came, *and* I took it, why, Commander King, who would be in command, 'e could recommend me, and would too, if 'e got the chance, for King's a good chap, though I know 'e's no pertickler pal of yours, guv'nor.' The old man 'e gave a great sigh, and said: 'I couldn't do it, lad. Out of the bloomin' question,' he says, 'though King is a good chap, as you say. 'E's too much of a soldier for me.'

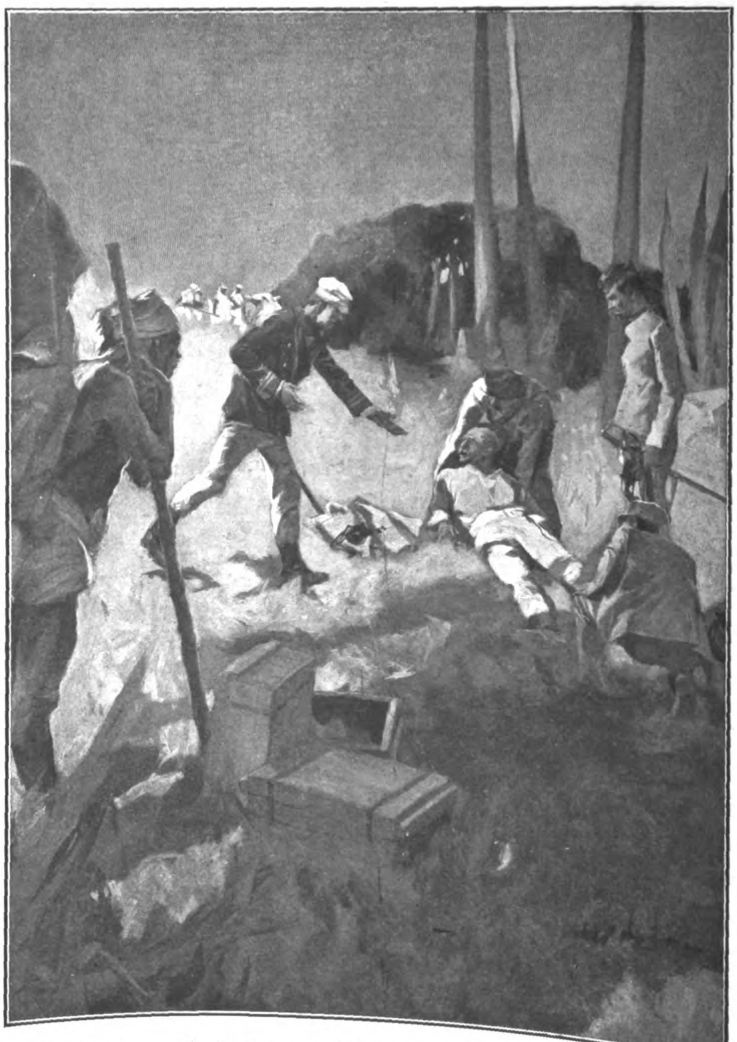
"Well, we weighed anchor, as Jo would 'ave said, next mornin', and marched off up the bush track to Iseyin. We didn't get on very fast, as you may imagine, but we got on some'ow. The first day nothin' 'appened. The second day the enemy kept a-firin' on the advanced guard from out of the bush. We never saw them, though we used to 'ear them in the bush sometimes, and we found a few dead, as we shot unbeknownst. This sort of thing 'appened pretty frequent in the second day. A few of our men was 'it, but nothin' serious, which was a wonder. The third day, 'owever, was *the* day. Nothin' much 'appened in the mornin'; but shortly after dinner we got down close to a river. The path took

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a sudden turn down to it, and when we rounded the turn we found ourselves within a few yards of a bloomin' stockade about six or seven foot 'igh. There was some loop'oles in it, and as our chaps came a-saunterin' round the corner quite unsuspectin', there was a scatterin' fire from these loop'oles, which, fortunately, went 'igh. Our men ran in, and the n'ggers bolted, and Jackson, a private in the marines, ran round the corner of the stockade after them. There came a sharp crack, quite different from the usual noise of the nigger's guns, and Jackson 'e rolled over like a rabbit, dead as mutton, shot through the 'eart. I was only some twenty paces behind, along of Jo, when this 'appened. "'Old 'ard,' sang out Jo, 'we don't want all you blighters killed,' 'e said, 'we must reconnoitre'; and we all looked at one another, as this was very different from the shootin' we 'ad met with so far. It wasn't no easy matter to reconnoitre, as the loop'oles in the stockade was too 'igh from the ground for us to see through, the niggers 'avin' built a sort of banquette on the far side to fire from. 'Owever, Jo made me give 'im a back, and then 'e could get a squint at the enemy. 'E looked and 'e looked, all the time whistlin' softly to 'isself. Then 'e passed the word for Commander King, and King 'e came 'urryin' up from where 'e 'ad been a-'ustlin' up the rear-guard. When King arrived, Jo turned from the loop'ole, still a-standin' on my back, and explained the sitooation. 'E quite forgot where 'e was a-standin', and I felt myself gettin' redder and redder in the face, and could see the men a-grinnin' to each other. 'King,' 'e said, 'this is serious. There is a steep rocky bank to the other side of the river, with a sort of cave or openin' in the rocks, and the beggars must be 'idden in it.' When 'e 'ad got about as far as this I gave a lurch, bein' a bit off the job by that time, and Jo sudden saw where 'e was a-standin'. "'Ere, let me down,' 'e said, 'and some of you men just build me a stage 'ere to give one a look-out through this 'ere loop'ole.' I straightened up my back, feelin' glad to get rid of Jo's fairy weight, and some of the 'ands set to and soon rigged a platform which a man might stand on and 'ave a squint out at the other side of the river. Jo went on with a description of what 'e 'ad seen. 'The beggars fairly command the crossing from there, and there is no way of gettin' across but by the tree which lies across the stream and makes the bridge.' While he was talkin' young Jo 'e strolled up. 'Beg pardon, sir,' 'e said, quite officiallike, 'I 'ave plan for clearin' them varmint out of that cave.' He went on quite cool: 'I think, sir, as an active chap could easy cross lower down. Now any seaman could get across there, and go across the river till above the cave in which the niggers are. Then along the river to drop down to the sort o' platform outside the cave, and, once there, the revolver would do the rest. I wish to volunteer for this 'ere job, sir.' Well, both Jo and King was a bit took aback at this. They looked at each other, and then Jo spoke up. 'Jack, my boy,' 'e said, 'there ain't no call for you to go and chuck away your life for nothin'. Your bloomin' plan is all dagm fine; there's only one weak point in it. That is, that as soon as you drop down in front of those there savages, it's they'll do the killin', and not you, my lad.' But young Jo 'e were very determined. 'My plan's the only one,' 'e said again; and 'e took 'is pa away a few yards down the track, and they argued it out by themselves. At last they fell to shakin' 'ands with each other, and King said, 'It's settled, and the youngster's a-goin' to 'ave 'is way'; and so it was. They shook 'ands serious-like two or three times, and then came slowly back to where we was all standin'. Jo looked sadly put out, and kept a-blowin' 'is nose tremendnous, but the lad looked just as usual. 'E turned to where the bluejackets was restin'. 'Now, lads,' 'e said, quite brisk and cheerful, 'I wants six volunteers.' In course every man jack of 'em wanted to be in it; but it was settled at last, and they marched off. In a moment they'd slipped out of our sight in the forest.

"Jo, who stood very quiet and serious, ordered me up on the little platform to keep a sharp lookout through the loop'ole. 'Tell me when you see 'em,' 'e said; 'tell me what they're doin'.' For a little time I saw nothin'. Then I saw them a-swingin' themselves across the river, and I told Jo 'ow they was a-gettin' on. 'Be sure and tell me,' 'e said, 'when they gets on the rock just above the cave.' When they finally reached it, young Jo 'e drew 'is pistol. I told the old man that they was just a-goin' to drop in front of the cave. This was what 'e'd been a-waitin' for, and 'e gave a shout and run out into the open, 'is pistol in 'is 'and. I 'eard the shout, and saw the smoke of the niggers' a-shootin' from the cave come simultaneous, almost at the same moment as young Jo dropped on to the rock at the cave's mouth. I jumped from my perch, and King and me ran after Jo. The blarsted niggers 'ad shot straight as usual. They 'ad floored 'im, and we picked 'im up with three bullets in 'im. 'E was quite conscious. 'It were the only way,' 'e said to King; 'I 'ad to draw their fire. 'Ow's Jack gettin' on?' Jack, in course—the fire of the niggers 'avin' been thus drawn—'ad got on all right. 'E and the lads had rushed into the cave through the smoke of the shots fired through the cave was from all,' 'e shouted, 'but 'ow the 'ell did you draw their fire?' Then 'e saw 'ow serious every one were lookin', and the group round where the skipper were layin', and 'e twigged. Gawd, 'e were knocked out. Jo, 'e squeezed the lad's 'and: 'I got to wind'ard of you, Jack, after all,' 'e whispered.

"Well, in course, the way bein' clear, the column went a'ead, King now bein' in command, and Jo was sent back to the base where we'd disembarked; he were nearly well when we got back. And King 'e did the right thing. In 'is report to the Admiral 'e made a 'ell of a yarn about young Jo a-tacklin' the cave job, and would 'ave made a yarn about Jo too, but Jo insisted on seein' what 'e were goin' to say, and wiped all that part out. The Admiral 'e took it up, and young Jo got the cross, after all. I think that 'e never would 'ave lived to see it if 'e 'adn't drawn the fire of the cave.'



"Then 'e saw . . . . the group round where the skipper were layin', and 'e twigged"

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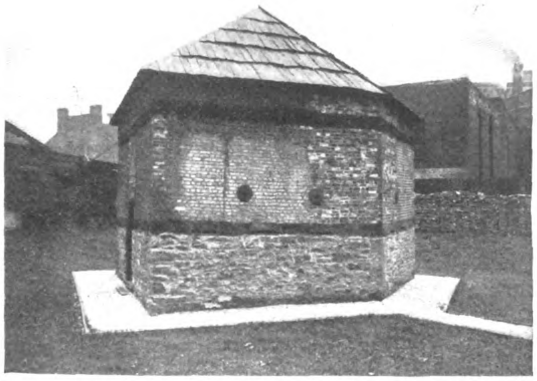
Highland Park Entrance

Pittsburgh, the Giant Industrial City of the World

THEY used to call Pittsburgh the Smoky City; it is smoky yet. They used to call it the Iron City; Steel City would be a better name, for if "Iron is King," the steel throne of His Industrial Highness is in Pittsburgh—if we must use analogies pertaining to royalty — properly there is no place for them in the United States — to illustrate American strength and supremacy. Human labor is our King, which takes form in the Ideal Working-man —the capitalist and manual worker combined.

The capital of this spirit of American genius is Pittsburgh. Of this there can be no reasonable doubt, for Pittsburgh has come to be the industrial centre not only of the United States, but of the world. The greatest giant of modern times, American Commercial Genius, resides there and holds undisputed sway.

No community in the United States is more prosperous just now than Greater Pittsburgh. A cloud by day — the dark smoke of its thousands of furnaces—and a pillar of fire by night—the flames of these same furnaces mark out the path of its progress; and the wilderness has vanished. Not quite 1,000,000 people live and toil in and around Pittsburgh, but its railroad and river commerce exceeds that of London, New York, or Chicago, and surpasses in extent that of the famous Sault Ste. Marie Canal.



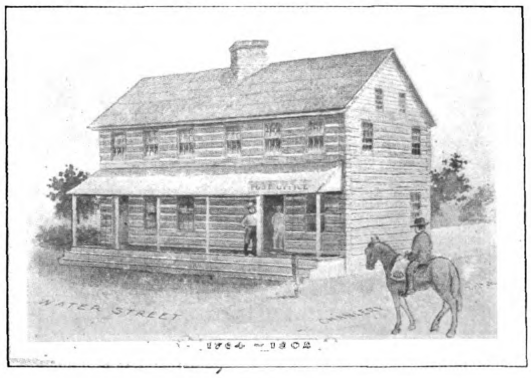
Old Block-House

The reason for this is plain. The Steel Age is upon us. The steel industry has moved westward over the Allegheny Mountains, along the lines of least resistance, and has centred in the one spot in this country where the best fuel may be secured the cheapest, where the iron ore may be brought at the least expense, and where the distribution of the finished products of steel may be accomplished most easily.

George Washington first marked Pittsburgh as the site of a great town. He saw in its site a commanding position at the head of the Ohio River for commerce and trade. It was its position as a frontier post that attracted him. The possibilities of river traffic appealed to him. The age of steel he did not dream of. If there had been no railroads Pittsburgh would always have been a great city because of its natural position. Washington named his fort at the meeting-place of the Monongahela and Allegheny Fort Pitt, in honor of William Pitt, and the pioneer residents, mainly Scotch and Irish, called the town Pittsburgh, not burg, the corruption of the German *berg*, and now its name is Pittsburgh or Pittsburg, according as one fancies its chartered appellation or the simpler name adopted by the Federal government and most of the corporations doing business there.

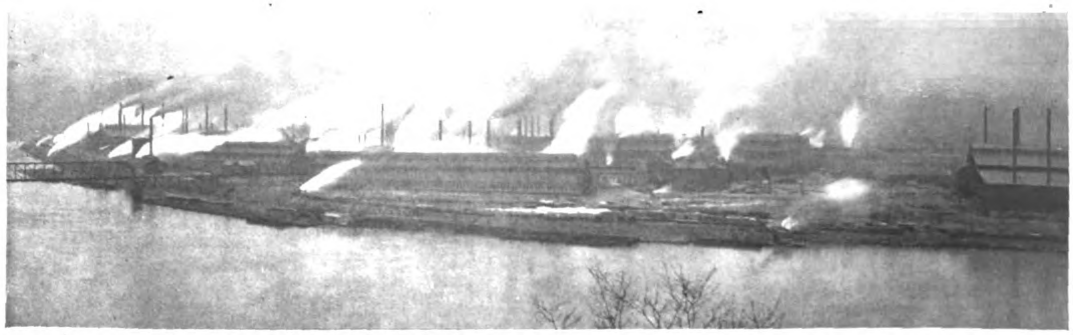
Take a rectangular piece of paper, and mark a waving line along the bottom, running, say from east to west. In the centre of the piece of paper draw another waving line at right angles to the bottom one, and running, say, from north to south. The irregular lines represent the rivers that made Pittsburgh what it was and to a large extent what it is. Join the base and altitude of the eastern of the two right-angled triangles formed by the river systems with a hypotheneuse about a mile long, and in the area cut off you have the business part of the present city of Pittsburgh. This part of Pittsburgh is really more like an equilateral triangle. Put the apex where the Monongahela and Allegheny form the Ohio, and let the base extend from river to river. From the apex back nearly to the base the town is level. Then there comes a sharp rise, and on top of this rise, midway between the Allegheny and Monongahela, stands what is probably the finest business building in the world.

With the exception of the hill, the topography of Pittsburgh resembles that of New York from the City Hall to the Battery. Call the main street Fifth Avenue, instead of Broadway, and put all the retail shops, the theatres, and hotels, as well as the wholesale houses and railroad terminals in that district, and you have some idea as to how the city lies. Now, narrow the East River



First Post-Office

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Homestead Works

and the Hudson River to streams about 1000 feet wide, and put a score of bridges over them, to South Pittsburgh, on the one side, and to Allegheny on the other, and the river situation may be understood by New-Yorkers. On the Brooklyn side let the bluffs rise to a height of more than 500 feet, great battlements of nature looking down upon the business centre. Then run half a dozen inclined planes up their sides, to accommodate travel, and one can realize what a beautiful view the river traffic must present.

Now fancy the territory north of New York's City Hall stretching away for miles in noble hills, one of them reaching an altitude of nearly 600 feet, with great gullies—gulches almost—between the hills, and imagine this vast extent dotted with beautiful suburban dwellings, and the possibilities of home-building in probably the most attractive series of natural sites in all the United States becomes apparent. Across the Hudson River imagine a town running back into the same kind of hills as stretch eastward from Pittsburgh, and you can realize how Allegheny lies.

Now let the railroads push their ways into town along the bottoms of deep gulches and over some of the lower hills, every railroad cramped for room, and the problem of the congested railroad traffic becomes apparent. Imagine the two rivers, lined on both sides with great smoking furnaces, for a distance of fully twenty miles, and place on the rivers scores of the old-fashioned stern-wheel steamers and enormous fleets of coal-barges, and the picture is nearly unfolded.

Its full beauty is not revealed until the shades of night fall. Let the visitor go up the Castle Shannon inclined plane on the South Side, and feast his eyes. On a hundred hills for miles and miles the lights sparkle. So far above them is the spectator that it looks as if the sky had been inverted, and the landscape had been sprinkled with stars. They twinkle, precisely as they do in the heavens, and they are tinged with colors. The Milky Way runs straight up through the town. Planets glow here and there, and occasionally, through the gloom of the evening haze, there is the suggestion of a crescent. Search-lights on the river boats send their shafts far up the streams until they shimmer off like the tails of comets.



Wood Street

To come back to mundane affairs and to see things as they are the spectator will observe here and there the reflections of enormous furnace fires casting their gleam upon the sky. It seems as if half a dozen conflagrations were raging about the town. But watch! Here is a volcano right on the edge of an American city. The flames burst out, and those who realize that it is simply a blast-furnace casting off iron-ore impurities know that from time to time the lava, in the shape of slag, is being poured off. Then another volcano and another and another breaks forth.

It seems as if the fires of the subterranean regions were bursting through the earth's crust. A roar of charging machinery is in the air. It all means that Pittsburgh's industries never rest. Day and night they go on with thunder and fire and smoke. And the prosperity finally displays itself in the contented appearance of the people, in the modest displays of wealth by scores of millionaires, and in the figures of savings and other banks, such as no other city of its size in the world can present.

THE CROWDED BUSINESS SECTION.

The business part of Pittsburgh is pushed and crowded into a territory entirely inadequate for its volume. The people of the town have insisted upon doing business down in the little triangle. There is not room



Head of Ohio River

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enough there for the many lines of street cars. It is a congested place, confined as if by hoops of steel of the place's own forging. Now that the tall office building erected by Mr. Frick has led the business movement up the hill, the tendency is shown to push out further upon the hills and into the valleys. The city can grow no more down toward the angle where the rivers join. The crowds there now jostle and surge and twist to a greater degree than in any place in New York, except at the Brooklyn Bridge entrance. Fifth Avenue of a Saturday night is a sight. The great retail thoroughfare is almost impassable.

It is possible that if the Greater Pittsburgh is created, as would seem to be the logical outcome of the situation, bringing under one municipal management the affairs of fifteen villages and towns roundabout, at present really a physical part of the city, business will feel more free to break its present confines. To a visitor it seems absurd that one cannot cross a bridge to leave the little business triangle without paying toll. And yet such is the fact. The bridges are chartered private corporations, and very profitable. If one walks across any of them



City Hall

he must pay one cent. For every horse that crosses there is a charge of five cents.

And then there is a singular inconsistency that the residents take as a mere matter of course. If you ride across one of the bridges in a street-car you pay no toll. The car lines pay it for the traveller in the shape of royalties for permission to run their cars over these structures. This tax upon the industries of the town, upon the daily walk of its people, has been going on for decades. It is not only provincial and backward, but it is easy to see that it has cramped the growth of the place, and the wonder is that the people have put up with it. When Greater Pittsburgh comes—and it will come when certain difficulties placed in its way by small politicians are overcome—the bridges will be free, and an unnecessary tax upon the vitality of the town will be removed, and the place will grow as it alone can grow, out toward the hill and over the rivers, and Pittsburgh will come into the full possession of its rightful domain.

One needs to dwell little upon the history of Pittsburgh; it is well known to all. It is not known generally, however, that it was not until 1860 that the manufacture of iron was begun on a lasting basis in the place. That business venture has brought wealth and prosperity to that part of Pennsylvania. The names of Carnegie and Jones and Park and others are recalled at once with this marvellous industrial development. And what a splendid monument to American industry they and the others have built up there! In 1800 the population of the place was only 1500. In 1900 it was 321,000 in the city limits, but more than 700,000, including the suburban territory. It is now about 700,000 in the Pittsburgh region proper.

A few facts as to what this stronghold of industrial power really consists of: There are more than 5000 separate industrial establishments in and around Pittsburgh. More than 200,000 workers are employed there. The shipments of freight last year approximated nearly 80,000,000 tons, an unheard-of record in all the world. More than 2,500,000 cars were detailed to care for this traffic. One steel-making establishment brought more iron ore into the region over its private railroad from Lake Erie than the entire traffic of three of the greatest of our transcontinental systems. The capitalization of all the industries amounts, it has been estimated by an authority, George H. Anderson, Secretary of the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce, to fully $2,000,000,000. The city holds fifth rank in the financial strength of the country. Mr. James M. Swank, the recognized statistician of the iron and steel trade of the country, declares that the place made more than 38 per cent. of all kinds of steel in the United States in 1901, the latest year for which figures are available. More than 24 per cent. of all the steel rails of the country were made there. More than 60 per cent. of structural shapes were produced there, and more than 32 per cent. of our entire production of rolled iron and steel came from the mills there.

But that is only a part of the industrial power of this community. Forty per cent. of the entire glass production of the country came from the Pittsburgh territory. In the making of white lead the city was in advance of any other place in the United States. In a vast number of industries growing out of the finishing of steel, the place held rank among the first of our cities. It excelled in the manufacture of finished copper. It is one of the greatest cork industrial centres of the land. It has more banks in proportion to its population than any other place in the United States, and that fact alone tells the story of its marvellous prosperity.

Pittsburgh is almost wholly a business place. Let a visitor express regret that the town is smoky, and the average business man will look up quickly with a challenged expression on his face, and will say, "Yes, it is smoky, but that's what makes the money." And yet there are strong refining influences there. The Carnegie Library, with its art galleries and museums, is the foremost of these, and the fact that Pittsburgh is one of the few places in the country that supports a permanent orchestra tells the story of another profound influence of refining forces at work there. The display of wealth in beautiful homes also has its developing influence upon the masses. There is a popular devotion to outdoor amusement as keen as in any place of the country, the river life in the summer contributing in no small degree to it.



Post-Office

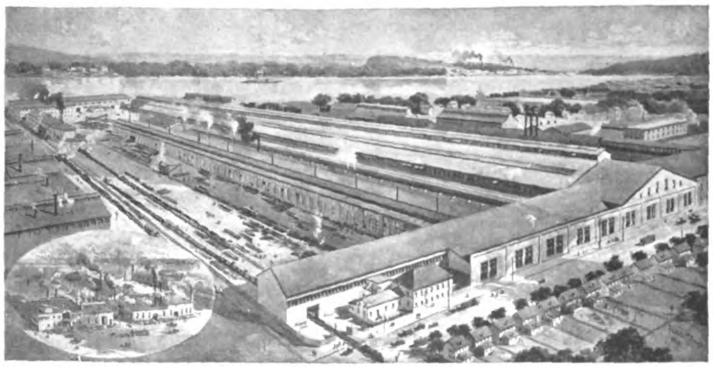
AN UNUSUAL OFFICE BUILDING

It is somewhat singular that with its business territory cramped seriously for room, and taking into consideration that for more than a decade Pittsburgh has been making steel for the tall office buildings of the rest of the country, it has put up such structures for itself only within about three years. There are now nearly a dozen of moderately tall buildings in the town, but within a year two colossal structures, the Frick Building and the Farmers' Deposit Bank Building, have been erected and opened. The bank building is the taller of the two, by a couple of stories, and it is a structure that will compare favorably with any in the land. But the Frick Building of white granite, and lined from top to bottom with beautiful marble, leads in the richness of its finish and the comfort of its appointments



Court-House

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Plant of Riter-Conley Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

any office building in this country. It is severely plain inside and out, but there is no suspicion of the sacrifice of space for money-making purposes. Its halls are wide and imposing, and in the main hall there is a beautiful stained-glass window by La Farge representing Progress. It is the figure of a woman with flowing hair and draperies advancing upon the rolling wheel of progress. Beneath is a magnificent marble seat hewn from the solid stone. That window alone with its inspiring influences is sufficient answer to the assertion that Pittsburgh is a sordid town given up solely to the making of money in a grimy atmosphere. The building in which it is placed is a living monument to the man who erected it, and an object-lesson in architecture for the entire country.

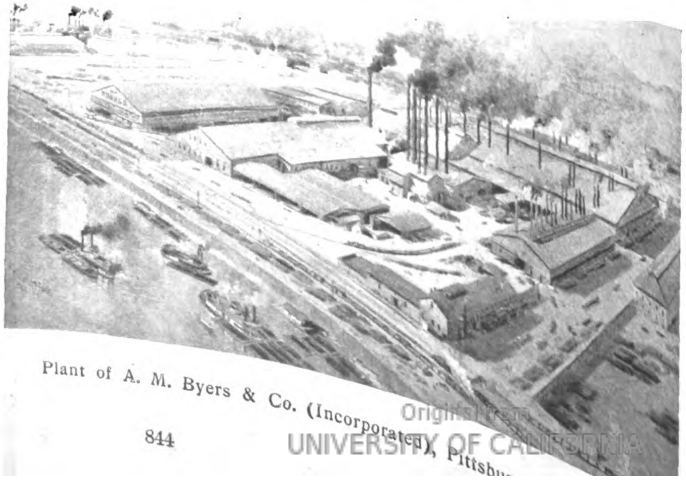
PITTSBURGH'S STRENGTH OF STEEL

It is common to refer to Pittsburgh as a one-industry town. The designation is practically true, and for that reason the town is prosperous when good times prevail, and hard hit when dull times in the steel trade come. But the meaning of the steel trade to the city is of deeper significance. The condition of the steel trade has come to be a barometer of commercial progress for the United States, and when prosperity rules it means that Pittsburgh is probably more prosperous than any other place in the country. Just a few words from *The Bulletin*, published by the American Iron and Steel Association, will reveal what the steel business, especially of Pittsburgh, means commercially to the city. In the review of the trade, published on last Christmas day, and giving the figures for the previous year, this summary is made:

> In 1901 Pennsylvania made 46.2 per cent. of the country's total production of pig iron in that year; 49.2 per cent. of the Bessemer steel; 77.2 per cent. of the open-hearth steel; 71.9 per cent. of the crucible steel; 48.9 per cent. of the Bessemer steel rails; 91.4 per cent. of the structural shapes; 69.7 per cent. of the plates and sheets; 28.3 per cent. of the wire rods; and 56.4 per cent. of all rolled iron and steel products.
>
> In 1901 Allegheny County made 50.3 per cent. of all the pig iron that was made in Pennsylvania in that year; 67.2 per cent. of the Bessemer steel; 61.2 per cent. of the open-hearth steel; 74.9 per cent. of the crucible steel; 50.6 per cent. of the Bessemer steel rails; 66.7 per cent. of the structural shapes; 54.1 per cent. of the plates and sheets; 59.4 per cent. of all other rolled products; and 57.4 of the total production of rolled products.
>
> In 1901 Allegheny County made over 23 per cent. of the total production of pig iron in the whole country; over 33 per cent. of the Bessemer steel; over 47 per cent. of the open-hearth steel; almost 57 per cent. of the crucible steel; over 38 per cent. of the total production of all kinds of steel; over 24 per cent. of the total production of all kinds of rails; over 60 per cent. of the total production of structural shapes; and over 32 per cent. of the total production of all kinds of rolled iron and steel.
>
> A few figures from another accurate set of statistics will emphasize the meaning of this summary of the greatest industry in the United States. The census report for 1900 shows that, all told, there were in Pittsburgh proper about fifty establishments engaged in the various forms of iron and steel work, employing a capital of nearly $90,000,000, employing nearly 25,000 men, paying about $15,000,000 in wages to these workers, and producing more than $90,000,000 worth of finished product. Double these figures for the entire territory tributary to the town, and then increase them by fully one-third, to allow for the great strides in the industry since 1899, and you have some idea of what the industry means in a financial way at present to Pittsburgh.
>
> It means that probably $250,000,000 of finished steel a year is being produced there now, and that more than $40,000,000 is being paid to the wage-earners in that industry. It is difficult to conceive fully what this means to the town, to its banking and other interests. One can realize why it is that no less than $181,000,000 is being expended, according to an estimate made on March 22 last by the conservative Pittsburgh *Post*, to cover a period of four years, in extending the railroad and other business enterprises of the town. The railroads are spending no less than $50,000,000 in improvements east and west of the town, and the rest is being spent largely by the steel and electrical companies in making betterments. New mill buildings, some of them nearly a quarter of a mile long, are being erected, and new machinery, to save labor and produce better products in the metal output of all kinds, is being brought in almost every day.
>
> It is related that a foreign traveller approaching Chicago said to the porter of a sleeping-car, as he looked with alarm toward a great smudge of black smoke in the Chicago, "What's that?" "That, sah," said the porter, "is Chicago." The same might be said of Pittsburgh, but it should be added that the smudge is a sign by which the city conquers. Long before the traveller reaches town he sees enormous clusters of towering smoke-stacks belching vast quantities of black smoke into the air. The very trees show the deadly effect of this, for the older varieties of the deciduous trees are dying off under the fumes. Then the visitor observes enormous tank-like shapes of red-painted steel. These are the blast-furnaces where the ore is melted in flux, and the first cooking of the product is made. If one reaches the town in the evening, for miles and miles as he comes in, upon hillsides and in valleys, he sees acres upon acres of fiery furnaces blazing at the tops and sides, giving a startling effect to one who looks on them for the first time. These make the coke for the steel furnaces.
>
> But it is not until one goes through one of these steel-making plants that he realizes what they mean, and that it begins to dawn upon him that right here in these wonderful places the forces are



Frick Building



Plant of A. M. Byers & Co. (Incorporated), Pittsburgh

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put into play that have developed our railroads, that have reconstructed our great cities, and transformed their buildings, that have made it possible for us to assert our national strength in the upbuilding of a navy, and that into this industry there enters the highest skill of the chemist, the largest courage of the capitalist and manufacturer, as well as the brawn of the highest developed form of the American working-man. A steel plant a mile long is the ordinary thing in these days. Scores of great sheds and mammoth furnaces are in use. A network of railroad tracks fills each place. A roar like Niagara's smites the ears. The crashing of man-made thunder is in the air. Enormous tools toss about the great blocks of red-hot steel as easily as a hod-carrier picks up bricks.

STEEL WORKS BRILLIANT AT NIGHT

To see a steel plant in its full glory (glory seems to be the proper word) of its strength, one should visit it at night. There is one of the leading ones in the industry directly opposite the heart of the business district of Pittsburgh, and within twenty minutes' ride. Let us visit it, and take a superficial view, as we pass from building to building. Across a bridge from the Pittsburgh side a locomotive comes puffing briskly, drawing a train of immense ladles of molten steel from the blast-furnaces where it has been cooked nearly into its proper condition. The train stops on an elevated structure, the word is passed, and slowly each ladle is tipped over. A great stream of red-molten metal runs into a furnace-like affair called a mixer. There certain chemical ingredients have been placed to further purify the metal, and then the work of finally purifying it by intense fires begin. We are now ready to observe the work of the last stage in boiling this molten mass. Another pouring occurs into the great open-hearth furnaces and Bessemer stacks. This Bessemer furnace is the most spectacular manufacturing thing in the world. After the molten steel is poured into it a blast of compressed air is discharged into it, and a great flame leaps out of the top, throwing out sparks that make pinwheels and other fireworks of fascinating shapes. The furnace snorts and roars under the pressure of four big air-compressors, and the vast sheet of flame, turned toward the sky at an angle of forty-five degrees, smites the air with a massive torch fully fifty feet long. The flame is of a deep yellow color. Gradually it turns to a lighter shade, and then as it turns to a still lighter color and the fireworks seem to die away, the skilled workman in charge knows exactly when to stop the blast. The metal is purified and ready to be cast into ingots.

Before the casting occurs turn to another structure about fifty or sixty feet long and probably twenty feet high. It is an open-hearth furnace known as the Talbot variety. It looks like the battery part of a battleship. It weighs hundreds of tons, and there are curved runners or grooves on its sides by which it is tipped over as easily as a child tips a rocking-horse. The molten metal is poured from the mixer into this, just as it is poured into the Bessemer furnace. Before the metal is run, the furnace is "charged." That is to say, certain quantities of chemicals are thrust in it to assist in the purification of the metal. This charging contrivance at first sight seems like a flying-machine with a long prow thrust out in front. The operator sits up in the machine with a lot of levers, and, as it runs along an elevated frame, swings the ponderous affair this way and that, up and down, sideways, and forward and back until he looks in the gloom as if he were flying in the air. The long prow is thrust into a trough-like affair, and then the trough, filled with proper chemical ingredients, is carried to the back door of the furnace, and thrust into the blazing fires. Then, as in the Bessemer furnace, the molten metal flows limpidly into the top with a glittering show of fireworks, and the cooking of the steel goes on.

The skilled operator, using blue glasses because of the intense light, looks into the furnace from time to time, and when the color is just right knows that the dish is done. Then, with the use of hydraulic power, the great furnace is tipped over, and the steel is ready for its ingot shape. Whether it comes from open-hearth furnaces

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Christ Methodist Episcopal Church

or from the Bessemer furnaces, the operation is now the same. Cast-steel moulds, each standing on a little railroad-truck of its own, are rolled under the furnaces, and with much spluttering the cooked steel is run into them one by one. These moulds look to be about eight feet tall, with a width and a depth of about two feet. As soon as the metal is poured into them they are dragged away. The outside of the moulds soon assmue a cherry-red color, as the molten metal hardens.

After about half an hour the moulds are run under a machine called a stripper. It looks like a crab. It has two enormous claws and a blunt nose. The blunt nose is pushed down upon the semi-hardened metal, to hold it firmly upon the bottom of the little car, and then the claws come down and grasp the sides of the mould and lift it clear of the ingot, leaving a beautiful pillar of fire standing solidified and almost terrifying in its aspect in the deep gloom of the place. Here comes another demon contrivance. It seizes the glowing ingot, which is still in a molten condition inside, and takes it away, and, with tossing and tugging, places it in a brisk fire called a "soaking pit." It is simply a fiery furnace where the ingot is reheated, the molecules being distributed evenly thereby.

FLATTENING THE INGOTS

From the soaking pit the ingot is hauled out with scant ceremony, and then comes the most exciting time of its career. It is mauled and pummelled into new shapes almost at the hour of its birth. Electrical devices toss it on a frame-work of rolling cylinders, and now a mad race begins. The rollers hurry it forward to a machine where it passes through immense rolls that flatten and elongate it. Through the rolls it goes with an awful protest and flinging out of the scale that has gathered on its surface as it has cooled somewhat. Out on the other side it goes. A man throws a lever, and the rolls which have received it are tipped up, and it goes through the crushing process again at a higher elevation. The first table of rolls has now been elevated to receive it again. When it comes back to its first starting-point it is a new piece of glowing steel. Down goes the table, and through the jamming-machine it goes once more, the opening through which it has passed once being made smaller. Still more groaning and more roaring follow, and back and forth the ingot is hustled until it is so small that it may be transferred to other mills to be rolled into rails, or bars, or structural shapes or rods.

Suppose the ingot is to be made into rods. It is elongated to about twenty-five feet, and then it goes on another tour. It looks like a snake. A stalwart working-man seizes it by the head with a pair of tongs and thrusts it into the rolls. Thinner and thinner it becomes as it passes from one set of rolls to another, squirming and quivering its entire length. The workmen pounce on it here and there, and send it this way and that. The glowing steel protests, but as it passes from one machine to another these protests become fainter and fainter, until at last its tail is thrown with a defiant but conquered fling far into the air, and the scotched snake runs out a red steel rod, hundreds of feet long, upon a series of frames where it is cooled and where, as it becomes dark, it is cut up into lengths suitable for loading on railroad-cars. It is still hot, but the life of the fire is ebbing and soon is dead.

The same general process is used in finishing the various forms of steel product. One of the sights, even more spectacular than the making of rods, is to be seen in the great rail-mills at Braddock, where, with almost lightning rapidity, the great steel shapes are tossed about and squeezed into proper forms. Up at Homestead the visitor will see a plant where the handling of the ingots is reduced to a still greater science by the most expensive machinery that can be contrived. One will see a machine mauling the ingots about and with the aid of four or five men doing the work that required the labor of nearly one hundred men ten years ago.

It is this perfection of labor-saving devices that has largely reduced the cost of steel. It takes great courage to put your profits into new machinery, but that is what Mr. Carnegie and the others did a decade a year ago. And the result was that this country took the lead in steel-making. The further result has been the enormous increase in the use of steel, and the masses, who have profited by it, have scarcely realized the debt that the country owes to those men who were not afraid and who foresaw the future so important to us all.

When one realizes that the cost of finished steel is about $30 a ton, and that millions upon millions of tons are made right here in this district—nearly two-thirds of Pennsylvania's entire product—he begins to understand the importance of the industry. The Bessemer process of making this metal seems to have run its course. The increase in this form of product is only slight comparatively each year. The open-hearth

(Continued on page 847.)



Cathedral



Peoples' Savings Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Development of the Savings-Bank Business

LIKE every other line of business, that of the savings-banks has undergone important change and development during the past few years.

Instead of being dependent upon local patronage, as was formerly the case, they are now reaching out to, and securing business from, all parts of the globe.

"Banking by Mail" had its first start quite a number of years ago, when a few Pittsburghers moved away from the city, leaving their savings-accounts behind.

By special arrangements the Peoples' Savings Bank allowed them to send deposits by mail. New accounts began to come in in the same way, and from this early beginning a department of banking, that is entirely distinctive, has developed, until now it reaches out into every nook and corner of the civilized world.

Recognizing the possibilities of this larger field, the Peoples' Savings Bank began to advertise for mail accounts, with such encouraging results that about a year ago it entered the national field.

As a direct result of this advertising, it has opened accounts with men and women in every State and nearly every foreign country.

But the management of the Peoples' Savings Bank, while always progressive, has been careful and conservative — absolute safety being always the first consideration. A list of officers and trustees—men who have long been prominently identified with the financial and commercial interests of Western Pennsylvania—follows:

D. McK. Lloyd.....President.
Thomas Wightman.....Vice-President.
Edward E. Duff.....Secretary and Treasurer.
James K. Duff.....Ass't Secretary and Treasurer.
Sidney F. Murphy.....Auditor.
Charles W. Kiser.....Manager Mortgage Dep't.

TRUSTEES

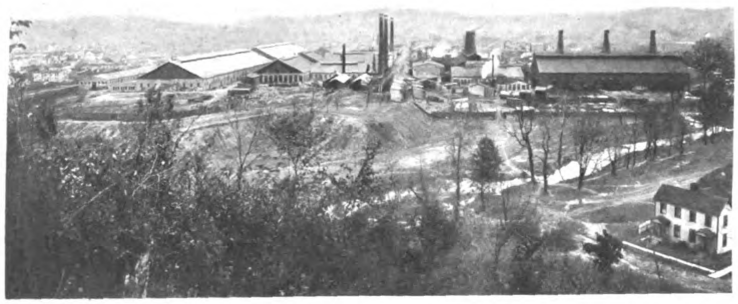
D. McK. Lloyd.
Thomas Wightman.
Hon. Edwin H. Stowe.
W. J. Moorehead.
A. E. W. Painter.
George W. Crawford.
Wm. R. Thompson.
Robert Wardrop.
Edward E. Duff.

The bank has a capital of $300,000, surplus and profits of $515,000, and total assets of over $10,000,000.

It accepts deposits in any amount from $1 up, and allows interest at the rate of four per cent., compounded every six months.

Its new quarters in the Peoples' Savings Bank Building, Fourth Avenue and Wood Street, are among the handsomest and most conveniently arranged banking-rooms in the country.

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Glass Plant, Jeannette

(Continued from page 846.)

process is fast superseding it. This process is more expensive, but the steel seems to be better adapted for general work than the other kinds, and few new Bessemer furnaces are being put in nowadays.

EQUIPMENT OF A MODERN PLANT

In the *Engineering Magazine* for January, 1901, Charles M. Schwab, now president of the United States Steel Corporation, wrote of the equipment of a modern steel plant, using the Carnegie company as an example. The modern steel company owns its raw material, and does all its own work in the finishing of the steel. This saves a large number of intermediate profits, and the result is that the public reaps most of the benefit. For instance, the Carnegie company at that time had a system which included the mining of iron ore near Lake Superior, the transportation of the ore to boats on the lake, the further transportation of hundreds of miles to the company's own port on Lake Erie, Conneaut Harbor, the rehandling of the ore and its despatch for less than a distance of 200 miles to Pittsburgh. Then there was purchased a great industry of coke-making at Connellsville, Pennsylvania, which means the mining of coal and its transformation by the furnaces into coke. Then came the making of the steel proper.

All this mining, transportation, and manufacture means the employment of a great number of labor-saving devices which have cheapened steel. For example, at Conneaut Harbor in 1901 nine ships could be docked at the same time; 25,000 tons of ore could be handled in ten hours; a 6000-ton steamship could be unloaded in fourteen hours, and in another fourteen hours the ore could be at the Pittsburgh furnaces. A train of forty ore-cars could be loaded in two hours. Now apply the system that is displayed in this transportation problem to all the other great departments, and one realizes something of the enormous work of a steel plant.

In 1901 Mr. Schwab wrote that the Carnegie company operated 13,000 miles of railroad track, used 1500 locomotives, and gave employment to about 50,000 persons, paying out to its employees fully $50,000,000 a year. Of course these figures have been increased largely. Now the Carnegie Company is simply a part of the Steel Corporation, and by studying these figures for a constituent company of the greater corporation it becomes evident what an enormous concern the so-called Steel Trust is.

Speaking of the policy adopted by Mr. Carnegie, the railroad superintendent who resigned the munificent salary of $1750 a year in 1865, and borrowed $1250 to go into the steel business, Mr. Schwab says:

"He has willingly allowed the profits of the business to be taken year after year for experiment and improvement, whilst our friends across the water, content with the crude system of by-gone times, took the dividends, and kept the even tenor of their way. The corollary of this, reduced to figures, shows that the United States in 1900 produced 39.25 per cent., Germany and Luxembourg 23.20 per cent., Great Britain 18.44 per cent., and the Carnegie works 10 per cent. of the whole steel product of the world."

In Mr. Carnegie's active connection of thirty-six years with the steel business, Mr. Schwab estimates that America's great Iron King made no less than 50,000,000 tons of steel for various uses, a record probably unsurpassed in the world.



Farmers' Deposit National Bank

BANKING, AND OTHER BUSINESS INTERESTS

Let not the mistake be made that practically all there is to Pittsburgh as a business place lies within the confines of the iron and steel industry. In the entirety of its industries it is one of the notable cities of the world. As a banking centre it is remarkable, and one of the boasts the town makes is that it no longer has to come to New York to finance its ordinary business undertakings.

Nothing tells the tale of a city's business strength like the figures of bank clearings. Ultimately all business of importance centres in the banks. The reports of the Pittsburgh Clearing-House show that in 1899 the clearings amounted to $355,000,000; 1900, $480,000,000; 1901, $496,000,000; 1902, $559,000,000. It is expected that for this year they will reach nearly $700,000,000. All this means that Pittsburgh within five years has practically doubled the amount of its business operations, a record not equalled by any other city in the country, and revealing, as nothing else can, the unwonted prosperity that exists in the town.

Take another indication of business

Fidelity Title and Trust Company

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Charter perpetual. Capital $2,000,000.
(A surplus of $3,000,000 now being paid in.)
Undivided profits (earned), $1,079,655.47.

Acts in all fiduciary capacities known to law.

Safe-Deposit Vaults.

Money received on deposit, subject to check, and interest allowed at the rate of 2%. Special rates for time deposits.

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JOHN B. JACKSON
Vice-Presidents
JAMES J. DONNELL ROBERT PITCAIRN
Secretary
JOHN McGILL
Treasurer
C. E. WILLOCK
Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer
J. A. KNOX
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CYRUS S. GRAY
Assistant Trust Officer
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Henry Sproul & Co.

PITTSBURG AND NEW YORK

NEW YORK OFFICE
Room 436 Johnston Building
30 Broad Street (Telephone 1224 Broad)

PITTSBURG OFFICE
Peoples Savings Bank Building

Members of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Pittsburg Stock Exchanges, and Chicago Board of Trade.

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JAMES E. BROWN.

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Members of the NEW YORK and PITTSBURGH STOCK EXCHANGES and of the CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE

237 4th Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Pittsburgh Investment Securities

ROBINSON BROS.

ESTABLISHED 1863

BANKERS AND BROKERS

Wood and Diamond Streets

INVESTMENTS

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Members New York and Pittsburgh Stock Exchanges

Private wires to all leading points

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Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood

THE SONG WITHOUT WORDS

"Bringing Life's discords into perfect tune"

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trength. The Stock Exchange, which opened for business in 1894 with a record of 75,000 hares of stock sold and $304,000 worth of onds exchanged for the year, showed these igures for the last four years: number of hares of stock sold in 1899, 2,410,000; 1900, 3,022,000; 1901, 6,341,000; 1902, 4,355,000.

Go back again to the census figures for 1900, which should be increased from thirty to forty per cent. for the present day, to get other data, the most trustworthy that an be produced, as to Pittsburgh's business interests, using the data for Allegheny County, for that means Greater Pittsburgh. In 1899 there were 4145 business establishments in the county, with a capital of $401,000,000, paying for salaries and wages nearly $70,000,000, and employing nearly 130,000 men, women, and children. The output of their labor reached the sum of $433,000,000.

Looking at the figures for Pittsburgh proper—many of the great industries are just outside the city limits—we find this showing as to industries: There were nearly fifty establishments engaged in iron and steel making, using a capital of $80,000,000, employing 25,000 men and boys, and giving an output of $90,000,000. In the making of electric apparatus and supplies the capital invested amounted to $16,000,000, employing more than 5000 persons (a figure now increased by fifty per cent.), and having an output of $14,000,000. In machine products the capital employed was $15,000,000, the workers numbered 6200, and the output was valued at $15,500,000. In architectural and ornamental ironwork the output was $6,111,000. Marble and stonework had an output of $3,200,000, and the value of the masonry done was $3,000,000. A dozen or more industries, such as are found in every large city, had outputs of more than $1,000,000.

Pittsburgh, of course, is the second city in Pennsylvania in manufacturing rank, but within the confines of its territory and practically part of it are the third and fourth cities in rank, Allegheny and McKeesport. For example, McKeesport produced in 1899 $15,000,000 of iron and steel. Allegheny made more than $7,000,000 of the same product. Then there were the smaller places in the district, Braddock, Duquesne, Homestead, and a dozen others, all bringing the record of Greater Pittsburgh to a still higher figure, but not included directly in the census reports.

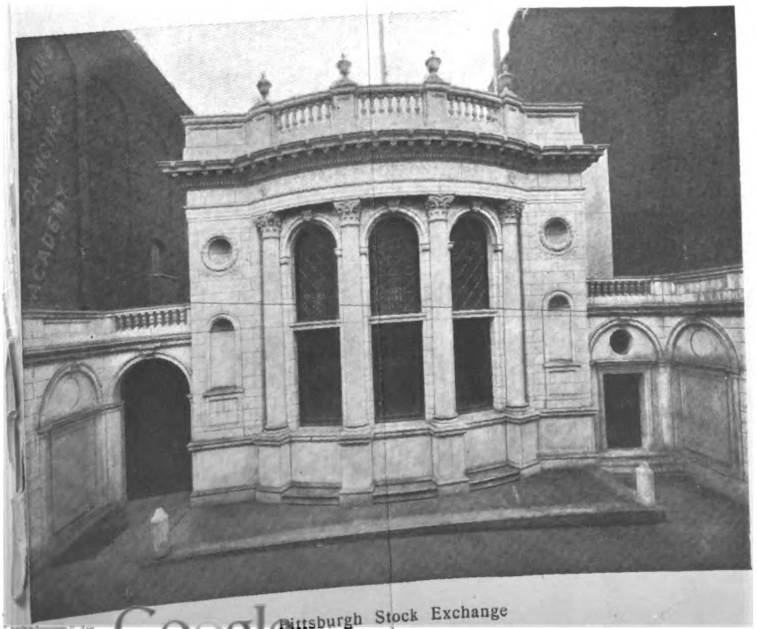
BUSINESS OF THE BANKS

These figures are cumulative, and all are emphasized in the Pittsburgh bank reports, giving the city exceptional rank in the matter of banking. In looking into the bank situation we find that in February last there were in Pittsburgh thirty-five national banks, twenty-six State banks, and twenty-two trust companies, a total of eighty-three. In Allegheny, across the river, there were ten banks of various kinds, bringing the total up to ninety-three. Each of the smaller towns has its banks, so that the record runs beyond a hundred of these institutions.

Now for some more statistics in brief form. The capital of the national banks of Pittsburgh proper was more than $20,000,000; State banks, which means savings-banks, $4,500,000; trust companies, $16,750,000. The capital of the Allegheny banks was $3,225,000. The surplus and profits of the national banks amounted to $26,600,000, of the savings-banks to $6,000,000, of the trust companies to $20,000,000. The deposits of the national banks of Pittsburgh reached $133,680,000, of the savings-banks (here is where the American working-man comes in) $72,000,000; of the trust companies, $62,000,000, a total of about $268,000,000. That amounts to nearly $1000 for each inhabitant, a wonderfully high average, but, of course, the bank figures include the business of practically the entire territory, which would reduce the average to about $300, using the figures 850,000 for the population —still a wonderful average.

One of the interesting things in Pittsburgh banking is the keen competition to secure deposits. The business has become so profitable that the banks scarcely have sufficient daily balances to do business with and keep within the law's limit. The business is so securely founded that such things as bank runs are not feared, and the money goes out in investments almost as fast as it comes in. Many of the national banks pay two per cent. interest on daily deposits. The savings-banks, with one or two exceptions, pay four per cent. interest. Loans are made at six per cent. interest, and in the present state of prosperity of the town the security is of the best, and loaning money at a profit of from two to two and a half per cent. is profitable in the extreme. The stock of one of the trust companies, the Union, sold recently as high as $3000 a share.

Another tendency in Pittsburgh banking is strongly toward consolidation. Within a few months in three cases one or more national banks have been united, each with a trust company and a savings-bank. Economy of administration, greater facility of arranging loans and of financing large operations are secured in this way. The financial authorities of the town declare that all these operations are safeguarded thoroughly, and that the consolidation reveals simply one of the tendencies of the times.



Pittsburgh Stock Exchange

ESTABLISHED 1822

N. Holmes & Sons

BANKERS

WOOD STREET, COR FOURTH AVENUE
PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

Dealers in Local Securities

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

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JAMES CAROTHERS & CO.

Investment Securities

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Peoples Savings Bank Building PITTSBURG, PA.

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244 FOURTH AVE., PITTSBURG, PA.

MEMBERS PITTSBURG STOCK EXCHANGE
MEMBERS PHILADELPHIA STOCK EXCHANGE

Correspondence Solicited.

BLAST FURNACES,
BESSEMER AND OPEN HEARTH STEEL WORKS,
CONTINUOUS MILLS, HOOP MILLS,
MERCHANT MILLS,

S. V. Huber & Co.

Consulting Engineers

SEVENTH FLOOR
FERGUSON BLOCK
Pittsburg, Pa.

AUTOMATIC MILL TABLES,
LABOR-SAVING DEVICES RELATING TO ROLLING MILLS,
STEAM AND HYDRAULIC MACHINERY.

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Serpentine, Schenley Park

BANKING BY MAIL

Out of the competition for depositors there has developed in Pittsburgh a new departure in savings-bank management. It is known as Banking by Mail. Most of the savings-banks are stock corporations, and the desire, of course, is to get the largest returns, consistent with safety and strict adherence to the State banking laws. The competition has led not only to the establishment of an unusually large number of savings-banks and trust companies, but has called out a large amount of advertising in the newspapers by the savings-banks.

It is felt by banking institutions in other communities that this plan of generous advertising for deposits is not what might be called "strictly professional," to use a common phrase. The Pittsburgh men point to the New York newspapers and those of other great cities, where the trust companies advertise regularly, and they go a step further. They say that making money by banking is just as legitimate as making money by selling dry goods or any other commodity. If they can increase their business and their profits in that way they say that fact justifies the modern business methods employed. They point to their returns as evidence of the wisdom of the plan.

Well, Banking by Mail is the direct outcome of the advertising by savings-banks of Pittsburgh, a system that has just been adopted by a bank in Cleveland, and by two besides the one that started it in Pittsburgh. It simply consists of advertising that deposits will be received by mail, and that drafts on deposits will be honored by mail, just as if the functions of banking were attended to in person at the bank's office. The man in a suburban or distant place writes to the bank that has advertised, and says he has a certain sum to deposit. He is instructed by mail how to send it. A signature card is forwarded to him, which he fills up, and that is sent with the deposit. The card system of signatures is followed by the banks in Pittsburgh, and the card of the mail depositor is filed away with the cards of the personal depositors. Money may be drawn, after it has been arranged for by correspondence and after the necessary blanks are filled up.

The bankers who have adopted this system of getting deposits from out of town say it is just as simple as caring for business brought into the bank in person. The returns from the advertisements were slow at first. Within three months, however, it was plain that it would be a success. Within another three months it had reached a profitable basis, and now those concerned assert that it is an established system. It has been found that the accounts average $300. The deposits have been as high as $10,000. To the leading bank in this work in Pittsburgh there have come deposits from every civilized nation on the globe. American missionaries in half-civilized lands have sent their money. American residents in foreign countries have responded liberally. From Porto Rico, Alaska, the Philippines, Australia, China, India, the deposits have come. Every country in Europe and every State in the Union is represented in these deposits. Fully fifty inquiries a day are received by the bank in question. The time of a special clerk is taken up wholly with answering queries and attending to the business that has come. The farmers in roundabout towns, where the banks are small and where the sense of security is not so strong as is the case with banks in large cities, have responded liberally to the call for this kind of deposits, and the system is now attracting the widespread interest of bankers all over the country. It is looked upon as the newest form of profitable banking on safe lines.

Mr. E. E. Duff, one of the bankers actively concerned in this system, says of its operation:

"Previous to the development of the banking-by-mail system, it was necessary for a farmer or a resident of a country town to put his deposits in the country bank, or else make a long trip to the city, or keep his money in the house. There is no safety attached to keeping money in the house. Frequently a country bank does not inspire confidence, and it becomes necessary for the owner of the money to spend a day in travelling to the nearest large town or city where he can find a bank that inspires him with confidence. The banking-by-mail system does away with this inconvenience and insecurity."

Reference has been made to the growth of the Stock Exchange in Pittsburgh as indicative of the town's business strength. The history of the exchange presents an interesting series of changes. It is the outgrowth of the Pittsburgh Petroleum Association, which was established in 1866 to deal with speculation in oil-well shares. In a few years this institution was succeeded by the Pittsburgh Oil Exchange. In the early eighties this in turn was succeeded by the Petroleum, Stock, and Metal Exchange. This was succeeded on April 1, 1894, by the present Stock Exchange, which was not incorporated, however, until July 25, 1896.

The Stock Exchange started off with 100 members, and the price of seats, or membership, was $100. In October, 1902, it was resolved to increase the membership by thirty. The price of seats had grown to $10,000 each, and at private sales since they have gone much higher. This rise in value in less than ten years has been phenomenal. With the $300,000 secured by the sale of new seats and with $25,000 added, the Stock Exchange purchased the Mechanics National Bank Building, a beautiful white marble structure of two stories, and has just moved into it. It stands, curiously enough, on the site of the old United States Bank which felt the wrath of Andrew Jackson.

THE BANKING DISTRICT

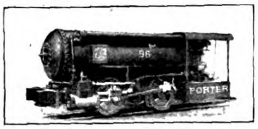
Pittsburgh has its financial district, as pronounced in its way as that of New York. It is as much localized as any business district in the metropolis. Fourth Avenue is the bankers' street, just as much as Fifth Avenue is the great shopping street. New York's banks, and the banks of any large city for that matter, are scattered well over town. Pittsburgh has banks here and there in its business district, but most of them are on Fourth Avenue, where they lie snug,

CALVIN WELLS, President and Treasurer
F. E. RICHARDSON, Secretary

PITTSBURGH FORGE AND IRON CO.

High Grade Iron

ESTABLISHED 1865



AIR LOCOMOTIVE

LIGHT LOCOMOTIVES
Steam and Compressed Air

SPECIALTIES
MINE, INDUSTRIAL CONTRACTORS and EXPORT

H. K. PORTER CO., Pittsburgh, Penn.

Air haulage is more up to date than electricity, handier, and safer

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ROLLING MILL

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Blast Furnace Machinery

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Iron, Steel and Brass Castings

12th and ETNA STREETS

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Sipe's Japan Oil

SIPE'S No JAPAN OIL TRADE MARK REGISTERED J.B. SIPE & CO MANUFACTURERS ALLEGHENY, PA.

FOR all kinds of general painting is superior to linseed oil and dryers.

It has been on the market for eighteen years and has stood the test of time.

It is endorsed by the leading Railways and Car Manufacturers throughout the United States.

Prices cheerfully quoted on application.

JAMES B. SIPE & CO.
Sole Manufacturers
ALLEGHENY, PA.

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one up against another, just as the wholesale houses in the dry-goods trade do in New York city.

For two or three blocks every business place on Fourth Avenue of any pretensions is a bank of some kind. It is really an amazing sight, and wonder fixes itself upon the visitor how they can possibly be supported. No such array of banks is to be found in close proximity in any other place in the country. Of course, the fact that they have huddled together is due chiefly to the congested character of the business district of the place. The banks are needed for the town, so prosperous has it been, and there was no other place for them to go than in a small district as close as possible to the chief business street of the place. From a financial point of view Fourth Avenue is the leading street of the town. It makes a brave show, and the presence of so many monied institutions in one spot gives an appearance of aggressive solidity, such as cannot be found elsewhere in the United States. The banks of the Wall Street district of New York, scattered here and there, as they are, are not more impressive than the showing Pittsburgh makes in this field.

Since the beginning of the year record prices in the sale of real estate in the business part of Pittsburgh have been made in half a dozen cases. On Smithfield Street, the second of the leading thoroughfares of the town, as high as $3000 a front foot has been paid, a large figure for a town of less than 400,000 inhabitants. Out in the residence district, where there is a large amount of undeveloped property, as high as $500 a front foot has been paid this year for residential property. Indeed, real estate is soaring in every part of the town, and it is no wonder when one considers the magnitude of the business interests of the crowded city.

Besides the great railroad systems of the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Vanderbilt lines, the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie, the Wabash line is now entering the congested business district, by tunnelling through the Mount Washington hills, up which the inclined planes run, and then crossing the Monongahela close to what might be called the "Battery" part of town. This means a great increase in the railroad activities of the place. It is difficult to see how Pittsburgh can be made more of a railroad centre, because of the simple fact that there would seem to be no more room for tracks to enter the place. Every low hill and valley is already occupied by these corporations.

PITTSBURGH'S ENORMOUS CAR SERVICE

To illustrate further the extent of the business activity of Pittsburgh one should study the reports of the various car service associations of the United States. There are thirty-eight of these in the United States, and Pittsburgh's leads them all. It was at Pittsburgh that the greatest freight blockade of the country occurred in the fall of 1902 and the winter following. It seemed as if the tracks of Pittsburgh could never be cleared. The lack of cars for its own industries seriously crippled the town. The trouble came from the fact that Eastern railroads could deliver cars to Pittsburgh for the West, but the West could not take them. "Take loaded cars from us, but do not send us any more," the officials of the roads west of Pittsburgh said. For miles and miles these cars were sidetracked, in and near town, resulting in losses of, one might say, millions of dollars to shippers. Railroad officials hurried to the place. Employees of railroads worked overtime and until they were exhausted physically. Passenger-engines and the crews of passenger-trains were impressed into the service, and early in the year the traffic emerged from the woods, so to speak.

The car traffic associations of the country deal with the car situation after the cars have been delivered to sidings for unloading. It is the business of these associations to keep track of the cars, and see that they are unloaded and loaded within specified time limits. Take the record of Pittsburgh for January of three years. In 1901 the Pittsburgh Association handled no less than 139,762 cars. The next highest record was that of the New England Association, which, for the entire territory of New England, handled 133,364 cars. The Philadelphia Association came next with a record of 121,287 cars. The New York and New Jersey Association handled only 52,300 cars. Chicago's record was 119,215 cars.

The next year Pittsburgh's record was 147,205 cars. New England for that month of January handled 141,891 cars, Philadelphia handled 127,147 cars, and Chicago handled 121,619. In January of 1903 Pittsburgh handled, at the height of the freight blockade, 150,586 cars for the month. New England surpassed this record, handling 155,490 cars. The entire State of Illinois, excluding the Chicago district, made a still higher record, the figures being 219,131 cars. But the point is that no city in the country approached the record of Pittsburgh. The total number of cars handled by this association in 1902 was 1,892,777. Taking the standard length of a railroad-car as a basis, it is believed that more than 200,000 miles of freight-cars were handled in one year on sidings of the town. Can anything be more impressive than that?

THE RIVER'S GREAT COMMERCE

Another set of figures, showing the commerce of the rivers of the city, will be sufficient to convince the reader of the vast importance of this commercial centre of the United States. Six or eight miles below Pittsburgh on the Ohio River is the well-known Davis Island Dam. River dams are common in and near Pittsburgh. They are situated several miles apart, in most cases, and they back the water up into deep lakes which are called pools. These pools often get crowded with many square miles of coal-boats waiting for high water, so as to carry their product down the Ohio and into the vast tributary district of the Mississippi and the Gulf.

The government records show that the tonnage of the rivers in Pittsburgh Harbor for the year 1901, the latest for which figures are available, was 10,916,489. The tonnage of the harbor of New York for that year was 16,797,700. The tonnage of the "Soo" canals, the greatest in the world, was 30,000,000 tons. Going down the Ohio past Davis Island Dam, the tonnage was 3,340,000. Going up it was only 61,700 tons, showing what the coal-traffic shipments of Pittsburgh amount by water. The number of vessels approximately that passed the Davis Island Dam in the year was more than 15,000. The number of passengers carried was 817,500. On the Monongahela, right in Pittsburgh, so to speak, the tonnage of the river, as shown by the records of the nine locks, forming pools there, was 9,100,000, and the number of passengers carried was 181,000. The nearest record to that before was in the year 1899, when the freight tonnage was 6,954,000. Wonderful, indeed, is the business of Pittsburgh and its port.

USE OF NATURAL GAS

This subject of fuel in the Pittsburgh district should not be dismissed without a word or two on the use of natural gas. In the late eighties and early nineties there was a prodigal waste of this product in Pittsburgh. It was in the ten years of this time that the coal industry received the only check in its growth in the district. Natural gas is still in general use in manufacturing and the heating of households of the city. Many of the fields have been exhausted, and most of the gas now used comes from what is known as the West Virginia region in great pipe-lines. It is almost indispensable in glass-making and in the open-hearth system of steel manufacture. Indeed, some of the steel concerns have gas-making apparatus in their plants in case of a breakdown or a diminished supply from the gas-fields. Natural gas is used in no less than 1100 manufacturing establishments in Pennsylvania, and, although the production in 1900 was less than half of what it was in 1888, the State still ranks second in the production of this essential fuel. When it was in general use Pittsburgh was no longer the Smoky City. Now that soft coal is the chief fuel product of the town the city is smoky, but to no greater extent than any of the other large manufacturing cities west of the Alleghenies. Indeed, Chicago is probably more smoky to-day than Pittsburgh.

Drink A Little Large

Distilled under the same formula for over 100 years

PURE MONONGAHELA RYE WHISKEY MADE BY Henry Large Jr. WEST ELIZABETH PA. ESTABLISHED 1796.

BUY BOTTLED IN BOND

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COAL, COKE, ELECTRICAL MACHINERY, AND GLASS

It is a common saying that iron and steel have made Pittsburgh. It is true enough, but it may be said also that the deposits of coal, and the unsurpassed coke that may be secured from it in the Pittsburgh district, have made the iron and steel. Except for its adjacent deposits of fuel Pittsburgh would not be a great manufacturing city to-day. The coal mines and the rivers for transportation of coal are nature's great gifts to Pittsburgh. The rest of the business is largely a resultant of these.

The bituminous coal district of Pittsburgh covers an area of no less than 14,000 square miles, a territory 2000 miles larger than the entire coal-field of Great Britain. Nearly 35,000,000 tons of it are produced each year by something like 50,000 miners. It has been estimated by experts that the supply of this district alone will last at the present rate of mining from 700 to 1000 years. The annual coal production of Pennsylvania is more than one-half of that of the United States, and of bituminous coal the Pittsburgh district produced last year more than one-third of that grade mined in the entire country. Coal can be delivered by boat from Pittsburgh at New Orleans for $1 50 a ton—in fact, as cheaply as it can be hauled by rail to the Atlantic coast for shipment. This fact is of tremendous significance to Pittsburgh. It has built up a great mining interest there. Pittsburgh itself probably uses less than one-tenth of the coal it produces, but it supplies a vast territory from the beginning of the Ohio to the Gulf.

There are whole towns given up exclusively to coal-mining. None but miners practically live there. The development of the mining system has been most progressive. A large quantity of machinery is used in the industry. Electric automatic coal-cutting machines are common, big plants are used to force fresh air into the mines constantly, automatic hoisting-machines are common, and great contrivances load the coal in large quantities are in use, a vast difference from the early days when the coal was taken from the pits in the Monongahela Valley hills across the river, and loaded in vessels by handbarrows pushed over gangplanks.

The Pittsburgh coal was first used by Colonel James Burd in 1759. It was first shipped down the river in boats in 1817. Previous to that time, in 1811, the first steamboat was launched at Pittsburgh, having been built there. The first railroad shipment of coal from Pittsburgh occurred in 1851, and between 1817 and that year the shipments were entirely by water. At first the coal was carried by flat-bottomed boats about 75 feet long and 16 feet wide. A pair of these boats were lashed together, and then floated down the river, when the freshets came, by man power, a good deal like the rafts of lumber are floated to market. A crew of twenty-five men was for each pair of boats, and as many as 25,000 bushels of coal were in the two boats.

It was a great sight in those days to watch the coal-boats leave. Men eagerly gave up their ordinary work to make the trip down the river. There was a fascination in this primitive form of travel with the opportunity it afforded to see a little part of the great outside world.

Gradually the towing system came into use, and after a time the boats grew to a size of 170 feet long and 26 feet wide, and now it is common to see one towing steamer deliver no less than 1,000,000 bushels of coal at New Orleans, where in the early days of the trade 50,000 bushels were delivered by a pair of floaters. The government's demand for coal, in its Mississippi operations in the civil war, gave a great impetus to the trade in the early sixties, and this led to the development of the towing system, which revolutionized the coal-carrying trade of the Pittsburgh district.

Then came the development of the locks with their pools, and the freedom of the trade from charges of lockage, and nowadays approximately 200,000,000 bushels of coal are water-borne in the Pittsburgh district a year. If it were not for this water system of carriage of fuel the Pittsburgh industries could not exist. The railroads could not begin to carry the product. One of the coal companies of the place, formed from 120 separate concerns, has a capital of $64,000,000, and has in its fields an estimated supply of 8,000,000,000 tons. It owns 6000 coal-cars, and it employs 30,000 men.

EXTENT OF THE COKE INDUSTRY

Coke is a product of bituminous coal from which the impurities have been burned, leaving a product of nearly pure carbon. It is indispensable in the making of steel. The best coke in the world is made in the Connellsville district, near Pittsburgh. For twenty years the Connellsville region has produced a little more than one-half of the entire coke product of the country. In 1901 the value of the coke made in the district was $25,000,000 in round numbers. More than 12,500,000 tons were produced. What this means to the railroad may be realized from the fact that the daily shipments of coke in the Connellsville region often run as high as 2000 cars, and that 50,000 cars a month is a common record. Nearly 22,000 flaring coke-ovens send out their flames and smoke into the region, making the nights picturesque and the days gloomy in the country roundabout.

The coke industry in this region, according to the 1900 census, increased 113 per cent. in ten years. It employs more than 20,000 wage-earners, and the subsidiary railroad traffic employs thousands more. In 1902 the records of the Car Service Association show that Pittsburgh took 3,794,631 tons of coke, an increase over the previous year of 351,000 tons. The West took 6,966,344 tons of coke, passing through the Pittsburgh district in 1902, an increase over the previous year of 804,000 tons. The increase in the coke product, passing to or through Pittsburgh in 1902 over 1901, was more than 1,155,000 tons. It required 177,000 cars to haul Pittsburgh's share of the product, and for the Western traffic no less than 300,910 cars were used, making a total of 478,221 cars. This was 25,000 cars more than were used the previous year. The number of cars would have been greater had not there been an increase in the size of the cars. The average car, up to 1900, carried eighteen tons of coke. It has since been raised to twenty-five tons a car. It was over the shipments of coke that the celebrated Pittsburgh car famine really began. Grain shipments from the West robbed the industry of its normal supply of cars, and, as a result, the steel industry suffered seriously. The railroads are hurrying orders for new cars, and it is expected that little difficulty will be experienced in that direction hereafter.

ELECTRICAL MACHINERY MAKING

There are two places in the United States where electrical machinery manufacture has centred with enormous plants. One of them is in Pittsburgh. No story of the city of Pittsburgh and its growth would be complete or adequate without the mention of George Westinghouse and his great success, not only in perfecting electrical and other devices, but in carrying on enormous business enterprises. The various Westinghouse companies, concerned in the making of air-brakes, engines of various kinds, electrical devices, and lamps, are capitalized at more than $50,000,000, and employ more than 12,000 persons.

The name Westinghouse is synonymous in the electrical and machine-making world in Pittsburgh with that of Carnegie in the steel industry. He first attracted attention by his air-brake invention and its subsequent development. Then came his manufacture of various kinds of engines on a colossal scale. In the late eighties the use of electrical devices began to supplant to some extent the use of pneumatic power in signal machinery, and Mr. Westinghouse, who had been working for many years in the electrical field, went into that business on a large scale. He bought European patents, and he studied out some of the most difficult problems that have been mastered in the great field of electrical work. The result is an enormous plant in East Pittsburgh, employing more than 7500 persons and occupying fifty acres. A great machine-shop there nearly a quarter of a mile long is being duplicated. It has its own light and power plant. There is no more impressive factory in the country.

The use of the alternate current in electric work is due chiefly to Mr. Westinghouse, who co-operated with Tesla in his experiments and the scores of electrical devices, from massive generators and armatures and motors of all kinds, down to the little things used in electrical work, reveal the magnitude of this great enterprise. There are more than 30,000 Westinghouse railway motors in operation to-day on the trolley-cars of the country. In every department of activity where electricity is used Mr. Westinghouse's products may be seen. He is still under sixty, has time for large real-estate operations, and numbers many foreign decorations among his trophies of mechanical skill.

Over in England there is a Westinghouse company that has a plant which occupies 130 acres of land in Manchester. The British company is capitalized at $7,500,000, and from this works the foreign market is supplied. The plant is practically as large as that at East Pittsburgh.

THE MANUFACTURE OF GLASS

The State of Pennsylvania stands first in the country in the making of glass, and most of this comes from the Pittsburgh region. Nearly forty per cent. of the glass made in the United States comes from this district. The State is first in the manufacture of plate and window glass, tableware and fine blow-ware, second in the making of fruit jars and bottles, and first in the making of lamp chimneys. It was due to the fact that Pennsylvania men "struck oil" in 1848 that the extensive making of lamp chimneys began in Pennsylvania.

The reason why the western part of the State is especially adapted to the making of glass is the fact that in Juniata and Fayette counties a supply of glass-sand is found equal to any in the world. The presence of cheap bituminous coal and of natural gas served to fix the industry in the region where this supply of raw material is most accessible. The making of glass is a simple process, the details of which are known to all. It is still one of the best-paid industries in the country.

It would not be fitting to close an article on Pittsburgh without some reference to Andrew Carnegie's benefactions to the city. Although his home is now in New York, Mr. Carnegie has been and is the most conspicuous of the city's product of citizenship. Not only did he make his vast fortune in the town, but he has endeavored and has succeeded in introducing most of the refining influences that are noteworthy in the place. He gave $820,000 for the great Carnegie Library that stands close to the entrance of Schenley Park, and he gave $450,000 for the various branch libraries of this institution in the smaller towns roundabout where the workmen that he once employed live. He has given, in addition, $5,000,000 for the extension of the Library Building and the upbuilding of the Carnegie Institute, where art and science may be developed in the town. In addition, he has given $2,000,000 for the endowment of the Carnegie Institute. Moreover, he is about to give $2,000,000 for the endowment and equipment of a School of Technology near the Carnegie Library and Institute, a school to be devoted largely to the most improved methods of manual training.

Looking back at what Mr. Carnegie has done for the steel industry and the consequent advancement of the prosperity of Pittsburgh, and then considering what he is doing still in the way of benefactions for the place, one may say truly that he is the foremost of the human products of the city. After he is gone—and may the years be many before that comes—it would seem to be fitting that his statue should be placed at the entrance of Schenley Park. That would be the proper place for it, and one feels that his statue should be the only one to occupy that delightful spot.

Taking it all in all, Pittsburgh is a place for all Americans to be proud of justly.

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Edward T. C. Slease & Co.

PITTSBURGH is increasing its reputation for its financial institutions almost as rapidly as it has arrived at its supremacy in the industrial world. Its representative banking and brokerage houses are recognized factors all over the country, and prominent among them is the rising firm of Edward T. C. Slease & Co. This firm was organized three years ago by Edward T. C. Slease and H. B. Guthrie, brother of C. S. Guthrie, president of the American Steel Hoop Company, before it was merged into the great Steel Corporation. Mr. H. B. Guthrie, in August last, retired from the firm and moved to New York city. He purchased a seat in the New York Stock Exchange for $65,000, and soon became a prominent financier in



Edward T. C. Slease

Wall Street. His partner, Mr. Edward T. C. Slease continued his business in Pittsburgh in the Arrott Building, and, although one of the youngest financial institutions of the great steel city, it is now recognized as one of the leaders. The business methods of the present firm are up to date, and at the same time conservative and safe. It has branch offices at Wheeling, West Virginia; Steubenville, Ohio; East Liverpool, Ohio; Youngstown, Ohio; and McKeesport, Pennsylvania.

There is a direct system of private wires, east and west, so that the firm can execute immediate orders with all the leading exchanges, and every department is controlled by a competent manager and financier. Mr. Edward T. C. Slease, the active head of the house, is the son of the well-known Methodist-Episcopal minister, the Rev. William D. Slease, D.D., and the grandson of James Crawford, the famous Ohio banker and capitalist. Mr. Slease is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

He married in 1896 Laura I., daughter of the late Captain Adam Jacobs, of Brownsville, who was one of the pioneer steamboat-builders of the Monongahela Valley. The family resides in a handsome residence on Fifth Avenue. Mr. Slease is devotedly fond of horses. He has some of the finest carriage and saddle horses in Pittsburgh, and he is noted for his handsome equipages. He is foremost in any work for the benefit and improvement of Pittsburgh, and he is a member of many clubs and social organizations, among them being the Duquesne, Monongahela, and Country clubs.

He is looked up to as one of the principal financial factors of the Pittsburgh money-market, and among the leaders of its great future, both commercially and financially.

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The Pittsburgh Coal Company

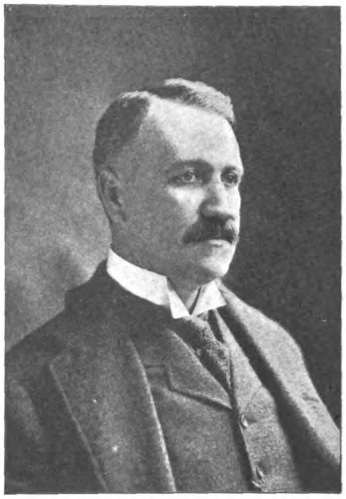
AMONG the many great industries which have helped to make Pittsburgh one of the greatest industrial centres of the world, a prominent and important organization is the Pittsburgh Coal Company, which was incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey in August, 1899, and which was among the pioneers of the great movement for combination and consolidation which has in a few years revolutionized the industrial methods of Pittsburgh, and has made it the most marvellous and progressive city in the world. The company was formed to consolidate the business and acquire the properties of the largest producers and shippers of steam and gas coal in Pittsburgh and its vicinity. The following companies are merged in this gigantic organization, and it includes D. M. Anderson, Frank Armstrong, Alexander Black Coal Company, Blyth Coal Company, Bower Hills Mining Company, Boyd Coal Company, N. H. Boyd, Beadling Brothers, J. W. Blower, J. D. Boyd, J. D. Boyd Coal Company, Bridgeville Coal Company, J. V. H. Cooke & Sons, J. B. Corey, Columbia Gas Coal Company, Chartrin Block Coal Company, Canonsburg Coal Company, J. E. Douglas, W. L. Dixon & Company, Alexander Dempster, Equitable Coal Company, Essen Coal Company, Eureka Coal Company, Row Galley Mine, First Port Monongahela Gas Coal Company, Fidelity Coal Company, Henriette Floersheim, Federal Coal Company, H. Floersheim, Forest Hill Mining Company, S. A. Gibson, D. R. Hanna, Hanna Brothers, Hartley & Marshall, Hurst & Company, Imperial Coal Company, L. S. Johns, Johnston Coal Mining Company, Keeling Coal Company, Laurel Hill Car and Coal Company, Lake Superior Coal Company, A. W. Melton et al, Mingo Gas Coal Company, Midway Block Coal Company, M. McCue & Company, J. A. McCready, Morgan, Moore, & Baine, Morris & Newell, Moon Run Coal Company, Montour Railroad Company, O. McClintock, W. L. McClintock, Estate of Washington McClintock, Miller's Run Mining Company, Nathaniel Holmes, National Coal Company, J. E. Newell, Northwestern Coal Railway Company, Oak Ridge Coal Company, Limited, Osborne Seager & Company, Panhandle Coal Company, Pennsylvania Title and Trust Company, Pittsburgh Consolidated Coal Company, Pittsburgh, Fairport and Northwestern Dock Company, Pittsburgh and Chicago Gas Coal Company, Provident Mining Company, Pittsburgh and Western Coal and Coke Company, E. W. Powers, Pittsburgh Block Coal Company, Port Royal Coal and Coke Company, Port Royal Dock Company, Pittsburgh and Moon Run Railroad Company, Robbins Coal and Coke Company, Robbins Coal Mining Company, F. L. Robbins, Isaac I. Robertson, W. P. Rend, Jacob E. Ridgeway, Redstone Oil, Coal, and Coke Company, Ridgeway-Bishop Coal Company, Hope Mine Coal Company, W. J. Steen, Saw Mill Run Coal Company, Sheppler Gas Coal Company, Shire Oaks Coal Company, J. H. Somers Fuel Company, J. D. Santers, Jesse H. Sanford, Waverly Coal and Coke Company, Warner Coal and Coke Company, J. H. White, Willow Grove Mining Company, H. K. Wick, Wick Haven Supply Company, H. K. Wick, C. B. Wick and Frank Morrison, Youghiogheny and Wick Haven Railroad Company, Webster Gas Coal Company, R. H. Williams, Walsh-Upstill Coal Company, Youghiogheny Mining Company, Youghiogheny and Lehigh Coal Company, Youghiogheny Gas Coal Company, Youghiogheny River Coal Company, and many others, comprising 80,000 acres of coal lands and 7000 acres of surface land in Allegheny, Fayette, Washington, Westmoreland counties, with docks and plants in many counties and States.

It employs 30,000 people, and its output reaches 20,000,000 tons a year. It also owns undeveloped coal lands covering 50,000 acres, and it is generally known as the great "railroad coal combination" of the West. It owns over thirty miles of railroad, with 5000 cars and seventeen locomotives, and its authorized capital is $64,000,000.

It is now establishing a European market, and it is considered one of the most important coal combinations in the world. The chairman and president is Francis L. Robbins, and it includes in its management such well-known men as H. C. Frick, John A. Bell, D. R. Hanna, Henry W. Oliver, and Grant B. Schley. The head offices are at No. 232 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh. The Union Trust Company of Pittsburgh is transfer agent, and the Fidelity Title and Trust Company of Pittsburgh is registrar of the stock.

Francis Le Baron Robbins and American Trust Company of Pittsburgh

THE master mind and presiding genius who controls this gigantic organization is the chairman and president of the board of directors, Francis Le Baron Robbins. Mr. Robbins was born at Ripon, Wisconsin, September 3, 1855. He is the son of Thomas Burr and Alice (Brockway) Robbins. The father was one of the largest coal operators in Western Pennsylvania, and the family have been prominent in the business for



Francis Le Baron Robbins

nearly a century. The pioneer American ancestor was Richard Robbins, who came from England in 1639, and settled at Charlestown, Massachusetts, afterwards removing to Cambridge. The Robbinses have been a prominent New England family for nearly three centuries. Francis Le Baron was educated in Allegheny, and from his youth was brought up in his father's business.

He has always taken a personal interest in the welfare of his great army of employees, and he is highly respected and honored by them. Wielding as he does great power by reason of his many interests he has always tried to use that power honestly and justly. He has been elected president of the Pittsburgh Operators' Association, and is considered a firm friend of the miners. He has been a director of the First National Bank of Pittsburgh for many years, and, in addition to his immense coal interests, he is president of the American Trust Company, which is capitalized at $1,000,000. Mr. Robbins has lived at Allegheny all through his busy business life. He resides in a handsome residence, No. 908 Sherman Avenue, Allegheny, and has a large family.

He married in 1882 Miss Helen Gill, who is also a scion of an old Connecticut family. The power of Mr. Robbins's great coal properties and the immense influence that he wields in the life of the people of Pittsburgh and Allegheny make him an important factor in the movements of his fellow-townsmen. He has always used his influence with conservative fairness, and he is looked up to and respected by his business associates and his thousands of employees.

AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY OF PITTSBURGH.

He is intimately connected with the great majority of financial institutions that help to make Pittsburgh the great commercial city that it is to-day, and among them is the *American Trust Company*, which is one of the youngest and at the same time one of the soundest trust companies in that city of great financial institutions. The American Trust Company commenced business in April, 1901. It was incorporated November 1, 1900, and its capital is $1,000,000. The officers are Francis L. Robbins, president; John D. Nicholson, vice-president; F. H. Skelding, second vice-president; John A. Irwin, secretary and treasurer; and A. M. Neeper, solicitor. Although only two years old, the undivided profits already aggregate $103,879. The offices are at No. 333 Fourth Avenue. According to the *Bankers' Magazine* of New York city the trust company of to-day is a confidential agent in manifold capacities.

It is a bank; it receives deposits; it allows interest on them, and it lends money. Its loans, however, being chiefly on quick collaterals and for short periods, are more apt than those of banks to be of an active and liquidatable sort, and are more easy to be realized upon in times of panic or stringency. It is noteworthy that, even under pressure, there have been few, if any, trust company failures, and it may be regarded as still more remarkable that these institutions are so constituted that even if they should fail it would not necessarily in the least impair the trusts committed to their care. An individual trustee is apt to permit trust funds to become so invested as to be more or less dependent upon his own solvency, but a trust company segregates the funds of its respective trusts, and so invests them as to insure their value, irrespective of the company's fortunes.

Strict legal provisions also further safeguard all trust investments, and the character of the management of most of such institutions is high, for the people who constitute the bulk of their patrons, being of the most conservative classes in every community, demand this. The trust company, aside from its banking business, acts as executor, guardian, and trustee under wills; as a committee for insane persons, and depository under reorganizations; as register, agent, manager of real estate, trustee for corporate mortgages, and numerous other useful capacities and relations. It accepts deposits and the care of properties under judicial direction.

It cares for the interests of widows and minor children and other dependent persons. It makes investments and collections for its clients, and is, in fact, fitted and equipped to do any financial business that may be committed to it. When funds committed to the care of a trust company have been called for by the owners, the trustees have been able to produce them in every case. This was far from being true when it was the universal practice for individuals to perform the functions of executors, trustees, administrators, guardians, and sureties.

Under such conditions and with such safeguards in the hands of a man with the character and solvency of Francis Le Baron Robbins it can hardly be surprising if an institution like the American Trust Company, young as it is, has a great future before it, and it is certain before many years have passed to be considered one of the richest and most substantial financial institutions of Pittsburgh.

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William E. Corey

AMONG the number of young men in the Carnegie Steel Company that have risen from the ranks to positions of great responsibility and trust, in none has the advancement been more striking than in the case of William E. Corey, now the president of that great company. "It has been truly said of him, he is a master of details." Always an indefatigable worker, nothing was too difficult for him to undertake. Thirty-six years of age, he to-day stands at the helm as president of three of the largest

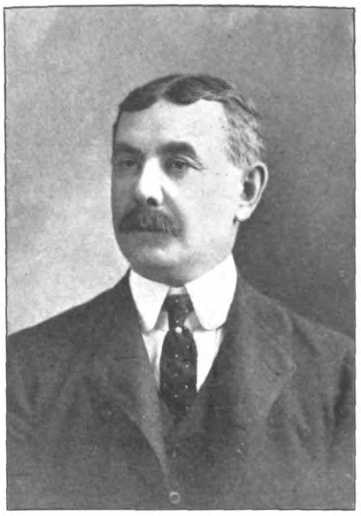


William E. Corey

of the great companies that go to make up the United States Steel Corporation, viz., the Carnegie Steel Company, National Steel Company, and the American Steel Hoop Company. Surely his career is an incentive to the young men of to-day. The son of a retired coal merchant of Braddock, Pennsylvania, he at the age of sixteen obtained a minor position in the laboratory of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, where his close attention and application to his work attracted to him the attention of his superiors; he was soon transferred to a more responsible position in the order department of the Homestead Steel Works, and in a comparatively short time was made the superintendent of the plate-mills and O. H. departments of this works. It was not long after his appointment to this position that the manufacture of armor plate for the government was begun at Homestead. A strong, capable man being required for the superintendency of this department, Mr. Corey was chosen for the position. How well he filled the requirements of the position is well known. The armor-plate department under his management became world famous, the success in its manufacture being greatly due to the introduction by him of a new and valuable reforging process. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, at that time the general superintendent of the Homestead Steel Works, being called to the presidency of the Carnegie Steel Company, Mr. Corey succeeded him as general superintendent at Homestead, and at the same time was admitted to partnership in the Carnegie Steel Company. To the responsibilities of the management of the Homestead Steel Works, no small task, was soon afterward added the superintendency of the Carrie Furnaces and also the Howard Axle Works, these combined forming the largest group of steel-plants under one head in the world. How well he succeeded is evidenced by the fact that when Mr. Schwab was called to higher responsibilities, Mr. Corey was his logical successor. Truly a wonderful record. Mr. Corey married Miss Laura B. Cooke, of Braddock, Pennsylvania. They have one son, Alan, thirteen years of age.

David M. Clemson

PROMINENT among the protégés of Andrew Carnegie, the men who have been made millionaires by him because of his implicit faith in their industry and loyalty to the United States Steel Corporation, stands David M. Clemson, of Pittsburgh. Mr. Clemson was born near Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania, in 1855. He had a country-school education until he was nine years old; then he was put to work on a farm, and pursued his studies only in the winter-time. Finally he was apprenticed to a farmer, working night and day for his food and clothes, but no money. After a while he found that he could get a little money besides his board, and he entered the mechanical department of Carnegie's Scotia ore-mines. His industry and perseverance led to his advancement in the ore-mines, until he was given entire charge of the mine machinery. In 1885 the young worker was appointed superintendent of the Scotia mines, and soon after he was transferred to Pittsburg to take charge of the gas and coke interests of Carnegie Brothers & Co., Limited, at the same time retaining general supervision of the ore-mines. Upon the organization of the Carnegie Natural Gas Company Mr. Clemson was elected president, and he was also president of the Pittsburgh Steamship Company, with full control of the fleet of 115 Lake vessels owned by the United



David M. Clemson

States Steel Corporation. These vessels transport the millions of tons of ore from the Lake Superior regions to the different points on Erie, to supply the innumerable furnaces owned and controlled by the Steel Corporation. He now became an important factor in the working of the great corporation, and he was made a member on the boards of the different departments composing the Carnegie Company.

As president of the Carnegie Natural Gas Company, Mr. Clemson has under his personal direction the entire operations of the Carnegie interests in the gas-fields of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. The company has under lease considerably more than 100,000 acres of gas territory in Allegheny, Armstrong, Westmoreland, Washington, and Greene counties in Pennsylvania, and in Tyler, Wetzel, Doddridge, Monongahela, Marion, Ritchie, Marshall, Lewis, and Harrison counties in West Virginia, including 150 gas-producing wells, with 400 miles of main and branch pipe-lines. The company furnishes to the Carnegie plants over sixty million cubic feet of gas per diem, being more than is consumed by the entire city of Pittsburgh. Mr. Clemson is identified with a vast number of business enterprises throughout the country, and he is very generous and charitable.

The Late Capt. J. J. Vandergrift

THE late Captain Jacob J. Vandergrift, of Vandergrift, Pa., has left behind him a record which has helped to make the industrial history of Pittsburgh. Captain Vandergrift was born April 10th, 1827, at Manchester, now part of Allegheny City, Pa. He was the son of William K. and Sophia (Sarver) Vandergrift. His education began at Mrs. Ditmar's School on Third Avenue, Pittsburgh, then at the Second Ward School conducted by J. B. D. Meeds, and at the age of fifteen years he became a cabin-boy on the steamer *Bridgewater*, finally becoming a river-pilot. Captain Vandergrift's first important venture in crude oil was the purchase of 5000 barrels from the Maple Grove Oil Co. He formed one or two successful companies, and in 1865 established a pipe-line between Pithole and "Shafer Farm," a distance of six miles. He started the Star Tank Line, and he founded the firm of Vandergrift & Forman. This was the actual commencement of the great system now known as the "National Transit Co." A year later (in 1871) the firm laid another pipe-line from Fagundas to the Warren and Franklin Railroad, which was first called the "Trunkeyville," and afterwards the "Commonwealth Pipe Line." Then followed in succession the "Sandy Pipe Line"; "Milton Pipe Line"; "Western Pipe Line"; "Franklin Pipe Line"; "Fairview Pipe Line"; "Raymilton Pipe Line"; and "Cleveland Pipe Line." All the competing systems were absorbed and incorporated as the "United Pipe Lines," of which Captain Vandergrift became president.

The Imperial Refinery was established (capacity 2000 barrels per day). This was afterwards merged into the Standard Oil Company, of which Captain Vandergrift became a director. As early as 1875, Captain Vandergrift and his associates, Mr. John Pitcairn, Jr., and Captain C. W. Batchelor, with others, under the name of the Natural



The Late Captain J. J. Vandergrift

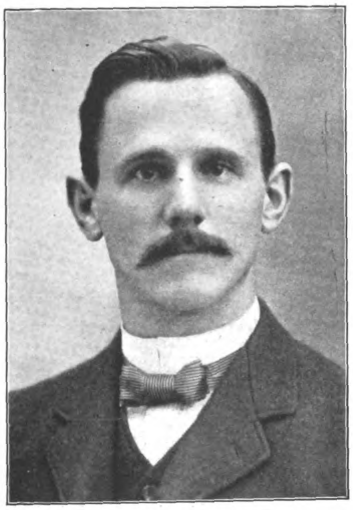
Gas Company, Limited, laid the first natural gas line connected with the gas wells near Saxonburg with the great iron mills of Spang, Chalfant, & Co., and Graff, Bennett, & Co. He was president of the Pittsburgh Trust Co., the Butler County National Bank, and the First National Bank of Vandergrift. His other great foundations were the National Tube Company, the Apollo Iron and Steel Company, the American Sheet Steel Company, and the great model town of Vandergrift. The sale of liquor was made impossible. Here more than two thousand men find healthful and profitable employment, and from a few farm hands in 1893 the town has grown to have a population of upwards of 6000.

He entered into his rest "full of days, riches, and honors" on 26th December, 1899.

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John H. Jones

PITTSBURGH is the pivotal point of American thrift and enterprise. It is the nation's greatest workshop, and its people are tireless workers. To be an executive head of a large Pittsburgh corporation marks a man as being a leader of men and a master mind in the great world of commerce and finance. Such a one is John H. Jones, the prominent coal operator, and a moving factor in the bituminous coal trade and business world. Mr. Jones was born at Greenock, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, in the year 1866. He is president of the Pittsburgh and Buffalo Company, the Manufacturers' and Consumers' Coal Company; treasurer of the Johnetta Coal Company, and one of the largest individual owners of coal land in the United States, representing a united interest of at least $5,000,000. Mr. Jones is a thoroughly trained man in the coal business. He was educated to it, and, entering the mines when a mere boy, he has worked his way up through every grade until he is now one of the most experienced operators in the coal regions. He is connected in business with his father, James Jones, his brothers, Thomas P. Jones, William I. Jones, David G. Jones, and Harry P. Jones, the family together forming one of the strongest interests in the coal industry of the country at the present time. They own six of the largest coal-mines in the country,—the Hazel Mine at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania; the Johnetta Mines Nos. 1 and 2 at Johnetta, Pennsylvania; the Bertha Mines at Bruce, Pennsylvania; the Blanche Mines at Anderson, Pennsylvania; the Rachel Mines at Wilson, Pennsylvania; and others,—covering



John H. Jones

an acreage of 25,000 acres, including the finest gas, steam, and cooking coals in the State. The Pittsburgh and Buffalo Company also manufacture sewer pipe, hollow block, paving and building brick, and mine cars. The corporation owns thousands of the most modern steel and wooden cars in America, and is adding to them every day. The sewer-pipe and brick works are considered as the most complete plants in the mining regions, and they have made the town of Johnetta, thirty-three miles north of Pittsburgh, famous as an industrial centre and a model working-man's town. Besides his numerous interests, Mr. Jones is a director of the Federal National Bank of Pittsburgh, which is one of the strongest financial institutions in the State. He is also a member of the chambers of commerce of Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, and of the Duquesne and Union clubs of Pittsburgh. As an instance of the development of the coal lands under the energy and genius of Mr. Jones, it may be stated that in two years the capacity has reached 11,500 tons a day.

Henry Bruce Beatty

AMONG the Pittsburgh men of success and prominence is Henry Bruce Beatty, president of the Manufacturers' Light and Heat Company. He was born in Mercer County, Pennsylvania, and is the second son of Ebenezer S. Beatty, a pioneer in the oil business, in Oil City. The Beattys are descended from an old Scotch family who fled from Ireland during the persecution of the Scotch Covenanters, and came to America, when Ebenezer, the great-grandfather of Henry Bruce, was a mere child. He fought in the Colonial forces in the Revolutionary war, and his ancestors have fought for the



Henry Bruce Beatty

Union in every war since 1776. Mr. Beatty was educated in Oil City, and he started his business career in the oil-producing business and in his father's store at Oil Creek.

Afterward he was with Strong & Gibson in the coal business. In 1879 he attempted to pipe a burning well in Slippery Rock Township, Butler County, to Newcastle, but the young man's ideas were in advance of the times, and he was unable to interest his fellow-townsmen in the scheme, and it was thought to be visionary. In 1881 he removed to the Bradford oil-field, becoming a recognized leader in the oil and gas interests, and an expert authority on all subjects concerning gas. During 1884 and 1885 he was an active member of the Bradford Oil Exchange. In 1887 he returned to Oil City, and in connection with O. H. Strong he formed the Oakdale Farm and Garden Company, starting out as a rose-grower, and he soon founded the largest exclusive rose-growing establishment in the United States.

He made such rapid progress that he became foremost among the florists of America, and was one of the founders of the American Florist Society, and an influential member of the American Florist and American Rose societies. He also continued to advance his oil interests, and in 1889 he owned valuable properties in McKean, Warren, and Venango counties, was a member of the Manufacturers' Natural Gas Company of Pittsburgh, and, in 1894, a member of the board of directors. In 1896 he was elected president of the company, and has since succeeded, by purchase, merger, and consolidation, in acquiring nine important gas companies, which are now incorporated as the Manufacturers' Light and Heat Company, with a capital of $6,500,000. Mr. Beatty now resides in Pittsburgh. He has one of the handsomest houses at the East End, his summer residence being Oakwood, Oil City, Pennsylvania. He is a student of literature, music, and art, and possesses a valuable library of rare books. He is a member of the Duquesne, Union, and Monongahela clubs of Pittsburgh, the Ivy Club, Oil City Boat Club, the American Florist Society, the American Rose Society, and is a prominent and enthusiastic Mason.

Murry Adolph Verner

PITTSBURGH has been well named the city of brains and brawn, and a typical representative of this progressive class of Americans is Murry Adolph Verner, president of the Pennsylvania and Mahoning Valley Railway Company, who has built more railroads than any other man in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Verner was born in Pittsburgh in 1853. He is the son of James Verner, who built the first street railroad west of the Alleghenies. He was educated at the public schools of Pittsburgh, and nearly all his life he has devoted himself to transportation and the building of railroads in many States. He built the Citizens' Traction Company's cable road; built and was president of the Pittsburgh and Birmingham Traction Company, and electric roads in Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Indianapolis, and Norfolk, Virginia. Mr. Verner devoted himself to politics early in life. He interested himself with T. S. Bigelow in the Citizens party movement of Pittsburgh, and in 1903 he succeeded in electing the recorder. He has always been especially active in any work that would be of advantage or benefit to the city of Pittsburgh, and he has always been an ardent Republican. The Pennsylvania and Mahoning Valley Railway Company, of



Murry Adolph Verner

which Mr. Verner is president, was incorporated May, 1902, under the laws of Pennsylvania. It extends up and down the Mahoning and Shenango valleys, a distance of nearly forty miles, and covers a population of 150,000. The capital stock is $5,000,000, and the general offices are at Youngstown, Ohio.

Mr. Verner has always been very liberal in his donations to the good works and charities of his native city, but his gifts have always been kept from the public. He married Miss Barbara Bailey, a native of Pittsburgh, and he has a family of three children—Alice, Catharine, and James Park. He belongs to many clubs and social organizations, among them being the Duquesne, Union, Monongahela, Country clubs of Pittsburgh, and the Union Club of Cleveland. Whenever a movement for the betterment of Pittsburgh has been started Mr. Verner is always found in the front ranks, and is ever ready and willing to spend his time and wealth for the benefit of his native city.

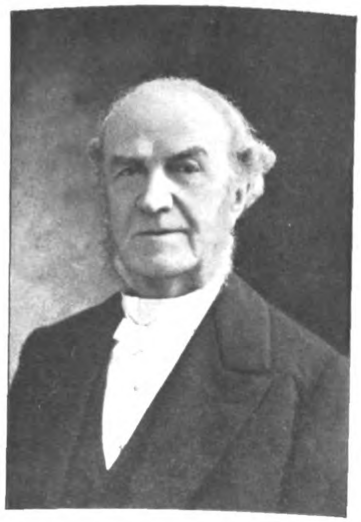
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The National Tube Company

AMONG the many important corporations which have been merged into the consolidation of the great United States Steel Corporation, the National Tube Company stands very prominent. The United States Tube Company was incorporated in 1899 under the laws of the State of New Jersey, and it acquired the following corporations: The Allison Manufacturing Company's tube-mills, American Tube and Iron Company, Chester Pipe and Tube Company, Cohoes Tube Works, Delaware Iron Company, Morris Tasker & Co., National Galvanizing Works, Ohio Tube Company, Oil City Tube Company, Oil Well Supply Company's Continental Tube Works, Elba Iron Works, Pennsylvania Tube Works, Riverside Iron Works, and the Syracuse Tube Company. The capitalization of the company in 1900 was placed at $80,000,000, and it was so estimated in 1901 when it became one of the constituent companies of the United States Steel Corporation. The nature of the goods manufactured by the company is tubular products of every kind and description, including butt and lap-weld merchant pipe, black and galvanized, boiler tubes, oil-well tubing, casing, and line pipe, etc. The various plants are situated at McKeesport, Pittsburgh, Middletown, Chester, Philadelphia, Elwood City, and Oil City, Pennsylvania; Cohoes and Syracuse, New York; Wheeling, West Virginia; Youngstown and Warren, Ohio; and Newcastle, Delaware. The annual capacity of the plants is, by coke-plant product, 200,000 tons; blast-furnaces, 600,000 tons; steel-works, 450,000 tons; rolling-mills, 600,000 tons; and pipe and tube mills, 900,000 tons; — aggregating the immense output every year of 2,750,000 tons. The number of hands employed is 17,000, and the company reaches all the markets of the world. The incorporators of the company were William G. Chapman, Jr., Albert S. Ridley, and Francis B. Pollak, and the first board of directors and officers were E. C. Converse, president; Joshua Rhodes, chairman; F. J. Hearne, first vice-president; Horace Crosby, second vice-president; Francis L. Potts, third vice-president; A. S. Matheson, general manager; Arthur F. Luke, treasurer; William H. Latshaw, first assistant treasurer; and E. H. Osborne, secretary. The board of directors: Joshua Rhodes, J. J. Vandergrift, Charles H. Coster, F. J. Hearne, Francis L. Potts, Daniel O'Day, A. S. Matheson, O. C. Barber, J. N. Vance, E. C. Converse, William S. Eaton, William B. Rhodes, F. R. Tobey, John Eaton, Jonathan Rowland, Horace Crosby, John Don, William Nelson Cromwell, Arthur F. Luke, and Henry Aird. The present officers of the National Tube Company are William B. Schiller, president; Edward Worcester, first vice-president and general manager of sales; John D. Cuthbertson, second vice-president, treasurer and secretary; Taylor Allderdice, assistant to president; and B. C. Morse, assistant treasurer and secretary.

The company has also acquired many valuable patents, and owns factories, coke-plants, mills, and coal properties covering 1933 acres. It manufactures ninety per cent. of the capacity of the United States, and its capacity is four times the total annual output of the entire British mills.

The growth of the National Tube Company has been phenomenal in its rapidity. Its career has only covered about twenty years in Boston and Pittsburgh, and yet it is to-day capitalized at nearly $100,000,000, and is the most important corporation which forms an integral part of the great Steel Corporation, and it is that company's richest and most valuable asset. It is the greatest wrought-iron pipe-works in the whole world, and it manufactures every variety of wrought-iron pipe for steam, gas, or water, for boiler tubes, and pipes used for artesian, salt, oil, or gas wells. It is stated that the greater proportion of all the wrought-iron pipe made in this country is the product of this giant corporation. This colossal concern was first started in Boston, but it now has branches in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and Chicago. The company was one of the first to use natural gas for fuel in the manufacture of iron.



The late William A. Herron

The late William A. Herron

WILLIAM A. HERRON was born in Pittsburgh, August 7, 1821. His grandfather, Major James Herron, was prominent in the Revolutionary war, and his maternal grandfather, Colonel James Anderson, was a personal friend of George Washington. He was a brass-founder, manufactured glass, and owned large tracts of coal land. The firm of Herron, Blackburn, & Co. became very prominent in Pittsburgh, and in 1860 W. A. Herron founded the German Bank. He also organized the Iron City Trust Company, which afterwards became the Second National Bank. He was the first president of the People's Savings Bank, a large real-estate holder, and head of the firm of William A. Herron & Sons.



Homer J. Lindsay

Homer J. Lindsay

THE Carnegie Steel Company and its allied interests have turned out many men who have made a name for themselves in the industrial world. In this great corporation, where only merit and ability are recognized for promotion, the man who would get to the top must necessarily be ever alert to opportunities offered and take advantage of them.

Homer J. Lindsay, the subject of this sketch, was born in Pittsburgh, December 7, 1860. He is a son of Margaret A. and Samuel D. Lindsay, who was for many years a prominent glass manufacturer and retired from business.

Mr. Lindsay was educated in the public schools of Pittsburgh, and upon graduating his first occupation was as a clerk in the store of Joseph Horne & Co. In 1883, an opportunity presented itself for Mr. Lindsay to enter the employ of the Carnegie Steel Company as an operator. At that time there were nine operators employed. He was later on made special agent for the company, and was further advanced to the important position of assistant to the president under Charles M. Schwab, holding the same position under William E. Corey, the president of the Carnegie Steel Company now.

Mr. Lindsay is a member of the Duquesne Club, the Art Society, the Americus Club of Pittsburgh, the Transportation Club and "The Strollers," of New York. He was married to Miss Emma Knoderer, of Pittsburgh, June 25, 1890.

The American Steel & Wire Company

WIRE of every description is manufactured by the American Steel and Wire Company. This includes wire rope and electrical wires of all kinds, such as bare and insulated wires, trolley wires, telegraph wires, rail bonds for insulating tracks of electrical railways. Barbed wire and all the different varieties of plain steel wires constitute the great bulk of the tonnage of a wire-mill. It is in the finer wires that wonderful skill in wire-drawing is manifested. Some of the company's products are drawn down as fine as hair, and yet maintain considerable tensile strength. A prize over the products of the whole world was awarded the company at the Paris Exposition for piano wires. This is one of the most carefully prepared of all the wires made. Piano wire must be perfectly round and consist of such proportions of metal as to be acoustically perfect. The other fine-wire products are the elaborately finished wires for optical goods, the ribbed wires for umbrellas, elastic flat wires for corset steels, and all the intricate drawn shapes used in sewing-machines, automobiles, and other fine machinery.

Springs of every kind are manufactured, ranging from the fine hair-springs of a watch to the heavy springs for passenger and freight-cars and carriages and upholstery of all kinds. Woven-wire fencing is a great part of the industry, a product that is revolutionizing the system of division of fields, and which, because of the enormous tonnage manufactured, and improved processes of machinery, is rapidly superseding all other forms of staple fencing.

In addition to the wire manufacture the company's great horseshoe plant in Pittsburgh — the famous Shoenberger works — is one of the latest types of the horseshoe industry. This mill turns out the famous "Juniata" horseshoe.

Wire-making differs from most other branches of the steel industry in that it is a process whereby the steel is manipulated cold. The last rolling of the steel in a hot state is done when the billet is made into a "rod." This brings the steel down to a size a little larger than a lead-pencil. From then on the steel is drawn cold through holes in steel dies until the desired sizes are obtained. For finer sizes and wires requiring the most careful work the holes are through rough diamonds.

Wire is not always round. It is in all kinds of shapes, hexagon, oval, odd shapes of all kinds, flat, square, and star-shaped, and any variety to conform to commercial uses.

In addition to the plants located in Pittsburgh and vicinity, the American Steel and Wire Company has plants at Cleveland and Salem, Ohio; Allentown, Pennsylvania; Worcester, Massachusetts; Anderson, Indiana; Joliet, De Kalb, and Waukegan, Illinois; and San Francisco, California.

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The Jones & Laughlin Steel Company

THE largest and one of the most important metal interests in Pittsburgh and the surrounding district is the great firm now known as Jones & Laughlin Steel Company. It is a limited partnership association formed under the laws of Pennsylvania for the manufacture of iron and steel products. It owns and operates the American Iron and Steel Works, the Eliza Furnaces, the Soho Furnaces and Plate Mills. The capital is $20,000,000, and it will soon be increased to $50,000,000. The main office is in Pittsburgh, and the principal officers are B. F. Jones, Jr., president; Willis L. King, vice-president; Irwin B. Laughlin, treasurer; W. C. Moreland, secretary; and William Larimer Jones, general manager. It is justly claimed that this gigantic united plant is among the largest, best equipped, and most modern of any in the world. The two blast-furnace plants of the company have an annual capacity of 890,000 gross tons. The capacity of all the mines when completed will be 1,200,000 tons. The company also owns 6000 acres of coking coal land in Washington County; limestone deposits at Hollidaysburg, and its own terminal railway and hot-metal bridge across the Monongahela River. The rolling-mills and steel-works on the South Side and the Soho plants are equipped with every modern improvement known to the metal world. The South Side works contain three ten-ton Bessemer converters with an annual output of 750,000 tons, one twenty-five-ton acid-furnace, and six forty-ton basic furnaces, the capacity being 150,000 tons of ingots a year. There are also a 100,000-ton Talbot furnace, twenty-six heating furnaces, twenty-one trains of rolls, and three steam-hammers, and three blooming-mills, with a daily capacity of 2500 tons. The Soho department comprises four twenty-five-ton acid open-hearth furnaces, three trains of rolls, one single and two double heating furnaces, and ten Siemens regenerating pit furnaces; the total annual capacity of the plants being 900,000 tons billets and blooms, and 800,000 tons of finished rolled material. There are also a spike, rivet, and bolt factory with an annual capacity of 8000 tons, and structural-fitting shops producing 24,000 tons a year, and a chain-factory with an annual capacity of 10,000 tons. The cold-rolling and shafting plant is the largest in the country, with an output of 60,000 tons a year, and forge shops producing 3000 tons. The company owns and leases an immense number of iron-ore properties in the Lake Superior region, and it is now under consideration to build an independent railroad to Lake Erie, to facilitate the handling of the immense traffic. Its present iron-ore tonnage is estimated at 1,500,000 a year, and that will be increased to 2,000,000 tons within the year.

The general direction of this great company is in the hands of Mr. B. F. Jones, Jr., the son of the founder. He entered the sales department of the works in a minor capacity, after graduating from Princeton in 1891, and he became the treasurer of the firm in 1899, chairman in 1901, and president of the newly incorporated company in August, 1902. His father, the founder, still advises his son, although he is nearly eighty years old. He has witnessed the growth of the immense business for half a century, and has seen it rise from a capacity of forty tons a day to one of the greatest industries in the iron country, with a daily output of 3000 tons and an army of 10,000 men in its employ. He has also witnessed the rise of Pittsburgh to be the greatest manufacturing city in the world, and it is to his grasp of business and wonderful industry that this marvellous result is, in a great measure, due. The personnel of this great industrial enterprise is composed of men in the prime of life, who have been trained for the work under the supervision of Mr. Jones, Sr., and who have accustomed themselves to be familiar with every department of a great iron business. The great advance and success of the company proves that they are the right men.

Francis J. Torrance

A WELL-KNOWN Allegheny manufacturer and railroad man is Francis J. Torrance, who was born in Allegheny City, June 27, 1859. In 1875 he became a clerk in the Standard Manufacturing Company, of which his father was president, and finally became treasurer and general manager. In 1901 he was chairman of the executive committee, and when the corporation was merged into the Standard Sanitary Manufacturing Company he was made vice-president. The company manufactures plumbers' enamelled ironware, baths and bath-room appliances, brasswork, and sanitary plumbing supplies. It is the largest establishment of its kind in the world, with branch offices at Pittsburgh, New York city, Louisville, Philadelphia, Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis, Montreal, Honolulu, Mexico City, London, Paris, Hamburg, St. Petersburg, Cape Town, Sydney, Buenos Ayres, and Havana. He represented his Congressional district at the nomination of Benjamin Harrison, and he was delegate-at-large to the convention at St. Louis which nominated McKinley. He has been select-councilman for nine years, and president of that body for seven years. As a commissioner on lunacy he controls the Pennsylvania criminal and charitable institutions, and he is a delegate-at-large for prisons and charities. He is president of the Washington (Pennsylvania) Electric Street Railway Company; of the Indiana Railway Company; of the Standard Ice Company of Pittsburgh; of the Monongahela and Ohio River Transportation Company; of the Western Pennsylvania Exposition Society, the Pittsburgh Natatorium Company, and the Iron City Brick and Stone Company. He is also director of the Mechanics' National Bank, Pittsburgh; the Third National Bank, Allegheny; the National Union Fire Insurance Company, Pittsburgh, and the Sewickley Valley Trust Company. Chairman of the National Committee of Confederated Supply Associations, has been for two terms president of the American Republican Club, and chairman of the Republican city committee of Allegheny.

Joshua W. Rhodes & Co.

AMONG the more important firms of iron manufacturers and producers in the iron district a prominent one is that of Joshua W. Rhodes & Company. The corporation is the outgrowth of Vandervoort & Rhodes, which was organized early in 1895; the present organization was incorporated in 1899, and the present partners are Joshua W. Rhodes, Robert W. Flenniken, and Edwin N. Ohl. The original partner with Mr. Rhodes was Lellie W. Young, but he died October, 1901. It is a general iron and steel business in the way of buying and selling iron and steel products, and a large sales-agency business. The company owns the Cherry Valley Iron Company, with ore furnaces at Leetonia, Ohio, and a large furnace at Middlesex, Pennsylvania. It is also sales agent and owner of the Penn Coke Company, with ovens and mines in the Connellsville district. They lease from the McCutcheons the Keystone Mills, at Pittsburgh, employing over 800 men and producing 75,000 tons of finished material annually. The capacity of the two furnaces at Leetonia and Middlesex is about 375 tons per day, and 250 men are employed. The firm also owns and operates about 1800 acres of coal land, mining from 500 to 600 tons of coal per day. In fact, it is one of the most important working operations to the east of the Mississippi River. Contracts have been made recently at Leetonia and Middlesex to practically double the capacity.

Joshua W. Rhodes, the president, was born in 1872, and began his career in the Apollo Iron and Steel Company. He has been with the present company since 1897. He has also been connected with the Dollar Savings Bank, of which his father is treasurer. Mr. E. N. Ohl became associated with the firm shortly after the death of Mr. Young. He was previously with the Republic Iron and Steel Company, of which he is still a director.

The A. Garrison Foundry Company

AMONG the more important manufactories of western Pennsylvania is the large iron-foundry known as the A. Garrison Foundry Company of Pittsburgh. This important industry was established in 1803 for the manufacture of kettles, irons, stoves, rakes, etc. It has grown hand in hand with the city of Pittsburgh, and is to-day manufacturing the heaviest description of rolling-mill machinery, and turning out the largest chill and sand rolls in the country. Abram Garrison, Esq., one of the earliest members of this firm, belonged to the well-known Garrison family of New York, the most prominent being the late Commodore Garrison, who was known East and West during the middle part of the last century. Mr. Garrison had as his partner Henry Bollman, and the business developed largely during the early sixties. John H. Ricketson succeeded Mr. Garrison in the management of the business, and when, in 1887, the business was incorporated, Mr. Ricketson was its first president, and retained that position until he died in 1900. The works and buildings of the company cover five acres on the South Side of Pittsburgh. This is, in brief, the history of a business organization which has shared with the community, country, and government periods of prosperity and depression during over one hundred years, and through a quartet of wars. The company has at present a contract to build the largest plate-mill in the United States, and the management and stockholders in making their extensions feel that the century just entered upon, in spite of the enormous progress made by the United States in recent years, will see a development far beyond even that which the past century teaches Americans to hope for. The present management of the company has increased its capital stock, and the location of the plant gives it exceptional shipping facilities and the best labor-market in the country to draw from.

The Hostetter Company

THE immense business conducted under the above corporate name was established in 1853 by Dr. Jacob Hostetter, his son David, and George W. Smith. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters owes its origin to a recipe compounded by the senior member of the firm, who had tested its virtues in an extensive medical practice. It immediately gained popularity, and for fifty years it has maintained its high renown. As the old partners, one by one, departed this life, the interest was merged into The Hostetter Company, in 1889, which has since achieved even greater success.

Dr. David Hostetter, for many years its controlling spirit, was identified with many of the public enterprises of Pittsburgh, and aided materially in developing this line of industry.

Retaining so long a place in public confidence surely vindicates the claims of Hostetter's as a standard Stomach Bitters remedy, and also attests the business sagacity of those who shape its destiny.

Phillips Mine & Mill Supply Co.

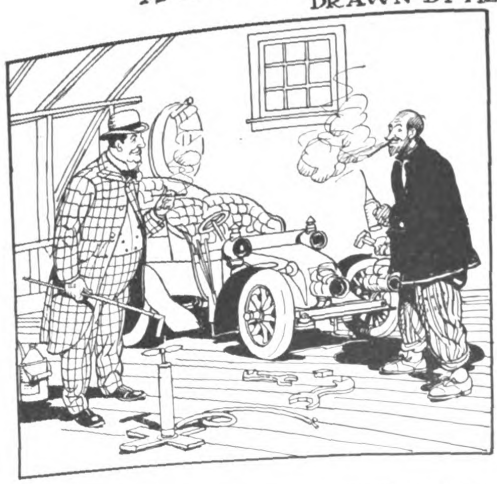
THIS is one of the pioneer mining-equipment companies of Pittsburgh, and was established in 1863. It owns and controls a large number of patents on devices for dumping, screening, and handling coal, and on cars, car-wheels, etc. One of the most valuable inventions is the "Phillips patent automatic cross-over car dump," which has superseded all others by its merits. The facilities of this company have heretofore been inadequate to carry out its business, but it has now completed extensive additions, and its capacity has been doubled, making the output over one hundred cars, car-wheels, and mining machinery per day. It is now the largest concern of its kind in the United States, and covers trade in America, Canada, and Mexico.

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The AUTO RIDE

A HORSE-LESS DELUSION UNHORSED

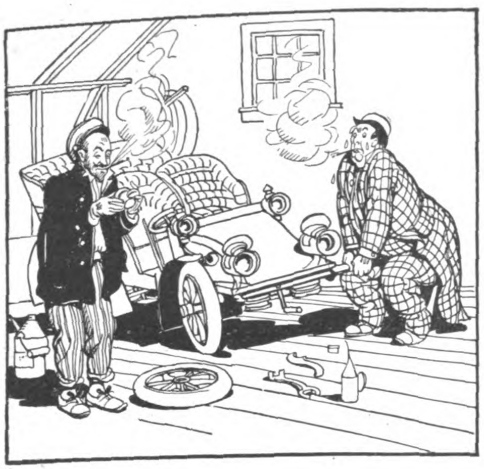
DRAWN BY ALBERT LEVERING



The Invited. "*I presume it were jolly for me to tender my humble services?*"
The Enthusiast. "*Not at all; however, a tap here and there, and we're off.*"



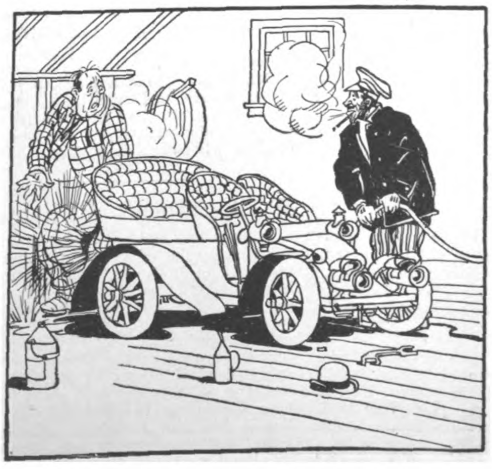
The Enthusiast. "*Surprising how quick the tires fill using a big pump like that, eh?*"



The Enthusiast. "*Just hold that a second, until I see what ails this hub.*"



The Enthusiast. "*Turn a little faster, old man, or you'll never get her started.*"



The Enthusiast. "*I say, just let me know when the water spurts back there, will you?*"



The Enthusiast. "*Great, ain't it?*"
The Victim. "*M-m-mmm-m.*"

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A Naval Engagement Indoors

AT a review held recently at the Thirteenth Regiment Armory in Brooklyn, the Second Battalion of the New York State naval militia took part in some curious and interesting manœuvres. The interior of the exhibition hall was arranged to represent a harbor commanded by defensive works on shore, and a mimic attack was made by the naval forces on the improvised fort. The attacking party operated in a boat which was a perfect model of the ten-oared cutter used in the United States navy, so constructed as to rest on the floor at the water-line. The boat was mounted on three wheels, two forward and one aft, so placed as not to be visible from the outside. Oars of the usual kind were used, the boat being propelled by means of a mechanism connecting the oar-handles with the axles of the wheels; a one-pounder Hotchkiss rapid-fire gun mounted in the bow of the boat fired blank charges during the attack. A structure representing the bow of a war-ship and occupying a corner of the room commanding the fort, took an active part in the engagement.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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Edison's Latest Invention

SOME years ago Mr. Edison invented a process for extracting finely divided iron ore from the rocks of New Jersey. There are vast quantities of this iron ore in the rocks of the Atlantic seaboard, but it is so finely divided that it cannot be mined in the ordinary way. Edison's plan was to crush the ore-laden rocks and drop the resulting sand past the faces of powerful electromagnets. The iron was thereby separated or deflected from the sand, after which it was made up into briquettes and shipped to the smelters. Mechanically, the process was successful, but it did not prove commercially profitable; it was found impossible to compete with the mines of the Great Lake district, where the ore is so pure and soft that it can be dug out of the ground with steam-shovels. Edison, undeterred by this drawback, laid aside his ore scheme for the time being and developed his crushing plant, with a view to producing especially fine cement sand. This developed into a fairly profitable business, but nothing like what was anticipated for the ore plant. So again the inventor began to readapt his machinery, this time to the extraction of gold. He now has a process somewhat resembling his first scheme, except that the crushed gold ore is dropped, not past magnet-faces, but through an ingenious blower which wafts the comparatively light sand to one side, and allows the heavier precious metal to fall straight down into a bin of its own.

A Valuable Life

IT is said that, with the exception of King Edward VII., Mr. L. Rodman Wanamaker, the son of the great merchant, is the most heavily insured person alive. The sum of his Majesty's policy is not stated, but Mr. Wanamaker's is reported to be $2,000,000, which involves a tidy premium of $30,000 a year. There are not many, we imagine, in Mr. Wanamaker's class; his father, John Wanamaker, values his life at $1,500,000, and Mr. John M. Mack is insured for $1,250,000. It would be interesting to know how much, if anything, the deaths of the various ladies and gentlemen of the Rockefeller, Astor, and Vanderbilt contingents would cost the insurance companies.

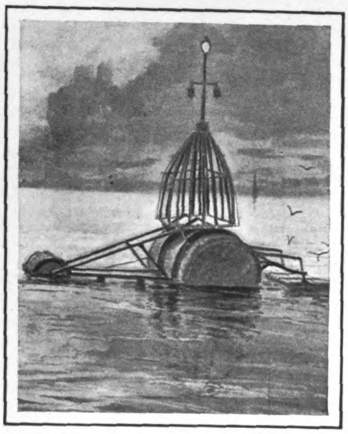
The Secret of Phosphorescence

SCIENTISTS in America are turning their attention towards the practical possibilities of phosphorescence. The researches of Professor McKissick of the Auburn (Alabama) Polytechnic Institute, Professor Hallock of Columbia, and others, prove that darkness is, after all, only a relative term; that most, if not all, common substances store up sunlight during the day and emit it in the form of more or less powerful rays during the night. Professor McKissick has been able to discern the emission of rays from over a dozen well-known chemicals which had previously been exposed to sunlight, and from such common substances as chalk, glucose, and sugar; sugar of the common brown variety was found to yield the most light. Not only was Professor McKissick able to take photographs by means of this light, but its quality was so similar to that of the X-ray that it affected a sensitive plate through an intervening thickness of two and a half inches of wood. Professor Hallock is of the opinion that some practical use might be made of the properties of phosphorescence, and points to the way in which nature lights the ocean depths, and to the light of the firefly, as examples of what can be done. He thinks that much practical utility might be gained from the universal use of luminous paints which could be spread in dark hallways and on the walls and ceilings of office buildings to help out the twilight. In fact, it would seem that we are near to the secret of phosphorescence. When such common substances as sugar, glucose, and chalk are found to absorb sunlight all day and to give it off in rays during the night, the discovery of some means for rendering those rays visible does not seem like a very far cry into the future.

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A Novel Kind of Buoy

A GERMAN inventor has contrived an electric buoy which is lighted by a current generated by the action of the waves. Wires connecting with a power-house on shore are dispensed with, and the motion of the waves is utilized to operate a small dynamo which feeds the current into a storage battery; by



The Electric Buoy in Operation

this means the supply for the lamp is kept uniform. Bells are also rung by the movement of the buoy, in order that ships may be warned, even in fog, of the nearness of the coast. Experiments to test the practical working of the invention are said to be in progress in German harbors.

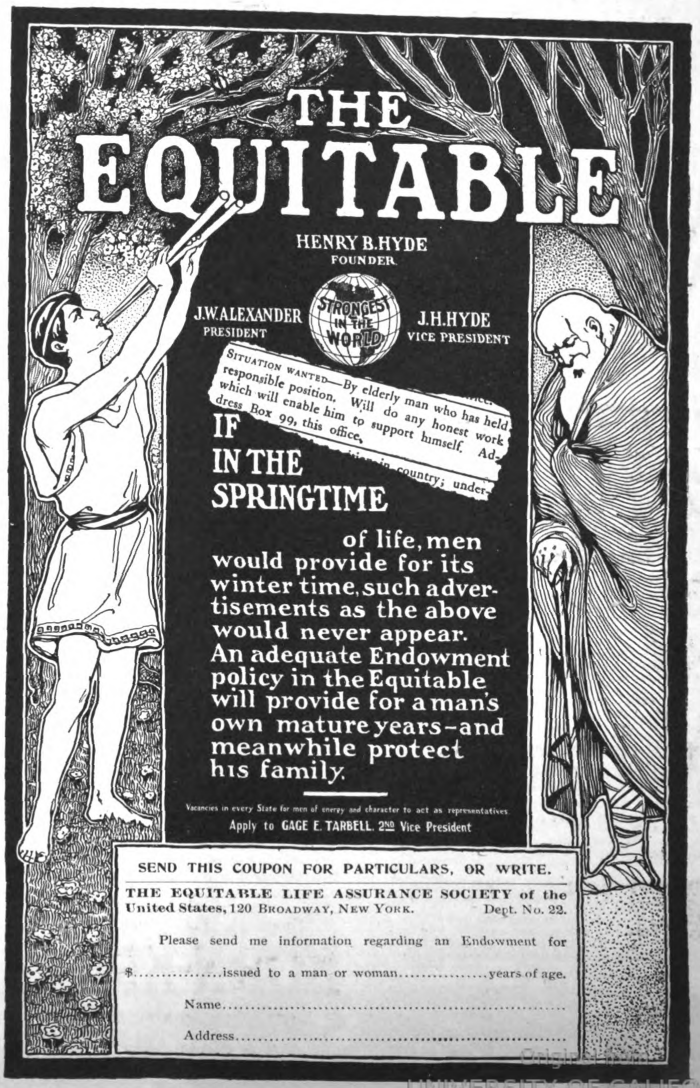
A Successful Woman Composer

THE recent production at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, of Miss Ethel M. Smyth's music-drama, "Der Wald," has awakened interest in the very few other women who have had operas publicly produced. The only woman who has succeeded to any notable degree in the field of operatic composition, Ingeborg von Bronsart, recently celebrated in Germany her fiftieth artistic jubilee. A pupil of Adolf Henselt, she studied later with Franz Liszt, at Weimar, where she met and married the pianist-composer Hans von Bronsart. Unlike Miss Smyth, she has succeeded in winning both popular success and critical commendation for her work. Her opera, "Jery and Bätely," has been produced in fourteen theatres, and her "Hiarne" in five. Frau von Bronsart's most recent work is an opera in one act, entitled "Die Sühne." Besides her stage-works, she has written a quantity of piano pieces, songs, and chamber music.

Artificial Food

FIVE years ago Sir William Crookes made the startling announcement that the world's wheat supply would fail to keep pace with the needs of civilization after the lapse of thirty-three years. He suggested, as a remedy, the extraction of nitrogen from the air for the purpose of fertilizing the worn-out soil; but we are much nearer the mark now than in 1898, and little progress has been made towards a practical mode of nitrogen manufacture. Other scientists have attacked the problem from a different standpoint; that is, the making of artificial foods. Some of these foods are already on the market, and we are assured that the day is not far distant when we shall be able to live upon the products of the test tube. In the case of those artificial foods which are now commonly sold, however, the substance is an extract of foods already used and not a true substitute. Actual substitutes for the natural foods of the day have been made, chiefly from coal-tar. A German chemist named Fischer has accomplished wonderful results in the production of sugars from waste sources. Professor Lilienfeld of Vienna is reported to have made artificial albumen,—a discovery which, if authentic, is of im-





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CONSUMPTION

mense importance to mankind. It may be found, however, that the cost of production will prohibit the sale of this artificial product. The whole problem of artificial food production, in fact, hinges on this question of price; any number of good substitutes for natural food have been made, but in each case the cost of manufacture has been prohibitive.

Why We Shake Hands

THE Prussian officer who held it his duty to kill a mere soldier who offered to shake hands with him had, from the official Prussian point of view, a complete case. Handshaking implies a certain degree of equality, and it is not possible for a Prussian officer to imagine any equal except another Prussian officer. Clearly, any act suggesting such a thing could not be expiated by any punishment short of the immediate death of the offender.

The custom of handshaking dates back to prehistoric times, a relic of those savage days when strangers could not meet without suspicion of murderous purpose. Then all men went abroad with weapons and shields, and, when they met, would stand in pleasant converse, each with his shield upon his left arm and with right hands clasped so that there would be no chance for a sudden swing of the knife or bludgeon. The right hand was invariably used for the weapon, with the result that we are a right-handed race. The reason for this lay undoubtedly in the fact that the left arm was always employed in the important work of shielding the heart. Among the common people of the Aryan race, the old pledge of amity in yielding the right hand to be grasped and held has since remained the chief token of open friendship. In the Iliad the returning chiefs were "greeted with extended hands." Even at that remote day the early significance of the handclasp had been lost in the nobler meaning of civilized life. But it remains a salutation in which a greater or less degree of equality is claimed or conceded. It is, therefore, possible for a humble person to shake hands with the President of the United States, but not with an officer of the Prussian army.

The Reliance and Shamrock III.

THE *Reliance*, so far as the trials have gone, fulfils the expectations of her builders and owners. After two preliminary spins under the critical eye of Captain Nat. Herreshoff, the yacht was turned over to Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, the managing owner. The first test was on Narragansett Bay and the second on the ocean off Brentons Reef, in a very light and fitful wind at the outset, and a ten-knot breeze at the close. The pace she set in the light wind promises well for her performance as a "drifter." In the stronger breeze she moved fast both on the wind and off, in reaching and running. Her spread of canvas is considerably in excess of that of either the *Columbia* or *Constitution*, and must be close to 16,000 square feet. Notwithstanding its great spread, she carries her sails well, and is very stiff when heeled to her bearings. As to her relative speed, no trustworthy opinion can be formed until she is tried with the older boats. Many yachts seem to be fast when sailing alone, notably challengers for the Cup. The first real trial of speed will be had at Glen Cove, Long Island Sound, May 21.

According to the photographs which are now at hand, *Shamrock III.* under sail in a strong breeze does not make so good a showing as the early reports led us to expect. The yacht is not pleasing either in her entrance or departure. She makes too much fuss under the bows, and carries too heavy a drag for great speed in hard weather. The photographs indicate that she will be probably at her best in light weather, which is what Sir Thomas expects to find here in August.



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Black-Bass-Fishing in Pennsylvania

ALL bass-fishermen acknowledge that the cold rushing waters of the mountain stream, the wild and picturesque scenery and bracing air, which generally form the environments of the brook trout, lend a charm to the pursuit of the speckled beauty, and have surrounded this fish with an atmosphere of sentiment and romance which has no doubt added much to the popularity of the *Salvelinus fontinalis* among sportsmen.

They also claim that, although the environment of the small-mouthed black bass is often tamer and of a less wild and rugged nature than that of the brook trout, the *Micropterus dolomieu* is a fiercer fighter and a stronger if not a gamier fish. Unfortunately, big black bass are seldom taken on the fly, except in the upper Mississippi and a few other favored places, and to win success and a creel of big fish the angler is, as a rule, compelled to become a bait fisherman.

The favorite bait changes only with the change of locality, but often with the time of day or the whim of the fish. On parts of the Delaware River small bullheads are considered the killing bait; at other places hellgrammites, minnows, and crickets are mainly used. In the neighborhood of Binghamton, on the Susquehanna, they use small lamprey eels; but the killing bait for this time of year in Pennsylvania seems to be frogs. The live frog baited through the lips is used for still-fishing, and a dead frog similarly hooked for skittering, casting, and trolling. It is in the dreamy, fascinating period between 4 P.M. and dark that the small-mouthed black bass bite best in the lakes.

There seems to be little room for doubt that the big black bass have their favorite haunts, and seldom wander far from their chosen feeding-grounds; furthermore, it appears to be equally true that the fish have an intimate acquaintance with the landscape under the water, and a thorough knowledge of the possible value of eel-grass, pickerel-weed, lily-pads, and jagged stones or sunken snags as line-breakers.

When a bass has been imprudent enough to hook itself to the line of an angler, it is not by chance that the creature hastens to wind the line around the gnarled root of a sunken snag, or, diving to the bottom, hopelessly entangles the line in the matted mass of subaqueous vegetation, and it would be absurd to call it accidental when the wily fish takes a sudden and circuitous course among the lily-pads, and by this means entwines the line among the tough stems of the plants.

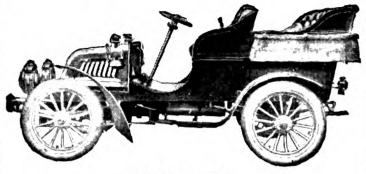
All experienced fishermen know that when a large fish succeeds in making the line fast to an immovable object it is but a comparatively simple task for the scaly fox to free itself. Most of the well-known tricks of bass have for their object either a slack line or a line with no "give" to it, both of which conditions offer opportunities for freedom well known to the fish.

To secure a slack line the bass will often attempt a rush directly toward the fisherman, or make a spectacular leap in the air, or both, and in either case he tests the nerve and skill of the angler. These tactics of big bass account for the fact that they are so seldom taken by the farmer lads with their reelless long cane poles,—a fact which does not accord with the oft-told humorous stories, but which is patent to any one who has occasion to watch the two kinds of fishermen. The advantage of a slight elastic rod is that the fish can do all the pulling, and the rod, well managed, will keep a constant tension on the line, and a corresponding fatiguing resistance to the struggles of the fish; when the latter's struggles are so fierce as to endanger the rod, the expert angler allows the line to run until the strain is lessened and he may again trust his tough little rod.

It is this sort of work that gives a charm to angling with light tackle; one feels that with a light rod he not only gives the game a fighting chance, but in using it one pits one's own skill against that of the fish, and when it is at last landed after a long fight, who can deny that the angler is justly entitled to a feeling of triumph?



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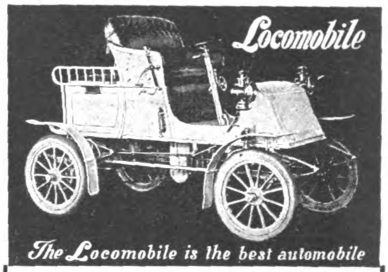
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Grover: "Now stop looking at me like that!"

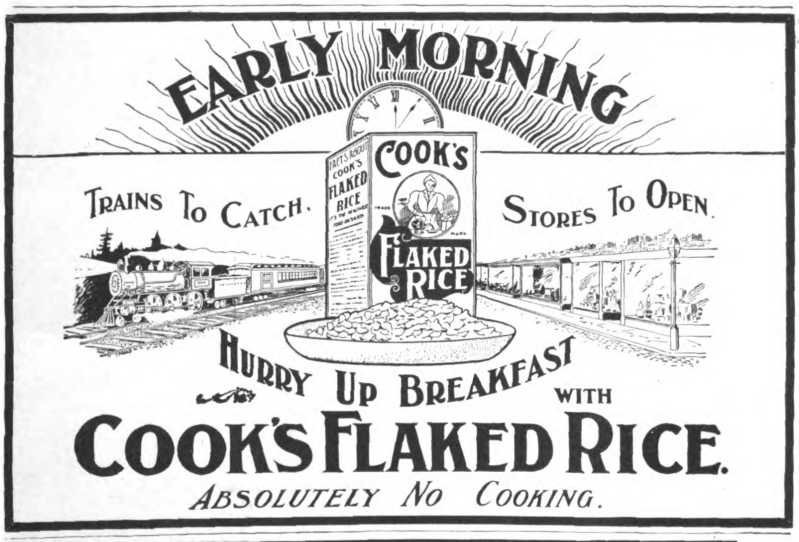


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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

MAYOR LOW'S prospects for a renomination look more favorable to-day than they did a week ago. Senator Platt, who was supposed to be unfriendly, has made a reassuring statement, announcing that, while he thinks a renomination at this time would be premature, he has no objection to a preliminary conference between the machine Republicans and the Citizens' Union. Ex-Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff and other Brooklyn Republicans are outspoken and resolute in their advocacy of Mayor Low. It also seems doubtful whether Mr. Herman Ridder could persuade the German-American Reform Union to oppose a fusion of the anti-Tammany forces. The Citizens' Union are doing a good work by setting forth the facts on which they base their denial that Mayor Low's administration has been a failure. It is only about sixteen months since the great city of New York escaped from the hands of Mayor Van Wyck, yet in four important particulars there has been an extraordinary improvement. We refer to the record made by the Police Department, the Health Department, the Public Charities Department, and the office of the Corporation Counsel. Whatever inefficiency may be imputed to Commissioner Partridge, it cannot be denied that General Greene, since he became head of the Police Department, has given a wonderful exhibition of energy. He has dismissed or driven to resign no fewer than four inspectors and fifteen captains. Never before have corrupt and incompetent members of the police force been so awe-stricken and terrorized.

If we turn to the Health Department, we find its merit attested by the fact that the death-rate is the lowest ever known, and that the general sanitary condition of the city is admirable, the streets in the tenement districts being flushed daily, and maintained in the exemplary state of cleanliness upon which the late Colonel Waring insisted. It is the unanimous testimony of those who have inspected the city hospitals and other charitable institutions that aged, feeble-minded, infirm, and sick persons have at no time been better cared for. Nor is there any doubt that the funds of the Public Charities Department are now disbursed with scrupulous honesty. From this point of view a striking contrast is presented to the state of things under the Van Wyck administration. As for the Corporation Counsel's office, statistics show that within eight months the present administration collected more back taxes than had been collected in the previous four years. The truth seems to be that, so far as the great body of non-office-seeking citizens are concerned, there is no ground for the charge that Mayor Low has disappointed reasonable expectations. No doubt, some of the office-seekers belonging to the Republican or anti-Tammany Democratic organizations complain because there are not offices enough to go round, and because, as a rule, intellectual competence and good character have been made conditions of appointment to office under the Low administration.

There is no abatement of the enthusiasm with which President Roosevelt has been received in his Western tour. He has been welcomed with as much ardor in California as in the States between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi. Whether he is quite as popular as Mr. McKinley was may be questioned, but there is no doubt that he is more popular than any other living Republican, and that his popularity, as we have repeatedly said, is one of the principal assets of his party. We now hear but little of a plan to organize opposition to him in the next Republican national convention by pledging State delegations to "favorite sons." Neither Senator Hanna, nor Senator Fairbanks, nor Senator Spooner is any longer mentioned as a possible candidate. That Mr. Roosevelt should have thus quickly and thus completely extinguished the hope of competition is of itself a remarkable achievement. As we have previously pointed out, no other President by accident has succeeded in persuading his party to nominate him for the term succeeding his own. It is true that Fillmore in 1856—about three years after he left the White House—was nominated by the Whigs, but at that time they constituted only a remnant of the organization which had made him Vice-President in 1848. Mr. Roosevelt's success in establishing a new precedent—we may look upon the precedent as already established—is the more remarkable because it is no secret that, as Governor of New York, he would have failed to secure a renomination for that office. Mr. Roosevelt, however, is a wiser man than he was four years ago. He has exhibited the very qualities which he was supposed to lack—sobriety, moderation, patience. The very men who imagined that, by forcing the Vice-Presidency upon him, they would effectually remove him from the political arena, and who might be expected to feel chagrined at the failure of their design, are now content to be classed among his supporters. The outcome, in short, of the situation, as it presents itself to-day, is that those conservative men who, having in mind the unconstitutional interposition in the anthracite-coal strike, regard Mr. Roosevelt with considerable distrust, have renounced the hope of beating him for the Republican nomination. If he is to be beaten at all, it must be done at the ballot-box by the candidate of the Democratic party. It is equally obvious that no Democrat of the Bryanite type would have any chance of defeating Mr. Roosevelt. The latter has outbid the Bryanites for the votes of labor-unionists, and we must look to another quarter for the forces to be arrayed against him with any prospect of victory. After all, the labor-union vote is but a fraction of the electorate, and can be dispensed with, not only throughout the South, but also in the pivotal States of the North.

We shall soon learn how much foundation there is for the report that President Roosevelt and Governor Cummins have agreed upon a tariff-revision plank which is to be embodied in the platform framed in June by the Iowa State convention, and also inserted, if the President has influence enough for the purpose, in the Republican national platform a year hence. It will be remembered that the so-called "Iowa idea," which, under the dictation of Governor Cummins, was set forth in the Iowa platforms of 1901 and 1902, favors such changes in the tariff from time to time as shall become

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advisable through the progress of American industries, and through their changing relations to the commerce of the world. It accepts the policy of reciprocity as the natural complement of protection, and urges the application of it as necessary to the realization of our highest commercial possibilities. Finally, it advocates any modification of the tariff schedules that may be required to prevent their affording a shelter for monopoly. It is said that the phrase *shelter for monopoly* will be dropped in June, but that otherwise the Iowa idea will substantially be reaffirmed. We are told that the tariff-revision plank was drafted before Mr. Roosevelt reached Iowa, and that he accepted it during his Western trip, in the course of which he was closeted during a whole day with Governor Cummins. We scarcely need point out that the insertion of a tariff-revision plank in the next Republican national platform may have a material effect on the ensuing Presidential campaign. By retaining within the party ranks a good many Republican voters dissatisfied with the Dingley tariff, it might just turn the scale in several doubtful States. It was just by their advocacy of a tariff-revision policy that the Democrats have supposed themselves to have a chance of winning at the ballot-box. It is true that a genuine revision of the tariff is much more likely to come from a Democratic than from a Republican administration, for, although there would be no doubt about Mr. Roosevelt's sincerity, and although a satisfactory bill might be pushed through the House of Representatives, such a measure would be almost certain to be defeated in the Senate. A mere promise of revision might suffice, nevertheless, to retain the States of the Central West in the Republican column, just as in 1896 Mr. McKinley's election was unquestionably promoted by the promise to try to bring about an agreement between the leading commercial nations by which the two precious metals might be maintained at a parity. It will be remembered that a pretence of fulfilling the promise was made. To satisfy Republican bimetallists, a commission was sent to Europe on a fool's errand.

The dinner given on May 9 to Secretary Root at the Lotos Club, New York, directs attention to one of the chief causes of the success with which Mr. Roosevelt has avoided the fate of other accidental Presidents. Not long had Tyler, Fillmore, and Arthur occupied the offices for which they had not been intended, than they shouldered the trusted friends of their predecessors out of the cabinet. These men were forthwith converted into powerful, and, as it proved, irresistible enemies. Mr. Roosevelt has pursued a precisely opposite course. Incomparably the most important members of Mr. McKinley's cabinet were Secretary Hay and Secretary Root. Both of them have not only retained their places, but, so far as we can judge, are more influential than ever. It should be kept in mind that Secretary Root has not only borne the burdens incident to the War Office in time of war—for the insurrection in the Philippines has possessed the proportions of a war—but also has had to discharge, with relation to the nine million human beings in the Philippines, all the functions which in England belong to the Colonial Office. So far as our new empire in the East is concerned, Mr. Root has had thrust upon him a task the magnitude of which might well tax the resources of the broadest and the highest statesmanship. That the task has been well performed is recognized by the whole American people without distinction of party. It may even be doubted whether President Roosevelt himself has grown more in the national estimation than has Secretary Root.

If, now, we turn to the State Department, we cannot but see that the retention of Mr. Hay has been of signal service to his chief. The qualities imperatively needed in that branch of our Federal government during the last eighteen months have been caution, reticence, discretion, self-control. Not only has Mr. Hay these qualities, but they are conjoined with a right perception of the dignity and destinies of the United States. Thanks largely to him, we have not lost ground in international opinion, but gained ground, since our war with Spain. If we except a certain uneasiness expressed in some quarters lest he should go too far in deference to England, Mr. Hay's conduct of the State Department is admitted to have strengthened the Roosevelt administration in public confidence. He is quick, almost as quick as was McKinley, to detect the drift of popular sentiment. For that reason he was careful to refrain from committing our government too far in approval of the coercion of Venezuela by the three blockading powers, and we doubt whether he would sanction a repetition of the experiment in the case of another Latin-American commonwealth. Not only, however, has the country reason to be grateful for the services of the Secretary of State and the Secretary of War, but we should give the primary credit for their work to Mr. Roosevelt himself, who, had he been like other accidental Presidents, would not have persisted in keeping his predecessor's friends in office.

It looks as if Secretary Hay's discretion, already notably attested in the later phases of the Venezuela affair, might soon be subjected to a fresh strain. What is to prevent the creditors of the Dominican republic from applying to their debtor the precedent established in the case of Venezuela? The Dominican government owes to foreign capitalists a sum which, if compared with its resources, must be described as very large: it is in the neighborhood of twenty million dollars. During the commotion which preceded and attended the successful uprising against the Vasquez administration, no pretence was made of providing the interest and sinking-fund stipulated for the public debt. Nor is there any likelihood that payments will be resumed for a long time to come, if at all. Such a contingency was foreseen by the Belgian bondholders, who secured by treaty the right to take possession of all the Dominican custom-houses, and to sequestrate the duties collected therein until their debt should be paid, principal and interest. The German, British, and Italian bondholders, however, are unlikely to miss the opportunity of profiting by their Venezuela experience, but, on the contrary, may be expected to demand that, after the Belgian claims have been satisfied, the Dominican custom-houses shall be administered by their own agents for their account. The demand, of course, could not be resisted, unless we should interpose.

In principle, the Venezuela and Dominican cases are identical, but there is a great practical difference. All the claims against Venezuela can be paid off at no distant date from a third of the proceeds of two custom-houses, whereas all the revenue of all the Dominican custom-houses would be needed for an indefinite period, if not permanently, to provide interest on the debts due by the Dominican republic to foreign creditors. As hitherto the Dominican government has depended almost exclusively upon the customs revenue for its support, it would be driven to desperation by the loss of that income, and foreign collectors of customs could only be safeguarded by foreign garrisons and war-ships. The practical outcome of such a state of things would be that all the Dominican harbors, including Samana Bay, which commands the Mona Passage, would pass under the control of European powers. How could we prevent such a result? Having sanctioned coercion in the case of Venezuela, we cannot, with any show of consistency, forbid it in the case of Hispaniola. We should not now find ourselves in such a dilemma had our Senate consented to the annexation of the Dominican republic when President Baez urged it and the Grant administration approved of the request. We have no doubt that the Dominicans would gladly be annexed to-day, for they know that American capital would then flow into their country, which is, perhaps, the richest in the world, so far as natural resources are concerned. As for the European creditors, they would have no reason to complain, because, if we annexed the Spanish-speaking part of the island, we should assume its debts.

Yielding to the pressure of public opinion, Postmaster-General Payne has suspended General-Superintendent Machen, pending an investigation of the branch of the postal service under the latter's control. It is like drawing teeth, however, to secure prompt and effective measures calculated to bring about a drastic purgation of the department. We are reminded of the difficulty which certain men experienced in obtaining the punishment of the officials implicated in the Cuban postal frauds. The reluctance evinced by the department to bring the Havana embezzlers to justice was attributed to the fact that the guilty employees were protected by

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very influential politicians. The same explanation is now given of the apparent unwillingness to take energetic measures against officials accused of corruption, and it is even asserted that the Republican party cannot afford to have the postal frauds exposed in all their ramifications. That is not a view of the situation which President Roosevelt is likely to take. He knows that the more sweeping and rigorous the inquiry is, and the more merciless the treatment of delinquents, the stronger will be the hold of the Republican party upon public confidence. There is no doubt that but for the ruthless exposure of the Star Route frauds during Arthur's administration the Republican party would have been beaten much worse than it was in 1884, when it lost the State of New York and the Presidency by less than 1200 plurality.

There is a man in the Post-office Department well qualified to purge it, if Mr. Roosevelt will give him a free hand. We refer, of course, to Fourth-Assistant-Postmaster-General Bristow. It was he, we understand, who demanded the suspension of Machen. It is quite possible that if Mr. Roosevelt should authorize Mr. Bristow to proceed without reference to the Postmaster-General, the latter official would resign. We opine, however, that the country would receive his resignation with a sigh of relief. Mr. Bristow is one of those men who deem it the duty of investigators to investigate. He is just the kind of official that Mr. Roosevelt would have eyed with approval when he was Police Commissioner. The fact that some of the accused employees in the Post-office Department are said to owe their appointments to certain influential Senators is not likely to deter the President from turning all rascals out. If Mr. Roosevelt is under any personal obligations to those Senators, they are not visible to the naked eye.

It seems to be settled that the Fifty-eighth Congress will be convoked in extra session early in November, immediately after the elections have been held. The primary purpose of the session is to secure the approval of the Cuban reciprocity treaty by the House of Representatives. We take the approval for granted, inasmuch as it can be secured by a majority of one, whereas ratification by the Senate needed a two-thirds vote. The treaty by which we are to acquire from Cuba two naval stations has not yet been concluded, but we believe it will be before our Congress meets. It would be imprudent for the Cubans to give the enemies of reciprocity any pretext for a revival of their opposition. We trust that, immediately after the approval of the reciprocity treaty, Congress will turn the extra session to account by giving the Philippines the relief of which they stand in urgent need. It is well known that the products of Porto Rico are now admitted to the United States duty free, and there is absolutely no ground on which we can withhold similar privileges from the Philippines.

Like Porto Rico, the Philippine archipelago produces tobacco and sugar, but, at present, its commodities are practically shut out from our markets, because they are compelled to pay 75 per cent. of the Dingley rates. This means that Manila cigars would have to pay a duty of $3 37 per pound, and 19 per cent. *ad valorem*. Before the civil war, cheroots and cigars imported from Manila were extensively smoked in the United States, being sold here at retail for a cent apiece. The tobacco grown in Luzon is of various qualities, but a part of it is of such high grade that all of the cigars made from it used to be looked upon as a perquisite by the Spanish Governor-Generals, and were sent by them to officials and personal friends at Madrid. There would be undoubtedly a large consumption of Manila cigars in the United States to-day if, like the cigars made in Porto Rico, they could be brought here duty free. What is true of tobacco is true, of course, of sugar. It is counter to fundamental principles of justice and equity that sugar from Porto Rico and Hawaii should enter our ports free from duty, while sugar from the Philippines has to pay 75 per cent. of the Dingley rates. Why is it that the public conscience, which was so sensitive in the case of Porto Rico, seems benumbed where the Filipinos are concerned? It was well enough to give the archipelago a sum of money for the purpose of making good the losses suffered through the destruction of water-buffaloes and horses by pestilence, but what the Filipinos really need is a chance to sell their products in the markets of the country to which they belong in the capacity of subjects, if not of citizens. What should we think of Great Britain if in her home ports she levied duties practically prohibitive on commodities produced in her dependencies?

The protocols agreed upon between Venezuela, on the one hand, and the three blockading powers on the other, having at last been signed, some interesting revelations have been made. It seems that, had the British and Italian ambassadors and the German chargé d'affaires at Washington been somewhat more deliberate, they could have secured from Mr. Bowen a preference for the claims of their respective governments over those of the non-blockading powers, and thus have avoided raising the very question which has required an appeal to the Court of Arbitration at The Hague. When Mr. Bowen left Caracas he was provided by President Castro with two sets of powers, one document granting him full authority to effect a settlement with the representatives of *all* nations having claims against Venezuela, and a second letter of credence authorizing him to conduct negotiations exclusively with the representatives of the three blockading powers, and to make a separate settlement with them. When Mr. Bowen reached Washington, he, of course, first presented the former credentials, expecting them, however, to be rejected, and intending to fall back upon the latter. To his surprise, the broader credentials were accepted by the representatives of Germany, Great Britain, and Italy, who were thus estopped from demanding separate or preferential treatment for their governments.

When, at a later stage of the negotiations, they were instructed to put forward the demand, they could not, with any show of decency, reject the proposed reference of the question to The Hague, although there is reason to believe that not one of the blockading powers had any wish to recognize the international tribunal. Under the circumstances, the "trained diplomatists" of Europe, the paucity of whom in the United States is deplored by some foolish persons, seem to have been thoroughly outwitted by Mr. Bowen. They failed to get what their principals wanted, and found themselves constrained to acquiesce in something which their principals wished to avoid. The achievement was creditable, but not novel. With the exception of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and the reciprocity treaty with Canada, astutely engineered by Lord Elgin, we know of no instance in which American amateurs in diplomacy have been outgeneralled by the Europeans against whom they have been pitted. The truth is that our Secretaries of State and ministers to foreign countries have usually been selected from members of the bench or bar. Nor is there any doubt that the attainment of eminence in the legal profession taxes the intellect far more severely than does the kind of work ordinarily done by diplomatists. It must have been child's play for a lawyer and statesman like Daniel Webster to deal with the type of man that, as a rule, used to be permitted to represent Great Britain in Washington, or even to occupy the British Foreign Office.

What deduction should be drawn from the announcement that the Colombian Congress has been convoked in special session at Bogota on June 20, or, in other words, a month before the date fixed by the Colombian Constitution for the opening of the regular session? We should naturally infer that President Marroquin, who has firmly supported the canal treaty negotiated at Washington by his representative, Dr. Herran, had arrived at the conclusion that the treaty would now be confirmed. On the heels, however, of an announcement thus ostensibly favorable, comes the report that President Marroquin has been compelled to resign his office, and that he will be succeeded by General Raphael Rayes, Second Vice-President of Colombia. The bearing of this incident on the fate of the canal treaty is as yet unknown. As to the position hitherto taken by General Rayes, there are conflicting accounts. He was at one time named among the op-

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ponents of the treaty, but the belief is now current in Washington that he has been won over. The Bogota politicians should be made to understand, once for all, that they will never obtain from the United States a dollar more than the lump sum and annual subsidy agreed upon. When this conviction is planted in their minds, they will arrange among themselves a division of the ten million dollars which we are to pay in cash, and if this sum falls short of their requirements, they will doubtless call upon the French Canal Company to surrender a part of the forty million dollars which we are to pay for its plant and franchises. At Panama a rumor is in circulation that such a demand has already been made, and that the French Company has been terrorized into promising to pay twelve million dollars. There will be a tremendous outcry among the bondholders and shareholders in France if any attempt is made to carry out such a bargain. In view of all the circumstances, we are not sanguine about the prompt confirmation of the treaty at Bogota. The difficulties to be surmounted are thoroughly understood in Panama, where the people are already beginning to talk about secession from Colombia should the treaty be rejected. There is no doubt that, ever since the Trans-Isthmian Railway was constructed, the state of Panama has been looked upon as a milch cow by the Bogota politicians. If that state had declared its independence half a century ago, and the revenue of its custom-houses and the purchase-money received for its railway and canal franchises had been spent at home, it would have long since become the most prosperous commonwealth in Latin America. It is not too late for Panama to cut herself loose from the octopus of Colombian corruption, and there is but little doubt that, if the United States maintained a strict neutrality, she could defy the repressive efforts of the Bogota *de facto* government.

Some regret has been expressed that Mr. Roosevelt should be absent from Washington at a time when the Manchurian question threatens to become acute. There has never been any likelihood, however, that any definite step would be taken by the State Department before the President's return. Much less would a discreet and cautious man like Secretary Hay venture, on his own responsibility, to involve us in a foreign entanglement by committing us to even an initial stage of co-operation with Great Britain and Japan. He knows that joint representations might lead to joint ultimata, and these, again, to war. As to the question mooted in some quarters as to whether Mr. Roosevelt's official duty requires him to remain at the Federal capital when Congress is not in session, we may say at once that no such conception of the duty of a Chief Magistrate has been held by any of his predecessors, with the exception of Abraham Lincoln, whose lot, we need not say, was cast in most exceptional circumstances.

The well-informed writer whose views upon the Manchurian war-scare are set forth on another page of this issue of the WEEKLY is an optimist in his consideration of Russia's intentions, and believes that all the recent uneasiness which has prevailed about them has been needless, and due to untruthful reports. It has been believed that Russia's immediate intentions in Manchuria have been modified by the attitude of our government towards them. If they were never objectionable they have not been modified. If they have been modified it will be disputed that they were ever objectionable. Some haze will continue to hang over Manchuria whatever the issue of immediate events there may be. Meanwhile our contributor's views are of interest, and are such as we should all prefer to share.

In view of all the talk of Japan's going to war with Russia, it is wholesome for us to look at the facts. We have recorded the launching of Japan's new naval programme, and its checkered career among the shoals and sand-banks of Japanese financial difficulties, with the various Parliamentary crises which arose therefrom. A partial compromise has now been reached between the various parties concerned, and chiefly the government of Count Katsura, on the one hand, and Marquis Ito and the Constitutional Political Association on the other; as a result of this compromise, the government has abandoned the plan of paying for the projected additions to the navy by a new tax on land, which was so persistently opposed by Marquis Ito, and agrees to pay the naval bill in another way, namely, by raising $3,000,000 by a new issue of bonds, to which is to be added $2,250,000 from the railroad fund, and $500,000 which is to be saved by administrative economies. This compromise has an esoteric side, which is as follows: the ordinary productivity of Japan, represented by the land tax, is incapable of bearing the cost of the new navy schemes; therefore Japan is reduced to two bad expedients—increasing her already considerable national debt, and stopping, or at least curtailing, certain valuable productive works; for the sum to be withdrawn from the railroad fund represents one-half of that fund,—a serious matter in a country with only four thousand miles of railroad for a population of forty-four thousand. The United States has fifty times as much for less than twice the population. This great sacrifice will continue for no less than eleven years, and in return Japan hopes to add to her fleet four battle-ships and six armored cruisers. During the same period she will have added $33,000,000 to her debts, and curtailed her railroad schemes by one-half,—surely a heavy price to pay for opposition to Russia in Manchuria.

The Balfour cabinet continues to reign, while the Irish party continues to rule the British Empire; it must be added, ruling with great moderation, and giving general satisfaction to all the subject nations concerned. It is doubtful if the whole history of Parliamentary life could parallel the vote on the second reading of the Irish Land Purchase bill—443 ayes against 26 noes; that is a majority of over four hundred. Mr. Morley rightly asserted, in an excellent speech, that this bill marked a social revolution; he might have added that it also marked a moral revolution, a Parliamentary miracle. Nothing more improbable could have been conceived, as lately as six months ago, than that a purely Irish measure, and a pretty costly one at that, would unite all sections of English politicians in brotherly union and concord. The humorous possibilities of the situation are boundless. For instance, note the moralizing influence of the superior Gaelic race on the contentious and quarrelsome Saxon; and note the eagerness with which all English parties assert the financial trustworthiness of the Irish peasants, after treating the whole nation as scamps for half a dozen centuries. We especially commend the humor of the situation to Mr. Secretary Chamberlain and to Lord Rosebery, both of whom may thereby be led to look with more resignation on the visible dwindling of their chances of writing Prime Minister after their names in days to come. Every one can see that Mr. Wyndham has saved his party from imminent defeat, and has brought a new element of stability to the interior life of the empire, besides immensely strengthening the bonds between England and the United States; the Irish Secretary has thereby rendered services which can be recompensed in one way only: by the reversion of the Conservative Premiership, which thus slips finally through the fingers of the Secretary for the Colonies.

An amusing aftermath of King Edward's Parisian visit comes in the form of the following story: The King, whom limitless practice in the long years of his heir-apparentship made an expert in speech-making, invariably composes his orations on the spot, and delivers them offhand. But mere reporters are not admitted to state banquets, such as that given at the Elysée to the King by the President of the French Republic. It followed that when the King was asked for the text of his speech for subsequent publication no text was forthcoming. His Majesty had finally to follow the course of lesser mortals and write out his speech himself. And exactly the same thing occurred at the Hôtel de Ville. In this case the dismayed telegram begging for the speech only reached his Majesty at Portsmouth, and he had there and then to set to and write it. One wonders what became of those two pieces of copy, and whether they will appear in the archives of the future.

A short time ago the record for a week's immigration into the United States was passed, and all former totals were thrown into the shade. We may realize what this means when we remember that the weekly average for 1902, taking bad months with good, was over twelve thousand, or a total for the year of about 650,000 immigrants. Secondary causes of the recent record may be found in the favorable time of year, the progressive opening of our country, especially the

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great Southwest, and the improved facilities of transport. But the primary reason, the first cause, undoubtedly lies in the increasing pressure, the growing burden, on the populations of Europe, which compels them, sorely against their wills, to leave home lands that are dear to them and launch their bark into the unknown. If we look back over the history of immigration to this country, we shall see this immediate relation between the Old World's periods of stress and our accession of new peoples. The first great tide began to flow in the forties, set in motion by the increasing poverty of Ireland, which had then a population of nearly nine millions, or just double what it has to-day. During the years that followed, culminating with the famine, a growing stream of Irish immigrants poured into this country, the total presently reaching something between three and four millions, for the most part the young, healthy, and energetic youths and girls just reaching marriageable age. This immense drain on the adolescent population has reduced the marriage and birth rate of Ireland to the lowest known in any civilized land; but, on the other hand, the Irish population in this country, being of pure blood, full of vigor and youth, and imbued with a religious horror of race suicide, was, from the early forties onward, among the most prolific in the world, doubling in ten years or less, as do the German colonies in South America, and the French colonies in Canada. Hence we probably have upwards of twenty million of Irish descent in the population of the United States.

The second great tide of immigration came from Germany, beginning about the time of the Franco-Prussian war, or shortly after, slowly increasing for a number of years; it was, doubtless, due to increasing population in the fatherland, and also to the increasing despotism and militarism of the Bismarckian epoch, which made Germany with difficulty habitable for persons of individuality and force. It will be seen that the tide from Ireland preceded the Teutonic tide by a full generation; and we may be sure that the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle did not fail to make good use of this long start. The German tide has long since begun to ebb, falling, toward the later nineties, to about eighteen thousand a year. Meanwhile the tide of influx from Italy was steadily and swiftly rising, and for the last two years has topped the list, amounting to something better than a quarter of the total immigration—that is, to about 180,000 last year. We need not remain long in the dark about the cause of this Italian influx. We have had testimony enough as to the misery of Italy, and especially of the poorest classes there, of recent years, with the tragic culmination of the bread riots in a dozen Italian provinces five years ago, and similar, though less extensive, outbreaks each subsequent year. When we remember that the population of Italy is very dense, a population nearly half that of the United States being crowded into an area equal to that of Nevada, so that over the whole of Italy there is an average of 300 to the square mile, mountainous and waste tracts included; that agriculture is primitive and uneconomic; that the population bears the triple burden of a feudal nobility, a large official class, and a costly army—we can only wonder that the Italians have been able to endure so long. It is impossible not to reflect on the result which this immense influx will have on the race type of this country. It is impossible, also, not to recognize that a large part of the tide which comes to our shores would probably flow into South America were there greater security there for the property and interests of foreigners.

There is no doubt that ocean steamships may be blown up with dynamite by means of a clockwork mechanism adjusted so as to explode the bomb at a fixed hour. There is a suspicion that some of the steamships which have mysteriously disappeared during the last half-century were destroyed in this way. There is no reason to believe, however, that there was any intention of blowing up the Cunard steamship *Umbria,* which left New York on Saturday, May 9; for a warning was sent betimes to Police-Commissioner Greene, and it turned out, when the box containing the dynamite was inspected, that the mechanism had not been adjusted with a view to explosion. Apparently, the purpose of the manufacturers of this box was to deter passengers from taking the vessels of the Cunard Company. The writer of the letter of warning, however, said that he had been originally instructed to sink the *Oceanic,* which is a vessel of the White Star Line. The ships of that line still carry the British flag, but they belong to the International Company which was organized by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and in which American capital is very largely invested. It is not easy to see how the shipment of an infernal machine, like that found beside the *Umbria's* gangway, could be averted, unless every trunk and box were opened and scrutinized before being admitted on board a vessel. Such a precaution would be probably impracticable.

On May 11 the New York *World* commemorated the twentieth anniversary of the purchase of that newspaper by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer. When we compare the pecuniary value of what Mr. Pulitzer bought in May, 1883, with the amount of capital which the *World* represents to-day, it would not be easy to exaggerate the magnitude of the achievement. Under Manton Marble and William Henry Hurlbert the *World* undoubtedly possessed a great deal of political influence, and it was highly respected for the literary merit of its editorial page and of its dramatic criticisms and book notices. On the other hand, it had what we should now regard as a very small circulation. At present we believe that its circulation is surpassed by none, or only one American daily newspaper; we leave out of view the *Petit Journal.* The credit for this remarkable performance must, of course, be attributed mainly to Mr. Pulitzer himself, but also, in some measure, to an opportunity which he was prompt to recognize and seize. The opportunity came in the Presidential campaign of 1884, when the *Sun,* which at that time was by far the most widely read newspaper in New York, so far as Democrats were concerned, decided to oppose Mr. Cleveland and to support Benjamin F. Butler. A titanic struggle followed, and the tremendous power of the *Sun* was demonstrated by the fact that Mr. Cleveland, who two years before had been chosen Governor by nearly 200,000 plurality, was now able to secure less than 1200 plurality for President. The extreme narrowness of their escape from defeat infuriated many Democrats against the newspaper which had been their favorite, and by tens of thousands they left the *Sun* for the *World.* It is well known that eventually the *Sun* weathered the storm by reason of its editor's great ability and unshakable hold upon cultivated readers; but, meanwhile, Mr. Pulitzer had made the utmost of his opportunity, and had launched the *World* on a career of triumph which, up to that period, was unparalleled.

On May 12 Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania approved the Grady-Salus libel bill, giving out a long statement justifying his action. This is the bill to which allusion has several times been made in the WEEKLY, and which it was hoped the Governor would not permit to become a law. It provides that civil actions may be brought against the owner, publisher, or managing editor of any newspaper—daily, weekly, semi-weekly, or monthly—published in Pennsylvania, for damages resulting from negligence in the ascertainment of facts, and in making publications affecting the character, reputation, and business of citizens. In actions so brought, if it shall be shown that the publication complained of resulted from negligence, "compensatory damages may be recovered for injuries to business and reputation resulting from such publication, as well as damages for the physical and mental suffering endured by the injured party or parties, and whenever in any such action it shall be shown that the matter complained of is libelous and that such libelous matter has been given special prominence by the use of pictures, cartoons, head-lines, displayed type, or any other matter calculated to specially attract attention, the jury shall have the right to award punitive damages against the defendant or defendants." The bill further provides for the publication in each issue of every paper, at the top of the editorial page, of the names of the owner and managing editor of the paper, under penalty of a fine of not less than $500 or more than $1000. The objections of the press of Pennsylvania to the bill are extremely vehement. The papers take the position that the libel laws already in effect give ample protection to citizens, and that the chief purpose of the new law is to suppress cartoons, to which the Governor is especially sensitive, and which the remarkable aggregation of patriots who own and administer the State of Pennsylvania find highly inimical to their personal comfort. The practical results of the new law will be awaited with much interest. The final judges of what newspapers

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ought or ought not to print are neither legislatures nor courts, but the people. Unless this new press-gag law in Pennsylvania is sustained at the polls its course will be soon run.

Rhode Island is decorously agitated over the proposition of Governor Garvin to place a statue of Thomas Wilson Dorr in the State-house. The theory of government in Rhode Island scarcely contemplates the choice of a Governor who is opposed to the dynasty of the reigning machine; but in view of the remote possibility of such an event, it has been cleverly devised that the Chief Executive's power is limited principally to the making of suggestions. Governor Garvin finds himself, therefore, in a position where his time is open and his mind is free to interest the people of his State with new ideas. This of the Dorr statue is one of them. Dorr was a man with a good purpose, and without the patience to work and to wait for its orderly adoption. He wanted to make the electoral franchise freer than it was in the thirties and forties, and he helped to get the State of Rhode Island into a condition where it had two rival Governors at once, he being one of them. Then came what is known in the history of the State as the "Dorr war," a series of turbulences having far less resemblance to real war than the riots which are now common as part of strikes. Dorr came out second in the contest, was convicted of high treason, spent a few years in jail, and was released on an act of amnesty, amid the applause of the people, to find in operation most of the reforms for which he had contended. He died not long after, with the taint of treason still upon him, but his name is one of those which are conspicuous in Rhode Island history, while the very estimable gentleman, Samuel W. King, who was his successful rival for the Governorship, is known only to the encyclopædias. For such reasons as these Governor Garvin wants a Dorr statue; to which it is responded that Dorr was a traitor, and that treason should not thus be made honorable. The controversy, fortunately, is not likely to reach even the proportions of the mimic Dorr rebellion, and it may confidently be predicted that Governor Garvin will not have his own way, as he mostly does not. Besides, it is not a violent presumption that if Dorr could take a peep at the existing condition of the suffrage in Rhode Island, he would advise the postponement of the statue until his idea of extending the right to vote is coupled with a wider sense of its seriousness.

Governor Bates of Massachusetts is in a fair way to hold the veto record for that State, if he keeps on as he is going. Seven or eight vetoes stand to his credit at the time of writing, with as many more prevented by the scurrying of legislators to withdraw bills which had advanced several stages, rather than expose them to his possible displeasure. The Governor has pursued a different course from that pursued by his predecessor. Mr. Crane was inclined to cause his objection to a bill to be made known in season to prevent his receiving it. Mr. Bates holds that it is not his business to influence legislation in the process, but to act when measures come to him in due course. The situation involves some humors, as, for example, when, after a bill has been passed without dissent, its return with a veto inspires liberal applause, after which the House proceeds to sustain the veto with unruffled promptitude. To put it in another way, bills which are enacted with unanimity are killed—after a veto—with alacrity, although far less than a unanimous vote would make the veto ineffectual. Some fear is expressed that the liberal use of the veto checks wholesome law-making; but the citizens of Massachusetts are satisfied. The situation amuses them; moreover, the laws which are allowed to live are so many that the slaughter of a few is not felt to be a serious deprivation.

In his opening address at the recent convention, in New Orleans, of the American Medical Association, Dr. Billings of Chicago, its president, advocated restriction in the output of physicians. There are too many doctors, he thought, and ascribed the oversupply to the excess of medical colleges. About 2500 medical graduates a year are enough, he considered, to supply the country, but we are getting ten or twelve thousand. He would have the medical schools reduced to twenty-five or thirty. Possibly that would be expedient if it were practicable, for anything less than a first-rate medical school is of doubtful value, and to be first rate, a medical school must have abundant resources and certain advantages of situation which can never be common. But that the supply of new doctors should be so much restricted is at least debatable. Quality rather than numbers is to be desired in physicians. Enough doctors to go round is all that is needed, provided they are all good. But to a layman it would seem that there must be an advantage in having such an ample supply of medical graduates as to permit a sifting out of those of inferior talent or accomplishments. To the lay mind, too, it will seem desirable that there shall be enough carefully and fully educated medical men to insure such a reasonable competition as shall bring competent medical skill within the reach of comparatively impecunious persons. If closing some of the schools would result in giving us better doctors, the public might take kindly to the idea, but mere reduction in number without assurance of any marked improvement in quality offers a much less engaging prospect.

If Archbishop Quigley was an officer of the army we might possibly have read that the War Department had inquired whether he was correctly reported as saying at Chicago, on May 4, that since looking over the Western parochial schools he had come suddenly to the unexpected conclusion that in fifty years, if things go on as they are going, "the Catholic Church will actually own the West." "And within twenty years," he is reported to have added, "this country is going to rule the world. . . . The West will dominate the country . . . and when the United States rules the world the Catholic Church will rule the world." Since the archbishop has not disavowed these prognostications, it is possible that he also said, as reported, that in fifty years Chicago will be exclusively Catholic, and that the same may be said of Greater New York and the chain of big cities stretching across the continent to Chicago. These views are too remarkable to be credited to an archbishop without fuller assurance than a newspaper paragraph can give, but if Dr. Quigley's inspection of his parochial schools seems to him to warrant conclusions at all like these, the parochial schools in his district must be marvellously efficient. The *World Almanac* says there are about 9,200,000 Roman Catholic communicants now in the country; about 4,500,000 Baptists; 5,900,000 Methodists, 1,700,000 Lutherans; 1,600,000 Presbyterians; 600,000 Congregationalists; 750,000 Episcopalians; 350,000 Reformed Dutch (including the President); 1,200,000 Disciples of Christ; and 1,500,000 other assorted Protestants. At present, therefore, the estimated strength of the Protestants in the United States is just about double that of the Roman Catholics. But no odds need daunt the zeal of an earnest prelate, and the odds stated are not necessarily too great to be overcome in fifty years by a single organization of supreme efficiency, working in competition with a dozen organizations much less efficient individually, and the rivals of each other besides.

Moreover, our present enormous immigration is very largely Roman Catholic, and our gain in population by immigration in the next half-century will be largely a Roman Catholic gain. Consider too that the Roman Catholic Church almost invariably gains a family when a Catholic marries a Protestant, and that it is much more effectual than any Protestant Church in its discouragement of the phenomenon which we have come to know as race suicide. After all, Archbishop Quigley may have said what he is said to have said. It is not so unreasonable when one comes to think it all over. But if the Western parochial schools inspire such forecasts, how long will it be before the Protestant sects will think it expedient to undertake such a degree of consolidation as shall enable them to maintain a great system of Protestant schools in which religion, as well as other things, shall be taught? Unquestionably a Church that teaches its children seven days a week will beat the churches that make no effort to teach their children more than once a week. But the field is a fair field, and open to all comers who value the stakes. Certainly "if things go on as they are going" the Roman Catholic Church will deserve all the predominance it may win in America, even if it does so almost incredibly well as Archbishop Quigley expects.

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Mr. Cleveland and the Presidency

SOME of the newspaper organs of the Republican party are exhibiting signs of nervousness at the increasing dimensions of the movement within the ranks of the Democratic party for the nomination of Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency in 1904. They exhibit their nervousness in divers ways. Some of them, for instance, have reprinted a story, started, we believe, by a correspondent of the Boston *Globe*, to the effect that Mrs. Cleveland had remarked to some visitor that she hoped Mr. Cleveland would not be renominated or elected, because she would dislike to return to the public life of the White House. When asked whether there was any foundation for the story, Mr. Cleveland answered: "I don't know anything about it. Neither Mrs. Cleveland nor I remember any such conversation to have taken place at any time." Other newspapers have based an assertion that Mr. Cleveland is eager for the nomination on his answer to a letter from Mr. B. F. Holder, Jun., of Athens, Georgia. Mr. Holder, writing to Mr. Cleveland, put the following question: "Are you now considering, or would you consider, making the race for the Presidency next year on the Democratic ticket?" Mr. Cleveland's reply was: "I can say no more than to assure you that at no time since the close of my last administration have I been desirous of carrying the Democratic banner for the fourth time in a Presidential contest." That is precisely the answer that Mr. Cleveland returned to similar interrogatories made during the winter of 1895-96. Having been thrice nominated for the Presidency, and twice elected, he said then, as he says now, that he had no desire to carry the Democratic banner for the fourth time in a Presidential campaign. He then refrained, as he now refrains, from saying that he would not accept a nomination if it were tendered, because it is obviously absurd to refuse so great a proof of public confidence before it is offered. We have never admired General Sherman's assertion that he would decline a nomination for the Presidency if it were given to him, and that if, in spite of his declination, he were elected, he would refuse to serve. We do not admire it for two reasons: first, we should consider it a gross impertinence for any American citizen to decline a nomination for the Presidency after it had been actually made. Horatio Seymour was undoubtedly right in accepting the nomination in 1868, when, in spite of his earnest protest, it was conferred upon him by the convention over which he presided. In the second place, we do not believe that General Sherman, or any other American citizen, would refuse to serve after he had been elected President. When, therefore, Mr. Cleveland said the other day, as he said in 1895-6, that he had no desire to head the Democratic ticket for the fourth time in a Presidential year, he said all that a right-minded American citizen could be expected to say.

That Mr. Cleveland would decline a nomination, if it were tendered by a bare majority, we deem extremely probable. He might very properly refuse to become the leader of a faction. In a Democratic national convention, however, there is no such thing as a nomination by a bare majority. The Democratic party, unlike the Whig or the Republican party, has from the outset prescribed a two-thirds vote as the *sine qua non* condition of nomination. The two-thirds rule was adopted by the very first Democratic convention, that, namely, of 1832, a convention called by the supporters of General Jackson, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. The rule was enforced in 1836, but it was waived in 1840 for the only time in the party's history. It was revived in 1844, and has since been adhered to unwaveringly by the Democracy. It follows that, if the nomination comes to Mr. Cleveland at all, it will come from no faction and no section, but from at least two-thirds of the delegates assembled in the Democratic national convention. Made under such circumstances, the nomination would be, not merely a compliment, but a peremptory mandate. It would mean that the party felt that it had need of Mr. Cleveland's services, and for him to turn a deaf ear to the summons, after having thrice been honored with the highest proof of confidence in the power of his fellow Democrats, would be an act of base ingratitude.

That the nomination may be tendered begins to look much more probable than it did some weeks ago. If we may judge from the recent drift of public sentiment in the South, we should not be surprised to see the delegations from almost every State south of the Potomac put forward Mr. Cleveland as their candidate in the next Democratic national convention. That the same position would be taken by the delegations from New England, from Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, we deem almost certain. We have no doubt that the delegation from Missouri would be included in the list, if the candidate for Vice-President should be selected from that State. We admit that, for the moment, the delegations from Ohio and Illinois look doubtful, and the same thing may be said of the delegation from California. We admit, too, that Mr. Bryan's friends are likely to control the delegations from a good many of the Trans-Mississippi States, but we do not believe that, without the help of Ohio and Illinois, they will constitute a third of the convention. We must bear in mind that the unit rule obtains in Democratic conventions, where instructions have been given by State conventions; and that, consequently, it would do Mr. Bryan no good to have a few members of a delegation, the majority of which favored Mr. Cleveland. On the whole, then, we arrive at the conclusion that Mr. Bryan and his coadjutors, Mr. Tom L. Johnson and Mr. W. R. Hearst, would not be able to avert Mr. Cleveland's nomination.

Could Mr. Cleveland, if nominated, be elected? That he would regain every one of the Democratic votes cast for Mr. McKinley in 1896 and 1900 may be taken for granted. We also believe that he would receive the votes of a great many Republicans who never before have abandoned their party, but who are profoundly dissatisfied with the course pursued by Mr. Roosevelt in his effort to propitiate the Labor Unionists. Would these gains be offset by the losses incurred through the defection of Mr. Bryan and his personal following? Upon this point nobody is authorized to speak for Mr. Bryan, and we should find it extremely difficult to believe that he would call upon his friends to bolt the nomination of a Democratic national convention. Like every other Democrat, he is, of course, at liberty to oppose with the utmost energy the candidacy of Mr. Cleveland before and during the convention. Should a two-thirds vote, however, be recorded in Mr. Cleveland's favor, we do not see how Mr. Bryan could withhold obedience from the mandate, without repudiating the principle of regularity, on the strength of which in two Presidential elections he has claimed and received the suffrages of the mass of the Democracy. Attention has naturally been directed to his very latest utterance on the subject in the *Commoner*. In the last issue of that paper, he said: "While Cleveland would be rightfully entitled to the nomination, if the reorganizers obtained control of the party, they will not obtain control." Whether the re-organizers will obtain control is, of course, a matter of opinion. But what, if they do, should be the course of all men professing to be Democrats, is not a matter of opinion, but of principle. With regard to this matter Mr. Bryan's position seems clear and firm. He practically says that, if Mr. Cleveland can get the two-thirds vote necessary for the nomination, he would be entitled to his (Mr. Bryan's) support. We do not see how any more distinct announcement of his intentions could be expected from the editor of the *Commoner*. Having twice been honored by the nomination of a Democratic national convention for the Presidency, it would be unmistakably his duty to support the next nominee of the party. Touching this question there can be no difference of opinion among honest men; and his worst enemies have never denied that Mr. Bryan is an honest man.

Recent Views of the Fifteenth Amendment

THAT the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Alabama case would be viewed with satisfaction in the Southern States was to be expected. It is a more significant and, to some extent, a surprising fact that the decision also meets with approval at the North on the part, not only of many non-partisan newspapers, but also of some Republican organs of undisputed authority and wide influence. We purpose here bringing together from various quarters some of the more noteworthy expressions of public opinion on the subject.

On April 30 the *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia described the Alabama-suffrage decision of the United States Supreme Court as one of those unusual rulings in which the nation's chief tribunal sometimes asserts its character as a fountain of equity. While the *Public Ledger* did not dispute the technical soundness of the dissenting opinion given by Justices Brewer and Brown, that the jurisdiction of United States courts over constitutional questions is undeniable, it declared the conviction that nothing could be more impressive than the practical wisdom of the judgment with which those judges disagreed. The *Public Ledger* went on to recognize that there has been awakened in the public consciousness a suspicion that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments may have been measures of uncertain wisdom, added to the Constitution without due deliberation upon their consequences, and that it might have been better to leave the determination of the question treated in those amendments, the question, namely, of negro suffrage, to the several States. It sees that, within very recent years, the most thoughtful citizens at the North have been tending to the conclusion that the South may and should be trusted to deal wisely and honorably with a problem which to them is far more momentous than it is to the rest of the republic. It is well said by the *Public Ledger* that the general prevalence of this conviction may be said to constitute a sort of unwritten amendment to the Federal Constitution, and that it was in accordance with this unwritten amendment that the Supreme Court declined to allow Federal tribunals to decide whether or no Alabama's suffrage laws are in conflict with the negro-suffrage amendment.

The New York *Sun*, whose qualifications to speak for the Republican party will scarcely be questioned by those who recall the part which it took in electing Mr. Mc-

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Kinley President in 1896 and 1900, has repeatedly discussed the Fifteenth Amendment since the Alabama decision was rendered by the United States Supreme Court. To the question why it characterized as "hasty" the policy which invested the emancipated males of African descent with the full right of suffrage, it has replied that the term "hasty" seemed to be the right word for the sudden and wholesale extension of the suffrage, less than four years after the end of the civil war, to millions of people whose capacity for the responsibilities of the ballot was then untried, was exceedingly problematical in view of race characteristics, and has since, by a generation's experience, been absolutely proved not to have existed. Requested to define what it had alleged to be the direful consequences of this error of national judgment, the *Sun* pointed to the horrible conditions which obtained in the prostrate ex-Confederate States in the early days of Reconstruction, conditions first adequately set forth in the case of South Carolina by a veteran Republican Abolitionist, an old *Tribune* writer, the Hon. James S. Pike, of Maine. The *Sun* went on to remind us how the destinies of men, women, and children of the white race had for years been placed at the mercy of ignorance and irresponsibility in those commonwealths where the black vote was numerically preponderant; and how reactionary evils of lawlessness grew out of the inevitable efforts of the white race to protect itself at any risk against negro domination. And, finally, attention was directed to the resultant delay in the perfect reassimilation of a whole section of the restored union of States; to the political hatreds kept alive for decades by the North's misunderstanding of the necessity of the South's struggle for self-preservation; in brief, to the demoralizing effect of a condition of law, organic and statutory, impossible of reconcilement with actual conditions of society. In another issue, the *Sun* deliberately advocated the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, pointing out that such a repeal would not necessarily involve an abridgment of the rights of citizenship, since white minors and white women are citizens, and as much entitled to the protection of the law as men of voting age. The belief was expressed that soon or late the American people would have to face squarely the question of the repeal of that amendment, and that the time cannot be distant when the nation's common sense will be ready to go fearlessly to the root of the matter. Our readers will not be surprised to learn that these expressions of opinion on the part of a Republican newspaper have been reproduced and annotated all over the Southern States.

We turn to the judgments of onlookers, who, according to the proverb, see more of the game than the players. First among these should be placed Professor Goldwin Smith, whose political history of the United States deserves to be ranked with Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth*. During the last quarter of a century Mr. Goldwin Smith has watched the outcome of the Fifteenth Amendment, and he is convinced that if, at the close of the war, something like Federal tutelage could have been established for the protection of the negro in the Southern States, the result might have been better. In other words, he thinks the problem is more wisely solved in Jamaica, where the blacks no longer possess the suffrage, the present government being that of a Crown colony, wherein the legislature is not elective, but appointive. Mr. A. R. Colquhoun arrives at virtually the same opinion in the last number of the *North American Review*, for he reminds us that Jamaica in the days of negro suffrage was almost as dismal a failure as is Haiti or Liberia; but that, since he was placed under the Crown—that is to say, under a government at once paternal and liberal—the Jamaican negro has developed into one of the most orderly, industrious, and exemplary specimens of his race.

The truth is that the decision of the Supreme Court in the insular cases, and our consequent recognition of the fact that we can constitutionally give to great masses of adult male human beings all the civil rights of citizens without also giving them the suffrage, has revolutionized the attitude of many thoughtful men at the North with regard to the negro, and concerning the expediency of the Fifteenth Amendment. It is, in truth, preposterous that we should give to black men in the United States a franchise that we withhold from brown men in the Philippines, and even from white men in Porto Rico. It is clear, indeed, that, after the war with Spain, we were confronted in the islands, which were the prizes of victory, with a sociological problem identical with that which was encountered by our fathers in the Reconstruction period. Thanks to the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the insular cases, we have solved it far more wisely.

We bring to a close this rapid survey of a sweeping and momentous change in American public opinion, by marking what Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, of New York, had to say on the negro question at Atlanta, Georgia. Speaking on May 10, he did not hesitate to pronounce the enfranchisement of the colored people a mistake. In that feature of the Reconstruction legislation he can discern no foresight and no statesmanship. The authors of the Fifteenth Amendment assumed that altering the colored man's political status would alter the colored man's intellectual and moral nature. They might as well have assumed, said Dr. Parkhurst, that substituting coat and trousers for swaddling-clothes would make of an infant a man, or that letting a wolf out of a cage would forthwith domesticate the animal.

The Influence of American Wealth on Divorce

THE typical "intelligent foreigner" visiting Washington has always something to say upon the effect of great fortunes on politics, and the effect of "combines" upon great fortunes. And if he were to visit Newport (supposing that resort still to lie in the way of the intelligent foreigner) he might well have something to say upon the effect of great fortunes upon marital felicity, and, incidentally, upon divorce.

Mr. Godkin, in one of his essays, pointed out the demoralizing effect of the coupon—that is, of portable wealth without property responsibility—upon morals; though the thought would perhaps have been traced back to Dr. Watts, had he written his lines "Satan finds some mischief still for idle *hearts* to do." But it has only been very recently that great fortunes, huge incomes, have generally existed without the sobering influences of the duties and cares of a landed proprietor, or the tests and training to character that result from the direct management of the toiling masses that create the wealth enjoyed. Hence, on the one side, frivolous expenditure; on the other, the growls—increasingly audible—of a socialist proletariat. Even the absentee landlord—whose sins, of commission and of omission, have been proverbial—had at least his roots in the soil, somewhere. But the absentee stockholder, his (or her) very coupons cut for him by some patient attorney, flaunts like an orchid, rootless and fruitless, above the golden air of Wall Street.

Nor is it only that our millionaires, their millions once acquired (be it from a mighty iron-master, cotton-spinner, sugar-baker, a lucky prospector, or a speculative parent), and duly funded, have now no care to make their wealth, no care in keeping it, no care for those who earn the income on it. *They have no touch with humanity.* Our intelligent foreigner in Newport cannot have failed to note how curiously *exotic* are many of the persons, the younger persons, born and bred there. American young ladies of the Middle West are said to look to our "smart" set, as copiously reported in the Sunday newspapers, for their model—we remember even a young gentleman, of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's, who carried the portrait of one such well-advertised young lady, quite unknown to him, within his watchcase—but the members of that set never look at America. Its women, most of them, have quite as little knowledge of the people as any young French marquise of 1789. Society is not humanity. Its world—particularly in America, where they have no political position—is not a real world. To all but the silliest of the vain, it soon fails to interest. It is insufferably dull.

And that is not all. The bulk of those who spend (not necessarily who make) huge incomes here have but a shallow emotional soil to work upon. Their souls seem undeveloped, their minds are incredibly uncultivated. A real "intelligent foreigner"—it may have been Mr. James Bryce, or it may have been Matthew Arnold—after a round of fashionable house-parties, once threw himself into our easy-chair with a sigh of relief, and delivered himself of what our Whitman would have termed a yawp—though a cultivated one. He had been from palace to palace—from Trianons to Georgian residences, from copies of Chenonceaux to imitations of the Hermitage—and he swore (he did swear) that in all that time he had not seen the outside of a book or any one who talked as if he had seen the inside of one. Wonderful tapestries there were, and great pictures, and even beautiful gardens, and bronzes and ormolus and jades—and the women wore exquisite frocks. But, even the men who create our fortunes seem occasionally to have sunk the higher powers of their mind in a fixed capital with the other assets of the trust—they have no mind left for circulation in society. And it is easier to be a connoisseur in bric-à-brac and pictures, or understand the points of horses, than to buy and understand good books.

Hence their minds are shallow. And, to our mind, this shallowness of their sinning is the cheapest sin. Humanity—though it may not dare proclaim it—has some respect for an eternal emotion, though illicit; for even an ungovernable passion, though wrecking lives. But for adultery, ever careful of the forces of law, a Francesca who turns up smiling with her Paul at the next dinner party, a Lovelace who waits for the last husband's settlements, a Helen who goes to Paris with her husband—it has nothing but contempt. Passions which do *not* wreck lives are simply nasty.

That is why, as it seems to us, the spending of great fortunes, without responsibility and without intelligence, by persons without a mind for the higher enjoyments of life, is in great part a cause of our numerous divorces. The newly rich, the idle spenders, are like a shallow soil too quickly fertilized, too suddenly exposed in the forcing-house of prosperity. Shallowness of nature brings ennui of life. And that is why (as we hold) our public opinion—and our religious opinion—should have even less patience with a world that sins in play than with those who sin in truth.

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Fashionable Chicago

THE Chicago that is worth while pursues its own way and follows its own fashions, or, at any rate, obtrudes its own contempt of conventions in that insistent American way which so often disturbs the self-respect of those who are prone to do as others do. In other words, Chicago, like many other American cities and towns, has its groups who make their own conventions, somewhat more vulgar, louder, uglier, than the conventions of what we call, or what calls itself, the fashionable world. These conventional groups declare themselves to be emancipated individualities. Usually it is economy and bad taste combined which are the inspiring source of these conventions of independence, which are, in truth, not independence at all, for we suspect that the aggressive round felt hat and the Tam o'Shanter cap held on by one long and wicked pin, are as sternly demanded at the picnics of the shoaled free citizens as are the top-hat and the picture-hat at an English or Newport garden-party.

This is American, perhaps, rather than Chicagoan, but whatever is American is intensified in Chicago. It is the fact that the great city draws out the American that it is so fresh and active and brilliant, and, as Mr. Howells points out in the latest *North American Review*, makes it the place where literature has the peculiar flavor of the country, and is therefore good.

The other day an unpleasant phase of Chicago life presented itself for a moment to the public gaze. Everybody knows that phosphorescence is produced both by dead fish and by otherwise inconspicuous worms. Health cannot be without its contrary, or we would not be aware of health; we would have nothing to compare it with. It is a sad fact, but it is essential. The abounding Americanism of Chicago must be accompanied, at least for purposes of illustration, by unwholesome Americanism. No one who reads the society news, the divorce-court reports, and the police items of the daily paper can deny that one of the penalties of our large progress and of our general elevation is the possession of some of the most obnoxious human beasts of the planet. If we have contrasts we must have them violent. If we have the best that is going, we must have the worst likewise. If we have the genuine, we are bound to have also the imitation. The American inventor finds walking in his shadow the American exploiter, and the American builder of great enterprises has only to look behind him to see the American wrecker dogging his footsteps. So when we find Chicago full of bubbling, true, and beautiful American life, we are not surprised to find in its company Americans who imitate the bad job lot to be found the world over, and who mingle in and who are tolerated in what is called good, or, at least, fashionable, society.

The other day a young man was arrested in Chicago for driving his automobile at a speed greater than that permitted by law. The arrest was made conspicuous for a moment by the young man's remark that it was fashionable to be arrested, that various members of more or less grandfatherless families were arrested at Newport from time to time for the same offence, and, therefore, it was a point of honor for those who belong to the same set to violate the law, and thereby to secure fashionable incarceration. The remark is one that we may pass by as we usually pass by the words of the vacant mind, or we may moralize a trifle on it. The world has always had its gilded youth, and they who believe that everything which happens is ordered with divine intent may regard the shining and worthless company as instituted for a warning of our close neighborhood to the beasts that perish. In the eye of that philosophy, the cycle may be easily completed, and civilization may pass back through gilded portals to barbarism. The vacuous son of a sterling parentage may quickly sink into the great aristocratic army of tramps which, the world over, is useless to humanity except as those of the tramps who have money may do some good by passing it on to worthier men who work. In our country, a peculiar vice of the kind of man who is insistently fashionable, even if fashion carries him to a cell, is that it is imitative. The Newport jailbird of fashion copies his Londoner, and the Chicago criminal his Newporter. There is nothing original in the crowd, although their imitations of vaudeville artists sometimes appear original, always when they are most gruesome.

It seems that it is fashionable to disobey the law of the land and to secure arrest. It is very doubtful if this is imitation of London of to-day. So far as we have been able to gather from the police reports published in the London *Times*, the vices of English society are of the kind not committed in the city's streets or on the King's highway. When that section of the English lower classes which is titled gets into the clutches of the law, as our grandfathers used to say when they spoke of felons, it is not to the reports of the police courts that we are accustomed to go for the story of their intimate lives. The violations of law which led the macaronies to the watch-house, where they were happily incapable of beating or killing the watch, died out soon after George IV. ceased to be King, and they flourished most vigorously through the eighteenth century, the time of the placid essay, the ambling verse, of drunken rowdies, and of scarlet-coated highwaymen. In those old days young bloods violated the police laws of their country, and were hand in glove with its prize-fighters and its more romantic malefactors. It was a bad day, and the bloods were not among the best of the worst social element. These are the people, these old door-knocker thieves, these assailants of the impotent old watchmen, these stealers of lanterns, these murderous assailants whom Thackeray describes so well in his paper on Steele—these are the baser crew who are imitated by our own youth who find it fashionable to be arrested.

The subject is worth moralizing on, not so much for what good may be done to those who seek social pre-eminence by becoming minor criminals, as for others. No farce could be broader than an attempt to induce these gentry to reflect on anything outside the range of betting, but it may be worth while simply to point out the significance of such an attitude as that of the law-breaker in such a society as that of the republic. No man is a good citizen of a republic who does not obey the law. But suppose that the law is bad? It is very seldom that any law enjoins an act which any one can say is immoral or unconscientious. If such a law exist, the man who is offended may do society a great service by suffering for disobedience. As a rule, however, laws may be uncomfortable, or foolish, or unscientific, but these are the very laws which the good citizen will take pains to observe. Wise and good laws he obeys spontaneously; as to the other laws, obedience to them against his inclinations is a good example to the meaner elements of the community. He is, indeed, merely doing what is essential to the preservation of the republican theory; he is recognizing that majesty of law, the sovereignty of which over king, as well as over barons, church, and commons, is the essential blessing of Magna Charta. This respect for the law which is characteristic of the best and of the greatest men is one of the most impressive features of our democratic civilization. It is essential in small as in great things. It is the barrier against anarchy. It is the defence of society against turbulence. The minute police regulation is to be obeyed as implicitly as the law against crime, for it is through the interstices made in the fabric of the law by corruption or contempt of laws for the protection of society against petty offenders that the whole fabric is threatened. The gilded youth who thinks it fashionable to court arrest by racing his automobile is an encourager of the disorderly, the mischief-maker, the criminal. He is a contemner of our sovereign, the law, and either his empty head or his corruption makes him a bad citizen. Of such Americans as this one Chicago and the rest of the country would be well rid. In a democracy like our own there is no place for Herr Mosts or Emma Goldmans or the light-headed young man who finds it fashionable to be arrested.

The Artistic Temperament

THE charm of variety is one thing, the love of distinction is another, and the ambition to be excellent is still another. There are eccentricities and vanities and lofty aspirations, and all these are human, and there are temperaments. Sometimes these temperaments are inseparable from the prevailing, the obvious, the aggressive, and characteristic attitude of the individual. An eccentric person, however, may be possessed of a slothful (lymphatic) temperament, or of an abnormally active temperament, or as the world judges, of a crazy temperament. The eccentricity may show itself in a passion for purloining things of value, kleptomania we then pronounce it, or things of little or no value, mischievousness we call it in its turn. Eccentricity may display and avow itself in inordinate vanity—in long hair, in large-checked trousers, or in wild parti-colored waistcoats flowing over an abdomen so abundant that it ought to seek the modest seclusion of sad brown vests. It may aim higher and seek the renown of intellectual power without any love for the power itself, or for the work which develops it, or for anything but the place which the power bestows. Every generation knows students who will loaf about the college campus all day in the company of the idlers, and who will study all night with feverish disregard of health, and often to the shortening of life, having the foolish desire to secure scholastic honors without seeming to work for them. Here is the man of choleric temperament pretending the lymphatic.

Assumed temperament is a subject of this article,—the man with a passion for learning and a tenacity of purpose which keeps him at his work until he literally drops in his tracks, thinks that he adds a glory to his halo by lazing with the lazy, and earning their reputation. Occasionally, a lymphatic person will rouse himself to an effort to take his place among the red-haired sanguine company who dream projects which they do not carry out. Once in a while, a bilious-looking man or woman, black of hair and of eye, with set square jaw, and stubby fingers, will pretend to the possession of a delicate, nervous temperament which usually invites sympathy and toleration, and aspires to vapors. Human life is full of people who want to be different. The song-and-dance man would play *Hamlet*, and the successful railroad president very often loves to finger jewels and pictures and bric-à-brac as an expert amateur. The love of the

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beautiful, assumed or real, may cover a multitude of rapacities. It is a charming world in which we live, full of variety, born or acquired, full of eccentricity worthy of the asylum, or to be laughed at, or to be met with wrath and visited with penalties.

In a certain layer of society, the most exasperating of all the assumed temperaments is the artistic temperament. When the true man or the true woman is afflicted with it, we say nothing and enjoy the agreeable fruits of his or her appreciation of joy and beauty, and of the skill which carries us nearer to the heart of nature than we could have gone of our unaided selves. We know what the obtrusiveness of this temperament indicates. We know that real genius cuts its hair and lives the life of the world about it without pretence and in perfectly commonplace sanity. Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Goethe, the few human beings whose greatness is unquestioned looked out of the eyes of the soul upon a world whose daily wisdom and whose healthy movement was their own. What the world was doing was what their fellows did, and they were of their fellows. Their inmost thoughts and inspirations were for things above, or at least not of, the daily life, and, therefore, did not sit with them at table in the company of ordinary mankind, nor haggle obtrusively with the mercer and the draper, or the butcher and the baker. Even on the lower ranges the greater men and women play their parts in life without asking odds of their comrades of the highway, and without offering excuses for their sins and frailties.

Now, however, we come to lower ranges still, and here there ceases that balance of intellectual powers which makes for sanity. Now we come to the little people whose will and judgment and reflective powers are so ill developed in relation to their sense of number, of color, of form, that they remain undeveloped children all their lives. They breathe the atmosphere of art, and when the weary man or woman of the rational world wants to enjoy the things of art, the stirring of the emotions, he likes the company of these afflicted ones, his duller sensibilities being warmed and stimulated into unwonted, and therefore pleasant, activity by the inspiration and touch of their warmer and more spiritual natures. But when the sane are busy with the real work of the world, how queer these creatures be! They wear their hair long because they are avid of notice. They are insolent to those who would praise them because they must have it understood that they are above the comprehension of persons who are coarse enough for the daily and material tasks of the race. They shudder at the noises of the industry which has put an end to human slavery, which has lifted up the downtrodden, and which has brought the lofty into subjection to the law, for these noises rasp their delicate nerves. They must smell rose-water, and bathe their bodies, usually frail, in cologne. The contact of the world is unbearable. Many an artistic temperament leads its unhappy possessor abroad, out of the beaten paths of that ancient morality upon which is built our modern civilization, into regions which society forbids. The laws that have been found good for common humanity are not for such as these. A different regimen of moral law, and even of criminal law, must be allowed for them by a society which is spiritually beneath them. So we find the small musical wonder pilfering from his playmates, and wondering that, in consequence, his patrons turn their backs upon him. So we find those whose promise is rich, or nearly so, in song, or with an instrument of music, or in painting, or in sculpture, taking what the generous give as if it were their right, and, when the time arrives, demanding power with all the spirit of the ancient baron of the Rhine as he held up the traders who were laying the foundations of European civilization. The great artists, like all the great, possess temperaments which are wholesome resultants of the various forces of their natures. We find reflection, judgment, and will dominating them in mundane affairs. Shakespeare saw the world wisely because he saw it sympathetically, because he too had its commonplace virtues, knew the value of property, appreciated the virtue of propriety, comprehended the art of the mechanic, and the high place in God's universe of the man who does. He did not shrink from contact with grosser men and common duties, because he had that divinity in his soul which made him largely tolerant and highly appreciative. The frail being whose artistic temperament is so dominating that the patient is a bundle of nerves finding life difficult for its ordinary and meaner duties, is a poor thing in its sum total, although it may be interesting and instructive from time to time, according to the mood and leisure of the listener. But the commonplace world is harsh, and it does not always meet with patience the plea of the artistic temperament. It does not forgive breaches of the moral law. It does not overlook offences against the normal law of virtue because those who commit them sing divinely, as the birds do. It refuses to excuse dishonesty because those who do not pay their bills to the "coarse tradespeople" paint and carve with exquisite skill.

Nothing in this world is such a spiritual mosquito as the violently aggressive artistic temperament, for, usually, it is the assumption of those afflicted by it that crises of the nerves, eccentric conduct, and ethical and social immoralities are to be pardoned by the merely wise and prudent, because the victim of the temperament, like the habitual drunkard, cannot help it. This assumption exasperates the most of men, and while it may amuse the larger-minded, it often gives them trouble. The truth is, artistic temperaments to the contrary notwithstanding, that men and women who think straight are fairer and nobler than people who try to feel keenly, and that a well-balanced mind is better than an abnormal emotion.

The Church and Its Status

THERE have been some utterances recently respecting the Christian Church as a whole which have been notable, and which compel thought. Thus Professor Josiah Royce, Harvard's eminent teacher of philosophy and an author of profound philosophical works, has recently expressed his gratification that the conditions are as they are to-day, making it possible for a teacher of philosophy to avoid all connection with any sect or form of the visible Church. A philosopher, he thinks, "gains by avoidance of relation to the visible Church just as a judge gains by declining to be a party man." If philosophers were numerous this counsel of perfection from Harvard might militate against the Church. They are not, hence other reasons for the alleged decline in attendance and prestige must be sought.

Possibly Yale's most eminent teacher of philosophy has the needed diagnosis. Professor G. T. Ladd addressed the recent New York State Conference of Religions on "The Present Crisis in Morals in the Churches." It is the avarice of the members of the Church to-day, "their passionate pursuit of wealth, the exaggerated appreciation of the value of possessions, and the devotion of the individual and of the community to the gaining of wealth"—in short, a spirit of covetousness—which are keeping the Church from its rightful place as a moral force in the community. So argues Professor Ladd.

More recently, our most eminent authority on naval history, a man with an international reputation as a profound writer on the philosophy of history, Captain A. T. Mahan, who also is an ardent lay member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has given his weighty judgment on a matter which, while not strictly within his conceded realm of expert testimony, nevertheless is one on which it is well to have the opinion of a man trained to consideration of matters in the large. Captain Mahan is quite certain that there is marked decline in spiritual tone within the Christian Church, showing itself pre-eminently in the falling off in the number of candidates for the ministry, in the defensive rather than offensive attitude of the Church in its dealing with the world at large, and in the elevation of altruism to a higher place than adoration and love of God. In short, Captain Mahan's indictment is this: that personal religion, mystic communion between believer and his God, is fast passing away. Captain Mahan admits that the methods the old Evangelicals used to employ to compass personal religion were not always wise, but he denies that they were selfishly individualistic—which is sometimes said to have been the case—and he contends that they preached the whole Gospel, without which society must perish. Restoration of the old concept of the direct relation of the soul to God to its place of primacy, and relegation of acts of charity and the like to a subordinate place—this is the prescription of Captain Mahan for the Church.

Yet another standpoint is interesting—that of Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer, an eminent Baptist clergyman, with a varied career in Chicago, Boston, and New York, who holds that the Church is meeting with most strenuous opposition from the saloon, the theatre, and an influx of alien immigration, and who claims that though the Church never formerly gave so much of its wealth to correct social evils, as it is giving now, never were there so many of her beneficiaries who refused to attend the services of the Church, and never was there such general disposition to hold the Church liable for evils which she has not created.

So far from the decline in the number of men who are entering the ministry worrying Dr. Hillis of Brooklyn, pastor of the renowned Plymouth Church, he seems to count it fortunate that so few are entering it. He argues that the coming generation will not need half the preachers that there are to-day; that through the power and influence of the laity an end of sectarian rivalry is soon to be brought to pass, by which duplicate theological seminaries and churches are to be consolidated, and thus hundreds of the inefficient and uninspired clergy will be relegated to other callings. He urges that the eight Protestant theological seminaries of Chicago, with their six hundred students, consolidate. "Why should there be eight theological plants, with only one for making United States steel?" he asks, so firmly has the "trust" idea, as applied to industry, taken possession of him. He believes that about half the young men who are now in theological seminaries "front a transition—changes so striking in the Church, that if they do not adjust themselves they will, during the next twenty years, have their hearts broken." This is most suggestive, coming from one who stands in such a historic pulpit.

Over against these expressions of opinion as to the altered status of the Christian Church, in the life of the average community of to-day, there are some facts to be placed which are not without weight.

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A recent Church census of New York city shows no such disparity between population and attendance as the census now being taken in London by the *Daily News* does. Never was there so much money spent for erection of new church edifices and all the apparatus of a modern church as was given last year by the church members of this country. Schemes are now under way by which it is planned to add $40,000,000 to the working capital of the several sects of the country. Methodists, Presbyterians, and Lutherans are especially vigorous in their plans for enriching the treasuries of their mission boards, colleges, and various denominational agencies. A fair share of the increase of wealth of the people of the country is going into the work of the Church. Whether it is as large a proportion as was given in former days, under like conditions of renewed national prosperity, it is difficult to say. It is a noticeable fact that in most of the denominations the proportion of money which is given to home expenditures is relatively larger than it used to be, and the proportion given to work abroad is less. Interest in foreign missions is diminishing among the lay givers, though on the side of volunteers for service from the college men and women of the country, and on the side of intelligent preparation for the work, it must be said that there never were so many ready to go nor were the volunteers ever so well equipped.

Whatever may be the facts as to diminishing church attendance, there is agreement that never were those who are found in churches there for such pure motives. Compulsion to attend not only has ceased to be of the priestly sort; it is fast ceasing to be of the social sort. That is to say, reasons that formerly compelled the attendance of some persons lest they lose caste no longer are influential. Respectability is not gauged as much by church attendance now, at least in the larger centres of population. Hence it follows that to-day those in church usually represent unalloyed interest in the service or in the sermon.

The criticism of the Church, voiced by Professor Ladd, is one that is often heard among the wage-earners and artisans of the towns, who, to a degree unknown in the earlier history of this country, absent themselves from worship in the churches, and, broadly speaking, are hostile to the Church, though not to the Church's founder. It is an indictment that the Church invariably has to face in its development within any nation as that nation emerges into an era of marked financial prosperity and expanded political power. Just as the tide of spiritual power and degree of self-sacrifice in any given local church is never so great as in its first years of common struggle to gain a foothold and build for itself a home, so it is with the Church at large. The Methodist Episcopal Church, for instance, could enforce a discipline in its pioneer stages in this country which it is quite futile for it to try to enforce now.

It is doubtful whether Captain Mahan's prescription will cure the ailment he detects. For better or for worse, the world has entered on an era of enlarged functions for society at large; and the individual in industry, in politics, in literature, counts for less than formerly. Not that individuality wanes, but individualism does. And religion cannot escape the drift. The older Evangelicism unquestionably was individualistic, and the dominant creed of the Christian world for many centuries unquestionably was one that made for the benefit of the few rather than for the many. Mysticism, such as Oliver Cromwell, John Bunyan, and many of the old Puritan leaders had, is not without its adherents to-day, and is a permanent phase of religion. But along with a larger conception of Christianity as a force redeeming society by shaping social as well as personal or individual history has come a scientific spirit which tempers and restrains the mystic temper and rectifies its aberrations. To plead for a return of Puritanism in either England or New England is a waste of breath.

The Manchurian War-Scare

By Charles Johnston, B.C.S. (retired)

For the second time in three weeks, a Manchurian cyclone has swept over the world's press, causing great devastation in certain quarters. Evening papers, with War and Slaughter printed large on the front page, succeeded each other with frenzied swiftness; and even cool and judicious persons, such as Mr. Secretary Hay, began to grow nervous and apprehensive. We were told, with most circumstantial assurance, that Russia, her lips still warm with the promises of a fortnight ago, had once more descended to perjury; that far from leaving Manchuria according to her plighted faith, she had once more occupied Newchwang, begun to build forts along the Yalu River, and meant to confront the world in arms. To meet this perfidy, we were assured, a new Dreibund had been formed between England, Japan, and the United States, and, as a first step in the war, our Department of State would proceed to send an ultimatum. The President had already been communicated with, and he stood solidly behind his Secretary of State. So far this admirably constructed tale. Then, in the cool of the morning, came the prosaic truth. There were, indeed, Russian troops in the port of Newchwang; but they were not there to stay. In fact, they were the former garrison of Mukden, just evacuated according to promise, and were on their way home by sea. Russia was fulfilling her promises to the letter, and the whole war-scare was a skilfully concocted yarn; or, in the words of Bret Harte, the tale was "a 'wrong,' not to call it a lie!"

Russia is evacuating Manchuria on the instalment plan, in three moves half a year apart. The first was carried out last fall. The second, which affected the central Manchurian province of Mukden, was scheduled for April or May. Since the convention between Russia and China was signed, certain new points have arisen, and, before evacuating central Manchuria and Mukden, Russia found that she had certain points to raise, looking to the security of her railroad and different investments. The arrangement of these points was the fact around which imaginative persons wove so much fiction. So far from "definitely and finally refusing all Russia's demands," as certain of our not over-informed writers asserted, the Chinese Foreign Office has agreed with Russia in every particular, and Mukden has been evacuated according to agreement. There is no doubt that the third and most northerly of the three Manchurian districts will in like manner be evacuated in the fall, Russia adhering strictly to the letter of the convention.

We shall best realize Russia's position towards Manchuria if we think of our own situation as regards the Panama Canal. We have, in the Canal Treaty, stipulated for a lease for ninety-nine years of a certain strip of territory, which cuts the United States of Colombia, as well as the western continent, in two. We have further stipulated that the said lease shall be renewable on the same terms. We have thus practicably bargained for a strip of territory, in a position of the utmost strategic and commercial value, in perpetuity. But we have done this on the distinct understanding that we should not impair Colombia's rights of sovereignty over the isthmus; and this although we are to police and fortify the canal strip, and have bound Colombia not to alienate contiguous territory to any rival nation. Put Manchurian Railroad for Panama Canal, and China for Colombia, and we have the situation exactly reproduced on the other side of the world. Russia has, by treaty with China, and in return for a most substantial service, in preventing Japan from annexing a part of the Chinese mainland, obtained a strip of Manchuria, just as we seek to obtain a canal strip across Panama. She has built her railroad, and has fortified its terminus at Port Arthur, just as we expect to build our isthmian canal, and to fortify its terminals at Panama and Colon. Russia also polices her strip, and puts down robbery within a reasonable distance on both sides of it, just as we shall do along the isthmus; but just as the sovereignty of Colombia is unimpaired by the canal, so is China's sovereignty preserved in Manchuria.

Very exemplary and reassuring, through the black hours of this last war-scare, was the attitude of the British Foreign Office and the English press, generally speaking. In England it was frankly asserted that the whole thing was bosh, and all attempts to stir the old Russophobia into flame were met with a most discouraging dampness of enthusiasm. It will, of course, be remembered that Premier Balfour years ago assented fully, and without reservation, to the proposition that Russia needed, and was entitled to, an ice-free port on the Pacific; and this being once granted, it follows that all the steps hitherto taken by Russia, to join her territory to the said port by a railroad, to protect that railroad adequately, and to establish order in the territory it passes through, were inevitable, and wholly justifiable. The great truth for all of us, including Mr. Hay, now to get into our heads, is this: that Russia, having built her Manchurian railroad, is under the necessity of making it pay; to do this she must carry passengers and freight; and to get freight she must encourage commerce, and keep the door of trade wide open, especially welcoming the commerce of the United States, as being the nearest geographically of the great productive countries, and therefore the one most likely to bring freight rapidly and abundantly. This is a simple business proposition, and should appeal to a businesslike nation.

Here is another simple business proposition: the one country which could seriously compete with the United States in obtaining the trade of Manchuria is Japan. What Japanese energy and enterprise mean, and how facile and adaptable are Japanese business methods, we already know. The question is, does the interest of the United States, as a purely business proposition, lie with Japan, our rival, against Russia; or, on the contrary, does our interest lie in forming the closest possible relations with Russia, and, if possible, getting from Russia such terms as will admit our trade to Manchuria, while not particularly encouraging Japan to acquire markets there? Russia is particularly desirous that we and no other country should reap the benefits of her work in opening up Manchuria to trade, because we alone have no political axe to grind, no designs against her influence in Asia. We are particularly anxious to keep the Manchurian door open,—to admit our own goods, it is to be supposed, and not out of mere philanthropy to make markets for Japan. Here is a sound and practical point of view, which should commend itself to the understanding of a practical people, and should once and for all put a stop to the

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sensational rumors, so incessantly put forward in recent months, that the United States will join with Japan in fighting Russia. Nothing would suit Japan better. Nothing could suit this country and our solid interests less. And we should take action in this direction at once, securing from Russia such preferential treatment in Manchuria as she may be inclined to give us, and realizing once for all in which direction our business interests lie.

Latin America in a New Light

By Marrion Wilcox

Ea! á la obra! andando! obrando!
Pronto el pecho á todo azar;
Y acabando, y no parando,
Y aprendiendo así á esperar.
Rafael Pombo.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
Henry W. Longfellow.

THE sympathetic translation of "A Psalm of Life," the last stanza of which is prefixed to this article, occurs in a little volume entitled *Traducciones Poéticas de Longfellow*, a collection formed by the Colombian civil engineer and poet, Señor Torres Mariño, and offered, the brief Spanish preface tells us, "as an indication of fraternity and affectionate homage to the people of the United States." Nearly a score of the literary men of Latin America figure here as authors of Spanish versions of the great New-Englander's most characteristic poems, though one, writing at Bogotá, has successfully reproduced "The Village Blacksmith" and the "Blind Bartimeus" in Latin. The admonition of "The Old Clock on the Stairs" is rendered by Señor Amy:

¡ Por siempre,—nunca!
¡ Nunca,—por siempre!

To Señor Manrique the same voice seems less exclamatory; it says, more simply,

Siempre, Nunca,
Nunca, Siempre.

The exquisite Spanish susceptibility to the charm of childhood is expressed in "Los Niños," the version of Longfellow's poem "Children," contributed by Señor Caro, who was Vice-President of the Republic of Colombia at the time the "engineer and poet" was prompted to undertake his agreeable task. What could be more adequate than the following lines?

Pues me abrís gentil ventana,
Y á la luz de la mañana
Miro el agua cristalina
Y la inquieta golondrina.

A much more favorable apprehension of the character of our Latin-American neighbors seems to be at least suggested by this shy and graceful offering of "affectionate homage." Such works are never produced in communities which are not responsive to the tnemes chosen for artistic elaboration. We are therefore at liberty to reckon with the people of Latin-American communities as with those who can appreciate very noble ideals—who have made "A Psalm of Life" one of their favorite poems. It is scarcely necessary to say that our government's attitude toward the Latin-American republics during three-quarters of a century has been based upon the assumption that their people would eventually achieve and pursue, labor and wait; but our dealings with them have been principally commercial hitherto, and our information in respect to them has been chiefly furnished by business men, eager for gain, naturally impatient of Latin-American business methods, and consequently taking the people on their worst side. Thus we find ourselves in a strange position. Our policy as a nation has been considerate, hopeful, helpful, while the impressions which a large number of our citizens have received in regard to the persons chiefly affected by that policy have been derived from the discouraging reports made by individuals whose aims may, without offence, be called sordid, inasmuch as their view-point is avowedly that of the counting-room. Life is more than commerce, and character more than concessions.

Central and South America and the West Indies constitute the most interesting intellectual frontier of the United States. And this for the very reason that their territory is inviolable. It is easy to see now how great in the past have been the contributions to the zest and variety of our national life made by the frontiersmen along the western boundary of the United States. In the future a vast southern frontier — beyond which the permanent, undisturbed evolution of the Latin republics is secure, if the pledges of our government can make it so—should be as stimulating to the intellectual life of our nation, as fruitful of gains for the vigor, fineness, and depth of the artistic perceptions of our people, as the western frontier has been for material progress and physical development.

We are speaking now not of the old familiar things—not of the river systems of South America that dwarf our Mississippi; not of the mines and fertile plains and lakes above the clouds; not of the Falls of Y-guazú, larger and more beautiful than Niagara; not even of the careers of the liberators San Martin and Bolívar, or the matchless tragedy of Paraguay, the republic which lost more than three-fourths of its entire population in the war of 1865-70. A splendid background all this is for any story or study. But we refer at present to a thing of to-day and to-morrow: to the general intellectual awakening that follows and must follow such efforts as are being made in the direction of popular education in the more advanced republics.

Let us choose for brief examination the Argentine Republic, in South America.

In Argentina education is gratuitous and compulsory for children between the ages of six and fourteen; and though for older children it is optional, courses in the schools of higher grade and the universities are indispensable if one is to enter a profession or take a prominent position in the government of the country. There are nearly 500,000 children in the public schools alone; the leading university had 3562 students in 1901. The city of Buenos Ayres expended $10,000,000 for the construction of school-houses in six years (1882-88). There are about twenty national colleges, in which the higher education is carried on, the course of studies covering six years and preparing the pupils to enter one of the national universities, where another course of six years is requisite before graduation. About one thousand new books are published yearly in Buenos Ayres, and the same city has more than two hundred reviews and newspapers, some of which are admirable. There are also several important literary associations in the republic.

Consider what results will probably be secured by such educational influences in a country whose population, already about 5,000,000, increases at the rate of forty per cent. in a decade, or twice as rapidly as that of the United States. Argentina has an area about one-third as large as our own; it has a good climate; and its advantages for agriculture and pastoral farming are such that very respectable observers have been led to say, "The day will come when the Argentine farmers will have control of the world's food markets." A few years ago Argentina imported wheat. Now it exports 100,000,000 bushels annually. There are already 30,000,000 head of fine cattle on its plains, and of sheep there are twice as many as in the United States. Since the opening of the new docks at Buenos Ayres the registered tonnage of vessels arriving and departing at that port has increased more than one hundred per cent.

The Monroe Doctrine places no restraint upon courteous literary conquest beyond our southern boundary. Let us be content at present with the suggestion that the field is open, instead of asserting or showing that the interest inspired by these two republics may be inspired in equal degree by some of the others.

Richard Henry Stoddard

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, poet and man of letters, died in New York on the morning of May 12. The son of a sea captain, he was born nearly seventy-eight years ago in Hingham, Massachusetts. Before he was ten years old his father was lost at sea, and his mother brought him to New York. He went to school here in the thirties, but while he was still a lad it became necessary for him to earn his living, and he went to work in a foundry. But he already had a turn for verse-making and a passion for reading, of neither of which he let go. Little by little he began to contribute to the papers, and when he was twenty-three, his health being impaired by his labors, he left the foundry, and sought to turn his literary talent to practical account. His verses being good, he got them published in the periodicals of that day, and they made him known to the writers of the time, and especially to Bayard Taylor, who became his intimate friend. His first collected poems, *Footprints*, were privately printed in 1849, and a later volume, published in 1852, brought him into relations with the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and fairly started him at the trade of writer. In that year he married. In 1853 he found it expedient to supplement his writer's earning by the salary of a custom-house clerkship, which he is said to have obtained through the influence of Nathaniel Hawthorne. This custom-house place he kept until 1870, when he became private secretary to General McClellan, then Commissioner of Docks in New York. In 1874 he became City Librarian, but after 1875 he held no public office, but lived by the trade of letters. He was literary reviewer of the *World* in the days between 1860 and 1870, when Manton Marble was its editor, and beginning in 1880 he did, for the rest of his life, a like service for the *Mail and Express*. His poems include "Songs of Summer" (1856), "The King's Bell" (1863), "The Book of the East" (1871), and "Later Poems" (1880). On these his reputation rests, though he was the author or editor of many other books. In his last years he became nearly blind, and to the infirmities of age were added affliction in the deaths of his wife and only son, but almost to the end he kept up his newspaper work, and until very lately he was seen from time to time in public. The esteem in which his literary brethren held him was attested by the dinner given in his honor on March 25, 1897, by the Author's Club, at which his lifelong friend and fellow-poet, Mr. E. C. Stedman, presided. He was a link that connected the present generation of New York writers with the notable group, including Bayard Taylor, Fitz James O'Brien, Charles G. Leland, and others who flourished "before the war," when Pfaff's on Broadway was still a temple of the Muses.

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The British Army Officer

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *May 2, 1903.*

OVER here we are still living in the somewhat heated atmosphere of army reform. No one who takes himself seriously —and what Englishman does not?—but has his own pet scheme of military reorganization. The "man in the street" talks as familiarly of "decentralizing the War Office" as of the weather. He has views on the strengthening of the yeomanry, on the neglect of the volunteers, on Mr. Brodrick's precious Six Army Corps, and will launch out into a monologue on these and all their derivative topics on the least provocation, often without any at all. The Twopenny Tube is a forum of military argument. The hold of the "army expert" on the daily papers seems to be unshakeable. Fleet Street shows Mr. Brodrick a new way of running his business every morning. The club bore of the moment is the military man with a grievance on the prowl for a sympathetic audience; even private dinner parties require the deftest handling to be kept off the disastrous topic. The House of Commons for the last two years has been engulfed in it; and Mr. Winston Churchill, who is a Parliament in himself, has even gone so far as to publish in book form his speeches against Mr. Brodrick's scheme, and to supply all his brother members, most of his constituents, and all the leading editors of the country with free copies. Indeed, so comprehensive has been the onrush of this extremely confident young gentleman that the inimitable Disraelian formula has had to be resurrected to meet it. Mr. Churchill is by now in puzzled possession of at least a score of letters acknowledging his kindly attention, and adding, "I will certainly lose no time in reading it." But it all helps to keep the military ball rolling. So engrossing is the interest, both Parliamentary and national, in the state of the army that a new party has come into being in the House of Commons with the sole object of overthrowing Mr. Brodrick and all his works. It is still an open question whether the new Fourth Party, as it is called, may not eventually carry its point. It is made up of young, clever, really capable Unionists who are convinced—as, indeed, is the country as a whole—that Mr. Brodrick's scheme is far larger than the national necessities require, is wasteful, extravagant, and inefficient. Mr. Brodrick, though, is a difficult man to tackle. He has a genius for obstinacy, and at present he is sitting extremely tight. But it is worth noting that the talk of the lobbies points to his not distant retirement. Not, of course, his retirement into private obscurity. That is not the English way of doing things. A man who has failed in one office is always given the chance of failing in another and better one. If it is decided to throw Mr. Brodrick overboard, one may be sure that a life-preserver in the shape of some gilded, highly decorative office — say, the Viceroyalty of India — will be thrown after him.

But for the present it is not with Mr. Brodrick's fate nor with the larger aspects of his plan of reform that the country is concerned, but with the specific points of the training, status, and mode of life of the British officer. Within the last year two Parliamentary committees have sat upon the English army officer, the first to inquire into his "education," the second to report on whether army commissions might not be brought within reach of men of moderate means. The latter of these reports has just been presented to Parliament, and, taken altogether, the two form an immensely instructive picture of the English officer and his shortcomings. Those shortcomings are no doubt serious enough, but not so serious as they have been made out to be. During the Boer war the full fury of popular criticism, even of popular abuse, fell on the British army officer. It came to be the popular impression that an immense body of men, most of them idlers by instinct and all of them stupid, had by some roundabout means, probably through the medium of petticoat diplomacy, social influence, or wealth, found their way to the command of the British army. The "man in the street" was particularly insistent on the "stupidity" of the average officer. All this, of course, was ludicrously overdrawn. Captain Grant, who is better known under his pseudonym of "Linesman," answered it with brilliant effectiveness. The British officer, he said, "has been called 'stupid'; as well call a starving man greedy! He has been sneered at as 'idle'; you may, if it amuses you, so call the body of a newly launched cruiser before it has been ensouled with engines. He is neither stupid nor idle, but a man whose application would probably be as great as his professional parts would certainly be, would some skilful hand but show us how to mould the magnificent clay of which he is compact." That, I believe, to be the precise truth. The British army officer is drawn from exactly the same class as the British navy officer. No one accuses the latter of stupidity; no one thinks of him as falling even an inch below the top notch of efficiency. Working on the same material one system produces the British naval, the other the British army officer. Clearly it is not the material, but the system which is at fault, if the results obtained in the one profession are so infinitely less satisfactory than those obtained in the other. One gets down to bed-rock when the fact is grasped that it is not the British officer, but his training, that needs reform.

What that training is may be learned from the committees' reports. To begin with, a boy who aims at a commission must be the son of well-to-do parents. In seven cases out of ten he will be a member of one of the great English schools like Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and so on. In each of these schools there is an "army class." These "army classes" were started by the schools in self-defence. It was found that the average boy without some such special instruction could not qualify for admission into Woolwich or Sandhurst; that the "crammers" were, in consequence, enticing them away from the schools, and threatened to become the sole purveyors of army candidates. Now the English schools, whatever else they may be, are excellent training-grounds for future officers. They teach boys the habit of obedience and the habit of command, and they instil into them a rough-and-ready code of manliness. It has therefore been an object with the directors of military education to preserve the schools as much as possible as feeders to the army; and to do this they have virtually allowed the head masters to dictate the general lines on which the entrance examinations should run. The result is that the examinations have been framed to make things easy for the head master and not to supply adequate tests for the would-be officer. Here is one grave defect. Another is that the "army classes" are just as much cramming establishments as those owned and run by professional "crammers." Boys work not to acquire knowledge, but to get marks, to "pass." In no subject are they thoroughly grounded. They present themselves for the examinations full of facts and formulæ and all the little "tips" that long experience has taught the directors of the "army class" as likely to pay. This sort of training is, of course, the negation of real education. It gives a boy a mental twist from which he rarely recovers. It makes him disdainful of knowledge, of everything in the way of book-learning that cannot be turned into "marks," and even of this it gives him but a temporary hold. Witness after witness, all fresh from South Africa, came before the committee to testify to "the lamentable ignorance shown by young officers when called on to write and dictate orders to their men and to compose reports for the information of their senior officers in the field."

With Woolwich the committee professed themselves "on the whole satisfied," but Sandhurst, which Englishmen have hitherto believed in as Americans believe in West Point, they found to be a reproduction on a bigger scale of all the vices of the "army class." "As an illustration of the system pursued," says the committee, "it appears that the cadets are required to pipe-clay their own buff waist-belts, but that their rifles are cleaned for them. This is remarkable, for while a cadet might acquire a familiarity with the mechanism of the rifle from being required to clean it, the educational value of pipe-claying a belt is extremely slight." One of the witnesses owned that there was "not an officer at the college at the present moment who is fit to drill a squad." The committee reported "a lamentable lack of supervision both of the indoor studies and of the outdoor work of the cadets." Cramming they found to be the order of the day—and cramming of the worst sort. The heads of the cadets are filled with "unimportant details." They have rarely any knowledge of "principles," they are "taught to regard with horror any deviation from a sealed pattern." No encouragement is given to originality of mind, and no attempt made to exercise them in the practical application of the theories with which they are stuffed. The cadet, in consequence, is utterly bored by his studies, works at them just hard enough to get his commission, and once in the army, throws all books joyfully aside. Sandhurst is as West Point was before Thayer redeemed it. Luckily in Major Kitson, the present commandant of Sandhurst, and up to a year or so ago the British military attaché at Washington, the English have discovered a second Thayer.

Inside the army it is just the same. "The idea of young officers," testified Sir Ian Hamilton, "is to do as little as they possibly can." How can it be otherwise? The commanding officers do no instructional work. So long as their juniors are punctual on parade, correct in the mechanical performance of their duties, and do nothing, or at least not too much, that is "unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," the colonel and the major are quite content to let things alone. Initiative is not only discouraged, but made impossible; promotion goes to seniority, and no amount of study, no brilliancy, will get them their "step." The whole spirit of the service is against hard work. Sport and amusement, on the other hand, are always with us. There are the regimental pack of hounds, the regimental polo team, the coaches and brakes, the balls and horse-races, the endless claims of society. Moreover, there is the atmosphere of wealth all around. An infantry officer needs a private income of at least $1000 to $1500 a year to hold his own comfortably. In a cavalry regiment not less than $2500 is the lowest margin an officer should have to fall back on. It is absurd to suppose that the average boy of twenty will resist these seductions and spend laborious days that lead to no outward reward. The English officer is an excellent fellow in almost every way; but he has to learn his soldiering on the battle-field.

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Books and Bookmen

ALTHOUGH the date of this week's issue is the centenary of Emerson's birthday, the event has already been widely celebrated in the literary journals and magazines. With several exceptions, the attempt has been somewhat disappointing and inadequate, and lends force to the plea for native literary criticism. Mr. Mabie, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, has sounded a noble pæan, that is national as well as literary in its significance, of the Concord sage, whose still small voice was "heard round the world"; whose quest was for truth:

> Give me truths;
> For I am weary of the surfaces,
> And die of inanition;

and whose epitaph is found in his own line,

> He serves all who dares be true.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll, writing from the British point of view, contributes one of the most scholarly and adequate estimates of Emerson that have appeared, to the *North American Review*. "He gave the first distinctively American impulse in literature," says Dr. Nicoll; "he exercised an extraordinary influence in stimulating without maddening, and the force he exerted has so far proved abiding." What Emerson declared of Milton was pre-eminently true of himself: "It is the prerogative of this great man to stand foremost of all men in the power *to inspire*." For Emerson was more than an intellectual leader. "He was, and is," says Dr. Nicoll, "the spiritual guide of many thousands." This essential truth is also recognized in an article on "The Modern Emerson," by Miss Edith Baker Brown, in the *Critic*. "At this centenary of Emerson's birth," she says, "his lovers may congratulate themselves upon the vitality of a genius which a new generation of thinkers is sealing for its own. Nature justifies the children through whom she speaks, and year by year is revealing the profoundly creative inspiration of his work." And no truer word, no surer affirmation of Emerson's message has been spoken than this: "Curiously enough, that other sense of him as a writer who makes astonishing claims on our spiritual credulity is dying out. To Arnold's generation Emerson was more or less the impossible optimist. To-day the poet in him, which turned the world of physical forces that he recognized to a thing of beauty—dear, habitable to the moral imagination — is becoming strangely justified. The spirituality which has insensibly made its way in scientific thought has turned, in many cases, the agnostic into the mystic; and Emerson's mysticism looks, like his optimism, natural and plausible. It is Mr. Chapman, I believe, who has described the unity of the essays as a unity of spiritual insight. Emerson's profound perception of cause makes their spiritual impression single, however various the moods that crowd them. At their heart is a constructive energy, a power of intellectual and spiritual will—such as we miss in the subtle Amiel—that defeats time, and is of a part with those forces of nature that recreate the world. 'When a faithful thinker,' says Emerson, 'resolute to detach every object from personal relations and see it in the light of thought, shall at the same time kindle science with the fire of holiest affections, then will God go forth anew into the Creation.' It is this resolution of his to detach every object from personal relations which offends some, and is to others the pledge of his good faith."

There has been no time since the Essays of Emerson found their way into England that they have failed to act as an intellectual stimulus on the minds of the young thinker and student. Especially is this true of the North, where, as Stevenson wrote: "About the very cradle of the Scot there goes the hum of metaphysical divinity." "I can testify to the mighty force," writes Dr. Nicoll, "with which he acted on the minds of young men in Scotland early in the sixties. The absence of a copyright convention between America and Great Britain had some good effects. Many in the old country who could not afford to buy the new books of Carlyle and Tennyson were able to purchase the innumerable cheap reprints of Lowell, Longfellow, Emerson, Hawthorne, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others. Young men, now in middle life, knew these authors from cover to cover, and lived by them." It was the same in the seventies and eighties, as the writer can testify. A memory comes back from those stirring intellectual times in a gray old Scottish city. It is of a mere lad who is reading "Self-Reliance" for the first time. The hour is late, but what cares youth when the oracle speaks. His discovery will not keep, and he hurries for miles across the city from east to west to share his sudden joy with a comrade. Then the incommunicable delight of the hours that followed: hours that made a dent on time and lived forever after in the romance of youth. "How small a thing creates an immortality!" Emerson is no less a force in Great Britain to-day. Only recently a shilling edition of his Essays was published in England, and twenty thousand copies were sold at once.

Dr. Nicoll comments on the difference between Carlyle and Emerson. In the end of the day, he says, it was a difference of first principles. "Carlyle was so deeply imbued with a belief in the depravity of the human race that he ceased to have hope. Emerson never weakened in his optimism, neither was he discouraged by the appearance of many false Messiahs." No correspondence between men of equal intellectual rank shows so little intellectual sympathy. "Emerson saw all that Carlyle saw, but he saw deeper and farther." Between Emerson and Ruskin there was no affinity, rather antagonism. When they met at Oxford Ruskin wrote to a friend: "Emerson came to my rooms a day or two ago. I found his mind a total blank on matters of art, and had a fearful sense of the whole being of him as a gentle cloud—intangible." Emerson reported that he had seen Ruskin at Oxford, had been charmed by his manner in the lecture-room, but in talking with him at his rooms had found himself wholly out of sympathy with Ruskin's views of life and the world. "I wonder such a genius can be possessed by so black a devil. I cannot pardon him for a despondency so deep. It is detestable in a man of such powers, in a poet, a seer such as he has been. Children are right with their everlasting hope. Timon is always inevitably wrong." As late as 1883 Ruskin wrote again to a friend: "I have never cared much for Emerson. He is little more to me than a clever gossip, and his egoism reiterated itself to provocation. . . . All his friends seem to have loved him much." How the calm, deep-seeing optimist triumphs! "Children are right with their everlasting hope. Timon is always inevitably wrong."

Surely it savors of intellectual insolence and insularity on the part of an English editor to annotate and edit *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table* for British readers as we notice it has been done by "E. H. Blakeney, M.A.," To a new edition of the *Autocrat*, just published in London, Mr. Blakeney contributes an introduction and fifty pages of notes, which are in the nature of a "superfluous superfluity." For example, when Dr. Holmes speaks in his droll way of the formation of Societies for Mutual Admiration, Mr. Blakeney gravely adds a note—"*cf.*, Wordsworth's line, 'We live by admiration, hope, and love.'" Words like "spavined," "caravansary," "phlebotomized," are defined as though dictionaries did not exist. Dates are furnished, and personal experiences annotated with such unilluminating baldness as "Raspail, the French naturalist." Mr. Blakeney's industrial scrupulosity is not only void of humor, it is frequently erroneous and misleading, as when he writes: "Frankenstein, according to the old German romance, was a mortal who created a being in the form of a man, and was ever afterward tormented by the creature of his own imagination." We had always accepted *Frankenstein* as the work of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley; in fact, the "old German romance" was published in 1818.

Mr. Blakeney betrays ignorance also when he refers to the Transcendentalist movement in America as beginning "early in the nineteenth century." His scholarship is strangely at fault, too, when he expounds, "*ex pede Herculem*—viz., you may judge of the sample from the whole"; any student would tell him that it is just the other way about. A lapse from the mole-eyed annotation and assiduous triviality is curiously illustrated in "Benjamin Franklin: consult any biographical dictionary." This comes with a shock from an editor who has already been busy in giving particulars of Leibnitz, Sydney Smith, Babbage, and others. But one of the most amazing instances of crass stupidity is a note to "The Wonderful One-Horse Shay." "'Hahnsum Kerridge': surely an anachronism. The patent for 'Hansom cabs' was not taken out till 1834, or twenty-four years after the date, 1810, given here"! Of course all that Dr. Holmes meant in plain English was "handsome carriage." What a howling delight E. H. Blakeney, M.A., could make of the Biglow Papers!

The School Investigation in Washington

WASHINGTON, *May 11, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your editorial section for May 9, in the course of some remarks on an investigation of school conditions in this city, it is asserted that the district commissioners proposed to destroy the records in the case. As I am credited with blocking this purpose, it would be unjust to the commissioners if I should allow this to pass without both correction and explanation. The unqualified statement that the commissioners had destroyed these records was made by the vice-president of the Board of Education, to four members of the Board who had assembled at his request. Upon this statement being reported to Commissioner Macfarland he denied it.

Subsequently, the president of the Board deposited with its secretary copies of such portions of the record as had come into his possession, and notified the Board of the filing of these voluminous documents. At the next meeting a resolution was presented declaring the case closed and providing for destroying the documents. As you say, I thereupon called attention to the statutes making the destruction of papers filed in a public office a felony, and that branch of the case was dropped.

I am, sir,

H. V. BOYNTON.

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Finance

THE situation has not undergone any change of sufficient importance to exert any influence upon stock values. What held good a fortnight ago holds good to-day. The strong interests of the Street believe that there is no sound reason to doubt that the tide of the national prosperity is still flowing strongly, and that security prices should not decline, but rather rise, at all events, in those issues which are selling below the basis of real value. But they are not sufficiently aggressive in their belief to lead a campaign for the rise at the moment. The public shares in this belief that the country's general business continues good. But it lacks inducements to divert its funds from its legitimate business into Wall Street. At the same time, it does not sell stocks. Lacking both buying and selling "power," the stock-market, left to the professional traders, fluctuates but little, and the price changes lack significance. This and the shrinkage in the volume of transactions lead to the loud laments of the commission brokers and the dealers in securities, which turn has given rise to the popular belief that Wall Street is the only blue spot in the country. In point of fact, if Wall Street is blue at all, it is because it is idle rather than because it is pessimistic. The majority of the denizens of the financial district are distinctly hopeful. That the situation technically is much sounder than it was is self-evident. The liquidation, during which prices of stocks fell from 15 to 35 points, was thorough. The overloaded syndicates, underwriters, cliques, pools, and individual operators sold what was vendible in order to be able to carry the stuff they could not sell. This forced liquidation from the lesser speculators on margin. In other words, everybody who had to sell has done so, and with easing money, remarkable railroad earnings, with every prospect of continued industrial and commercial activity, and reason to hope for currency-reform legislation before the end of the year, it would seem as though the next definite movement in prices would be upward. The process of absorption meanwhile goes on, very slowly, it is true, but progressing, and the vast mass of "undigested securities" somehow no longer frightens the timid and the bold alike. The epidemic of strikes has been a disturbing influence on many minds. It is not, of course, the demand for higher wages which must give pause to the thoughtful, but the development of certain tendencies on the part of labor generally. There is no opposition to labor unions as such, but there is fear of union tyranny. Unreasonableness and excess of unionism can lead but to one thing. Not, indeed, to a stupendous conflict between capital and labor, but to a curtailment of industrial activity. When the cost of production rises above a certain figure production ceases to be profitable, and it halts. It is certain that, lacking work, labor will come to its senses. This will be good in that it will check anarchy and "bloody revolutions," but the remedy will hurt business, and that will hurt security prices. Just now the buying power of the laboring masses, owing to their increased wages, is enormous. It is all a ring within a ring, but in the case of railroad earnings we are beginning to see the increased operating expenses beginning to be offset by the increased rates for merchandise.

The engagement of $1,500,000 gold for export did not demoralize sentiment. The enormous over-subscription of the Transvaal loan in England, showing the amount of money awaiting investment, was far more important than the shipment of gold with our money rates so low. The government crop report showed some damage, but not enough materially to hurt the splendid promise of winter wheat.

Correspondence

THE CLOSING HOUR FOR SALOONS

PITTSBURG, PA., *April 14, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—An item in an April number of your issue encourages me to bring to your notice a phase of the liquor question that may have been discussed exhaustively heretofore. It may be a phase of the question you (meaning the press generally) do not care to have aired. Again, my way of stating the question may not meet with your approval, and hence may be unavailable. Be this as it may, if you care to take the cue and produce results, satisfaction will have been gained for the benefit of those who have the power to rectify the error, but through laziness do not assert themselves. I live in a State where the lower court has absolute jurisdiction over the granting of retail liquor license—from whose decision there is no appeal.

The law specifically states at what hour a saloon must close, but makes no provision as to when it may open, except Sundays. Mark the result. Cities and certain sections of this State have bars open continuously from Monday, 12.01 A.M., until Saturday, 11.59 P.M. In other sections of the State saloons are obliged to close every night anywhere from 9 P.M until 12, and not open until the following day, at hours ranging from 4 until 6 A.M., according to the humor of the court.

The point I raise does not, nor is it meant to, raise any question as to the integrity of the various judges presiding over said license courts. The vital point, which seems to be ignored by those who take an active part in the temperance movement, is to get a rational method of controlling the dispensation of liquor.

Of those who advocate absolute prohibition I have nothing to say, as that is a form of fanaticism which has done questionable good.

Take a city, for instance, where the bars are compelled to close before midnight—closed because the court warns the applicant to do so, the applicant knowing full well that if he fails to carry out the orders of the court he will be refused a license when he comes up at the next term of license court. The court further orders the licensed bars not to open before five or six the following morning, as the case may be. The result aimed at is to force men to go home. Does it accomplish that?

In investigating that subject, I find that instead of driving them home, in a great many cases they are driven to questionable resorts, where they not only spend more money, but remain a much longer time than they otherwise would, and often to their own detriment. I presented this side of the question to a man of pronounced prohibition proclivities. His answer was, "Then we must close such resorts."

And when I pointed out to him that he was shifting that evil to a greater one, namely, our homes, he declined further to discuss the subject. Now if a man (or woman) wants a drink, my observation is that he is going to get it, and if those people who are sincere in their advocacy of temperance and the welfare of mankind generally, especially young men, would take the trouble to formulate or urge legislation aimed to eliminate the particular feature hinted at in the foregoing, it seems to me more good would be accomplished. If a judge in our district had the moral courage to refuse every applicant for liquor license against whom a remonstrance was filed—this year, at least—there would not have been a licensed saloon in our county. But I have no doubt that a special session of the Legislature would have been called to enact a better law. A careful canvass of the "resorts" referred to brought out the fact that the proprietors had only a choice of two houses from which they could purchase beer; the said houses handling the beer brewed exclusively by one brewing company, considerable stock of which is distributed among twenty or thirty influential citizens of this particular section.

It seems to me that there is some food here for thought, even if the matter is crudely presented.

I am, sir,
C. E. MACKEY.

APROPOS of the 250th Anniversary of New York City, HARPER'S WEEKLY for next week will contain an article, fully illustrated, showing the growth and development of the city to the present time.

In the "Imperialismo Yankee in Brazil," Mr. Joseph J. Lee, who was sent out as the representative of the New York Syndicate to take possession of the Acre Rubber-fields in Bolivia, gives an account of his adventures and hairbreadth escapes among the Brazilian natives. It is a story of actual experience that reads like a romance.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE

Part I. of A NEW NOVELETTE by MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

Mrs. Andrews is already well known to magazine readers through her humorous writings. In her latest story, "A Kidnapped Colony," which will be continued in the July number, she has devised a situation which is absolutely new and brilliantly daring in its humor, though nothing in it is absolutely beyond the range of possibility. A comedy of situations.

TRAVEL.—The June number is rich in travel. **Israel Zangwill** contributes "An Italian Fantasy," a brilliant pen-picture of Italy of to-day, and **Julian Ralph's** article tells of "Our Appalachians," a vivid study of a little-known American type.

SCIENCE.—**Carl Snyder,** in "The World Beyond Our Senses," writes on the remarkable discoveries of science which reveal to us in Nature many things which are beyond the grasp of our natural senses.

NATURE.—Dr. **H. C. McCook,** in his article "The Queen Mother of the Ants," deals with ant-life in much the same picturesque way that Maeterlinck has treated the life of the bee.

HUMOR.—**Josephine Daskam** contributes a brilliant parody of some portions of the Rubaiyat, and **May Isabel Fisk** has written another amusing monologue.

SHORT STORIES.—There are eight short stories in this number. Among the authors are **Roy Rolfe Gilson, Robert Shackleton, E. S. Martin, George Buchanan Fife,** and **Lizette Woodworth Reese.**

LITERATURE.—**Edmund Gosse** writes of "The Literary Patron of the Eighteenth Century," and **Norman Duncan** of "The Tenement Book and Reader"—an interesting article revealing a new side of the life of the East Side.

HISTORY.—**Collins Shackelford,** in "The Tragedy of a Map," tells the story of the last fatal voyage of the Russian explorer Bering, and of the causes which led to the loss of the expedition.

ARCHAEOLOGY.—Professor **Macalister** describes the work of unearthing the Biblical city of Gezer—where towns of four periods have been found, one built on top of the other.

ENGLISH.—**Alice Archer Stevens,** the well known educational writer, contributes an interesting paper embodying new theories in regard to children's reading and study.

PICTURES IN COLOR.—The pictures in color in the June number are particularly dainty. Among the artists represented are **Andre Castaigne, Louis Loeb,** and **Albert Sterner.**

The Features *of*

THE JUNE BAZAR

include

JOSEPHINE DASKAM'S

THE MEMOIRS OF A BABY
Illustrated by F. Y. CORY.
(Part III.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF A YOUNG SOUL.)

FASHIONS
These are beautifully illustrated by the ROSES, of Paris, and MISS ELSA HAHN, of London.

THE REIGN OF LADY SUSAN
A Short Story by C. V. C. MATHEWS.
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Another instalment of the admirable serial by W. R. LIGHTON. Illustrated by A. I. KELLER.

A PLEA FOR THE KITCHEN—II.
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ANNOUNCEMENT

IT will interest you to look at the current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY on the news-stands. The explorer A. Henry Savage Landor is now in the Philippines for the WEEKLY. His first article, illustrated from photographs taken especially for this series by Mr. Landor, was published in the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 16. He will write a series of articles telling the exact conditions at the present time throughout our Philippine colonies. The articles will all be illustrated and will appear only in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Another special representative of HARPER'S WEEKLY is now in China reporting the progress of events there; another in Japan; another in Morocco. From every point on the globe where interesting things are happening come first-hand, authentic reports. You get the results of this in pictures and text when you get the WEEKLY.

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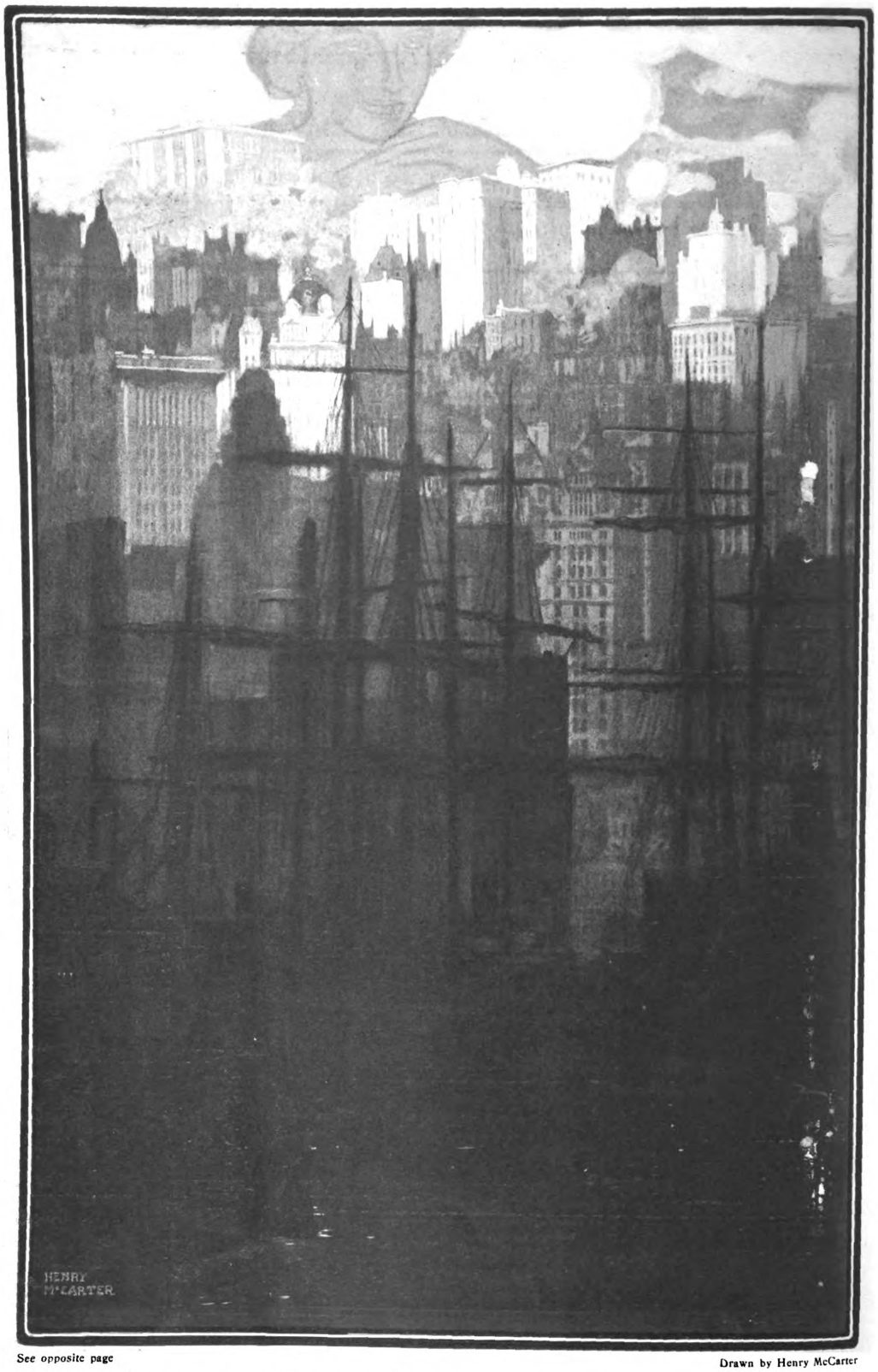
THE OUTRAGES IN THE BALKANS

The recent riots in Salonica, the capital of the province of that name in European Turkey, culminated a short time ago in the use of dynamite. The most serious damage was done when the Bulgarians undermined the government bank, and blew it up, wrecking the bank itself and the near-by houses. The photograph was taken immediately after the explosion by our special photographer in the Balkans

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See opposite page

Drawn by Henry McCarter

"Her Buildings march o'er God's clean Arch, toothed like a cross-cut Saw"

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MANHATTAN

AFTER 250 YEARS

The City squats on gridironed lots, gaunt, gray and grim and raw,
Bathing her feet where waters meet bringing food to her maw;
Her buildings march o'er God's clean arch, toothed like a cross-cut saw.

The City calls to Fate's dark halls where brazen tablets lie
Graven and limned with words undimmed, surcharged with Destiny—
The Law God made ere cities laid their sores beneath His sky.

Hear ye the City's cry:

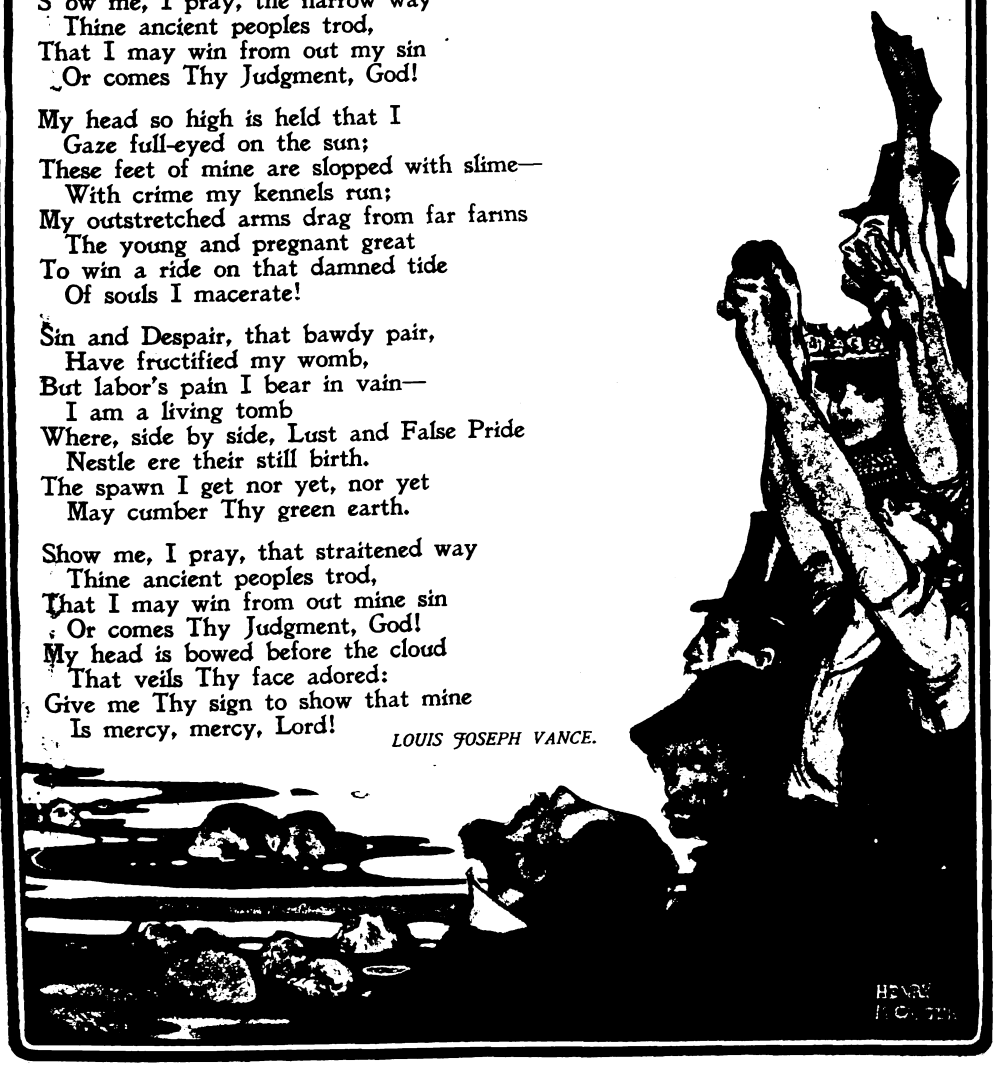
THY mercy, Lord, both sweet and good,
Full humbly would I crave!
Give me Thy sign to show that mine
Is not Gomorrah's grave;
Show me, I pray, the narrow way
Thine ancient peoples trod,
That I may win from out my sin
Or comes Thy Judgment, God!

My head so high is held that I
Gaze full-eyed on the sun;
These feet of mine are slopped with slime—
With crime my kennels run;
My outstretched arms drag from far farms
The young and pregnant great
To win a ride on that damned tide
Of souls I macerate!

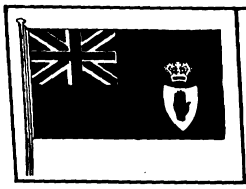
Sin and Despair, that bawdy pair,
Have fructified my womb,
But labor's pain I bear in vain—
I am a living tomb
Where, side by side, Lust and False Pride
Nestle ere their still birth.
The spawn I get nor yet, nor yet
May cumber Thy green earth.

Show me, I pray, that straitened way
Thine ancient peoples trod,
That I may win from out mine sin
Or comes Thy Judgment, God!
My head is bowed before the cloud
That veils Thy face adored:
Give me Thy sign to show that mine
Is mercy, mercy, Lord!

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

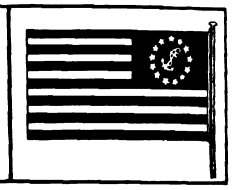


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The Cup Yachts and the Season's Problems

By George C. Pease



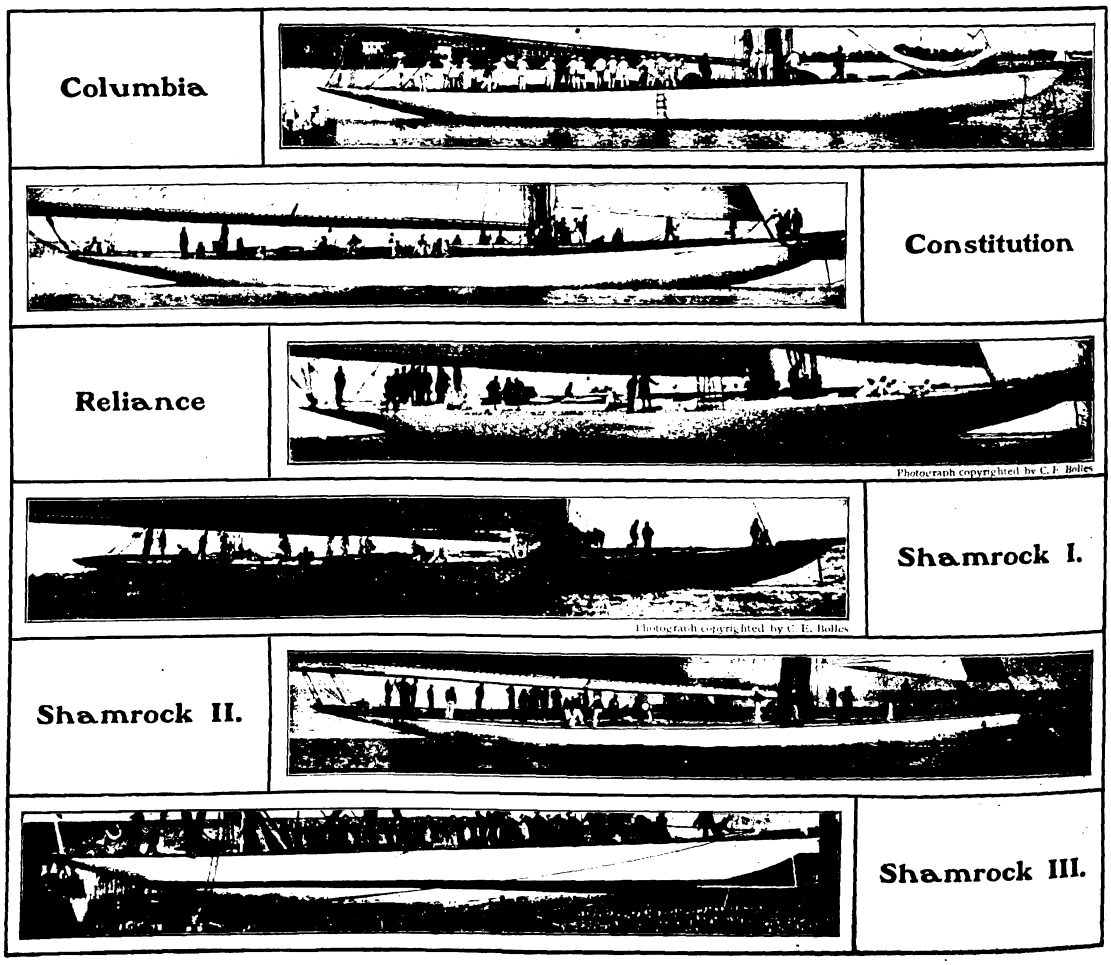
THE history of yachting in America is largely the history of the New York Yacht Club and its contests for the famous old *America's* cup. Not that racing in the other classes is not keen and interesting, but the international races give a stimulus to yachting all along the line, and no matter how enthusiastic a man may be over his own particular craft, the preparations for the big "cup race" overshadow all other phases of the sport. For the last six months the beautiful club-house of the New York Yacht Club, in West Forty-fourth Street, has been as much a hot-bed of speculation as party headquarters in a national political campaign.

The only known factor on which to base conclusions or attempt a prediction is the *Columbia*. Her performances in various conditions are pretty well known, and from her work will be determined much of *Constitution* and *Reliance*. The *Shamrock III.*, notwithstanding her favorable showing against *Shamrock I.*, is an unknown quantity by reason of the comparatively little that is absolutely known about *Shamrock I.* We know that *Shamrock III.* is one of the fairest, most beautiful models ever turned out anywhere in a ninety-footer, and we know she is fast. But how fast? Is she a boat of low or high power? What is her actual water-line length; her sail area; and will she allow or be allowed time? And, above all, will she prove fast on a reach? That is, will she be fast with the wind free?

It must not be lost sight of, in following the big yachts, that the cup race is a reaching race. For example, it will be the best three out of five races. The first, third, and fifth will be fifteen miles to windward or leeward and back. The second and fourth will be over a triangle of ten miles to a leg, the first, if possible, to windward. If the wind should hold absolutely true on every race, there would be sailed sixty-five miles to windward, forty-five dead before the wind, and forty miles with the wind on the quarter. But the wind rarely does hold true, and the shifts are in favor of a reach. And on this point of sailing, merely judging from her model, the *Reliance* ought to be especially strong. With her flat floor and long sides, she should show great actual speed through smooth water; but how about to windward in a piping southeaster off Sandy Hook? One can only answer this question through his blind faith in Mr. Herreshoff until it is answered by the test of racing in such conditions.

But where is all this development of the machine to end, if, indeed, it ever does end? is the cry of most yachting men. We feel we have about reached the limit of lightness in construction, but is there no limit to the advantageous use of canvas or the drawing out of the ends? A glance at the photographs reproduced here will show how the hulls of these yachts have been drawn out to get longer sides to sail on, and give such lines as will let the water pass underneath the yacht, instead of around her sides as formerly. Such an enormous rig as *Reliance* carries—nearly sixteen thousand square feet of canvas—means something like a hundred tons of lead on her keel and great displacement to carry it.

Can our yacht-designers go much further on ninety feet water-line length and still hold their spars and win races? Or shall we see yachts of less displacement, small sail-spread, and a more pronounced fin-keel type? It will be borne in mind that the *Reliance* is the only ninety-foot sloop Mr. Herreshoff has designed which seems to foretell the out-and-out fin keel. In smaller boats he has, I believe, been the leader in showing the speed of the canoe body with the lump of lead hanging down, as it were, from the middle. But in the nineties the *Reliance* is the first Herreshoff boat to show the tendency which has been carried to such an extreme in the smaller classes. The Boston boats, *Jubilee*, *Pilgrim*, and *Independence*, were of the fin-keel family, but they were unsuccessful, and it may be that this type of boat has its limit of size. Still, the fact remains that the *Reliance* is with us and sailing very fast, and should she finally defend the cup successfully it would mean death to a more rational type of boat in this class as in the smaller ones.



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IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD

THE CLUB WOMAN

BY

MRS DORE LYON

PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CITY FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS



Mrs. Dore Lyon

THE ideals of club life for women are far-reaching. They scatter unexpectedly in so many directions, bent on so many missions, that it is difficult to trace them individually. It seems as though we women are destined sometimes, by accident of marriage or family ties, to find our lines narrowed almost to the verge of hysteria. The society woman has found in club life an outlet for all the squeezed-up originality of her nature. The mere exchange of ideas, the conflict of wits, the emancipation from conventional chatter about the weather, the games, and the parties, is a tonic. Women understand each other thoroughly; they are not under the reserves men put upon them, in their club living, and they can revel in delights of conversation frequently more brilliant than they would enjoy in social intercourse with men.

Everything that permits intellectual abandonment, that lets free the corked-up feelings and ideas in women, is a solace and a development of her ideals.

Club-women do an enormous good for each other; they help one another professionally and socially more than men have any idea of. The notion men have that club life scatters a woman's devotion to her home life is erroneous. Good women never forsake the deep-rooted ideals of their home duties, and the exchange of ideas in their clubs refreshes and inspires them to think beneath the surface of things. Out of this association of women with women many latent talents are developed in the club-rooms that no one suspected. The home life in a normal woman is never destroyed by her club work. Then, again, club-women become attached to each other; their vanities that used to be directed for the admiration of men are now encouraged for their own mutual gratification. I believe that women wear exquisite gowns to-day to be admired by women far more than to attract the admiration of men.

The power of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs in political and social ideals is going to be very great, and will make its impression upon municipal affairs as time goes on.

The most valuable ideal to be encountered in the club life of women is a mutual tendency among them all to help each other in the problems, great or small, they have to cope with in their daily lives.

I receive constantly most serious letters from women who, through death or domestic disaster, have lost their stronghold in some relative or friend, asking me to enroll them in the membership of some woman's club. They feel the possible distraction in club life that is not open to them in any other agreeable manner. We women are more restricted in our opportunities for worldly knowledge than men. It seems as though we are educated towards one individual destiny in life—marriage,—and that if we evade this destiny we are doing something quite out of our line. A man of forty-five, for instance, can easily outshine a boy of twenty, not because his academic knowledge is greater, it may be much less, but his experience of life, his active conflict with men and facts, has given him poise and intuitive perceptions that lead to effective judgment. Women are not supposed to acquire these qualities by the same method as men; and yet how else are they attainable? Development of character is not broadly understood in the training of women, and I believe that club life is a very important and successful agent in this degree for women.

Women's clubs are in themselves a fine discipline, for as soon as a woman enters a club, and begins her active work in the meetings, her eccentricities of personality, her sharpness of tongue or her tendency to idle gossip, are swept aside in the general current of united interests. As we all know, women are given to talking all at once where men are gathered together, but our club meetings are conducted under strict parliamentary law, and many a woman has found herself sharply rebuked by the chairman for interfering, and quietly learned to hold her tongue where no other means would serve. Then, also, club life develops kindness and universal politeness, through forces of necessity, for every woman in club life values distinction of office, which is as jealously contested at elections as among men. There are many types among club-women, but rarely any woman member of the smart set in New York joins a club. There are obvious reasons for this, which I need not enter into here, but the great majority of club-women are cultured, clever, and ambitious. Birth is theirs from a long line of distinguished ancestry, and brains are theirs through the requirements of their membership and initiation. The New York City Federation is a power which men are unanimously recognizing. There is hardly a metropolitan improvement suggested that does not in some way reach the club-women for their support and united energy. The possibilities that are within the reach of the club-woman, both for her own advancement and the general benefit to governmental conditions, are endless.

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The Faith of His Fathers

A Complete Short Story by Hamlin Garland

MOECHAS was a most trusted policeman among the Shaeena. He was not large, but he was resolute and sagacious. Next to Tontonova he was Captain Curtis's favorite man. He belonged to the camp of Haheony, but he had built a little log house near the agency, and there lived with his young wife and his only child, a little girl of five or six years of age.

This child's name was Washa, which means "good woman," but the school-teacher called her Luella, while the clerks spoke of her as "Singing-Bird's kid." She was a pretty little creature, shy as a quail, and quite as silent. She was always nicely dressed in clean calico, with her hair neatly braided, and her moccasined feet were so cunning that every white woman who saw her cried out in admiration, "Oh, the dear!"

It was to be expected that her mother should be proud of her, but Moechas himself liked nothing better than to take his daughter by the hand and walk past the agency down to the school. His pride in her was so frank that the Captain called the attention of his sister to it, and she thereafter gave special attention to the little one.

Sometimes of an evening the Captain and his sister strolled out to visit the homes of the employees, and lingered a long time at the home of Moechas, for when once Washa became acquainted with them, she grew very affectionate. She always met them merrily, crying, "Good-morning, Cap'n Curtis," as she had been taught, no matter what time of day it might be, and her little face shone with pride of her new-found words. Her mother pridefully beamed also, while the father, with a sly look, would say, "My pappoose smart; catch-um white tongue quick."

But during the hot dry months a mysterious wasting fever seized upon Washa, and she took to her bed, never to rise again. The agency doctor did his best for her, but his skill availed little; she grew steadily worse, and at last the native doctors came with their roots and their herbs, and as a final resort the mighty men of magic were called in, but they too could do nothing. The suffering parents sat all day long in their lodge staring at the ground with hot dry eyes, hearing their baby moan, helpless to alleviate her pain.

One day, when the doctor said the little one was about to die, Father Malone, the Catholic missionary, came to Moechas, and said, gently,

"You must let me baptize your child."

"No, no," replied the miserable father. "I don't want any magic put on my child's head. I don't like that business."

"If you don't she'll go to hell and burn and suffer forever. You don't want that, do you? You love your child too much for that. If I put magic water on her head she will go at once to Mary's bosom — she will fly straight to the heavenly place—there to have good clothes and plenty to eat. She will play among flowers all day long, and never be cold or hungry any more. Wouldn't you like that?"

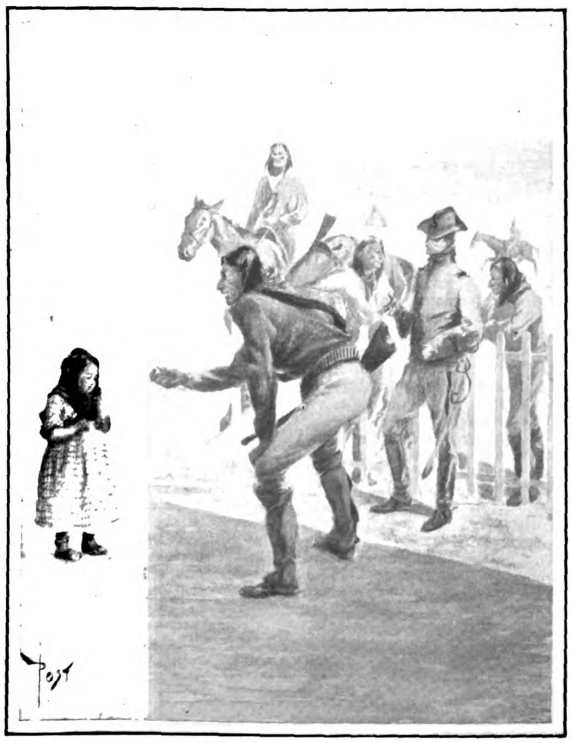
Moechas listened uneasily to the persuasive voice of the zealous priest. "Yes, we would like that," he replied. "But I don't want my baby baptized. My wife don't want it, either. We don't believe in that magic."

"Well, you think it over," said the priest on leaving. "Tell your wife what I say. If I baptize Washa she will go to heaven—if I don't she will go to hell and suffer forever. I will come again in the morning."

That night, as the pulse of their child's life sank lower, Moechas told his wife what the father had said, and the poor mother, with eyes on the ground, and fingers picking at a blanket fringe, at last nodded her head, and said: "Let him come — maybe he will do us good. Maybe the white magic is strong."

The priest came early next day, and was deeply pleased to know that they had consented. He baptized the little one with deep solemnity and much feeling, for he too loved her, and turning to those who mourned, he said: "You must not go forth to cry on the hills as is your custom. Your little one is now safe from all cold or hunger. She will go where there is no more cold nor darkness—where the roses always bloom and the fruit never withers. Be comforted. You must not bury the little baby in the old fashion. Go get a pretty box and put her in it, and bury her as the white people bury their dead. You must not hide her in the rocks. Will you do this?"

The broken-hearted father nodded, and when the little one died he secured a box of the agency carpenter—a nice clean box — and one of the Carlisle students painted it white and lined it with white cloth, and in this box the little Washa was carried away to a hilltop, and there buried deep in the earth as white folks bury their dead.



She was a pretty little creature, shy as a quail

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After the priest had put the little baby away with suitable words, he turned to the parents and solemnly said:

"Now you must not destroy your little daughter's nice things. You must give them away to her playmates. She has gone to the happy land; she will not need them any more."

But the mother was unable to put away the thought that her little one might be cold and hungry on the way to the magic land, so she stealthily placed food and drink near the grave, and burned the toys and moccasins, for it was torture to see anything which reminded her of her darling, and every night she and Moochas wept together, very softly, for fear the white men would hear and mock at them. The mother scarcely moved for days. Of what use was the sun and the grass? Clothed in mourning-rags, she sat with drooping head, the tears ceaselessly running down over her cheeks. All night she moaned, and at times she cried out to Moochas: "Do you not hear her? Listen; that is her voice! She is singing softly. Don't you hear her little feet? She is coming back to us."

She refused to sleep in the new house where the child had died, and so Moochas repaired the old one, letting the new one stand empty, and this was a source of wonder to his white neighbors.

During all these days doubt tortured him. "Maybe we have done wrong to bury our dead as the white men do. Maybe the priest lied to us."

At last his wife said: "My heart too is uneasy. I dreamed that our baby was lost on a cold dark road with no one to help her. Maybe she has wandered among cruel white people. My heart is very sore; I wish we had not allowed the priest to put his hands on her head. We should have followed the ways of our fathers."

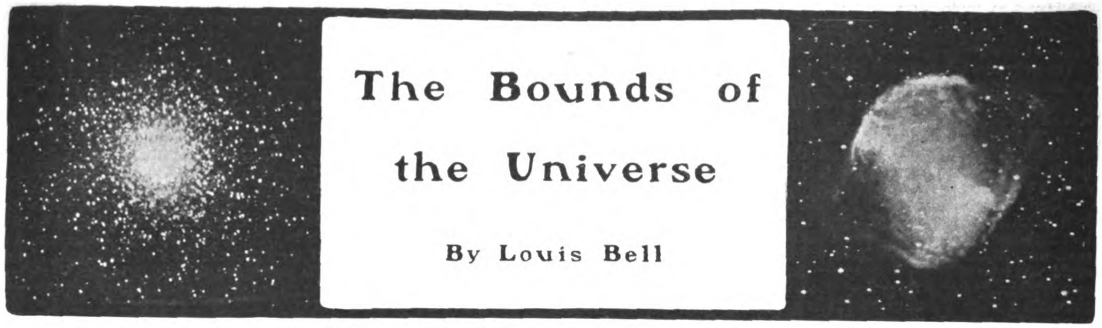
"The priest is a good man," Moochas replied. "He told us our child was safe. His tongue is not forked."

"I know he said so, but I do not trust him. How does he know? Let us go and see. He said our baby would surely go straight to the happy land. Let us see."

Moochas was of a mind with his wife, but for a time he refused. He dreaded to go to the grave; but at last he consented, and early one morning, long before the whites were astir, the bereaved ones timorously set forth to visit the bleak hill where little Washa lay in her last sleep.

An hour later the priest, sitting at coffee, heard faintly a wild wailing chant — the song of a heart-broken mother mourning above the body of her child.

Moochas burst in upon the agent, swift, menacing, and stern. "My friend the white priest is a liar. He told me if he put his hands on my child's head she would not pass away in the earth. He told me to put her in a box and bury her like the white people do, and she would go straight to a happy land. This morning my heart got uneasy, and I went to where she lay. I opened the box, and my baby was there. She had not gone to the happy land. The white priest lied to us. He is like all the white people. Their magic is false. I will walk henceforth the ways of my fathers, and then I will have no fear."



The Bounds of the Universe

By Louis Bell

THE contemplation of infinity has always been the pastime of philosophers, and the mind is small and self-fettered that does not sometimes turn from the petty interests of Here and To-day to the realms of Space and Time. Therefore a certain controversy now in progress touching these mighty subjects has more than a mere technical interest. Alfred Russel Wallace, who shares with Darwin the foundation of the doctrine of evolution, began it a few weeks ago in the columns of the *Fortnightly Review*, and the gage he threw down was promptly picked up by Turner, Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, and others hardly less notable. Briefly, the argument of the venerable naturalist was as follows: Modern cosmic astronomy teaches that our sun is in the midst of a group of stars which is itself centrally within the vast shimmering belt of stars that we call the Galaxy. This is attested by the fact that the Galaxy lies in a great circle of the celestial sphere and seems throughout of fairly uniform brightness, so that, on the whole, the stars that compose it are equidistant along all radii of the circle. Of this visible universe of stars we are therefore the centre. And beyond the Galaxy lies, as the next step in his argument, not an indefinite stretch of star clouds, but the blackness of infinite starless space. For in the Milky Way are rifts beyond which lies the dark groundwork of chaos. Black rifts they are, and unless they are infinitely long tunnels through the Galaxy they must open into space beyond. The first alternative is barred by the fact that if starry space stretched infinitely without bounds the sky would be an ineffable blaze of glory from the endless sources of light. So far from this being the case, there are fewer very faint stars than would appear if there were anything like a uniform distribution of suns in space, so that we actually can see to the farthest bounds of star space. Thence Wallace draws an ingenious argument that, being in the centre of the universe, and the conditions for the development of organized life being very narrow and demanding enormous continuity in time, the worlds—if worlds there are—nearer the confines of the universe would be unfitted to develop life, and on this planet of ours lies the fruition of the created universe, the growth of the soul of man.

It is certainly inspiring to be thus exclusive, but Professor Turner begs to differ. He points out that if we are indeed in a finite universe near or beyond the bounds of which it were the obliteration of all life to pass, then has Professor Wallace no adequate time left for his evolution. For our sun is drifting through space five hundred million miles a year. If it be central now, it was once beyond the pale, and will again pass without it in a time which, geologically speaking, is not very long. Moreover, he disputes on no lack of evidence our truly central present position, and the limits set on the starry universe. Unless one limits time as well as space more stars have grown dark and cold than are now shining. As Sir Robert Ball once remarked, one might as well number the stars by the visible ones as the horseshoes in England by those that chance to be red hot. Hence there may well be dark matter enough in space to veil the brightness of the more distant starry hosts. One might suppose, as did Wallace, that if this were so the face of the constellations would be constantly changing, but the argument is not valid unless an enormous swarm of dark stars lies between us and the brighter visible stars. As a matter of fact, there is only a single recorded instance of two visible stars drifting so nearly into line as to be indistinguishable, while there are dozens of instances of stars mysteriously dimmed for a time or bursting into flame from a celestial collision.

And quite aside from the question of dark stars, the study of the changes in the remarkable new star that appeared two years ago in the constellation Perseus has rendered it highly probable that in its neighborhood lie huge masses of dark matter which became light-giving directly or indirectly through the tremendous catastrophe that caused the new star. A nebula that can give light can certainly stop it. Beyond even this there is excellent reason to believe that space is not wholly void, but is scattered with cosmic dust driven off from the larger masses of matter. It has been shown, following a remarkable prediction of James Clerk-Maxwell, that light exercises a pressure on the particles of matter upon which it falls. Since this pressure depends on their surface while gravitation depends on their mass, a fineness of grain is eventually reached at which the particles, almost infinitesimally small, perhaps only a quarter-millionth of an inch in diameter, are driven off to drift through space.

Now such dust, receiving energy from light, can stop light, and in the vast distances of interstellar space can stop a great deal of it. If there were but a single such microscopic particle in each cubic mile of space, it would be sufficient to blot out completely stars near the present limit of telescopic visibility, and yet the total amount of matter would be so small that the earth in its annual course would sweep up only a few ounces, not enough to change the year's length by more than a minute fraction of a second in a million years. In such a cosmic mist the visible universe of stars must always seem limited and roughly spherical. A million years hence the face of the heavens will have changed, the Galaxy will probably no longer be a great circle, and new constellations will have emerged from the veil, but the universe will still appear as limited as now. In the face of known dark bodies, dark nebulæ, and the infinite dust clouds for which a valid cause now appears, the arguments for a really limited universe lose their force, and the theory of light extinction advanced by Struve half a century since becomes a natural inference from the facts. So the case now stands, with the fundamental fact assumed by Wallace pretty thoroughly undermined. The great naturalist is yet to be heard in rebuttal, but up to the present the Oxford astronomer has rather the best of the argument. It is a debate *in extenso* with a vengeance, and we probably have not heard the end.

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The American Soldier: An Improved Fighter



By Franklin Matthews

A BRIGADIER-GENERAL who had seen service in the civil war, in fighting Indians, in Cuba, in the Philippines, and in China, stood on a knoll near headquarters at Fort Riley, Kansas, in the early part of last October, peering through his binoculars at a great cloud of dust made by a regiment of cavalry as it dashed furiously across the plain in one of the sham battles by the regulars in the ten days' manœuvres there. The firecracker rattle of the guns of six regiments of infantry, followed by their swift rushes across the plain and their plunges to the ground, the roar of half a dozen batteries of field-guns, throwing imaginary shells and hurling defiance at one another, came as music to his ears.

The gray and wind-tanned brigadier could repress his enthusiasm no longer, and he turned to a friend, who had left the army at the close of the civil war and who was his guest at the manœuvres, and said:

"Best soldiers in the world, Colonel!"

"Hardly that, General," replied the colonel. "There were no better soldiers, and there never will be better soldiers, than the men in the army in the last two years of the civil war."

"Quite right, of course. But what I meant was that the American private soldier, equipped and trained as he is to-day, is the best fighting-machine known, and that he can do one hundred per cent. more work—is one hundred per cent. more efficient—than he could when we were fighting in the South. He shoots further, he sees further, he hears further—yes, he marches further and endures more than when we were youngsters winning our first shoulder-straps. I'll prove it to you. The *morale* is one hundred per cent. improved over the old days."

His Weapons Then and Now

For a week the active man of military service and the active man of business who had come back to smell powder and renew the martial spirit of his youth went into every detail of the manœuvres. They took a Krag-Jörgensen rifle and had a private hit a tree more than a mile away. The Springfields of a dozen years ago couldn't shoot more than 1500 yards, or three-quarters of the distance the Krags shoot. Then the general told of the new Springfields which have been adopted by the army to supplant the Krags, and his eyes snapped as he did so. Out in the Philippines and in China he told how scores of the men, as they warmed to their work and grew excited, were found "shooting air" instead of cartridges out of their guns. In the excitement they forgot to recharge the magazines.

All that is gone now. The brand-new Springfield is entirely encased in wood, and the soldier can handle it in comfort at all times. It is lighter than the Krag and weighs only seven and one-half pounds. But most important of all, when the soldier has fired all of the cartridges in his clip, he is unable to go through the motions of shooting the weapon again—that is, he can't shoot air—until he has recharged the gun. The barrel has also been shortened to the length of the carbine, and hereafter the infantry and cavalry will carry the same weapon. Whether the soldier is a mounted infantryman or a dismounted cavalryman, or just a plain infantryman or cavalryman, his gun will be the same, and only one kind of ammunition needs to be supplied.

Then, too, the private soldier of to-day, it was seen at a glance, is more than one hundred times as efficient as a shooter, when it is realized that he carries with him in his compact belt 150 cartridges where he used to carry only fifty. Right there is the secret of his ability to march farther and to go on long "hikes," where his range of action formerly was limited to the necessity of keeping closer in touch with his ammunition supply.

Electric Work in the Field

Soon there came along the Signal Corps with their telegraph instruments and their wires and their flags and other paraphernalia. In the midst of a rush across the country a regiment was stopped suddenly; the order was given to wheel and to rush to a distant part of the field. There was no aide rushing up and dashing back to the general in command. The Signal Corps had received word that more men were demanded in a weak spot in the line. The general at once telegraphed to stop the regiment that was making headway in forced rushes, with open spaces between the men, to retrace its steps and to strengthen a force that had been outflanked.

"That's the kind of work we did in China," shouted the brigadier. With a whoop and a cloud of dust the men disappeared. In less than a half-hour there was more signalling and telegraphing and back the regiment charged. It was difficult to see them most of the time, and the opposing force was practically out of sight.

"How did they know they were needed just then?" asked the colonel. "Our glasses in the old days were not able to detect the movements that have just been so promptly checked."

The brigadier handed over his binoculars and said:

"You observe, we see three times as far as we used to see in the old times. That telegraph we used constantly in the march to Peking. Every one of the camps was equipped, especially at night. It was the wonder of the other forces. And now they say that they are perfecting a system of photographing twenty miles away by electricity. We'll have that too. Fancy the advantage it would have been to take a picture over a mountain twenty miles away in fighting Indians in the time of Custer and Crook. Lawton might have got old Geronimo sooner if he could have taken his picture several times as he was fleeing into the mountains of Mexico. When the wireless telegraphy is perfected we'll have that in operation. To some extent we'll use the telephone."

The Hospital Corps passed by. The general stopped them. "Show this man how you operate with those First-Aid-to-the-Injured packages you carry," he said. One of the men dropped to the ground. He was supposed to be wounded in the leg. Out came the bandages and the appliances for stopping the flow of blood. In a few minutes he was bound up and ready to be put in the stretcher to be carried off. "Pity we didn't have such fixings in the old days," said the colonel. "Many a life would have been saved."

The sharp rattle, deepening into a roar, of the half a dozen field-guns was heard from the top of a bluff in the distance. The general pointed out how those guns were lighter, stronger, and fully four times as effective as the field-guns in the civil-war times, shooting ammunition and scattering bullets right and left in a way that the old "grape" guns could never do. A train of mules with mountain-guns, taken apart and strapped to their backs, illustrated the latest development in campaigning, especially in mountainous territory. "There's a pack-train for you," he said, "the like of which we never saw even in later days on the plains."

At the close of the day a squadron of cavalry stopped to water the horses on the way to camp. The colonel's eyes lighted up as he examined their equipment. "Ah," he said, "here's one thing you haven't improved upon. You still use the old McClellan saddle." "Yes," was the response, "nothing better than that has been found for cavalry, but you will notice the saddle is better finished than formerly. It is stuffed as it never was before, and, if you look close, you will see that its endurance is strengthened by the way oil is worked into it. It is fifty per cent. stronger than the old saddle used to be, and because of that it lasts longer and it is far more comfortable."

The So-Called Babying

Then the colonel plucked up courage to tell the brigadier that the general opinion of officers of other armies was that the men in the United States army were "babied" too much. A snort of disapproval, amounting to half-rage, was the first answer. "Other people don't see why we make our men as comfortable as possible in ordinary routine army work," he said. And then he told why one finds the American private soldier with napkins, good beds, good rations, and even confections, such as chocolate, provided for him.

"'The best at all times,' is the creed of our army," he said. "When the men are in barracks or camp, why not make them comfortable? They know that in war it's another story. Time and again they are likely to go half starved. But what's of importance is the fact that they know the officers will be half starved with them. There'll be no favoritism when the fighting is on. No food is too good for the American private soldier at such times, and he knows he'll get just as good things to eat as his superiors in rank if he gets anything. He's willing to give up his napkins and his sweets, just as he is willing to go without his clean linen and creased trousers and well-brushed coat, when time for business comes around.

"Yes, we do 'baby' the men in the sense that we care for them all we can. On the march to Peking we had distilled water for them. We made it ourselves from our own plants, as we went along. Our commissary and quartermaster arrangements were the wonder of the troops of the other nations in that march. We had 'em all beat. That was one result of our desire to make our fighting-machine as strong as possible. 'Babying' 'em, they call it, eh? Well, I call it making strong men of 'em."

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MISS ELEANOR ROBSON AS "JULIET"

"Romeo and Juliet" is being given this week at the Knickerbocker Theatre with an all-star cast. Miss Robson and Kyrle Bellew play the parts of the lovers; Edwin Arden is the "Paris," Eben Plympton the "Mercutio," W. H. Thompson the "Friar Laurence," and Forrest Robinson the "Benvolio." This is one of the most important of the Shakespearean revivals given during the closing weeks of the New York theatrical season

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THE CHILDREN OF THE W

One of the prettiest features of the President's Western trip was an episode that took place at R upon this sat upwards of a thousand children, d

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THE EST GREET THE PRESIDENT

lands, California. A large grand stand backed the crowd that came to hear Mr. Roosevelt speak, and
ssed in white, who sang choruses of welcome to him

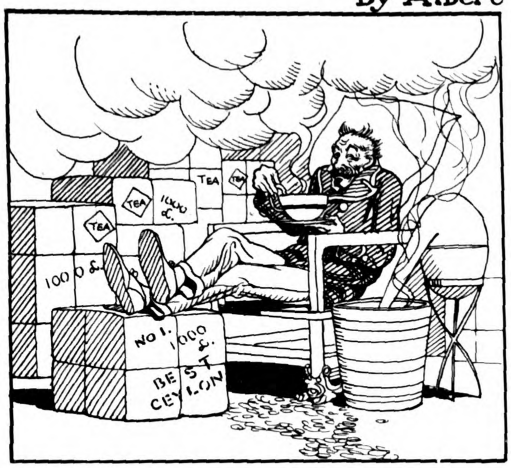
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The MAGICAL, MAGICAL TEA!

A Hash-ish Tale Of Sir Tummis, The Cup, And The Golden Crown

By Albert Levering



Once upon a time a man named Sir Tummis Lipton brewed himself an enormous potion of magnificent, glorious tea, drank it, and then found himself slipping, slipping, until . . . .



. . . . he found himself before a large structure, from which presently came a small fat boy, who cried and cried. And what was that fat boy crying for? He wanted a ship that would sail to the land of "We-are-the-people," and fetch back the lost cup, with which to splice the main brace in the Royal Yacht Club.



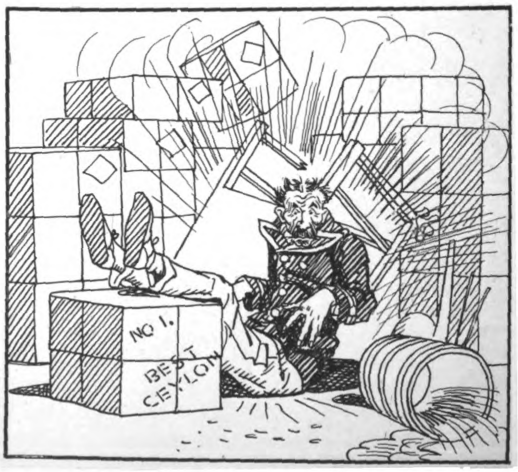
Well, after careful inquiry as to how some folks build boats, he built the little boat for the small fat boy, and he sailed it away, and, I tell you, he and the small fat boy looked mighty anxious for a long while.



Finally they saw an old magician rise up on the other side of the sea and he blew the ship back to them, and in it was the bee-yutiful cup, come back to its own again.



And the little boy was that pleased, he took the golden crown from off his head and placed it on Sir Tummis's own golden tresses. But just as he was about to thank him—



—he woke up!

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The Auto-Trolley

It seems certain that the near future will see the familiar trolley system of to-day superseded by the trackless or auto trolley which has already been successfully tried in Germany. A system of trackless trolleys is in active use in the Biela Valley, near Dresden, carrying both passengers and freight. The trolley is so contrived as to allow a train consisting of motor cars and trailers to turn aside in passing vehicles on the road—an excellent plan for obviating the vexatious delays so frequent in ordinary trolley travel. The train is steered by the front wheels on the first car, and is equipped with a sliding contact. A speed of twelve kilometres an hour is said to have been maintained over good roads. It is claimed that the road can be equipped and operated at considerably less expense than is necessary in the case of the system now in common use.

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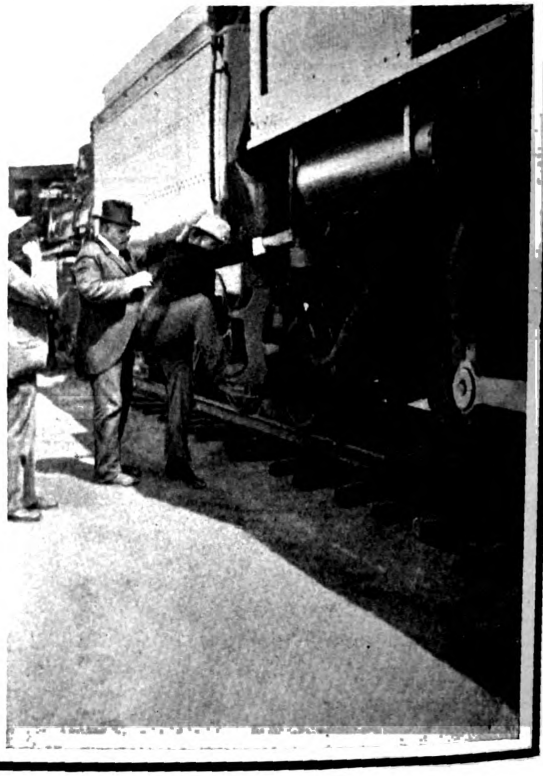


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The President and his Party in the Grand Canyon, Arizona



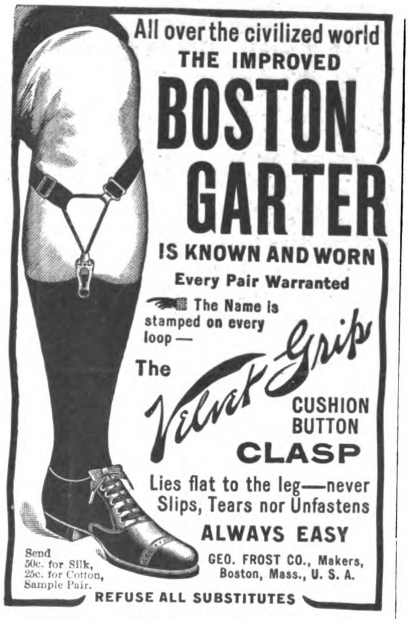
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Mr. Roosevelt starting on an Engine Ride from Santa Fe, New Mexico

THE PRESIDENT IN THE WEST

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Some Anecdotes of R. H. Stoddard

By E. E. Eaton

Eugene Field has told, in his poem "The Stoddards," how he and the veteran poet who has just died—both of whom could remember the very birth of American poetry—would sit for hours

. . . . praising without restraint
The people who are thoroughbreds, and roasting the ones that ain't.

The "Dean's" likes and dislikes were strong.

Six weeks ago I told Mr. Stoddard the best anecdote I had ever heard about him. It was credited to his family physician and long-time friend, Dr. Daniel M. Stimson, and was to the effect that the poet, while endeavoring to procure an impromptu luncheon for a number of friends after Mrs. Stoddard and the servants had retired, found a box of sardines. His somewhat vigorous remarks, inspired by a sardine-can's objections to the "open sesame" of a dull jack-knife, attracted the attention of Mrs. Stoddard on the floor above.



Richard Henry Stoddard

"What are you doing?" she called down.
"Opening a can of sardines."
"With what?"
"A dashed old jack-knife," cried the exasperated poet. "What did you think I was opening it with?"
"Well, dear," she said, dryly, "I didn't exactly think you were opening it with prayer!"
Mr. Stoddard laughed heartily, and declared that the story was a base fabrication, but it is so characteristic in all details that I am confident his recollection and not the story was at fault.
Mr. Stoddard's first book, *Footprints*, published in 1849, so little satisfied him that he burnt all but a few copies. "And I see," he added, after describing the incident, "that some dashed fool paid $63 for one of them the other day!"



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In the United States Mint at Philadelphia—Coining the new Money for the Philippine Islands

Making the New Filipino Money

A FEW weeks ago one of the workmen at the Philadelphia Mint laid on the desk of the chief clerk a disk of oak some twelve inches wide, across which the following legend was roughly stencilled:

FROM THE
MINT OF THE UNITED STATES
FOR TREASURER, MANILA
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
5000 PESOS

Five hundred casks, each containing 5000 pesos, were to be covered with stencilled heads, of which this was a model, and shipped by way of New York and the Suez Canal to Manila.

Filipino money to the amount of $75,000,000 is now being coined at the United States Mint. The making of American dollars being for the time intermitted, 100,000 of the new pesos for the Philippine Islands pour forth daily in their stead.

The laws regulating the coinage of a new currency for the Filipino people, contained in the Acts of Congress of July 1, 1902, and March 2, 1903, were called into being by the urgent necessity for a new and stable medium which should replace the worn, depreciated silver money in circulation in the Philippines at the time of their acquisition by the United States. Following out the policy of giving the people of the islands as large a share as practicable in the direction of their own affairs, a Filipino named Figuero was chosen as the designer of the new coins. His accepted design shows on the reverse of the coin the denomination of the piece, together with the figure of a woman who holds a hammer resting on an anvil, a smoking volcano in the distance. The obverse bears the shield of the United States, the eagle with outstretched wings hovering above it; the legend reads, "U. S. of America."

The unit of the new coinage is fixed at 12.9 grains of gold, one-tenth alloy. The American dollar contains 25.8 grains, just twice as much. The silver peso, 416 grains, also nine-tenths fine, is to be issued upon an exchange which is par with the gold unit, and worth half a dollar. The half-peso, or fifty-centavo piece, weighs 208 grains. The twenty-centavo piece weighs 83.1 grains, a little less than one-fifth of the peso; the ten-centavo is of 41.55 grains. A nickel five-centavo, together with one and half centavo pieces of bronze, is also provided for. The urgent demand has made it essential that two million pesos be made in a single month. The coins are shipped, as fast as they can be completed, to the War Department at Washington, which has the responsibility for their distribution in the islands.

A visitor seeing the operation of the coining-press for the first time will remark its resemblance to a giant chain link, set on end. The upper half of the stamp carries one die, the lower half another. After a swift, infallible thrust from the two, out comes the Philippine peso, ready to go to the War Department, and thence to the Philippines, carrying stable conditions, confidence, and the promise of orderly trade to the millions of those far-away islands who have never yet known what such things mean.

How to Get Rid of Mosquitoes

By Professor John B. Smith

THERE is a difference in mosquitoes, as there is in men, concerning the places in which they like best to live. A few are really domestic, in the sense that they live by preference with man and about his habitations; but many are strictly sylvan, and do not molest him unless he runs deliberately into their way. A very few have never been known to bite under any provocation, while others need no urging whatever, and appear to be literally bloodthirsty. Most of them are home bodies, straying little or not at all from the immediate surroundings of the point where they first reached the adult stage, while others travel many miles, and supply regions where none are native. This argues quite a variety of mosquitoes, and, as a matter of fact, it is a poor locality that cannot turn out twenty or more species of the pest. It is the failure to realize this point—the tendency to consider that all mosquitoes are alike and equally pestiferous—that is responsible for unsatisfactory results among mosquito crusades. What benefit can be expected from local work when the dominant mosquito breeds twenty or more miles away, and what good does it do to oil ponds and streams unless we know that mosquitoes breed in them?



Collecting Specimens from a common Type of Breeding-place. Stagnant Water like this should be drained or covered with Crude Oil

We may say with certainty that no mosquito thus far known can develop without water enough to breed in; but we cannot say that in all waters mosquitoes will thrive. In fact, we are now learning that there are many swamp areas, once supposed to be prolific producers of the insects, in which practically none at all develops. We have also learnt that the ugly-looking pools and ponds covered with green duckweed are always "safe," because no larva can exist where it cannot freely come to the surface; and we know that the great areas covered by "cattails" are also harmless from the mosquito standpoint, though the reasons for this are not yet clear.

We have thus narrowed the problem materially, and can say that, in general, mosquitoes either breed close to the places where they occur in numbers, or that they come in like a thief in the night

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from shore points. In the eastern United States there is only one species—the salt-marsh mosquito—of which it is positively known that it travels great distances. Any point between twenty and forty miles from a marshy coast is liable to invasion by this species, though at the latter distance their occurrence is only occasional and their stay usually short. In the highlands at points away from the coast, and even in cities, towns, and villages near the shore, the presence of any considerable number of mosquitoes continuing steadily through the season indicates the existence of some local breeding-place; and such breeding-places may occur even in our very houses. A forgotten bucket of water in the cellar or just outside will serve to develop hundreds; a rain-barrel is good for thousands per week unless securely covered, and any vessel, even a tin can, in which water remains continuously for more than a week, may serve as a source of supply. It must be realized that no pool is too insignificant to be utilized by a female mosquito who has a batch of eggs to be placed. The number of possible breeding-places is, therefore, very large; and, as a general rule, the largest are the safest, because they usually harbor many creatures that prey upon mosquito larva.

To make any campaign entirely effective, *all* breeding-places must be dealt with; and for this purpose there is no more effective destructive agency than kerosene oil of a low grade. Though the mosquito larva is strictly aquatic, it depends upon getting its air-supply from above the surface through a short tube at its anal extremity. If the surface is coated with kerosene, access to the air is barred except at the cost of a dose of oil, and there is for the unfortunate wriggler only a choice of deaths: it either stifles for lack of air, or it is poisoned by the kerosene which gets into its breathing system. The method is a good one, and absolutely effective; but the oil is offensive, and the applications must be repeated at short intervals. A better method, therefore, is to destroy the breeding-places altogether, so as to get a permanent result. A little grading and filling here and there, to get rid of depressions that fill with the rains, a ditch or two to drain a low place, and local exemption may often be gained. Water-barrels and imperfectly closed cisterns may be kept quite safe by placing in them a few little fish of almost any species: gold-fish will do, or the little minnows that may be found in almost every stream or pond throughout the country.

Where are mosquitoes during the winter? In our houses, of course! There is probably not a cellar in any district where the common *Culex pungens* occurs in any number that does not have its winter population of mosquitoes. They get into the darkest corners in October and November, settle against the wall not over four feet from the ground, as a rule, and there remain until the warm days of April and early May bring them out—all females and all ready to reproduce. A very material setback to breeding can be given through systematically clearing out all hibernating specimens by fumigating with sulphur, formaldehyde, or pyrethrum. Lest this seem a petty process for killing off a few, it may be reported that over a thousand examples have been found in one cellar. Every such hibernate means at least 150 and probably 200 eggs, or from 15,000 to 20,000 possible mosquitoes by the end of May if breeding-places exist for them.

In early spring the woodland pools and springs begin to swarm with wrigglers, and one large brown species termed *cantans* will travel to near-by dwellings; therefore such pools should be drained or oiled by the middle of April. The rain-barrel or house mosquito does not get a fair start until well along in May, and then systematic treatment of sewer catch-basins and cesspools must begin. Cesspools can be tightly covered, and so made safe; the basins must be treated with oil or some other disinfectant at least once in two weeks during a dry spell and within a week after every heavy rain. Defective gutters which allow water to collect and stand should be mended, and, in general, the insignificant pools and puddles should first be looked after, leaving larger permanent bodies of water to be dealt with by fish and other aquatic enemies of the mosquito.

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THAT Sir Henry Irving is quite capable of maintaining his dignity under somewhat trying circumstances is shown by the following anecdote which is told of the tragedian by Mr. C. R. Kennedy of the "Everyman" company:

On one occasion Irving's company, having been called to the theatre for rehearsal, found upon their arrival that they were considerably ahead of time. As Sir Henry had not yet arrived, one of the actors in the company, who was noted for his accomplishments as a mimic, proceeded to give a lively and elaborate imitation of Sir Henry's highly characteristic acting. As he finished his demonstration, a well-known voice came from the depths of the darkened auditorium:

"Very good," it said. "Very good indeed! So good, in fact, that there is no need for both of us in this company."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

Another story from the same source reveals Sir Henry as an efficient hand at repartee:

A brother actor famous for his pomposity and his inordinate ambition was regaling Irving with a forecast of his plans for the future.

"I shall begin the season," he announced, "with such and such a part; and after that I shall appear as *Hamlet*."

"Um!" drawled Irving. "As,—eh,—*Hamlet*, did you say?"

The other, incensed by the tone of the query, bridled up at once.

"Do you think, Sir Henry," he demanded, indignantly, "that you are the only man who can play *Hamlet?*"

"Oh no," rejoined Irving, blandly: "but I am quite sure that you are the only man who can't."

Breaking Him In

By Albert Levering

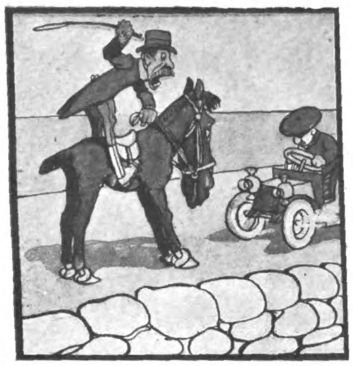


Gurpin. "*He seems afraid of automobiles*"



Gurpin. "*I guess this will take the extra verve out of him, eh?*"

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Gurpin. "Git out of the way, there, you fool. Don't you see that automobile?"
The Horse. "Yes; but it won't hurt me."



The Horse. "It's no use; me for the boneyard."

Facts about Patents

SOME one has unearthed the interesting fact that the first patent ever issued in this country was granted to one Samuel Winslow, in 1641, for manufacturing salt. The grant was made by the Massachusetts Bay Colony for ten years, and was conditional upon Mr. Winslow's completing his plant within a year. Later, under the Articles of Confederation, the States were permitted to issue patents independently, as the original colonies had done. The first patent granted by the United States as a nation was issued to Samuel Hopkins, of Vermont, who claimed protection for a method of making pot and pearl ashes. According to recent estimates by the Commissioner of Patents, from six to seven eighths of the manufacturing capital of the United States is based more or less directly upon patents. Incidentally, it may be noted that the number of applications filed at the Patent Office in sixty-five years, from 1837 to 1901, reaches the enormous total of 1,201,346. The number of patents actually issued in this country, from the time of the earliest records to December 31, 1901, is 700,341. The nearest approach to this by foreign countries is France's record of 330,977 grants, from the most ancient records (extending, of course, much further into the past than those of this country) to the close of the year 1901. Great Britain follows with a record of 144,239, while Germany's total is only 144,239. Although this comparison would seem to redound to the credit of American alertness and enterprise, it should be remembered that it has been, until recently, much less difficult to secure patents here than abroad. The grand total of patents issued by the nations of the world up to the time of the last compilation, in 1901, is 2,087,812.

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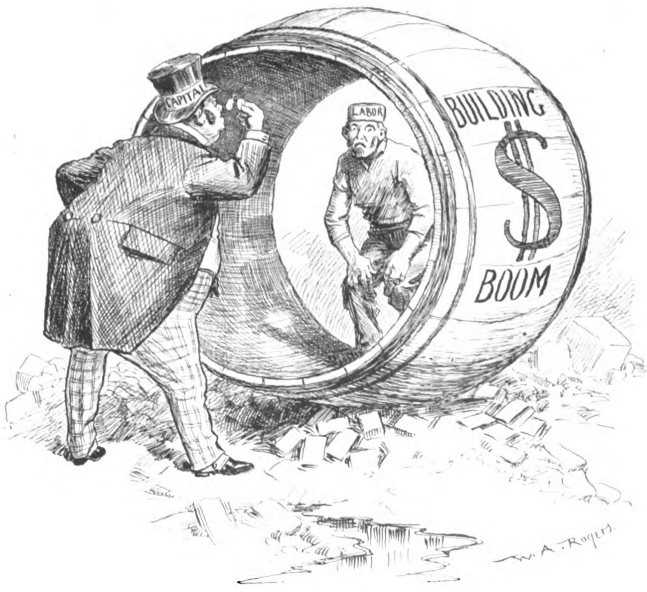
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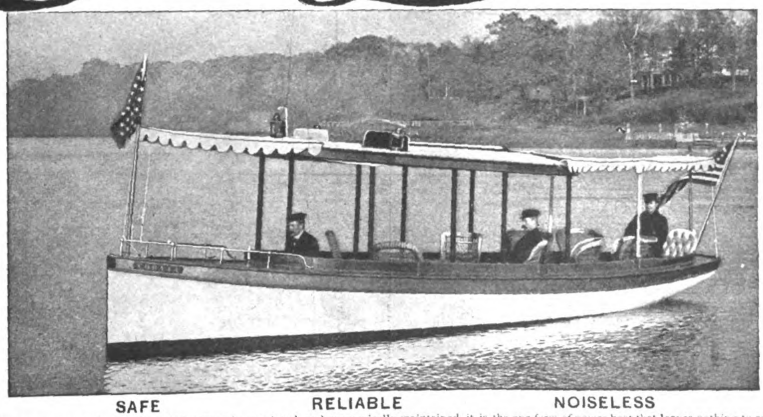


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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Editorial section for the week ending May 30, 1903

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COMMENT

DID Colonel W. J. Bryan make a mistake when he undertook to edit the *Commoner*? It is evident that the assumption of the editorial function brought with it a strong temptation to discuss not only public questions, but also conspicuous politicians, especially those who might be put forward as candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. For the most self-controlled and sober-minded man it would have been difficult to resist that temptation. For a man of Mr. Bryan's ardent temperament, it has proved impossible. Instead of confining himself strictly to the advocacy of the political and politico-economical ideas, the triumph of which he deems essential to the welfare of the country, he has devoted much of his space, and most of his energy, to a more or less acrid criticism of individuals. The result of this course has been that his influence, which, even after the failure of his second attempt to gain the Presidency, was still considerable in some sections of the republic, has undergone an astonishing shrinkage, and is threatened with entire eclipse. In many quarters where he was regarded three years ago as a kind of prophet, he is now beginning to be denounced as a dog in the manger and a common scold.

So far as other Democratic candidates for the Presidency are concerned, he looks from Dan to Beersheba and finds all barren. Thus the Democrats of New England would like to see Mr. Olney made the nominee of the party in 1904; but Mr. Olney is unacceptable to the editor of the *Commoner*, because he voted against Mr. Bryan in 1896, and did not sufficiently atone for the defection by rallying in 1900 to the support of the standard-bearer named at Kansas City. Maryland is a State that, under certain conditions, might easily be restored to the Democratic column; but Senator Gorman, the favorite of Maryland Democrats, is eyed with disapproval by Mr. Bryan. Nobody has denied, we believe, that Mr. Gorman voted for the nominee of his party in 1896 and 1900, but he seems not to have been sufficiently outspoken and enthusiastic on those occasions to satisfy the editor of the *Commoner* Indiana is a State that the Democrats carried in 1876, 1884, and 1892, and, under auspicious circumstances, they might hope to carry it again. Most of the Democratic leaders in Indiana, however, were inflexibly opposed to free silver in 1896, and thereby, in Mr. Bryan's opinion, put themselves beyond the pale of recognition. The electoral vote of New York is indispensable to Democratic success in a general election; nevertheless, Mr. Bryan repudiates both of the men, Judge Parker and ex-Governor Hill, who have been mentioned as most likely to be named by the New York delegation in the Democratic national convention. The State of New Jersey would undoubtedly be carried by Mr. Cleveland. But he, too, is barred out by the *Commoner*.

Now Mr. Bryan misconceives his relation to the Democratic party. If, instead of twice leading his party to defeat, he had twice led it to victory, like Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, or, like Jackson and Cleveland, he would have remained to the end invested with great, if not pre-eminent, influence, and would undoubtedly have been consulted by his fellow-Democrats at critical conjunctures. By Jefferson at Monticello, by Madison at Montpelier, by Jackson at the Hermitage, and by Cleveland at Princeton, advice was not withheld when it was earnestly requested; but it was not persistently, much less vociferously, intruded. Those recipients of the highest honor in the gift of the American people felt that a dignified reticence became them in their retirement to private life. They had no grudges to wreak, no enemies to punish; they held themselves austerely aloof from the dust and din of the political arena. Their counsel, like that of an oracle, came to be valued in proportion to its rarity, and because it was never voluntarily tendered. At a memorable crisis, both Jefferson and Madison, writing from their country seats, recommended the enunciation of the policy which has since been inseparably associated with the name of Monroe. This advice, however, was privately given in response to urgent letters from the anxious occupant of the White House. Under like circumstances, Andrew Jackson did not withhold the illuminating help of his long experience in public affairs. It should, indeed, be recognized by ex-Presidents as a duty to express their opinions when these are solicited by men high in authority, and when the national interests require an immediate and a correct solution of a momentous problem.

A jurisconsult, however, is one thing; a busybody, another. From this point of view Mr. Cleveland's attitude has presented an impressive contrast to Mr. Bryan's. Since he left the White House on March 4, 1897, Mr. Cleveland has never given public expression to an opinion concerning even abstract questions of public policy unless earnestly requested so to do by representative men possessed of a moral right to command his services. About individual aspirants for office he has never uttered a word. When his second term of the Presidency ended, the account with his political enemies, if he had any, was definitely closed. He carried no resentments with him into his retirement. With the influence inseparable from a long tenure of the Chief Magistracy he unquestionably retained the power to baffle and to injure, but never has the power been exercised. The forbearance, the self-control, the reticence, and the simple dignity with which he has borne himself in his seclusion have endeared him to not a few who opposed him in his day of power, and have given him an unshakable hold upon the public confidence. Well might it have been for Mr. Bryan had his temperament permitted him to maintain a similar attitude.

A recent English contributor to the *North American Review* has strangely misapprehended the position taken by Mr. Cleveland in the Venezuela affair, and the view of that position adopted by the American people. Sir A. E. Miller, the contributor of an interesting article, makes a mistake which ought to be corrected, because we have observed it to be current among many intelligent Englishmen. He takes for granted that Mr. Cleveland in his Venezuela message and in his subsequent appointment of a commission to ascertain for our

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guidance in the premises the facts about the boundary between Venezuela and British Guiana, departed widely from the true purpose of the Monroe Doctrine, and that the course pursued by him on that occasion has been condemned by the sober second thought of the American people. Sir A. E. Miller's notion is that by the acts just mentioned Mr. Cleveland arrogated on the part of the United States the right, whenever disputes should arise between a European power and a Latin-American republic, to assume the rôle of arbitrator, to investigate and give judgment uninvited upon the merits of the quarrel, and to require the contending parties to acquiesce in the decision. The arrogation of such a right would be, Sir A. E. Miller says, entirely foreign to the *principle* of the Monroe Doctrine, and, if seriously put into practice, would inevitably end in war. Mr. Cleveland's Venezuela message is described as "amazing," Mr. Olney's preceding despatch to Lord Salisbury as "hectoring," and satisfaction is expressed that "vaporings" of this sort have never been seriously acted on by any responsible authority. The English contributor to the *Review* goes on to say that had there been any attempt to transmute Mr. Cleveland's words into action, neither the insignificance of the question at issue, nor the desire of the people of Great Britain for the friendship of the United States, would have availed to prevent a collision.

It is surprising that an eminent lawyer, which Sir A. E. Miller unquestionably is, should have taken so little pains to learn the facts before drawing deductions. Mr. Cleveland never dreamed of insisting, or even suggesting, that Great Britain should accept himself, or any appointee of his, as arbitrator between British Guiana and Venezuela. All he said was that the Monroe Doctrine, whether we consider the spirit or the letter, would not suffer us to remain impassive spectators of a sweeping mutilation of the territory of a Latin-American commonwealth, through the assumption by a European power of a right to settle, by its own arbitrary fiat, a boundary controversy. Such a controversy, Mr. Cleveland said, was plainly a proper subject for arbitration, and the refusal of arbitration, and the persistent occupation of the disputed territory by force would clearly be one of those acts which President Monroe described as "unfriendly." That he would have been recreant to his duty had he failed to make such a pronouncement will be questioned by nobody familiar with the text of the Monroe Doctrine. For what were the words uttered by President Monroe in his memorable message of December 2, 1823? The words were that with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition, for the purpose of *oppressing* them, or *controlling in any other manner their destiny*, by any European power in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States. Now the boundary claim of British Guiana, which successive British ministries refused to refer to arbitration, included, besides other valuable territory, Barima Point at the mouth of the Orinoco. The possession of that coign of vantage would have enabled the British government to command that great waterway through which and its tributaries a very large part of Venezuela obtains access to the sea. How grievous a blow that might be to Venezuela was patent to American citizens, who have not forgotten how our Trans-Allegheny communities were threatened with suffocation when New Orleans was in the hands of a foreign power.

It is preposterous to assert that by the forcible seizure of Barima Point the British government would neither have *oppressed* Venezuela, nor in any other manner *controlled her destiny*. There could be, in truth, no more flagrant and defiant violation of the Monroe Doctrine than the inflexible refusal of successive British ministers to submit the determination of the British Guiana boundary to an impartial tribunal. Under the circumstances Mr. Cleveland would have been guilty of a grave breach of duty had he failed to inform Great Britain that we could not permit her forcibly to dismember an American republic by assuming to play the judge in her own case, and that by persisting in such an attitude she would constrain us to aid Venezuela in repelling force by force. Even as it was, however, Mr. Cleveland did not call upon Congress to authorize him to place our army and navy at the disposal of an invaded sister commonwealth, although the uncompromising tenor of Lord Salisbury's reply to Mr. Olney's suggestion of arbitration might have justified such a proceeding. On the contrary, Mr. Cleveland acted on the maxim, First make sure that you are right, then go ahead. He asked Congress to authorize him to appoint a commission which, after a careful inquiry, should inform the Executive and the American people whether the Venezuelans were justified in maintaining that the boundary claim of British Guiana was, for the most part, unfounded. Had the commission reported against the validity of the claims, Mr. Cleveland would again have requested the British government to submit the controversy to arbitration. Lord Salisbury, however, took time by the forelock, and, without waiting for a report from the commission, assented to arbitration, whereupon our commission, having no longer a reason for its existence, adjourned *sine die*.

Many Americans then perceived, and many more now recognize, how far-reaching in its consequences was the precedent established by Mr. Cleveland in the case of Venezuela. Four other boundary controversies might, and doubtless would, have arisen had the President then acquiesced in Great Britain's assertion of a right to annex by force a part of Venezuela's territory, under the pretext of rectifying her frontier. The southern boundary of British Guiana is as yet undefined, and what Great Britain had been permitted to do on the west at the expense of Venezuela she might have done subsequently on the south at the cost of Brazil. The limits of Dutch Guiana are also undetermined on the south, and the German Empire, if, in the course of time, it had acquired that dependency of Holland's, might have enforced by arms a claim to a slice of Brazilian territory. As for French Guiana, or Cayenne, it has long had a boundary dispute with Brazil, which, at one time, became acute, the pretensions of the colonial authorities stretching as far southward as the mouth of the Amazon. In the Belize, finally, Great Britain has a crown colony which at any time might seek expansion by means of encroachment on the frontiers of its neighbors, Yucatan, Guatemala, and Honduras. In every one of the four cases named we should have been estopped from interfering had we acquiesced in the position taken by Lord Salisbury with reference to Venezuela.

Not only, therefore, was Mr. Cleveland's view of the Monroe Doctrine farsighted and correct, but it was propounded in the nick of time. It is henceforward settled, so far as our Executive and the American people are concerned, that if the American colony of a European power maintains that its frontier needs rectification, the rectifying process must be performed not by force, but by an impartial tribunal. That was a triumph for the principle of arbitration, and more than any other act of the United States during the last thirty years, it is likely to prove conclusive to the preservation of peace in the New World. The three Americans who have done most to safeguard the Western Hemisphere from European aggression are James Monroe, who formulated the doctrine identified with his name; William H. Seward, who bade Napoleon III. withdraw his troops from Mexico; and Grover Cleveland, who virtually told Great Britain that she must either submit her dispute with Venezuela to arbitration, or face war with the United States. Instead, therefore, of the Venezuela message being a rash digression from the principle laid down by Monroe, a digression since regretted by intelligent Americans, it was a wise, admirable, and beneficent application of that principle, which Mr. Cleveland's countrymen approve, and which they will suffer none of his successors to disregard. It is the glory of his administration that at a critical conjuncture his firm but courteous interposition led the strongest of the maritime powers, Great Britain, to acknowledge the tutelary relation of the United States toward weaker American republics.

It is not surprising that the attention of politicians should be concentrated on Ohio's Republican convention, which will meet early in June. It is taken for granted that the convention will be controlled by Senator Hanna, and that his friend Herrick will be nominated for the Governorship. It is also

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assumed that Mr. Herrick will be elected Governor, and that the Legislature to be chosen next autumn will give Mr. Hanna another term in the United States Senate. But will the convention pledge the delegates of the State in the next Republican national convention to Mr. Roosevelt? We believe that, since the Republican party was founded, Ohio's delegates have never been pledged to anybody except a son of the State. Will the rule now be broken in Mr. Roosevelt's favor, or will the representatives of the party in Ohio deem it expedient, while endorsing the Roosevelt administration, to leave the instruction of the delegates to the convention by which they will be selected next spring? We presume that the latter course will be followed if Senator Hanna has his way, but he has to reckon with Senator Foraker, who, either himself or through one of his personal followers, may spring upon the convention a resolution declaring the preference of the State for Mr. Roosevelt as a candidate for the Presidency in 1904.

Could Senator Hanna prevent the adoption of such a resolution? Would he even try to do so? Undoubtedly he has the party machinery in the State under his control, but he can scarcely wish to be forced at this time to show his hand. Yet, if such a resolution were carried, Mr. Roosevelt's nomination, already looked upon as probable, would be deemed unavoidable. It would then be impracticable to avert the adoption of a similar position by Republican conventions in other States of the Central West. If Senator Hanna is not strong enough to block the drift to Roosevelt in Ohio, how could Senator Fairbanks hope to check it in Indiana, or Senator Spooner in Wisconsin, or Senator Cullum in Illinois? As for New York, it is almost certain that Governor Odell and Mayor Low can between them give the delegation to Mr. Roosevelt, even if Senator Platt should set his face against such a course. Mr. Platt will do nothing of the kind, however, unless he can see a reasonable prospect of beating the President in the national convention. He is not a man to kick against the pricks. Suppose, on the other hand, that Senator Hanna should prevail upon Senator Foraker to refrain from proposing the endorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy in the Ohio State convention, and that, consequently, no reference to the President should be made, beyond a perfunctory approval of his administration. In that event, we may be sure that an anti-Roosevelt movement would presently be disclosed in Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, and, perhaps, Iowa.

Senator Gorman, on the eve of his departure to Europe, was asked whether he did not consider Mr. Roosevelt the most popular man in the United States. He replied that he knew of at least one man who, in his judgment, would prove far stronger before the people, but he declined to name him. We may be quite certain that the candidate in Mr. Gorman's mind was not Senator Clark of Montana. The malodorous charges brought against Mr. Clark at the time of his first attempt to break into the Federal Senate would effectually disqualify him, even if he had any claim to consideration at the hands of a Democratic national convention, beyond the current belief that he made a large contribution to Mr. Bryan's campaign expenses. National conventions have selected some pretty small men for the Vice-Presidency, and they have more than once picked out mediocre men for the Presidency itself, but always on the score of availability, never on the score of their money-bags. The poorer in this world's goods its candidate is, the better for the Democratic party, so long as he is known to be a man of more than average ability and of sterling character. Judge Parker of New York, or Judge Gray of Delaware, would fill the bill from this point of view; for, if either of them has managed to save anything out of his salary, he has been more successful than are most occupants of the bench in making a little go a long way. Mr. Cleveland may have acquired a competence since he returned to the active practice of his profession, but the sum of his savings must look insignificant in the eyes of our modern millionaires. It is a remarkable fact in the history of the Democratic party that all of its representatives in the White House died poor men, except Mr. Buchanan, who left only a modest fortune. The Republicans also, although they are accused of shaping legislation in the interest of capital, have studiously avoided putting forward a capitalist for the Presidency. Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, and McKinley were poor men. Hayes and Harrison had barely enough to live upon, outside of their official salary. Blaine was by far the richest of the Republican nominees, and he fell short of an election. Mr. Roosevelt, who, we believe, inherited an income of about five thousand dollars, would, should he be nominated and elected, be the richest man ever made Chief Magistrate by the Republicans. To run against him a man like Senator Clark, whose income from copper-mines alone was at one time reported to be fourteen million dollars, would be an act of suicide which the Democratic party is not at all likely to commit. It may possibly be true that Americans worship the almighty dollar in the abstract, but they are very far from worshipping the concrete possessor of dollars. Indeed, there is no country in the world where the possession of great wealth would prove such a handicap in the race for office.

One of the questions which the President will find pressed upon him when he returns to Washington is whether his administration can afford much longer to carry Postmaster-General Payne. The attitude of that official toward the exposures of corruption in several branches of the postal service and in the Washington city post-office is fast becoming a public scandal. He seems to imagine that Mr. Roosevelt, when he promised to carry out his predecessor's policy, committed himself by implication to the protection of rascals who managed to worm themselves into office in 1897, but whose acts Mr. McKinley would have been the first to punish had they been brought to his knowledge. What sort of fellows some of the officials were whose proceedings Mr. Payne seems disposed to cover up or to condone may be judged from the testimony of Mr. Seymour W. Tulloch, former cashier of the Washington city post-office. Mr. Tulloch testifies that when he told Heath, formerly First Assistant Postmaster-General, that it was irregular to allow vouchers for the payment of his travelling expenses out of the funds of the Washington office, Heath replied, "Look here, now, this is a new administration and a new crowd, and we intend to make our own precedents." We doubt very much whether Mr. Roosevelt will stand for the precedents or for the "crowd."

Mr. Payne, on the other hand, seems to regard both with toleration, not to say sympathy. He has shown a curious eagerness to place the responsibility for the abuse of the pay-roll of the Washington city post-office on the former Postmaster, Mr. Willett, who is incapable of self-defence, having died three years ago. Then, again, when Mr. Tulloch, in conformity to a request, submitted a long and detailed account of the irregularities imputed by him to the management of the Washington city post-office, Mr. Payne called around him representatives of the press, and after reading some carefully selected paragraphs, assured them that the whole statement was merely a "stump speech." Fortunately, Mr. Tulloch, having reason to expect such treatment of the document, had retained a copy, and has made it public. From the instances of fraud brought forward by Mr. Tulloch it is evident that the "crowd" which took possession of the Post-office Department in March, 1897, regarded public office as a private snap. It appears, for example, that a friend of Superintendent Beaver's, of the Salary and Allowance Division, got some government money, ostensibly in payment for office furniture, which not only had not been delivered, but had not even been constructed. A friend of Heath's, whose services were neither needed nor exacted, received $600 per annum as a "laborer," and, in addition, $2 a day from the free-delivery division. It was Heath, also, who ordered the Washington postmaster to put two women on the pay-roll, but explained that they were not to report for any duty. As for the Porto Rico post-offices, Mr. Tulloch says that almost all of them were in arrears at the time of his removal. We believe that all of these matters will receive a searching investigation when Mr. Roosevelt gets back to Washington.

It seems probable that the Statehood question will be brought forward in the extra session of Congress, which will begin on November 9, and that, until it is settled, legislation will be again held up. The programme arranged by the advocates of Statehood differs, however, in one particular from that so persistently urged by Senator Quay and his coadjutors in the Fifty-seventh Congress. No effort will be made to obtain the incorporation of Indian Territory with Oklahoma.

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It is well known that, under the treaties with the tribes occupying Indian Territory, lands are held in common. For an allotment of the lands in severalty at least six years will be required, and it is generally admitted that in justice to the Indians this agrarian problem should be solved by the Federal government, and not relegated to a State Legislature in which white land-grabbers would be certain to preponderate. Nobody denies that Oklahoma, taken by itself, is entitled to Statehood, as regards both the number and the quality of its population. We are told that even Senator Beveridge, who, in the last Congress, opposed so persistently the Three States bill, is himself willing to vote for the admission of Oklahoma. On the other hand, the opposition to the admission of New Mexico and Arizona as separate States seems to be inflexible. Each of those Territories is thinly peopled, and the character of their population is by no means unexceptionable. In neither case is there reason to expect that the number of inhabitants will rapidly increase until extensive schemes of irrigation have been carried out at the cost of the Federal government. The assumption that because we created one rotten borough in Nevada we are bound to follow a bad precedent, is, on the face of it, absurd. Well-informed persons know, moreover, that Nevada was admitted to the Union for the sole purpose of assuring the adoption of a reconstruction amendment to the Federal Constitution which might fail, it was apprehended, to be endorsed by the prescribed number of States. When such a constitutional exigency recurs, it will be pertinent to cite the Nevada precedent, but not till then. While we hold, however, that neither Arizona nor New Mexico should enter the Union separately, we acknowledge that there is much less objection to their admission as one State. There are signs that the advocates of Statehood in both Territories may accept this alternative, and we presume that in that event they would have a fair prospect of success. During Mr. Roosevelt's tour through New Mexico a concerted effort was made to elicit from him an expression of approval of that Territory's claim to separate Statehood, but the President declined to indicate his opinion of the project. On the whole, it looks as if the outcome of the Statehood agitation would be the addition of four Senators to the upper branch of the Federal Legislature.

Is the indignation expressed throughout the United States at the massacres of the Jews at Kishinef to have no practical result? We are told that international law affords no ground on which our State Department can interfere with the internal government of an independent power by requesting it to administer condign punishment to the authors and abettors of the massacres and to take adequate precautions against the repetition of such atrocities. We are also told that, even if we had a *locus standi* in diplomacy for the utterance of such a remonstrance, we should refrain from using it because we are indebted to Russia for the friendship evinced toward us during our civil war. Whatever may be said of the former assertion, the latter is unfounded. We do not forget the service rendered to us by Russia at a critical conjuncture, and we hold that it requires a proof of friendship in return. Faithful are the wounds of a friend, and Russia will listen to us when she might turn a deaf ear to others. It is our duty to tell the St. Petersburg government that its hold upon the respect and sympathy, not only of the United States, but of the civilized world, will be irreparably weakened unless it quickly purges itself of responsibility for the shameful outburst in Bessarabia. It can purge itself in one way only, and the sooner and the more sternly the guilt of gross or wilful negligence or of malicious complicity is brought home to the Governor of Kishinef or to his official superior, the Minister of the Interior, the better it will be for Russia in the end.

The true friends of Russia, who in 1877 acclaimed her determination to rescue the Bulgarians from hideous maltreatment at the hands of the Turks, have been already somewhat chilled by the apathy with which she witnessed the Armenian massacres, and they will be utterly estranged if the horrible outrages to which Jews have been subjected within her borders shall be allowed to go unavenged or shall be but nominally punished. Russia must be made to understand that Christendom will repudiate a champion that comes forward fresh from the butchery of the race to which Christ belonged. Between the Turkish shambles in Macedonia and the Russian shambles at Kishinef the Christian world will decline to choose. Russia may as well renounce forever the rôle of savior in southeastern Europe unless with the utmost promptitude she clears her skirts of Semitic blood. These are the words of a friend, and the Czar's government will do well to heed them. We add that if one result of the horrors witnessed at Kishinef shall be the wholesale emigration of Jews from Bessarabia and adjoining Russian provinces to the United States, our State Department will acquire precisely the same *locus standi* for remonstrance which it possessed in the case of Roumania. An opportunity will thus be given, and the American people will expect it to be used.

It should be remembered, however, in Russia's behalf, that the guilty parties in these atrocious outbreaks are not all Russians, any more than the inhabitants of Arizona are all Yankees. Up till the last Russo-Turkish war, twenty-five years ago, Kishinef was a Turkish city; and Bessarabia, of which it is the chief town, was a Turkish province. At the present day the population is exactly what it was twenty-five years ago, a medley of Orientals, Roumanians, Levantines, and the numberless tribes that for ages have gathered about the mouth of the Danube, coming from all parts of western Asia and southern Europe. Between Bessarabia, which is still socially a Turkish province, and Russia there is the whole province, once an independent commonwealth, of Little Russia, politically joined to Moscow two centuries and a half ago, though still widely separated from Great Russia in language, traditions, spirit, and national character. The genuinely Russian inhabitants of Kishinef are counted by tens, and are an infinitesimal fraction of the whole population. The police and local authorities are, of course, largely drawn from the indigenous inhabitants, and are, therefore, much of the same type as the semi-Turkish, semi-Oriental horde which revelled in cruelty during the anti-Semitic riots. The distant Russian authorities, as soon as they could bring their forces to bear, seem to have acted with severity in suppressing and punishing violence. It may be salutary for us to remember that the same paper which gave an account of the Kishinef riots also contained this brief note: "Laurel, Mississippi, Saturday. A bitter race war is raging near Burns. The whites are whipping and killing negroes indiscriminately. War began Tuesday." In general, it is the fact that the most violent anti-Semitic outbreaks in Russia for generations past have occurred only in the southern provinces, which are non-Russian in population, and not greatly different socially from towns of the Balkans or the Levant.

Conditions in France are becoming more tranquil, and it is evident that the more violent forces on both sides are working themselves out. The pronouncement of the Pope to M. Méline, at a recent interview, that the extreme Clerical party in France met with his disapproval and was acting in defiance of his advice, has done much to weaken the agitation against the government of Premier Combes. And this brings up one cause of contention which is generally lost sight of: It is not primarily as religious or Christian bodies that the clerical associations are attacked, nor even wholly because they persist in meddling in politics and allying themselves with the royalist parties who aim at destroying the republic. They are also attacked as industrial bodies which compete with French workmen, while paying no taxes to the government. The large commercial interests suggested by the words Benedictine and Chartreuse are only a picturesque example of a condition of things which is universal, and there are dozens of industries—for instance, certain manufactures of clothes—which consider themselves the victims of the privileged competition of the nominally religious houses. It is said that many so-called orphanages are really sweat-shops, run on purely commercial lines, just as the great liquor manufacture is avowedly purely commercial. It is interesting to note, in contrast with the action of the French government in suppressing the unregistered associations, the genuine religious fervor with which the family of President Loubet recently took part in the first communion of his youngest son.

Secretary Chamberlain has at last broken the silence which has enveloped him since his return from South Africa, and announced the gospel of the new Imperialism. He says that England should and must form a Pan-Britannic Zollverein, a

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customs union with her great colonies, like Australia, Canada, and South Africa, by laying import duties on all commodities, coming from other lands, which compete with colonial products. The colonies have already given preferential rates to English merchandise; England must make return in kind, and impose duties on the merchandise of all other lands entering her ports. This issue, he says, of protection for the colonies and their products must be the one issue at the next election, whenever the next election may be held. Sir Robert Giffen, some time ago, subjected this plan to a penetrating criticism, and summed up his conclusion by saying that Mr. Chamberlain was inviting England to jeopardize a trade of three hundred millions sterling, in order to affect a trade of thirty millions. Sir Robert got the ratio right, but understated the amounts. Last year, England imported from the colonies concerned about fifty-two millions sterling worth of goods, while from the rest of the world she imported five hundred and twenty millions sterling in commodities. So that, not even to gain one-tenth, but simply to slightly favor the tenth already secured, Secretary Chamberlain invites her to tax, if not to jeopardize, the remaining nine-tenths. For it must be remembered that, the moment England began to give preferential rates to her colonies, other countries would be justified in putting in force against her the favored-nation clauses in their commercial treaties, and putting her in the position of a least-favored nation. If it be dangerous for us, as we are told, to meddle with the tariff in this country, how much more dangerous would it be for Great Britain to disturb the commercial relations under which she easily leads in the whole world's trade. Moreover, the assertion that England is bound in honor to pay her colonies with favors for favors, is misleading; for these favors England already confers. She admits duty free Canadian products which have to pay very considerable imports on entering Germany or France or the United States; and this holds equally good of Australia and South Africa.

The government's victory at Preston makes it more than doubtful whether Secretary Chamberlain's new policy will commend itself to any one except its author. The defeat of Mr. Balfour's candidates at Woolwich and Rye was believed to be due to high taxes, and, most of all, to the highly unpopular tax on bread. No sooner does Mr. C. T. Ritchie publish his budget proposals, with their reduction of fourpence on the income tax, which delights the great middle class, and their abolition of the corn duties which were odious to the people, than the Conservative party begins once more to win elections. This does not look like a popular endorsement of Mr. Chamberlain's imperial Zollverein, with its taxes on all but colonial products. And this is the more striking because this very corn duty was hailed as the first step towards the Chamberlain Zollverein, not only by his direct adherents, but by many Canadian and Australian politicians and merchants. If we read between the lines of Premier Balfour's speech, delivered only two or three hours before the Birmingham oration, we can see that Mr. Chamberlain has been urging his colleagues to make the corn duties the thin end of the protection wedge; and that this suggestion has been indignantly repudiated by them, not only in the privileged secrecy of cabinet councils, but on the platform, by the Premier himself. Mr. Balfour says that there must be no smuggling in of protection under the pretext of war taxes or any like strategic move; if England is to adopt protection, this must be done openly and in full daylight, with the intellect and the conscience of the nation to support it.

The Deutsche Bank and the promoters of the Bagdad-Basra railroad have not lost all hope of building their line from Constantinople to the Persian Gulf, but they have clearly abandoned the hope of building it as a predominantly German line. The bonds of the projected railroad have been peddled around all Europe, to no purpose, and have as unsuccessfully been offered for sale in this country. The first to warn the public was Minister Witté, who pointed out to the Russian financiers, when they were given the first refusal of the bonds, that the line was a very doubtful speculation, besides being evidently inimical to Russia. This lead was, after some delay and hesitation, followed by Lord Lansdowne, and immediately afterwards by France, with a resulting proposal to make the line an international undertaking. This new plan can hardly succeed except with the support of Russia, which is more than doubtful. Meanwhile, Sir Thomas Sutherland, the president of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, with which, of course, the new line would compete for the carriage of the Indian mails, tells us first that all estimates of the time gained by the Bagdad overland route are compared, not with the fastest or even the average time taken by steamships to and from Bombay, but with the maximum time allowed by contract, which will gradually be greatly bettered. He further tells us that the hope of the railroad to carry passengers overland to India is vain. Who that has had experience of the three days' run from Calcutta to Bombay would desire to prolong the trip through the scorching deserts of Mesopotamia? He tells us that even now it is next to impossible to induce travellers to India to go overland from England as far as Brindisi, as they all prefer the shorter route to Marseilles, and look forward to the sea trip as a pleasure and a giver of health. Many even prefer the all-sea route through the Bay of Biscay and the Straits of Gibraltar, and would scoff at the idea of a ten days' run across Europe and Asia Minor. In all of which there is much sound sense.

It is evident that conditions in Macedonia are gradually becoming less acute, and that Albania is already being brought to a comparatively orderly condition. The outrages at Salonica, which visibly endangered the lives of thousands of innocent people, and the dynamite policy generally, have gone far towards estranging the sympathy of the civilized world from the Bulgarian Committees, which are responsible for much of the Macedonia disorder; and there is a growing disposition to believe that the Sultan is acting in good faith, or at least in genuine alarm and apprehension of consequences, in his efforts to carry out the Lamsdorff-Goluchowski programme. A new form of revolutionary enterprise resulted in the blowing up and burning of the steamship *Guadalquiver* of the French Messageries Maritimes Line, by a Bulgarian agitator, who introduced explosives and inflammable materials into the hold. The wicked folly of this type of political propaganda has been brought home to us by the attempted bomb outrage a few days ago, in New York; and it is clear that popular sympathy is likely to incline to Turkey rather than to the Macedonian revolutionaries, if they continue to adopt the methods of Nihilists and anarchists.

A despatch to a New York paper, dated May 18, reads: "Mrs. Hadley, the hotel chambermaid who refused to make Booker T. Washington's bed, received more than $1000 to-day from New Orleans and other points South." The despatch tells all of the story that need be recorded. Mrs. Hadley, elsewhere mentioned in the public prints as Miss Louise Hadley, seems to have awakened one morning, and found herself famous. The details of her story have not been much diffused in this part of the land. It appears that her reluctance cost her her situation, but that loss has been amply made up to her in encomiums, and now in cash. The disabilities of sex will operate against her being considered for "a place on the ticket," but any Presidential platform on which she might stand could get along without any social-inequality plank. She perfectly expresses the idea which is just now nearest the hearts of several millions of white Americans.

The representatives of the labor-unions would have made a mistake had they declined to take part in the public debate at Yonkers, New York, to which they have been invited by Mr. John C. Havemeyer, and it is satisfactory to learn that they have accepted the invitation. Mr. Havemeyer has not yet published the questions which he intends to propound, nor is he likely to do so until they have been submitted to the labor-unions. It is evident, however, from a letter addressed by him to a New York newspaper, that he desires to learn from the labor-unionists, first, whether in theory they concede or repudiate what has hitherto been deemed the inalienable right of an American citizen to work wherever and whenever he can get employment; and, secondly, whether, in case they deny the existence of such a right, they think it proper to prevent the exercise of it by violence. These, obviously, are questions in which the whole American community is deeply interested, and it is time that unequivocal and authoritative answers should be given by the labor-unions. Upon those answers will

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depend the position which the community will take hereafter with regard to strikes.

Experience has shown that without the moral support of public sympathy strikes are apt to fail. Had not popular sentiment been arrayed on the side of the strikers in the anthracite coal region, it is most improbable that President Roosevelt would have interposed between the mine-owners and their employees. It will be remembered that, at the time, the unionist leaders protested that they did not countenance the use of violence to deter non-unionist miners from accepting employment in the mines. They asserted that such acts of violence as did indisputably occur were sporadic and exceptional, and were committed in the teeth of explicit orders issued by the unionist leaders. A like disavowal has been made on similar occasions. We can, therefore, anticipate the answer which will be given to the first of Mr. Havemeyer's queries. The representatives of labor unions will say that, theoretically, they concede the right of every American citizen to take work where and when he can get it. They may also be expected to allege that a resort to force in order to shut out non-unionists from the places vacated by union workers has never been sanctioned by a labor union. If Mr. Havemeyer's inquiries are to stop there, the public debate for which he is arranging will be futile. What the American people want to know is whether the labor unions have taken any steps to prove the sincerity of their professions. Are they accustomed to expel, or in any way to discipline, those members who are known to have committed acts of violence? Do they applaud or condemn those unionists who, as members of the national guard, have taken part in the protection of non-unionists and in the enforcement of order? These are the crucial questions, and if they are omitted the discussion at Yonkers will prove a farce.

The information about Bellairs, the former correspondent of the Associated Press, which we owe to the researches of the *Sun* and the *Evening Post*, has been valuable, and painful as its nature has been, especially to Bellairs, its diffusion must be considered a public service. Bellairs has occupied places of so much public importance, and his opinions had influenced, and were likely to influence, public opinion so considerably in matters of great public importance, that it was highly proper that the public should be informed as to his past character. Nothing, however, that has come to our notice connects Bellairs with misconduct since he was pardoned out of the penitentiary in Florida not long before the breaking out of the war with Spain, and the energy with which he has been pursued for misdeeds long past and duly atoned for may seem to have been excessive. There has never been any doubt that this energy was due to a desire to make his close relations with General Wood redound to the discredit of that officer and injure his standing. That part of the business has certainly been overdone. General Wood now appears not so much as a fellow-conspirator with Bellairs against Taft as himself the object of something like a conspiracy. The *Post*, which accused Wood of inspiring an article in the *North American Review* in which General Brooke was criticised has found itself mistaken in that charge, and has withdrawn it. Any other charge of improper conduct that may be brought against him now is sure to be critically considered as coming from a source of demonstrated hostility. The impression at first made by the disclosure of his intimacy with Bellairs has been weakened by the very zeal that has been used to deepen it.

Mr. Carnegie's recent remarks in London about the pre-eminence of America in industry, and about the single particular in which England is superior, are curiously illustrative both of the strength and the defects of his intelligence. He said, apparently, that the United States had distanced the United Kingdom in every way but one. Our manufactures he estimated to be three times more valuable than hers, our exports are greater, our natural resources are enormously more vast, our territory will support an immensely greater population. He disparaged England's colonial possibilities. Australia seemed to him a mere rind around an empty interior. South Africa was not a white man's country, and Canada's only chance for a future lay in union with the Americans. "But as the land of the spirit," he said, "the land of Shakespeare and Milton, we all do homage to you. There your supremacy will always remain. When we come here we feel in this gentle, quiet atmosphere that it is this and not America that produced Shakespeare, our common king. Shakespeare has been more to me than my Bible. The birthplace of Shakespeare is to me the most sacred spot in the world, more sacred than the Holy Sepulchre itself. Shakespeare taught me more than all other books put together. I have dreamed of that birthplace all my life."

If Mr. Carnegie sees in Shakespeare the world's greatest prophet, it is evident that he does not know religion. If Stratford is to him the most sacred spot on earth, it is evident that he has not learned all that Shakespeare knew, nor got out of Shakespeare's writings all that there is in them. It is a curious limitation of an exceedingly acute and potent intelligence, yet not one that need excite surprise. In conversation about something or other a short time ago Mr. Carnegie let fall the information that for many years he had not found occasion to bring any of his personal needs to the attention of Providence. He is a great little man, mentally grown up, but spiritually still in pinafores. That accounts for a great deal that is noticeable in his relations with his fellows. As a disburser of millions he has had no equal in modern times. It has been computed that he has given away more than eighty-five million dollars, and he has given it wisely, too—to technical education $13,000,000, to general education and research $26,000,000, for miscellaneous objects divers other millions besides his prodigious expenditure for libraries. And yet much as his gifts have been appreciated, much as he is respected, when it comes to "drawing all men unto him" he doesn't do it. He is a great friend of peace, a great friend of learning, but he is regarded without emotion, except that he makes some persons swear. After all, it is not learning, nor libraries, that makes the world go round, but love. Shakespeare knew that. Mr. Carnegie, somehow, seems not to have observed it.

A Chicago wight, named Watt, said to be principal of an important school, is not of Mr. Carnegie's mind about Shakespeare, but regards him as a deleterious influence, and wants him to be boycotted. He has made two addresses on the subject, which have had a great deal of notice because of the novelty of the sentiments they disclosed. Watt finds much of Shakespeare's language obsolete, and for that reason unsuitable to be brought to the notice of the public. He finds his jests to be licentious, his history bigoted, and his plays loaded with gratuitous insults to the French, Dutch, Scotch, and other peoples, especially the Irish. It surprises Mr. Watt that Shakespeare's writings should be tolerated in the public schools of this liberal-minded and cosmopolitan country. All great towns harbor persons of eccentric views, and it is to be expected that Chicago should harbor many such persons. But whereas in most towns such persons sputter somewhat obscurely, in Chicago their deliverances seem to get more notice and more advertisement than those of persons who talk sense. Chicago is still queer in some particulars. It was a Chicago judge, as may be recalled, who decided that Rostand's "Cyrano" was a plagiarism of a Chicago man's play.

In New York State, according to a recent decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, pedestrians have a right to cross the street at any point, and drivers must be watchful at all points. There is no place in the street where the law authorizes any driver to run over any pedestrian. Drivers of all vehicles should know and remember that the law, as interpreted by Justice Laughlin, expects the pedestrian to exercise ordinary care for his own safety, and to show due regard to the rights of those travelling by vehicles, but it recognizes his right to cross the street wherever he chooses, and if he is run down by a vehicle proceeding in disregard of his rights, he is not guilty of contributory negligence, and the owner of the vehicle is held responsible for the damages. The law may not specifically declare it, but every good driver knows that his carefulness not to injure pedestrians must be regulated by his opinion of the capacity of each individual pedestrian to keep out of danger. Pedestrians whose looks and movements show that they know what they are about make no trouble for drivers, nor drivers for them. Wobbly and uncertain pedestrians make good drivers extra careful, small children ahead make them slacken speed, and a baby in the street means a full stop.

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The United States and Canada

THE political future of the Canadian Dominion will unquestionably be shaped by the solution given to its fundamental economic problem. Where shall it find customers for the surplus of its food products, a surplus which is already large, and which, with the development of its Northwest provinces, would, under propitious circumstances, be likely to become enormous. It has been hitherto supposed in Canada that of this problem two solutions were possible. On the one hand, under certain conditions, political or commercial, free access might be gained for Canadian products to the markets of the United States. On the other hand, Great Britain might be prevailed upon to adopt a protectionist policy, and thus be able to give Canadian food staples such a preference in the British market as would impart a powerful stimulus to the growing of grain in the Northwest. Is the latter solution attainable?

That the question should be answered in the affirmative has of recent years been taken for granted by a large majority of Canadians. The Conservatives have always maintained that the mother country and the Dominion ought to enter into a commercial union, under which reciprocal advantages would be granted similar to those which are enjoyed in inter-State commerce by the States of the American Union. The Liberals also, although at one time they seemed desirous of forming intimate trade relations with their American neighbors, have, since their return to power under Sir Wilfrid Laurier, turned their eyes across the Atlantic, and sought the coveted outlet for their surplus commodities in the market of the parent state. They have not haggled about the matter, but have begun with an act of spontaneous generosity, in the hope, doubtless, that a sense of gratitude would eventually lead British statesmen to offer an equivalent. Without exacting any instant return, the Ottawa government remodelled its tariff so as to grant a preference of 25 per cent. to British manufacturers, a preference subsequently raised to 33 1-3 per cent. The Canadian Conservatives, annoyed to see political opponents steal their thunder, insisted from the outset that one-sided liberality was not business, and that no preference should have been conceded to British imports, except upon an explicit promise of a *quid pro quo*. The Liberals on their part tried to reassure their countrymen by expressing confidence that the seed had not been cast upon stony ground, and by pointing to signs of the wished-for harvest in the action of the British government. They drew a favorable augury from the reimposition by the Balfour cabinet of the old registration duty on imported grain and flour. It is true that the duty thus revived was so small that it scarcely, if at all, affected the price of bread in the British Isles, and, as it was levied equally upon colonial and foreign imports, it afforded not the slightest encouragement to Canadian farmers. Nevertheless, the Canadian Liberals acclaimed it as a step in the protectionist path, and they took for granted that the British government, having once set its face in the right direction, would not look back. The hope was entertained that the next move would be the imposition of so considerable a duty upon breadstuffs as would permit a decided discrimination in favor of the colonies, and thus put Canada in the way of becoming, in the course of a short time, the principal food-purveyor of Great Britain. The fervent expressions of this hope in Canada were ultimately accompanied by distinct intimations on the part of some representative Liberals that ingratitude would not be brooked, and that, unless their fiscal concessions were presently repaid in kind, they might be discontinued.

In the last few weeks the hope has vanished, and left not a wrack behind. One of the cardinal features of the budget submitted by Mr. Ritchie, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, was the abolition of the registration duty on grain and flour. Thus, far from pursuing the protectionist path, the Unionist government made haste to retrace the short step that it had taken. Was the retrocession irrevocable? That question was raised on Friday, May 15, when a large deputation of imperialists and land-owners, headed by Mr. Chaplain, formerly president of the Board of Agriculture, waited upon Mr. Balfour and Mr. Ritchie, and urged them to reconsider the repeal of the grain duty. They received not the least encouragement from the Premier, and departed with the dismal conviction that the die was cast. They were informed that the revival of the registration fee on grain and flour had never been intended to be a protectionist measure. Never, said Mr. Balfour, would he consent to the introduction of protection silently, as if by accident, and without a broad public endorsement of such a change in the national policy. No such endorsement could be secured unless the Unionist government should dissolve Parliament and go to the country with the frank avowal that, if returned, they should revert to the protectionist system abandoned since the days of Sir Robert Peel.

Evidently no such avowal will be made, and no such issue will be presented to the British constituencies by the Unionists so long as Mr. Balfour is Premier. Suppose, however, that Mr. Balfour should be superseded in the headship of the Unionist government by Mr. Chamberlain. It is now certain that Mr. Chamberlain, were he invested with the power of framing the programme of the Unionist party, would advocate the imposition of a considerable duty upon grain, for the sole purpose of making possible a substantial preference to colonial food products. Not that he detests protection less, but that he loves the colonies more. His personal views were boldly expressed to his Birmingham constituents during the evening of the very day on which the imperialists and agriculturist protestants against the repeal of the grain duty were rebuffed by the Prime Minister. Mr. Chamberlain also did not propose to reintroduce protection by accident or indirection, but he squarely advocated the establishment of a preferential tariff between the colonies and Great Britain. Recalling the fact that Canada already had given to British manufacturers a preference of 33 1-3 per cent., he said that she was now willing to go farther, provided Great Britain, on her part, would consent to give her a drawback of a shilling per quarter on grain, or, in other words, to impose upon grain coming from the United States and other foreign countries a duty higher by one shilling per quarter than that levied on grain brought from Canada. Mr. Chamberlain made it perfectly clear that, so far as he was personally concerned, he would grant the drawback desired, and he held that foreign countries could not reasonably complain of the preference. Great Britain, he said, had as much right to give a trade preference to her colonies as she had to defend them. Moreover, the mother country, in his judgment, had much to lose by refusing to meet her colonies half-way in the path of reciprocity. Not only would she forfeit the advantage of the further reduction of duty which Canada is now ready to offer, but even the preference already conceded, because, as the Canadian Minister of Finance told the Ottawa Parliament the other day, if Canadians are informed definitely that the parent state will do nothing for them in the way of reciprocity, they must reconsider the preference already granted. Nor is this all. If Great Britain repels the proposal of reciprocal trade relations, with what face can she appeal hereafter for colonial aid in upholding the honor and sustaining the burdens of the British Empire?

There is no doubt that Mr. Chamberlain is wide awake to the unpleasant alternative that confronts Great Britain. She must bribe the colonies by a trade preference, or she will lose them. The bribe will never be offered, however, and Mr. Chamberlain would be defeated, should he succeed Mr. Balfour, and go to the country on the question. A large majority of the British voters live, and must continue to live, upon imported grain and flour. A duty of any importance would inevitably raise the price of bread, and to that the British operative, the British miner, and the British shopkeeper will not submit.

The President on the Pacific Slope

IT is not surprising that when, in the course of his tour through the Far West, Mr. Roosevelt reached San Francisco, he was received with enthusiasm and became enthusiastic himself. Whether viewed by instructed or by uneducated eyes, the vast stretch of territory sloping from the Sierra Nevada to the Pacific is a surprise and a delight. For the geologist, for the botanist, for the student of natural history, and for the anthropologist it is invested with the mysterious charm pertaining to the survivor of an earlier geological era than that in which the Mississippi Valley and the Atlantic coast were formed. The vine-clad hills, the spacious valleys where a subtropical vegetation flourishes side by side with that of the temperate zone, where from orchards of pear-trees, peach-trees, and plum-trees you pass quickly to groves of the orange and the lemon, of the olive and the almond, are surveyed with bewilderment and joy by the traveller hitherto familiar with the landscape of the Eastern States and fresh from the trackless desolation of the great American desert. While the land is one of marvels to the scientist and the agriculturist, the people that inhabit it are of a type and temperament fraught with a singular interest, due, in part, to their physical environment, and in part to the peculiar circumstances under which their community arose. Their history is a romance, and they represent the survival of the fittest. The pioneers of California were physically the best men that the older States could produce. There were weaklings, no doubt, among the gold-seekers, but only those of exceptional fortitude and vigor were qualified to withstand the toils and privations of the early days. The children of the Argonauts are physically worthy of their sires. As was foreseen by physiologists half a century ago, the conjunction of racial, climatological, economical, and social conditions has produced remarkable results. Nowhere has the human plant undergone a more luxuriant development, thanks to the interplay of natural selection and preeminently genial surroundings. What Mr. Roosevelt beheld in California was a product of the strenuous life in a land exceptionally responsive to human energy.

Stirred by the sight of such a country, and by the ardent welcome of a warm-hearted and hospitable people, it is not to be wondered at that the President shared the well-warranted elation with which Californians regard their past, and the high hope and dauntless confidence with which

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they survey the future. He is not to be chided if, gazing westward from the Golden Gate, he yielded to the spirit of the scene, and spoke in accents less measured and discreet than those in which a ruler is expected by statesmen and diplomatists to express his thoughts and wishes. Marking the inestimable coign of vantage already gained, he pointed his auditors to the far more commanding position which, as he was moved to believe, our nation is destined to occupy in the Pacific. This, he said, the greatest of all oceans, *must*, during the century now opening, pass under American influence. Had such a declaration been made by any European sovereign, it would have given Foreign Offices a shock, and would have been cited as a reason for increasing the military and naval forces of the powers concerned in the Far East. Nor can it be denied that Europeans have some basis for the indignation with which they repudiate the claim thus put forward to American ascendency in the Pacific, in the teeth of pretensions older and, at first sight, better grounded, than our own. It may be said that even Holland, in Java, Sumatra, and her other East-Indian dependencies, controls a population very much larger than that which names itself American, and which inhabits the region lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast. France is firmly established in Farther India, and even Germany, in a part of New Guinea and the Carolines, possesses footholds in the great South Seas. As for England, she was thought at one time to have pre-empted the Pacific, having planted her flag on both its borders; in British North America on the one side, and in New Zealand, Australia, New Guinea, Borneo, and Hong-kong on the other. After Russia, however, had pushed her frontier beyond the Amur River, and southwestward, first to Vladivostok and then to Port Arthur and Dalny, it was recognized that a new aspirant, more formidable than any European competitor, had come forward to grasp preponderance on the shores of the Pacific. We say more formidable because, of the European contestants for the prize, Russia alone has land communication from her centres of production and energy to her Pacific *entrepots* and fortresses.

If, now, the situation be reviewed, it will be acknowledged that the very reason which makes Russia's appearance on the Pacific coast of Asia a source of misgiving to other maritime powers, tells incomparably more strongly in favor of the United States. Port Arthur and Dalny, the only ice-free harbors of Russia in the Far East, are now, and always will be, very much farther by rail from Moscow, the focus of Russian industry and storehouse of her warlike resources, than are San Francisco, Tacoma, and Seattle from New York. From Chicago, indeed, the three ports last mentioned are only some four days distant. Moreover, the opening of the Panama Canal will place our navy and our mercantile marine, hitherto principally busied on the Atlantic, within quick and easy reach of our Pacific harbors. Then, again, while Russia owns not a single naval station in the centre of the Pacific or on its eastern edge, we have acquired in Hawaii and the Philippines strategic points of incalculable value. From this point of view, indeed, it may be questioned whether even Great Britain is not better equipped than Russia for success in the future struggle for predominance, notwithstanding the latter country's possession of land communication with her outposts on the Yellow Sea. In Great Britain, however, we are much more likely to find an ally than a foe, for with every million added to her already crowded population, the chance of a quarrel with her principal food-purveyor draws nearer to the vanishing-point. That France or Germany, even though the latter power should one day absorb Holland's East-Indian dominions, should seriously try to dispute with us preponderance in the Pacific is inconceivable to those alive to the conditions of naval warfare. Of European competitors there remains, then, only Russia, and Russia, though she maintains a considerable navy for self-defence, can hardly be regarded as a maritime power, because of manufactures she is not an exporter but an importer, while even of raw products she has in famine years scarcely any surplus available for export.

It was no wild outcry, then, of a reckless expansionist which was uttered by Mr. Roosevelt when he bade Californians look forward to our national control of the Pacific. No well-informed and thoughtful man can doubt that Seward's prophecy is in process of quick fulfilment. When that statesman bought Alaska, the acquisition of Hawaii and the construction of the Panama Canal were remote, and the conquest of the Philippines was undreamed of. If events should shape themselves as rapidly as they have during the last five years, the day may be near when San Francisco, instead of being what it was in '49, the *ultima Thule* of American enterprise, will regard herself as near the heart of a wide-reaching American empire. Be that as it may, the facts above set forth at least demonstrate that, as a matter of economic and strategic calculation, Mr. Roosevelt was justified in asserting that, within the next hundred years, the greatest of all the oceans must pass under American influence.

Dominant Envy

Envy wears a good many masks, and is as old as the world. There was never a Norseman chief who did not, as he rode abroad, look out for his treacherous rival; there was never a Haken unbeset by the sons of Erik Bloodaxe. The envious are with us in all the walks of life, but those with whom we are especially concerned in this short dissertation are the people of whom Thomas B. Reed once spoke slightingly, although in a somewhat narrow and partisan way. Said he, in substance: "When I walk down Fifth Avenue, I find myself disturbed and distressed by the magnificence of the buildings of the rich. I seem to protest virtuously against the practices of mankind which create so great a difference between the owners of these palaces and me; but when I analyze this feeling, I find that I am moved simply by plain, old-fashioned envy; our Democratic friends call it political economy." This is not the language of Mr. Reed. Probably it is repeated here to his loss as to form, but in substance it is what Mr. Reed said. He intended to wipe out the virtues of tariff reform by putting it in the list of human frailties. It is easy to prove that Mr. Reed was meeting a real question with the indolent wit which declines discussion, and depends upon its agility to escape with a jest—a jest which always convinces the dull and sometimes confuses the judicious. Mr. Reed was a master in intellectual ambuscades and surprises, and was sometimes not ready for an intellectual combat. We say this, not wishing to be committed, by what is to follow, to an acceptance of Mr. Reed's application of a sound philosophy, the induction of a keen observer.

Mr. Reed's philosophy, as we have said, was sound. Envy is dominant in many human minds, and is often the framer of so-called political or economic or social principles which those who entertain them regard as genuine. It is impossible to express adequately the depths of baseness into which envy will conduct its victims, or the gross deceptions which it will practise. We begin young, and nurse our vice well on to the end of life if we grow very old, and even to the very end if we die in the fulness of our mental vigor. Often the feeling of neighborly or fellowship approval, which at first we judicially admit to be inevitable, so fine is the expression or the achievement which has called it forth, begins to crumble before the welcomed suggestion of a doubt, and ends in a self-complacent belief that, under like circumstances or with the same luck, we ourselves would have said something more eloquent or would have done a trifle better. It is well for the contentment of small minds, whose activity, at the best, may be of little consequence to the world, that such a conclusion is so frequently reached, but the prevalence of the feeling, which is also due to "plain, old-fashioned envy," does not aid the progress of the world, either materially or morally.

Automobiles furnish a homely illustration. A good many of us are quite conscious that the automobile is a demoniac device invented by Satan for the purpose of putting an end to pleasure driving. We do not like its noise, or its odors, or its speed, or the grotesque garments and goggles with which those who drive them and who ride in them encase and conceal their beauty. Moreover, we are sure that the machines are imperfect, and therefore we say to ourselves,—occasionally one of us says it to a friend,—that we would not commit the folly of buying one even if there were no other considerations in the way. Among those other considerations by which we are deterred from incurring a trifling expense of one or two or three thousand dollars, is our natural disinclination to commit murder and suicide. We do not care to frighten our neighbors' horses, to run over deaf old women, or to fly over ledges or bridges in one of these machines of the nether world still snorting its fires. We would not willingly be malefactors by breaking the laws and by-laws of speed. We would not be petroleum nuisances, and go sending oily smells up to the nostrils of people who court the fresh air on their piazzas and the scent of the roses beneath. We would not put the horse, noble animal, out of commission. We would not do a thousand things that we conjure up by our imagination, awakened perhaps into abnormal activity by a passing automobile which has scared us at its approach, thrown dust upon us, trembling in a side ditch as it passes, and annoyed us with its overpowering smell as it rushes on. It is passing strange how many of these moral musings come from those who have wrought them out of pure nothings; how many complaints of automobiles come from those who seldom see them; how much sympathy is expressed for the horse by those who have never owned a horse, or by people whose sad experiences with hired horses cause them to accept the dictum that every horse is a mad fool with whom no rational being trusts himself. There is a good deal of "plain, old-fashioned envy" at the bottom of this strong popular sentiment which has enforced unheard-of laws against the automobile, and which has now placed a law upon the statute-book of New York requiring speed conditions of these horseless cars which make them kin to hearses on their way to the grave. In one place within our knowledge—it is on the island of Mt. Desert—this bitterness to the automobile has been carried to an extreme, but we are sure that envy does not dominate there. The luckless summer habitant who brought his automobile to this pleasant country soon found himself hemmed in by workable academic restraints. The

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town could not forbid the vehicle, but it adopted rules which kept it safely in its barn. It was forbidden to run about between sunrise and sunset, or to travel on certain streets of the town, one of which was that on which its owner lived. The result is obvious. There was no envy here, for they who did the forbidding were intellectual capitalists, while the victim only had money. Envy has a good deal to do with the speed of automobiles, it is true, but not on the island of Mt. Desert, where the intellectual giants are simply scornful of wealth and its devices, and where the buckboard still tries to reign.

Envy is often on the side of a sound principle, but it is a useless ally, and deserts the good cause at the first opportunity. How much is there of envy at the base of the popular fury against the "coal barons," the "captains of industry," and the "trusts"? Before we commit ourselves to the side of a war against capital, would we not better examine our own hearts? There is no doubt that envy often dominates our taste, and that we are conscious of an offence against our æsthetic and artistic sense when a neighbor, surpassing us in means, paints his house a color which perhaps we would have chosen for our own dwelling had we the money, but which now offends us on the clapboards or bricks of our wealthier friend. We pretend that we rejoice in his prosperity but deplore his taste, and occasionally we deceive ourselves by the pretence. Our wives and daughters know that if we had the money possessed, thanks merely to his luck and not at all to his talents and industry, by the man across the street, they would not deck themselves in such hideous gowns as are worn by his wife and daughters.

So at last we come to the great uprising against the capitalist, the trust, the prosperous. We who make so little out of the world's opportunities that the two ends meet with difficulty, are sure that this great accumulation of wealth is the result of an organic economic disease. We are sure that the captains of industry are malefactors, or that they are mistaken, and we cannot commend their enterprises. We see with sorrow, shake our heads in sadness, and "view with alarm" the "increasing distance between the rich and the poor." When some one points out to us that we are better off than were people in like positions of the last generation, and that the wage-earner has more than held his relative place in the world, we reply by insisting on that awful distance. We want to correct the economic and financial evils of the modern industrial system. We would protect the speculator against the deceptions of the capitalist. We would protect the capitalist himself against paying too much for the properties that go to the making of his combination. We have not been very successful ourselves, but we are students of economics, especially of that modern school which deduces so many of its principles from the simple theory that every man who has made a million is a knave, and, unless the state intervene, will be an oppressor; that all the rich are determined to enslave and impoverish mankind for their profit; and that the capitalist, despite experience and example, continues to believe that his prosperity will increase by reason of the impoverishment and distress of the rest of the community. We not only believe that the captain of industry is inciting his own mind while he is engaged in the effort to govern the world and oppress his fellows with his wealth, but we know that, while he collects pictures, he has no knowledge of art and no feeling for it; while he patronizes music, he is deaf to its charms; while he endows schools, he is ignorant; while he builds churches, he is blasphemous. His house is a monument of bad taste, and, in short, we "do not like you, Doctor Fell."

Now to return to our text: would it not be well if we should all ask ourselves how much of this feeling is due to opinion based on thorough information and clear thinking, and how much is the outgrowth — unconscious, to be sure—of "plain, old-fashioned envy"?

Why Should Amateurs Imitate Professionals?

In the days of thirty years ago, perhaps even later, very few, if any, of the young men of the country played baseball, or ran, or vaulted, or leaped, for money. Probably there were men who rowed for the pecuniary gains of victory, or for gate-money, coining into money their muscles, their breath, and their knowledge of the ways of tides and of men. Other and more brutal men punched each other's faces into bloody pulp, also for money. But there were then gentlemanly sports into which the conception of gain did not enter, and into which entered the students of our colleges—universities were then a dream—and other amateurs. In baseball we had the Atlantics and the Excelsiors of Brooklyn, great champions; the Unions of Harlem, the Knickerbockers of Albany, the Haymakers of Lansingburg, and a club in New York city the title of which escapes us, the championship being as rare a visitor to the metropolis as it is in these later days of professionalism.

Manners have changed. It is largely to the inroad of professionalism that we owe the change, and it has not been for the better. Let us not be understood as saying aught against the occupation of the professional. Baseball is a good trade for those who have no better, and is no more prone to intemperance and idleness than, say, stevedoring or than striking, although stevedoring may, in the end, be more useful to the world than baseball-playing. The latter is as lofty a vocation, too, as any other acrobating, while the dirt ploughed up by the slider of bases is more easily got rid of than is the black of the minstrel's business. It is also a much better occupation than the "bunching" of ballots on election day used to be. It is respectable, but not noble, while it is easily seen by the clear of mind that baseball-playing is not among the great arts by which the world advances. It is a pity, then, that the professional player of games should set the fashion for amateurs, and it is especially to be regretted that the spirit of professionalism has invaded the colleges, whose athletics should be not only secondary, but an expression of the joy of life, certainly not of its sordid side. In England the amateur still rules, and his spirit is still manifest. A defeat in a game is not an event in his life, any more than the stubbing of his toe or the tearing of his coat on a barbed wire is something to be recollected throughout the life of any one. Defeat in sport is only important to those who make their living by sport, for defeat impairs the market value of those who suffer it.

On this side of the water, where professionalism is both more important and more influential than it is in England, the amateur manner is different. The defeated student has been known to burst into sobs and to tear up the grass in his agony of mind, while the tall and muscular modern girl and the sympathetic and excitable reporter have lavished caresses and eulogies upon the distressed hero, and have pointed to his agony as an illustration of his nobility. One would think, to hear and read these, that the football captain, beaten by his rival and bellowing over it like a child, is the modern type of the dying gladiator mourning over his fatherless children in far-off Dalmatia,—an allusion addressed to amateurs exclusively. There is no heroism in tears, or in bellowings, or in hysterics of any description, and there is no excuse whatever for aggressive depression over defeat except on the part of those whose market value is depreciated by failure. In other words, excessive grief of this character is professional, and one who witnesses it and who gauges it accurately must wonder how a mind which admits such a sentiment can possibly totter through the courses required for the A.B. degree.

The other respect in which the American professional influences the American amateur is essentially in the matter of manners, although it is true in baseball, as in other affairs of life, that manners at least indicate the man. It ought not to be true that those who maintain the old national sport for love of it should imitate the conduct and speech of those who pursue the game for a living. There is, after all, a difference between sport and business, and there must always be a standard to which a gentleman should look up. This standard in sport will not govern the conduct of men who are in the business of sport. Just as the student who exhibits himself in a paroxysm of grief because he has lost the game is afflicted by professional morality, so the student who tries to talk his opponents out of a game of ball in the language of the Bowery, and, worse, drops the manners of a gentleman for those of a man who walks on a far lower social range. Yet the powers of rattling speech are cultivated on the baseball-field, and the student who can annoy the opponent is almost as valuable as he who can field or bat. On the bleachers, the body of young men whose fathers are manfully endeavoring to buy them an education follow a conductor, or a brace, or a trio, or a quartet of conductors. These conductors determine when the "student body" shall cheer, or sing, or burst into ironic laughter, or make any noise which may disturb the other side or encourage their own. Noise, disturbing, disheartening, discomposing, and always unsportsmanlike, is an accompaniment of the modern game of baseball. As winning or losing is a great event in a professional life, any means of winning are held legitimate. So the noise of the "student body," and of the outsiders who sympathize with them, is a feature of the thoroughly businesslike enterprise, because the method has been adopted by professionals. This is not sport, and the men who indulge in it are not sportsmen. When the student gets out into the world, and enters once more, or enters anyway, into the sporting habits of gentlemen, he will learn, perhaps from yachtsmen, that a true sportsman plays his game, whatever it may be, with all his might, and wins if he can; what he wants, above all else, is that the best man shall win at the very game, without any extraneous aids or tricks. When the game is finished, and the other man, or the other side, has gained a victory, he has a hearty cheer for the conqueror, and forgets the fleeting episode in the graces and pleasures of his good-fellowship and his hospitality. To a real sportsman the slavish imitations of professionals by amateurs causes genuine and intelligible grief, for it means not only the loss of the true spirit of sport, but the loss of the moral perspective, of the relative place of sport in this generally serious world of ours. The proceedings at a ball game cause a shudder to the man who feels, and justly feels, that politeness is the mark of a gentleman in sport as in the parlor. He is astonished at

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the tonguey volubility of the man who stands in the coach's square and slangs his adversary, to the end that the pitcher may throw wildly or the catcher drop the ball, or that the thrower may go to pieces before the runner reaches the base. He would wonder that a gentleman could hurl such language at an opponent, or that the wit and humor of the pot-house and of the street corner could be illustrated so glibly by men who bear the name of students. He would be inclined to say that the game once played by gentlemen is now the occupation of "gents," professional and amateur, and that the "gents" who ought to be gentlemen permit those from whom little in manners is to be expected to set the fashion for them. So long as there are both amateurs and professionals in baseball, let it be a sport for the first and a business, if they like, for the others; and, at any rate, let the amateurs exercise their right and set the fashions for the game.

An Embarrassing Situation

As the higher journalist sat musing sadly on the paucity of social topics in the multiplicity of human events a personable stranger of exasperated mien hurried in and said abruptly, "I wish you would take up my case."

"What is your case?" the higher journalist asked, guardedly, but, with the sense that here was possibly material, on the whole, politely, "and who *are* you? Won't you sit down?" The lower journalist, who finds copy in every human event, never asks a stranger to sit down, because he is too busy.

The stranger sat down, with a little surprise, apparently, and began, "I am a divorced man."

"Oh!" the higher journalist murmured, and all the scruples and reservations which he had taught himself to believe that he ought to have concerning a man of that sort betrayed themselves in his murmur.

"Now, don't take that tone!" the divorced man exclaimed. "I can't stand it. I have not come here to get you to marry me; there is no lady waiting outside the door, and there is no Past hanging round the corner to push in and scandalize your readers. I have simply come to appeal to you in the name of our common humanity. You will at least allow that I am human?"

"*Very* human, I am afraid," the higher journalist assented, with a disposition to smile at his joke.

The divorced man would not have it. "No more human than yourself, if you please! No more human than anybody! Simply an average human being. And I am not an outlaw. With all my social wrongs I stand strictly within my legal rights. I did not seek the divorce. *She* got it — for incompatibility. That is a cause for divorce in our State, and I promised to make no defence, if she would not seek it in the shadier jurisdictions where you have to establish a factitious residence. It was granted in our own native county court of common pleas, which annually grants an average of one divorce for every seven and a half marriages; I don't know how the fraction is arrived at, but I have seen the figures. The whole transaction was thoroughly amicable, and I am on friendly terms with her and her second husband, though I have never courted their society. I have no resentments; I did not see why Martha wanted the divorce at the time, and though I have had my conjectures since, I have not borne a grudge; perhaps I should have been no better myself, if I had seen one more to my taste. But I did not meet the lady I now wish to marry till three years after the event."

"Then there *is* now a lady!" the higher journalist subtly commented.

"Not immediately outside the door, as I said; but there is certainly a lady."

"A divorced one?"

"Well, yes," the divorced man reluctantly admitted. "You may say divorced. But not for incompatibility. For non-support. She got tired of paying the bills of a loafer who was tired of everything else. That was just cause for divorce in her State, and I don't understand that her divorce constituted her an outlaw. She is strictly within her legal rights, as I am. Our respective State laws do not forbid us to remarry, and we wish to marry each other. Do you see any harm in that?"

The higher journalist would not say; he felt that the interests of civilization were at stake, and as he did not know what they were, he remained silent.

The divorced man went on. "We are honestly attached to each other. We know our lives are broken, and that we mustn't marry without the sense that we are only saving the pieces. But why not save the pieces? What is to be gained by throwing the pieces away? Why should we, the other night, have been turned from the doors of half a dozen ministers, who refused to marry us when I told *them* we had been divorced?"

The higher journalist started forward. "Ah-h-h-h! Then you are the couple—"

"No! Not *that* couple, but a couple like it. But unless they knew something illegal in the status of that couple, I hold that those ministers had no right to refuse to marry them, unless they were ministers of the Church of Rome, or the Church of England, with the Catholic prohibition of all divorce and the Anglican prohibition of all divorce save for one cause, constraining them to refusal. I don't understand that the couple in question went to any such ministers. They went to the ministers of the churches which in all Protestant countries allow divorce for several causes, and with the right to perform marriages these ministers had the duty to perform them."

The higher journalist thought proper to interpose the question, "Do you think ministers have no right to discriminate?"

"They are officers of the law in this matter. A justice of the peace has no right to discriminate."

"Then why didn't you go to a justice of the peace?"

"Oh, you know what women are! They want the sanctions, and the legal sanctions don't satisfy them. We didn't go to a Catholic or an Anglican clergyman; we went to the ministers of the Protestant churches which consent to divorce for several causes besides the one cause given by—you know Who. They have their reasons, their explanations, which satisfied such a Protestant as John Milton, when he wrote four tracts in favor of divorce inspired by his wife's desertion. The law which gives the ministers of such churches the right to perform marriages implies their duty to do so. They have nothing to do with the causes of divorce which have brought a couple before them for remarriage. But I can—"

"Softly, softly!" the higher journalist pleaded. "Aren't you allowing yourself to be swayed by personal feeling?"

"Not at all! I can account for a tender conscience even in a minister who suffers himself to be interviewed for the purposes of an exemplary publicity, but I say that if he has such a conscience he had better—Or no! The law ought to be that marriages should be valid only when performed, as in Catholic countries like France and Italy, before the mayor, or some other magistrate."

"And if women, in the weakness of their hearts, want the sanctions of the church besides?"

"Ah, there will always be a difficulty with the women! Life would be so simple without them, every way. But here, I must allow, they are directly involved. They never could be persuaded that marriage was simply a civil contract, and not a sacrament. But suppose that, as in my case, the woman was willing to take the chances of coming under the condemnation of His awful words, 'And if a woman shall put away her husband and be married to another, she—' You know the rest; and suppose she came to a minister whose church had explained those words away, what right would he have to refuse to marry her? Either his church should reform its discipline, or he should put his private conscience in his pocket."

"My dear sir, my dear sir," the higher journalist entreated, "you are certainly carried away by your personal feelings. You cannot look at this matter impartially, public-spiritedly—"

"No, it's terribly personal. Either I, and that good woman—she *is* good—are outlaws, and therefore rightfully social outcasts—"

"Not outcasts exactly. But you must allow that if you and she were married, you could not help giving, well, th[illegible] to people when they knew it. [illegible]ook at your difficulty in getting married as a mysterious providence, and let it go at that? Your status would be much more respectable. People could say you were divorced, but that you had not added the other sin to your disobedience."

"But people of the churches which allow divorce for more than one cause have no right to condemn us, or to regard our marriage as disorderly!"

"Well, what do you expect?" the higher journalist demanded. "Do you want *me* to undertake your defence? *I* haven't refused to marry you! Come!"

"No! I can make my own defence. What I want of those conscientious clergymen is consistency. Let them do the duty which their right implies, or else give up the right. Let us have civil marriage as the only legal marriage, and then we divorced people who have been married without the rites of the church will feel no worse than the parties to the mixed marriages which the church refuses to sanction in the countries where civil marriage is the only legal marriage. Two divorced persons marrying here are no more outlaws than a Protestant married to a Catholic in France or Italy."

"But would you be parting with a bad conscience in sharing it with others?"

"Oh, who is talking of a bad conscience? I am talking of our social status where our legal status is perfect. I object to having to beat about the bush—to having it insinuated that only some minister tempted by money would marry me to the woman whom I wish to marry. Was the socialistic clergyman who married a divorced rich man in London, the other day, under a license granted, perhaps compulsorily [illegible]anted, by his bishop, bribed by the bridegroom?"

"Well, you can't deny that he was socialistic. Doesn't that includ[illegible]ll the suppositions? But what a curious irony of fate! A grandson of competition, a son of monopoly, obliged to seek religious sanction for his marriage at the hands of a socialist! This seems to me a much more interesting fact than the fact that a dozen conscientious ministers have refused to marry you. It is of the most significant implications. Whereas your little case—"

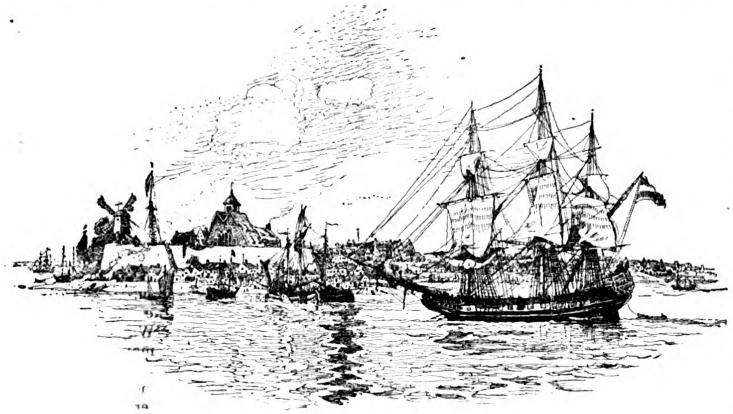
"Ah!" the divorced man said, getting up and going out, "this is what journalism has come to! It is only the signal instances that you care for. You are yellow, too."

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250 Years of New York City

By Edward Cary

It was not much of a city that was recognized two hundred and fifty years ago by the proclamation of stiff old Peter Stuyvesant, and there was not much of substance or value in the city government he so reluctantly accorded. Estimates of the population at that time differ, but the most



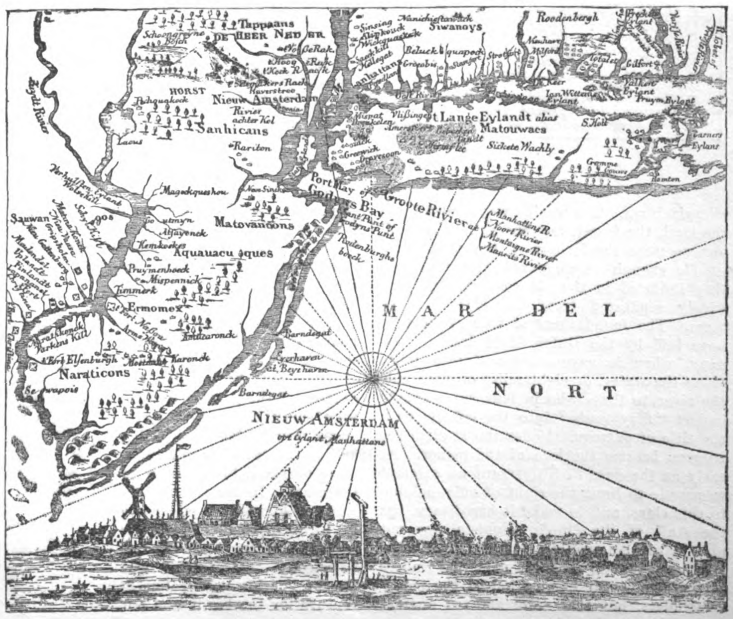
A View of New Amsterdam, from the Harbor, 1656

flattering does not put the number higher than 1200; probably 1000 is more nearly correct. So that all the men, women, and children of New Netherlands, ranged in single file, might have stood between the pig-invaded fort at the Battery and the stockade "wall," built to keep the Yankees out and the cattle in, which has given its name to Wall Street. The "Direcktor" Stuyvesant had promised to care for the people "as a father does for his children," and he kept his promise by selecting to suit himself the schout, the scheppen, and the burgomasters the home authorities had permitted the people to elect. The concession was slight, but it was a beginning, and, like most beginnings of popular government, it had been won as the condition of money payments for war purposes. A dozen years before, Kieft's appeal for means to strengthen the fortifications against an attack threatened by an English ship had been met by a demand for a share in the government through a "Committee of Twelve Men" chosen among the freeholders; from that seed sprang the mighty growth which is now the greatest strictly democratic municipality in the world. New York does well to celebrate the first stage in its "long history," as his Honor Mayor Low calls it, and Stuyvesant's grudging act is as good a point to date from as any.

The dividing line between Old New York and the New York that most of us know, or think we know, runs roughly through the third decade of the last century, the period in which the Erie Canal, begun in 1817 and completed in 1825, was built. In 1820 the city had some 125,000 inhabitants, and had just passed Philadelphia and Boston in its growth. It was entering on its wonderful career as the gateway through which the commerce of the rapidly extending communities beyond the Alleghenies was to pour, and through which the tide of foreign trade and immigration was to find its course. The hardy imagination and the stubborn energy of De Witt Clinton made it the terminal of the only then practicable route across the mountain barrier, and determined that marvellous development with which we are all more or less familiar. What we may fairly call Old New York was a city such as no longer exists on this continent, the life of which it is interesting, on the occasion of the formal celebration, briefly to examine.

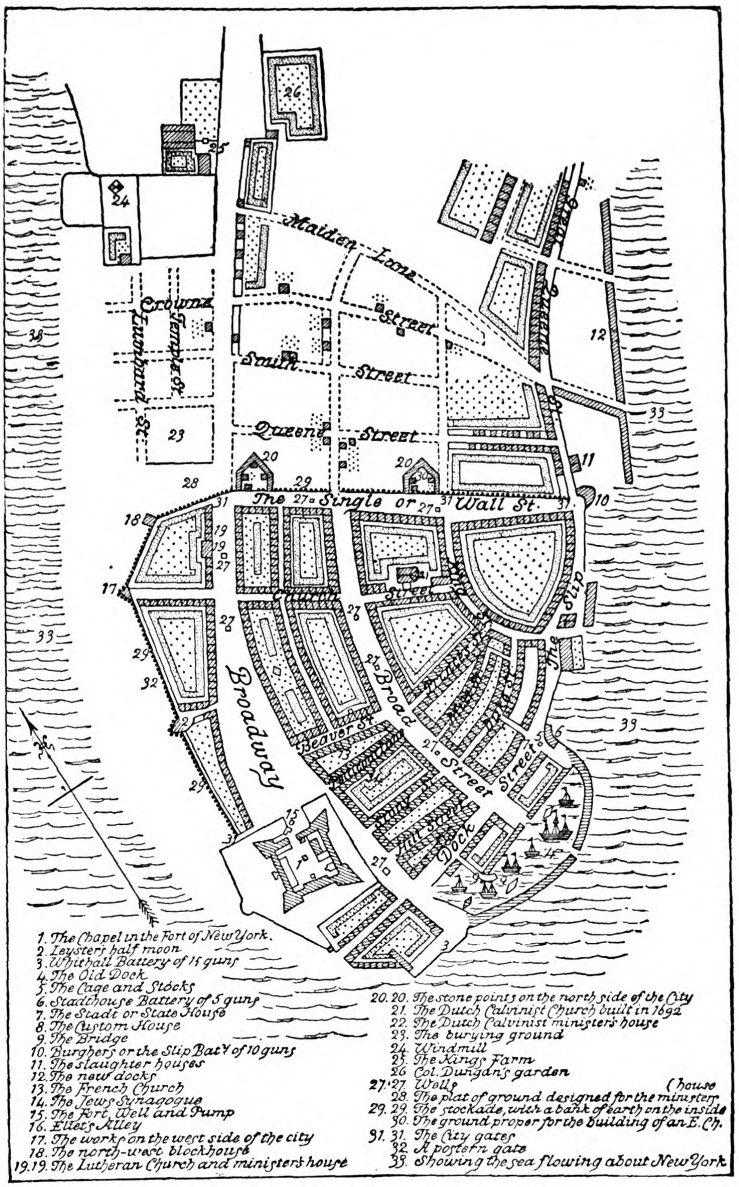
The most striking fact in the history of the city is that as it is not now decisively American, so it was not Dutch under the rule of the Hollander, or English under that of the Duke of York and Albany or his successors. From the very start its population has been curiously mixed. Not only was the first "plantation" of the Dutch West Indies Company open to all classes and all nationalities, but all were urgently invited. So soon as it began to prosper, Hollanders, Walloons, Huguenot French, settled within its borders, and after the cession to England in 1664 the English, Scotch-Irish, and Germans arrived in increasing numbers. Governor Dongan reported in 1687 that eighteen different languages were spoken familiarly in the crooked streets of the town. And besides this motley population of whites there were a large number of negroes and mulattoes—at one time nearly one-half the total — ranging from the well-trained house servants of the wealthy to the brutal laborers freshly imported from the Guinea coast. The assortment of religions was hardly less varied, the Dutch rulers being tolerant on principle, and the English, long in a minority, from prudence. In the big, bare church within the fort services of the Church of England were held in the morning, those of the Huguenots in the middle of the day, those of the Dutch Reformed Church in the afternoon, and the Catholics had their little chapel near by. The variety of classes and conditions was still greater. There was, until near the middle of the last century, a distinct and very proud aristocracy of patroons, and lords of manors, and wealthy merchants; there was a middle class of smaller freeholders, mostly traders and shipmasters; there was an unusually large number of workmen, many of them bond-servants; there was the floating population from the sea; and there were, as noted, many slaves. Throughout the community there was little of the unity or simplicity prevailing in New England or in the South. A Boston visiting clergyman described the city as "the Divil's chaldron," and so it well may have appeared.

It may be said, though it seems paradoxical, that there was more wealth than industry in Old New York. Until well into the nineteenth century there were few kinds of



Map of New Netherlands, with a View of New Amsterdam (now New York), A.D. 1656
Copied from A. Vander Donck's map for D. T. Valentine's "Manual," 1852

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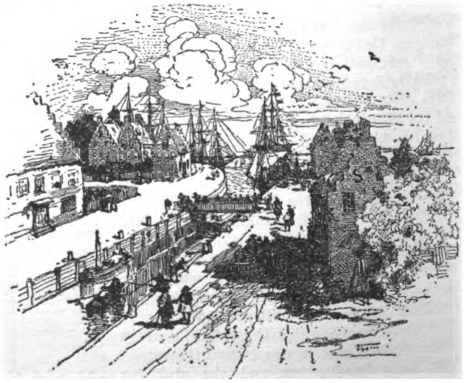
New York as it was in 1695

manufactures. The wealth was drawn from the land, the forest, and the sea. The landowners were the leaders of the aristocracy —rude enough as compared with the class they imitated in the old country, but very widely separated from the classes below them. The foundations of this aristocracy were laid by the Dutch West Indies Company, when it gave estates sixteen miles along the water, or eight miles on each side the river, to those who in four years should import "fifty souls" into the colony, with the title of patroon. Under the English the patroon became the lord of the manor. As early as the days of Stuyvesant an attempt was made to limit the right of office-holding to this class, and to make it hereditary, but the stuff of the Dutch colonists was not plastic to this moulding, and that of the later comers was no more so. The leaders of the aristocracy became indeed the political leaders, but they were arrayed against each other, and had constantly to admit new men to their ranks. The new men came from the merchants, the fur-dealers, and the ship-owners, and these were recruited from the energetic and the bold of every nationality, not a few the descendants of the "gentlemen adventurers" of the spacious days of Great Elizabeth.

It happened — and the happening had much to do with the shaping of the social character of Old New York—that the sources of the greatest wealth were sometimes tinged, sometimes deeply dyed, with illegality. It was a seaport town, lying on the noblest harbor of the coast. In time of war in Europe—and war was chronic in Europe from the colony's earliest planting to the fall of Napoleon — privateering was the most richly paying line of venture for the hardy and not too scrupulous mariners. After the final recession from the Dutch to the English in 1674, there began the series of conflicts between England and France and, at intervals, Spain. New York rapidly became a centre of privateering, which, at its best, was not very different from piracy, and often differed not at all. In times of peace, rare and doubtful as they were, the privateers became merchantmen armed to protect themselves from the pirates that infested the islands of the West and the great trading routes of the Orient. Their arms were handy, and the crews were ready to use them. From resisting pirates or capturing them and their booty, to seizing booty for themselves in lonely seas, after fights that left no witnesses who did not share the prizes, was a brief step, and immensely profitable. Recent research indicates that it was pretty often taken. For such enterprises recruits were always to be had amid the human flotsam cast on the shores of Manhattan, and in the wealthier class the standard of opinion was not high enough or sufficiently stable entirely to condemn or refuse gains from such sources. The famous Captain Kidd, who, at the end of the seventeenth century, passed from pirate-hunting to piracy, was a type, and not an extreme type, of a considerable class.

Again, much of the relatively peaceful trade of Old New York was smuggling. Except the direct trade with the mother country, whether Holland or England, it practically had to be. The colonizing governments of that day looked on colonies solely as sources of profit to the people who sent them out. Their only markets were, by law, to be the home markets, where competition was kept within as narrow bounds as possible, and where all buying as well as all selling was to be done. With a steadily increasing population and increasing production, with advancing demands in the colony and goods all the world wanted, New York could not be bound by the green withes of trade restriction. Commerce, "illicit" in the eyes of the law, but innocent in the eyes of the young community, and imperative by its character and energy, inevitably grew apace. Men who gathered furs in the wilds of the vast forest or wrested their crops from clearings where sentinels stood guard against the savages, were bound to sell where they could and buy where they would, despite the officers of customs, whom they evaded, bought, or fought, as occasion demanded. In a way the trade was demoralizing; but it was gainful, and it opened the path to a splendid commercial future.

There was another source of wealth for Old New York—not illegal, alas! like smuggling, with little of the redeeming danger and daring of privateering or piracy—the cruel and brutalizing trade in slaves. When we recall that it was seventy years after this traffic had been forbidden under the



Broad Street, as it was 250 Years ago

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Federal Constitution that the first and last slave-trader was punished in New York, we can understand its hold on the rough and tough society of the earlier days. Its effect was bad, not only on those who took part in importing slaves, but on those who bought and sold or hired them in the old slave-market in Wall Street, and on the entire community. The city lived in dread of insurrection. In 1712 and again in 1741 attempts, real or imaginary, were bloodily repressed, at the later date fourteen negroes being burned at the stake.

Thus it will be seen that New York has always been—as it is yet—a city in which government, and especially self-government, encountered difficulties. It has lacked that strong and continuous moral fibre that runs through the constitution of most of our older and even of our newer towns. The surprising fact is, however, that its government, and particularly its self-government, has, on the whole, been so good. Keeping in mind the forces opposing it, the degree of order, intelligence, efficiency, and progress attained is something to give to us all the heart of hope. One thing we may note with cheer. That is the steady tendency of these forces, opposing or promoting good government, to work out a resultant slowly but constantly approaching a higher ideal. With all its drawbacks, New York is to-day not only, as has been said, the greatest strictly democratic municipality in the world, but it is essentially a noble one. The standard of business honor, of social order, of education, and of that sense of mutual obligation which expresses itself in religion and beneficence, is as high as in any other great city—is, in truth, probably higher.

The seeds of our present growth were sown in the strangely varying, still more strangely blended, social elements of Old New York. They have germinated and risen to the power and splendor and quality of our time because the constant element in the vast operation was freedom. The "long history" of New York warrants us in believing that the most refractory population, dwelling continuously in the progressive recognition of the equal rights of all and each, will tend slowly but surely to live rightly. What brighter lesson does any history teach us?

Trials of an American Syndicate in South America

By Joseph Jenkins Lee

THE Bolivian syndicate was formed in New York, and comprised among the underwriters some of the leading financiers of America, the members of two of the principal international banking-houses, as well as the largest and most successful trust companies, and others of influence in legal and financial circles. It was organized to take over the rubber interests in the territory of Acre, 80,000 square miles in extent. This territory was, until a few years, a "No Man's Land."

Ever since the Spanish-American war and the consequent occupation of Cuba and annexation of the Philippines and Porto Rico, there has been growing from year to year, step by step with the prosperity of the United States, a great and groundless fear of "Imperialismo Yankee." In the north of Brazil this idea has assumed such proportions as to become almost an obsession. Consequently, when, on November 2, 1902, I arrived at the Brazilian city of Para, as the representative of the syndicate to take possession of the territory, I found myself in a very delicate situation. The expedition or commission was very small—purposely—out of consideration for the Brazilian feeling upon the subject. But notwithstanding its small numbers and the studied unobtrusiveness of its members—the public in Para had been fully advised, before our arrival, of all our previous movements from the time we left London *viâ* Lisbon and Madeira—the Brazilians refused to believe that our mission was purely a commercial one; they were convinced that we were simply scouts sent in advance, and to be followed by a large force of American soldiers disguised as workmen.

The Brazilian press, always excitable, became furious. Cartoons, editorials, letters to the editors, skits, and jokes were as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. Then the opposition to our progress up-river took on a more practical phase. We were detained in Para six weeks before we could arrange transportation. In the mean time almost every owner of a steamer trading in or near the Acre district was approached. The passage to the Acre costs usually £30 for each person, but things came to such a pass that I offered one well-known boat-owner the sum of £500 cash for three passages. He consulted his lawyer, and informed me next morning that he refused under advice, for fear of compromising himself.

Porto Alonzo, on the Acre River, 2800 miles up the Amazon River, was the seat of the Bolivian government in the territory; this was our objective point, and there the Bolivian officials were to hand over the territory to me under the terms of the concession. For several months previous to the arrival of our party at Para, a number of Brazilian citizens, secretly assisted by the Brazilian government, under the leadership of one Placido de Carvalho, had formed themselves into an army some 2500 strong. They had crossed the Bolivian border into Acre, and were attempting to drive out the Bolivian garrison at Porto Alonzo, and thus prevent the fulfilment of the concession. When we arrived at the mouth of the Amazon, reports said that the town in question had already been in a state of siege for some weeks. News was received also that General Pando, President of Bolivia, had set out from La Paz, at the head of 3000 men, to rescue the Bolivians besieged at Porto Alonzo.

Such was the situation and the state of public feeling during the six weeks we were detained at Para.

At last the manager of a certain Anglo-Brazilian steamship company was persuaded that he could not refuse us passage as private individuals, and after buying requisite supplies we sailed up the Amazon on board the steamer *Pacs de Carvalho*, at midnight, December 15, 1902. Even at the last moment we were visited by foreign residents of Para, who endeavored to dissuade us from what they called "an extremely reckless and dangerous undertaking."

It was a blessed relief to be away from Para and at least started on our journey. The *Pacs de Carvalho* is a little snub-nosed, Clyde-built steamer burning coal.

Amidships on the upper deck are two rows of cabins, but they are used only as dressing-rooms and for the storage of luggage. The passengers sleep in the useful and universal hammock. After all, there could be no more comfortable bed for a tropical country than one of these deep, wide, close-woven hammocks of cotton and linen. The finest come from Ceara, and cost as much as $100 apiece. At each side there are deep fringes of open-work which form a capital protection from the attacks of insects.

Day by day the river-banks became higher, and on December 20 we reached Manaos. It is a raw, new South-American town of glaring pink, green, yellow, and blue stucco houses roofed with red tiles. A huge, hideous theatre, with mosquelike dome of glazed tiles, rises from the centre of the city, and the asphalted streets stop squarely on the edge of the raw jungle. Manaos is the turning-point for steamers from Europe and New York, and being 1000 miles farther up-river and nearer the base of rubber production, it is slowly sucking the life-blood from the older city of Para. There is a good trolley system here, American built; but after having purchased it outright from the American company the Brazilians were obliged to hire the Americans to return and operate it. We had been warned that the feeling against us in this place was exceedingly inflamed, and that we might be stoned in the streets by the excited people, who had the prevailing impression that we were but the forerunners of a permanent occupation by the United States of the Acre rubber region, and, gradually, of the whole Amazon Valley. This is the capital of the state of Amazonas, and the residence of Governor Silverio Nery, who had been secretly assisting the revolutionists in Acre. The town is full of military police, who are under the orders of the governor, and there exists a strong secret organization called "Capanga," which is very convenient in quietly removing in a thorough and unostentatious manner any individual who is objectionable to those in power. Manaos is situated near the junction of the Rio Negro and the Amazon. Where the dark water of the former meets the yellow stream of the latter, the line of demarcation is as clearly defined as if drawn with a rule. It is exceedingly hot here, a heat more oppressive than that of Singapore or Colombo. As soon as the steamer dropped anchor I was visited on board by two Bolivians, who endeavored, in whispers, to dissuade us from going ashore. But as the boat was to remain in the harbor until the 27th such a plan did not meet my views. However, I agreed to sleep on board each night. We went ashore daily for breakfast and for dinner, and except for black looks and mutterings as we passed along the streets no attempts were made to interfere with us in the town. Wild rumors were flying about—to the effect that we were being watched for the purpose of doing away with us, and that certain men had been heard to say this and that in regard to cutting our throats either there or after we left Manaos to resume our journey through the wilderness. On the night of the 23d of December I returned aboard the *Pacs de Carvalho*, after dinner at ten o'clock. I turned into my hammock, and was asleep in half an hour. My hammock was slung on the starboard side of the upper deck, forward, near the low rail. I woke to find myself struggling in the waters of the Rio Negro, fifteen feet below, between the side of the ship and an iron-clad whaleback lighter which lay alongside to receive cargo. The space between the lighter and the steamer was not more than four feet. The current is strong, and the water 100 feet deep. With great difficulty I managed to haul myself on to the lighter and thence aboard the steamer through a cargo port which, luckily for me, had been left open. Apparently, no one had seen or heard me fall. When I climbed, dripping, aboard the ship two men scuttled off like rats over the piles of coal on the lower deck. When I reached the upper deck no one was in sight, and Mr. Horne was still sound asleep in his hammock slung on the port side. It was evidently the intention of the persons unknown that I should fall upon the iron lighter, be knocked insensible, and drift down-stream, but in falling I had struck my right hand and arm upon its curved deck, and so had dropped into the water, and this saved my life. For ten days I was obliged to carry my right arm in a sling.

Next morning I went ashore as usual,

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and I could not fail to notice the effect made upon the people by my injured arm. I heard in the course of the day that the man who slung me overboard out of my hammock was known, but I had no proof, and in the delicate position in which we were, because of our mission, redress was impossible, so there was nothing to do but to grin and bear it. Such are the methods of Amazonas.

On Christmas day we dined with Mr. Henry Sandford, the United States consular agent, and his charming wife, and at midnight on the 27th we steamed out of the harbor of Manaos, again up the Amazon, to the mouth of the River Purus, which leads into the Acre territory. Among our fellow-passengers were Colonel Lorenzo M—— and his wife. He owns forty-five miles of land bordering upon the Purus, two days' journey from Manaos. He was one of the few Brazilians who were far-sighted enough to appreciate the great advantages which would be brought about by the introduction of capital for the development of the resources of the Amazon Valley.

When we reached his place he gave a great breakfast in our honor, and the steamer was tied up to the shore for a whole day.

This estate, producing cocoa, rubber, and castanhas (Brazil nuts), is the best regulated and most profitable that I have seen in Brazil. After viewing the usual slipshod methods, it was most satisfactory to see this paradise in the wilderness. The breakfast was very successful, although the amount of liquor drunk in the tropics is astonishing. Long before the meal, cachassa, the native rum, flowed freely. Then the breakfast, the table groaning, literally, under the weight of turtle, iguapi, game, ducks, chickens, fish, armadillos roasted in their shells, rice, and the inevitable "farinha." This was washed down with untold quantities of rough Portuguese wine, Scotch whiskey, and sweet French champagne. Horne and I sat at the host's right; the women of the household were all together at the farther end of the table, and in between all the passengers and officers of the *Paes de Carvalho*. Speeches waxed fast and furious, for no Brazilian feast is complete unless each man fully expresses himself.

It took no little manœuvring, however, to keep the Acre subject in the background, for, on such an occasion as this, the ventas in the vino was very likely to crop out. But everything went merrily and smoothly, except a diversion caused by one old gentleman who would insist upon marching around the table, declaring, in a loud voice, that he was a savage Indian of Brazil, and manners were naught to him.

As we proceeded farther up the Purus the news became worse. The report that Porto Alonzo would fall into the hands of the revolutionists at any moment was repeated to us at each place where we stopped, and most of the scarce inhabitants believed thoroughly the absurd rumor that we had 100 United States soldiers stowed away below-decks; consequently, their arrogance and dislike of us were curbed by a healthy fear of the possible accomplishments of these hundred mythical soldiers.

On January 12 we arrived at the mouth of the Acre River. There is but one house there—a large barnlike structure on stilts. Underneath, pigs revel in plentiful mud, and the stench is unbearable.

Here the news was seriously unfavorable. The revolutionary forces had completely closed in upon the Bolivian garrison at Porto Alonzo. The besieged were reduced to the last extremity through lack of food and fever, and that dread mysterious disease called beri-beri, which produces a paralysis of the leg muscles, and is incurable.

No new information was given us, excepting that if we attempted to push on to the besieged town we should be captured by the revolutionists, and that our throats would be cut in short order. This warning had been given to us many times before. It is eight days from here to the nearest seat of government, and each man in the wilderness is a law unto himself; he looks to his knife and pistol to settle all quarrels, and no questions are asked.

Owing to the intensely bitter feeling against the syndicate, and the absurd idea that it was simply a cloak for territorial aggression by the United States, and because of the totally distorted view of the Monroe Doctrine, which is understood to read, "All America for the North-Americans," our position, especially during this part of our journey in the wilderness, was most unpleasant. We proceeded up the Acre River to the town of Antimary, which is only thirty miles from Porto Alonzo. Here we learned that news of the fall of the latter place was expected hourly. As my party was only two in number, and as there was no possibility of our taking possession of the Acre territory under existing circumstances, I decided to return to Manaos on the same steamer, and then to Para, to report by cable to my principals.

On January 24 the town of Porto Alonzo capitulated. The Bolivians, civil and military, marched out, and the Brazilian revolutionists entered, glowing with patriotic zeal, and took possession.

We reached Manaos on the 27th of January. As Brazil, under the cloak of the Acrean revolution, had stepped in, and as we had been obliged to retire without taking possession, we believed that our troubles were over, but we were disappointed.

On the 28th, while breakfasting ashore at the Hotel Cassina with a party of friends, in celebration of our return unharmed from our journey in the wilderness, we were approached by four agents of the chief of police, who insisted that we should proceed at once to police headquarters. Their plea was that we must submit to an interrogation concerning what we had seen and done while up-river. I objected decidedly to this unwarranted proceeding, but to no avail. I then flatly refused to walk, and after much wrangling two carriages were ordered, and we drove with the police agents to headquarters. As it was the breakfast hour and the restaurant was crowded, we departed amidst great excitement. Meanwhile I had managed secretly to send a message to Mr. Sandford, the United States consular agent, and after we had been detained for about an hour Mr. Sandford appeared. Immediately there was a change of front, a rush to the telephone, a hurried consultation behind closed doors. Presently an orderly dashed up in a carriage and we received fluent apologies. It was explained to me that the whole affair was a mistake, owing to a misconception of orders. This kind of mistake is very prevalent in the valley of the Amazon.

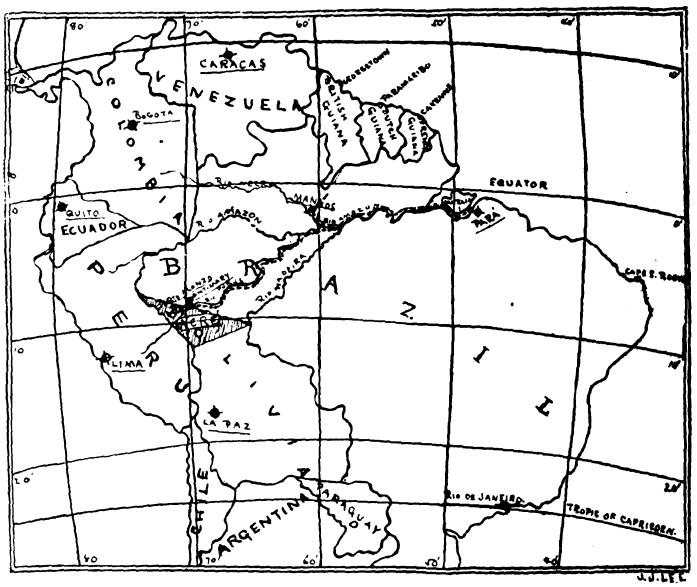
We left our river boat here, and took passage on an ocean-going steamer for Para.

I now received the first authentic news from the outside world for forty-five days. The Baron Rio Branco, Brazil's Minister for Foreign Affairs, declared, in an official note dated February 6, that the territory of Acre was a district in litigation, and that as such no concession could be valid.

War-ships of the Brazilian navy were under way from Rio de Janeiro, and regiments of federal troops were being placed upon transports and moved up the Amazon to occupy the Acre territory. Battalions of volunteers were being raised, the newspapers overflowed with fiery articles. War seemed inevitable between Brazil and Bolivia.

Carnival was just beginning, and the license of that season contributed to the general excitement about the Acre question.

The Bolivian syndicate was caricatured on many occasions, and at one fancy ball—at the "Club Euterpe"—a man got up as the secretary of the syndicate, distributed typewritten prospectuses in Portuguese, of which the following is a translation:



Facsimile of a Map of the Acre District and the Route of the Bolivian Syndicate Expedition
Drawn by Mr. J. J. Lee, representative of the syndicate

BOLIVIAN SYNDICATE.

Statutes

of the organization of the Bolivian Syndicate, with headquarters at Porto Alonzo, Acre Territory.

1 A.

The Capital will be $999,999.99, American gold (not the rotten paper money of Brazil), divided into shares of 50 cents each. The subscribers are obliged to keep whatever quantity of shares they receive.

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2 A.

The profits of the Company will be divided among the organizers of the Company, less 10 per cent., which will be distributed among the shareholders.

3 A.

The Bolivian Syndicate is founded for the purpose of exploiting the Rubber business and for gradually obtaining complete possession of Bolivian Acre, then Brazilian Acre, and little by little the whole Amazon Valley, in accordance with the wise Monroe Doctrine.

4 A.

Later, when they are in possession of the territories above described, they will organize a Republic of Acre, under the protection of the United States.

5 A.

Every three months there will be lynchings of 10 per cent. of the existing negroes in Acre, in order to extinguish the black race, so as quickly to follow the idea of the future actual President of Acre—Colonel Roosevelt.

6 A.

All the inhabitants of Acre shall be considered Yankee citizens under the Stars and Stripes.

(Signed)
JOSEPH OF GINGERBEER, Pres't.
WILLIAM OF MONEY, Treas'r.
Porto Alonzo, Jan. 31, 1903.

This skit was freely distributed, and shows still further the feeling of the Brazilians against the concession of Acre, although a Bolivian possession, to an Anglo-American syndicate, and their distorted view and deep and unfounded suspicion of the intentions of the United States.

Because of the persistent progress of the two men representing the Bolivian syndicate, and owing to the machinations of native agitators, excitement and distrust rose to such a pitch that the Brazilian government paid to the syndicate on the 10th of March, 1903, a large sum of money in cash, for the relinquishment of all claims upon the Acre territory. The offer was made by Brazil, and, in the face of existing conditions, was accepted by the Bolivian syndicate.

Finance

IT is not surprising, given human nature, that sentiment in speculative circles should be somewhat depressed. Since the last sharp slump, which came at the end of a reaction during which quoted values on the Stock Exchange sank to a level 20 to 30 points below that of the "Western crowd's" boom in the summer, the average observer of the financial situation has more or less vehemently proclaimed his belief that prices were low enough for any investor or speculator to buy and not suffer from insomnia because of the purchase. The balance sheet, as it were, of value-making and value-reducing conditions, showed more strongly in favor of higher quotations than of still lower prices. The dulness was accounted for on the ground that there existed a huge mass of "undigested securities"—a state of affairs, incidentally, which was well known for months. After the first spasm of fear, the speculative community began to talk of the steady, if not very lively, absorption of such securities, and to pay more attention to what then seemed inevitable: an improving stock-market. It was pointed out to investors that, with earnings steadily showing remarkable increases, and with every likelihood of their continuation, St. Paul at 160 was a very different proposition from St. Paul at 196; that New York Central at 131 was not so dear as the same stock 30 points higher, and so through the list of the dividend-paying shares. But the investor, if he bought, did not buy enough to uplift prices or clear the bargain counters of Wall Street. Similarly, outside speculators—that is, the public that gambles, did not neglect its legitimate business to study the stock ticker. There were many good reasons why stocks should have risen. Instead, they have declined, and the professional "traders," wearied with their unavailing efforts to create an advance, show discouragement, which in turn is reflected by the fluctuations of prices. There should have been a moderate bull market in May—none expected a boom—but at this writing it looks as though, in spite of occasional "rallies" caused by overextensive commitments on the short side of the account, the "swing" is downward.

To be sure, the speculative community, always seeking the "reason" for stock movements, has found what really amount to but excuses, in sundry "developments" lately. But the fact remains, that acute and impartial observers of financial affairs have been "wrong on the market" these many weeks. Of itself, the realization of that error was disturbing to their peace of mind, but far more important would be to learn why their prognosis has not been borne out. The public at large, staid investors, and reckless speculators alike, have developed no desire to purchase stocks even at the reduced prices. To be sure, none expected a boom, for it was obvious that there was not enough money to sustain one, given the requirements of trade and the amounts still tied up in promotions and underwriting schemes; but the May "rally" also failed to make its appearance. The apathy of the public has been shown to be profound. But, then, the public never buys stocks when they are dull, and the great manipulators and distributors have done nothing to show that they thought it worth while to try to awaken the speculating spirit of the mob. And they are shrewd men and keen students of human nature in general and of the psychology of stock speculation in particular. The unwillingness of both the big insiders and the little outsiders to back their convictions of higher prices by actual purchases of stocks has aroused the suspicions of professional Wall Street that perhaps their convictions were at no time very strong.

At this moment the main depressing influences are: The resumption of gold exports. It is a hopeless task, to endeavor to prove that such shipments contain nothing disturbing, that they are natural, logical, seasonable, and that it is better to pay Europe what we owe now when the local money-market is easy than later on, when money will not be easy. Since the old Cleveland days when the words "gold exports" had a sound of disaster, sentiment has continued unfailingly to be depressed by them. The persistent strength of the foreign-exchange market, despite the exportations of gold, is far more interesting, since it would show a scarcity of bills of exchange explicable only on the ground that the wild speculation in cotton has restricted exports of that staple. Apart from its bearing on our foreign trade, the wild rise in raw cotton has created uneasiness for other reasons. It must interfere with the production and sale of cotton goods, and the profits of the mills. The fear that a crash must take place sooner or later, carrying with it disaster which must hurt many, to some extent affected sentiment among professional stock speculators, always ready to hang their theories on any peg.

Interesting Features for Next Week

IN the next issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY (out June 3) will appear the third of the series of articles on "Ideals of American Womanhood." Mary Garrett Hay, Organizer of the National Woman's Suffrage Association, writes on "American Women in Politics"; Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, of Columbia University, tells how science is helping us to live past the allotted threescore years and ten; there will be a short article on Professor Goodspeed's new discovery in photography, with the first pictures ever taken by the light of the human body. These are only a few of the features in what will be an exceptionally interesting and readable number.

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DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

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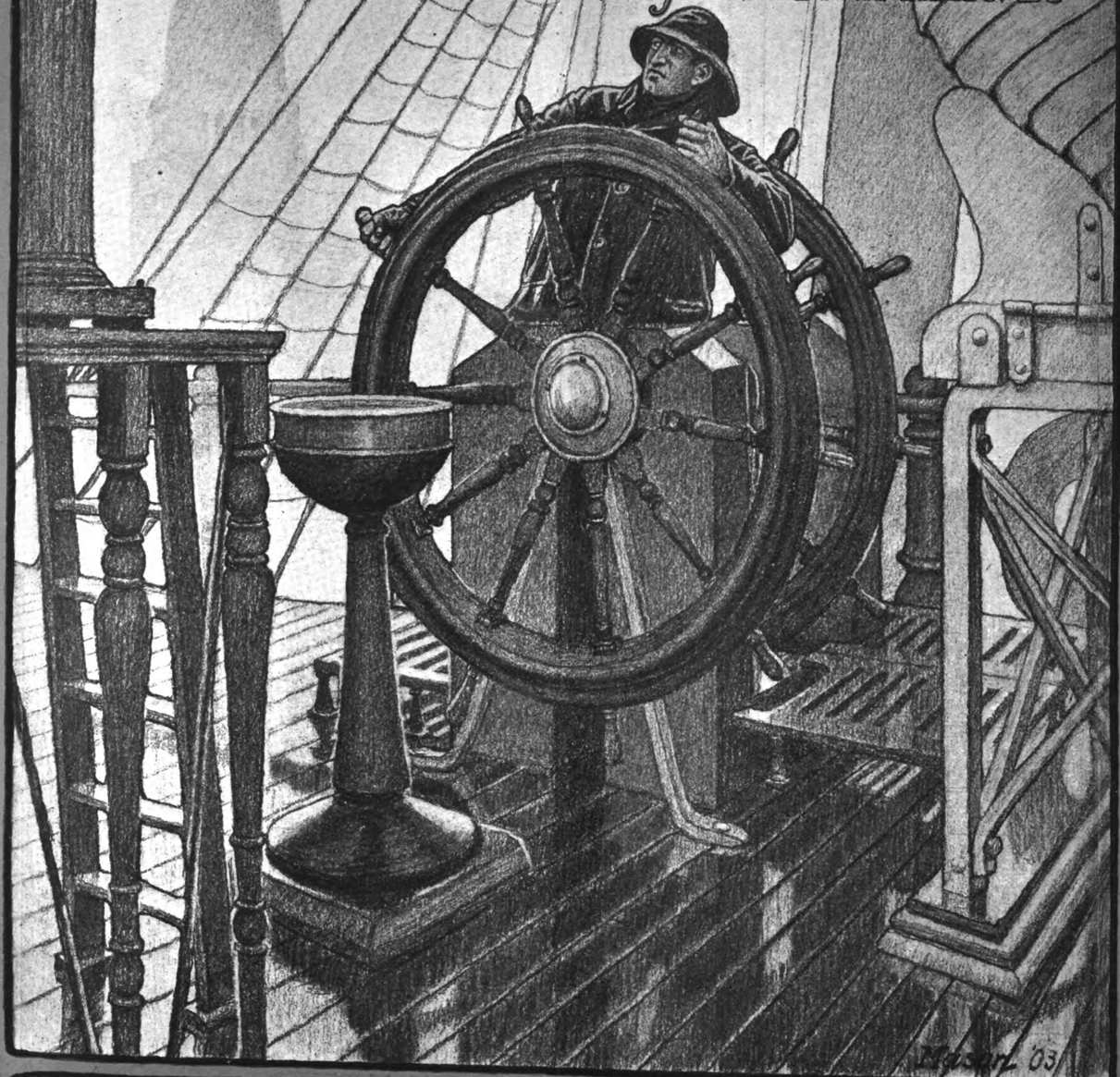
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY



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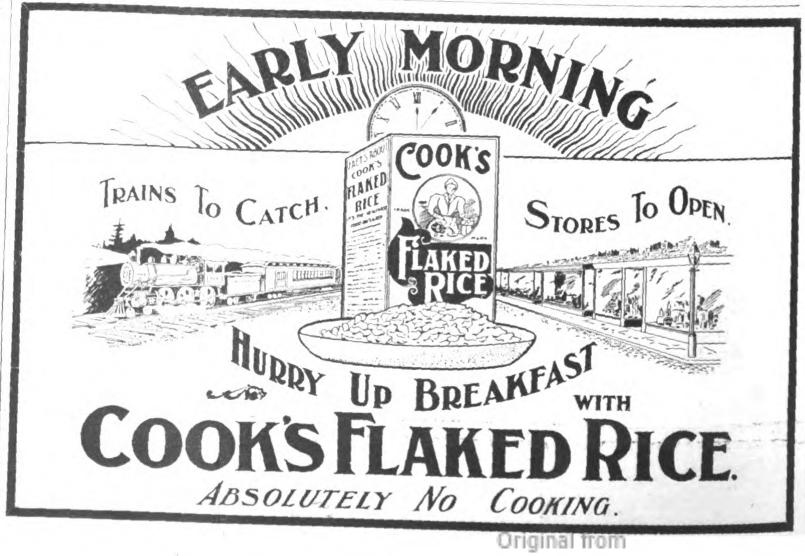


WHISPERS as soft as the breath of the rose
Fall on the ear of this dreamy-eyed maiden;
What is he telling her? Dare one suppose
He offers his heart in the heart of the rose—
Murmurs a message with tenderness laden?

SWEET this Colonial Maid of the Rose,
Dainty her gown, and her blushing demureness;
Aye—but the Maid of Today if she knows
IVORY SOAP, and the charm it bestows,
Rivals all others in sweetness and pureness.

—IT FLOATS.



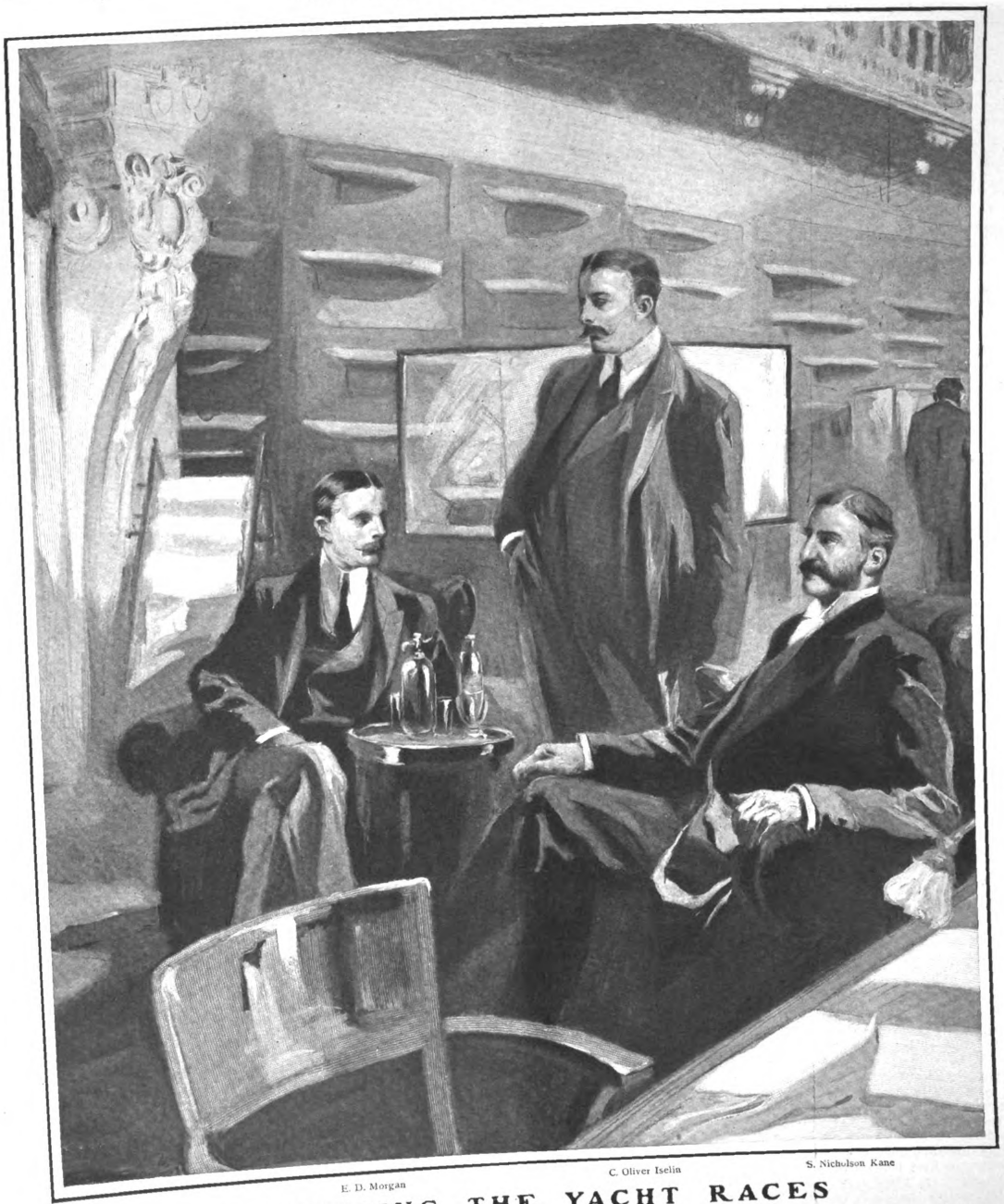


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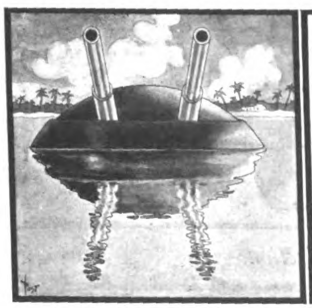
E. D. Morgan C. Oliver Iselin S. Nicholson Kane

DISCUSSING THE YACHT RACES

During the yacht trials and races there are occasional meetings in the Model Room of the New York Yacht Club, where groups of men prominent in the yachting world get together and talk over the outlook for the season's racing. In the drawing our artist has pictured a meeting between E. D. Morgan, manager of "Columbia"; C. Oliver Iselin, manager of "Reliance"; and S. Nicholson Kane, chairman of the regatta committee

Drawn for Harper's Weekly by E. M. Ashe

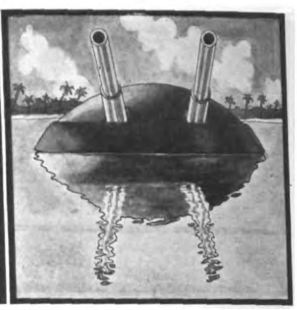
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DEFENDING THE PANAMA CANAL

BY

Lieut. Godfrey L. Carden, R.C.S.



THE problem of how best to defend the Panama canal,—since the proposed waterway passes exclusively under the control of the United States without hindrance as to defences,—is one that is receiving the close attention of military engineers. So far, the consideration of the subject is largely in the speculative phase, but enough study has been expended to evolve a fair estimate of what a defence of the canal would imply.

As a first condition, it is necessary that the fortifications guarding the canal approaches be superior in offensive powers to any naval force likely to be brought against them; and, in addition, the canal throughout its entire length must be afforded immunity from attack on the part of troops capable of being landed on the coast at points to the northward or southward of the canal systems.

The consideration of the defence of any point is largely a geographical one, and is based, mainly, on an estimate of the distance from a probable enemy's base. If the distance be great, certain limitations are imposed upon the attack, and these limitations materially affect the requirements for defence. Now, knowing the *present* maximum powers of a probable attacking force, and estimating those powers for the immediate future, it is possible to arrive at a fairly accurate knowledge of the least number and character of the guns needed for a successful defence. Naturally the question of economy has to be met, and because of economical reasons the minimum number of guns is greatly reduced. The placing of shore batteries, and the character of them, is affected by the nature of the ground and also by the general trend of the channel approaches. Nowadays the tendency seems to be towards detached works placed at considerable distances apart and concealed as much as possible from the view of the enemy. Where the point to be attacked is a city or a canal-entrance lock, it is desirable to advance the works as far as possible to seaward, placing the guns on spits of land or on shoals, in order that the scheme of defence may hold good. If the defences were located close to a town, long-range guns might be able to inflict damage to the place, despite the fortifications. Knowing the number and character of guns required to hold a given place, the engineers next take up the consideration of mounting these pieces, and this mounting must be effected to the very best advantage. If expense were no consideration, an armored front or Grüson turrets would probably afford the maximum protection, but in the United States coast defence the policy followed has favored a compromise in the shape of the disappearing-gun system, supplemented by concealed mortar batteries. The disappearing-gun system, while not affording the well-nigh impregnable features of the Grüson turret, at least provides a fair amount of protection for the gunners who serve the piece. In this system we have merely a hole in the ground with a gun and its carriage set therein. The gun is loaded in the pit, and when ready for firing is raised to the level of the parapet by means of a powerful arm actuated by a piston working in a cylinder, the power being either hydraulic or pneumatic, according to the system. The gun remains in view above the level of the parapet but for an instant or so when it is fired, and the act of firing causes it to settle down on its bed again, which it does without shock or jar.

To defend the canal entrance, guns of sufficiently large calibre must be mounted to offset the fighting efficiency of the heaviest ship that can be brought against the entrance port. As the canal will have a depth capable of floating the largest vessels, it would be possible—assuming that the channels had been countermined—to move a large war-ship to within close range, provided always that the ship could not be kept at a respectable distance by the fire of defending guns. The heaviest gun which will hereafter be mounted on any ship of the United States navy will be a 12-inch rifle throwing a shell weighing 850 pounds. As this gun is deemed sufficiently powerful to attack the heaviest armor-plate carried today, it is safe to say that the canal defence batteries will not contain guns of larger calibre.

The advantages and disadvantages of the various types of coast defences are purely technical in all but the Grüson turret. While it is generally conceded that the Grüson turret embodies the most complete defence system possible for any gun, its great cost is an objection. The plates of the Grüson turret are made of chilled cast-iron, a secret process controlled by the Krupps of Germany. Bolts are not used in the construction of these turrets. The plates are first shaped or mortised, and then fitted in place; the interstices are filled in with molten white metal, which, on hardening, unites the whole into a solid mass. The thickness of one of these plates varies from two and a half to four feet, and the turrets have withstood the shock of very heavy artillery fire. Owing to their great weight, their use is precluded on board ship. It has been estimated that an emplacement such as is demanded by a Grüson turret, particularly if the emplacement were built on some outlying shoal, would bring the total coast of a single Grüson turret defence up to $3,000,000. Still, even this great expense may be warranted if protection is assured.

Despite the introduction of modern high-powered ordnance on ships-of-war, experience shows that the advantage, to-day, is largely with the coast battery, assuming that the latter is built in accordance with good military principles.

On June 22, 1898, the United States steamer *Texas*, Captain John Philip, engaged Socapa battery, a work guarding the entrance to Santiago Harbor. Socapa battery was practically an open-faced work. It contained only a couple of guns which were really efficient. These pieces were 6.2-inch Hontoria rifles taken from the Spanish cruiser *Reina Mercedes*. In the rear of the guns the Spaniards had constructed a rude bomb-proof consisting of a deep ditch, covered over with logs, and the whole covered over with dirt. In this ditch the Spanish gunners could take refuge when the fire from the American fleet became too hot.

The *Texas* reserved her fire until she had reached a point distant about 4800 yards, when fire was opened with her port 12-inch gun, throwing a projectile weighing 850 pounds. The first shot being a range one fell a trifle short. An interval of about four minutes elapsed before the *Texas* fired again, and this time her shot was seen to strike the battery full in the face. The *Texas* had got the range, and from that time on what followed was probably as fine an exhibition of gunnery as has ever been witnessed. The *Texas* planted her shots apparently where it suited her, her intent being to mow the work down from end to end. It was that bombardment which Admiral Cervera of the Spanish fleet observed from a point of vantage on shore, and he is reported afterwards to have declared that had he not seen that day with his own eyes the work of the *Texas*, he never would have believed it possible for any ship-of-war to deliver so accurate a fire. Very early in the action the Spanish gunners were compelled to take refuge in their bomb-proof; but now and then the *Texas*, owing to the great quantity of smoke that had accumulated—one of the disadvantages arising from not using smokeless powder—was compelled to cease her fire in order that the smoke might dissipate. During these intervals the Spanish gunners would rush out from their bomb-proof and load and fire some gun which still remained intact, and it was an intermittent shot of this sort which struck the *Texas* on the port bow, killing one man and wounding several. The bombardment lasted in all about two hours and five minutes, and for fully forty-five minutes the Spaniards had not fired a shot in reply. Apparently the battery was silenced. The *Texas*, in obedience now to an order to cease firing and withdraw, put her helm over and stood slowly out to sea. She had not gone more than 400 yards when a puff of smoke was seen to curl over the Spanish parapet, and a little later a shot struck the water a few hundred yards astern of the *Texas*. It was an announcement that the battery still existed, and that at least one gun was in serviceable condition.

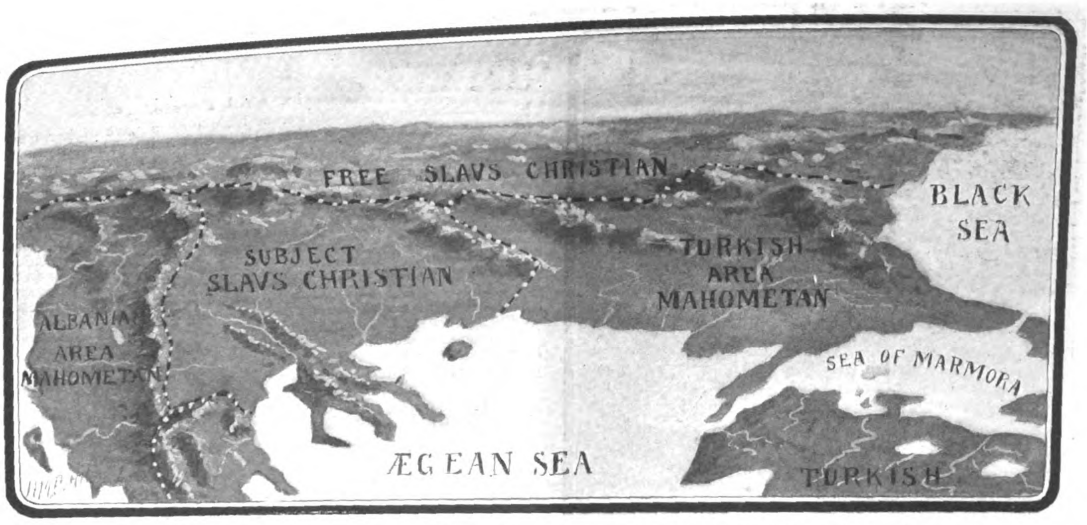
In this action at Socapa battery we find a simply constructed parapet work opposed to an armored ship. The gunnery of the *Texas* was practically perfect, and yet it is seen that after two hours' bombardment, the Spaniards were able to fire the last shot. The experience of that day would seem to indicate the futility of trying to destroy a coast work from a ship-of-war, and, conversely, it was shown that a vessel of the *Texas* type could remain with impunity in front of an open-faced work. So long as the *Texas* maintained her fire, she was practically able to keep the garrison away from the guns. If, on the other hand, the Spanish gunners had been protected throughout the bombardment in a Grüson turret, they could have replied to the fire of the *Texas* gun for gun, and doubtless would have inflicted considerable damage.

Without going into detail, it seems to be recognized that the entrances to the Panama Canal can be securely held by guns mounted *en barbette*, and on the disappearing system, supplemented possibly by a few pneumatic guns employing high-explosive shells, and by an effective torpedo defence. The work of policing would naturally devolve on gun-vessels — handy craft mounting rapid-fire batteries. The guarding of the canal against land attack will devolve on a land force, and an estimate for this work calls for a brigade of infantry, a few squadrons of cavalry, and two or three light batteries. The seacoast works will be expected to maintain garrisons at all times, but for climatic reasons there will necessarily have to be frequent shifts, the details coming from the main force positioned on the high ground in the interior.

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The Black Sea Problem,—Russia seeks a Black Sea Port in order to get an Outlet into the Mediterranean

The Fight for an Open Port

By Charles Johnston, B.C.S. (Retired)

FOR some time past it has been evident that most of our foreign news was of Russian origin. The events recorded, whether in eastern Europe, in Asia Minor, in Persia, or on the distant Pacific, are all symptoms of the presence of a single coherent force.

Russia's struggle with the Turks was but a part of the much greater struggle which white Christendom for centuries waged against the brown or yellow Moslems of Asia. The part which Russia played, as barrier between Europe and the Mongolian hordes, is one of the great heroic stories of history; a story hardly yet grasped by the western world. The last scenes of the age-long struggle are now being enacted in the Balkan peninsula; and those who see the hand of Russia in all these events have discerned a fact of deep significance. The Turks, as we saw, built their Mahometan and Asian empire on the ruins of two Christian and Slavonic powers, Old Servia and Old Bulgaria, whose religious metropolis was Constantinople. The great cathedral of Saint Sophia, desecrated and given over to the Mussulmans, stands as a symbol of what was destroyed by the Asian hordes. For Russia, as well as for Bulgaria and Servia, Constantinople is the fountain of faith; and Russia is the more closely wrapped up in the Balkan struggle, because Christianity came to her through Bulgaria, and her church language is Old Bulgarian. Yet another bond is the early history of the Bulgars or Volgars within Russia's own dominion on the Volga, whence they migrated southward, to open up new lands along the Danube.

The Black Sea and the Balkans

Russia's struggle against the Turks is a part of her life tradition, religious and historic alike. The fight carried forward so successfully under Catherine the Great was renewed in 1806, and again in the events which led to the Crimean war. Russia's ideal, from the inception of this struggle, was to restore the Slavonic power in the Balkan peninsula, and to make the great mosque by the Bosporus once more a Christian shrine. Again and again she has found Turkey strengthened against her by various west-European powers, jealous of Russia's growth, and fearing her future might. The Swedes, the French, the English have at different periods thus strengthened the hands of the Turkish invaders and retarded the restoration of Christian and Slavonic power in the Balkan peninsula. But neither Turkey nor her open or occult allies have been able to withstand the steadily growing life of the Slavonic race. Defeat has been as profitable to Russia as victory in this age-long contest. The Crimean war, in which France and England took sides with the Mahometans, left Russia with greater territories than before, though she was nominally vanquished by the allies.

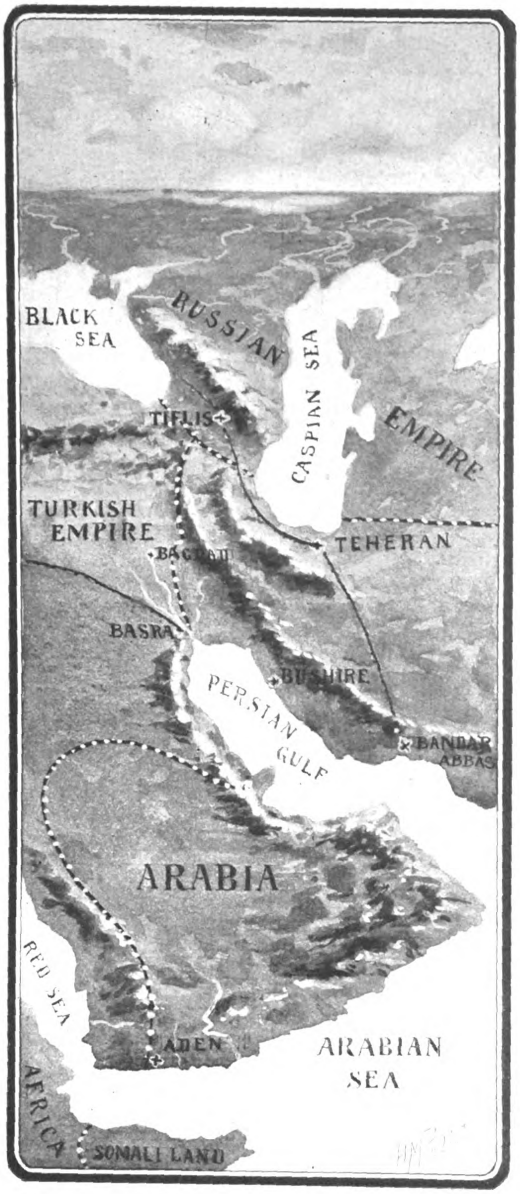
The last Turkish war, twenty-five years ago, was a popular crusade, rather than a calculated scheme of imperial policy; and in this war also Russia found Turkey supported by the powers of western Europe. It is now on all hands recognized that to this action of the western powers, expressed through the Berlin treaty, all the miseries of the Christian subjects of Turkey for a generation are due, whether we take the abominable Armenian massacres, the tyranny over the Christians in Crete, or the outrages and insurrections which year after year convulse the vilayets of European Turkey. Yet in a certain sense, Russia's virtual defeat by the Berlin treaty has turned to victory. The newly-created countries of Servia and Bulgaria, which Teutonic influences turned against Russia immediately after the war of liberation, are now Russia's firm friends. And a victory of far greater consequence is the winning of Austria, without whose co-operation the Balkan problem can never be solved.

It must be remembered that the Austrian Empire is a great Slavonic power, the greatest after Russia herself. Austrian Poland is, of course, Slavonic, as are Moravia and Bohemia, all speaking similar tongues, closely allied to the Russian. Nor does this exhaust the Slav element in Austria; Croatia and Sclavonia are of pure Slav race, as are large parts of her southwestern duchies, about Laybach, Goritsia, and the Dalmatian coast. Again, the population of Hungary is largely Slavonic, in spite of Magyar dominance and Magyar speech. The nominally Turkish districts of Bosnia and Herzegovina must be added; and it becomes evident that in race Austria is predominantly a Slavonic



The Yellow Sea Problem,—Russia grasps at Manchuria to protect her open Harbor at Port Arthur

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The Persian Gulf Problem,—Russia desires a Railroad across Persia and a Port in the Persian Gulf

power. At the present moment, the Magyars rule the empire, though they only number six or seven millions, and the Austrian provinces feel their tyranny keenly. If they could rally the Slavs to their aid against the Magyars, a new balance of power would be gained, which would give fresh stability and life to the whole empire.

For these reasons, Austria is inevitably drawn to Russia's side. The one discordant note is the attitude of Germany, here as elsewhere at variance with the efforts and ideals of the rest of the civilized Powers. Germany, as is well known, has strengthened and trained the Turkish army, as a weapon against Russia; and the arms and ammunition of the Turkish troops that harass Macedonia are bought in Germany, with the willing assent of the German government.

Germany is, therefore, the great barrier to a general settlement of the Balkan question, the other signatories of the Berlin treaty having repented and made amends. It would evidently serve the purposes of Germany, if Russia were drawn into a new Turkish war, which could not fail to bring a ruinous cost in men and treasure, thus setting Russia back a generation, and giving Germany a clear field for her own ambitions. This is the best reason for believing that there will be no war in the Balkans, as Russia clearly understands the position, and the nature of the forces, open and occult, arrayed against her. She trusts to steady pressure and gradual reform; and, as far as can yet be seen, her hopes will be fulfilled.

Russia and Persia

Russia's relations with Persia form only a part of her general advance eastward and southward through Asia. That advance began more than three centuries ago, and a century and a quarter later Russia came into direct contact with Persia in the Caucasus and along the Caspian Sea. This Russian advance was only the return tide of the Moslem invasion of Russia, in the earlier centuries of the Golden Horde.

In the days of Peter the Great, Russia gained her first foothold in the vicinity of Persia. From that time onward, Persia and Russia were almost constantly at war, with intervals of peace in 1796 and again in 1813. As a result, the whole of the Caspian, except its southwest corner, is Russian territory, and the pressure of Russia on Persia is steadily continued. As this means the influence of a strong, civilized, and enlightened nation on a country backward, reactionary, semi-barbarous, and incapable of any initiative or independent activity and growth, it is for the advantage of the world that Russia should strengthen and extend her influence at Teheran and southward, towards the Persian Gulf.

This raises rivalries with two nations: first Germany, which has so recently proposed to reach the Persian Gulf by the Bagdad-Basra railroad, which was to run wholly through Turkish territory, reaching the Persian Gulf at Kuweit. First Russia, and later England and France refused to be drawn into this scheme, and, if carried out at all, it will not have an exclusively German character. It is evident that this German railroad through Turkey in Asia is of a piece with her anti-Russian activity from Finland to the Balkans; the idea is, to hem in Russia behind a chain of German strongholds, beginning with Finland and ending with Kuweit on the Persian Gulf. If successful, this policy would drive Russia off again from the Baltic and the Black Sea, and bar her progress towards the Indian Ocean. It is impossible not to see the ingenuity of such a plan; it is impossible also not to see that it is foredoomed to failure.

Russia's advance towards the Persian Gulf brings her nearer to British India, and therefore arouses England's apprehensions for the security of her great and exceedingly vulnerable Asian Empire. The situation between Russia and England in Persia is this: for the first half of the nineteenth century, England was easily paramount at the court of Teheran. Recently, Russia has prevailed, being now dominant financially, politically, and, in the "Persian Cossacks," possessing the only capable fighting body in the Persian dominions. About a year ago Russia made a considerable loan to the spendthrift Shah, and in return obtained a concession giving her the right to build the first railroad in Persia, which will run from Tiflis to Teheran, and thence to the Persian Gulf, probably at Bandar Abbas.

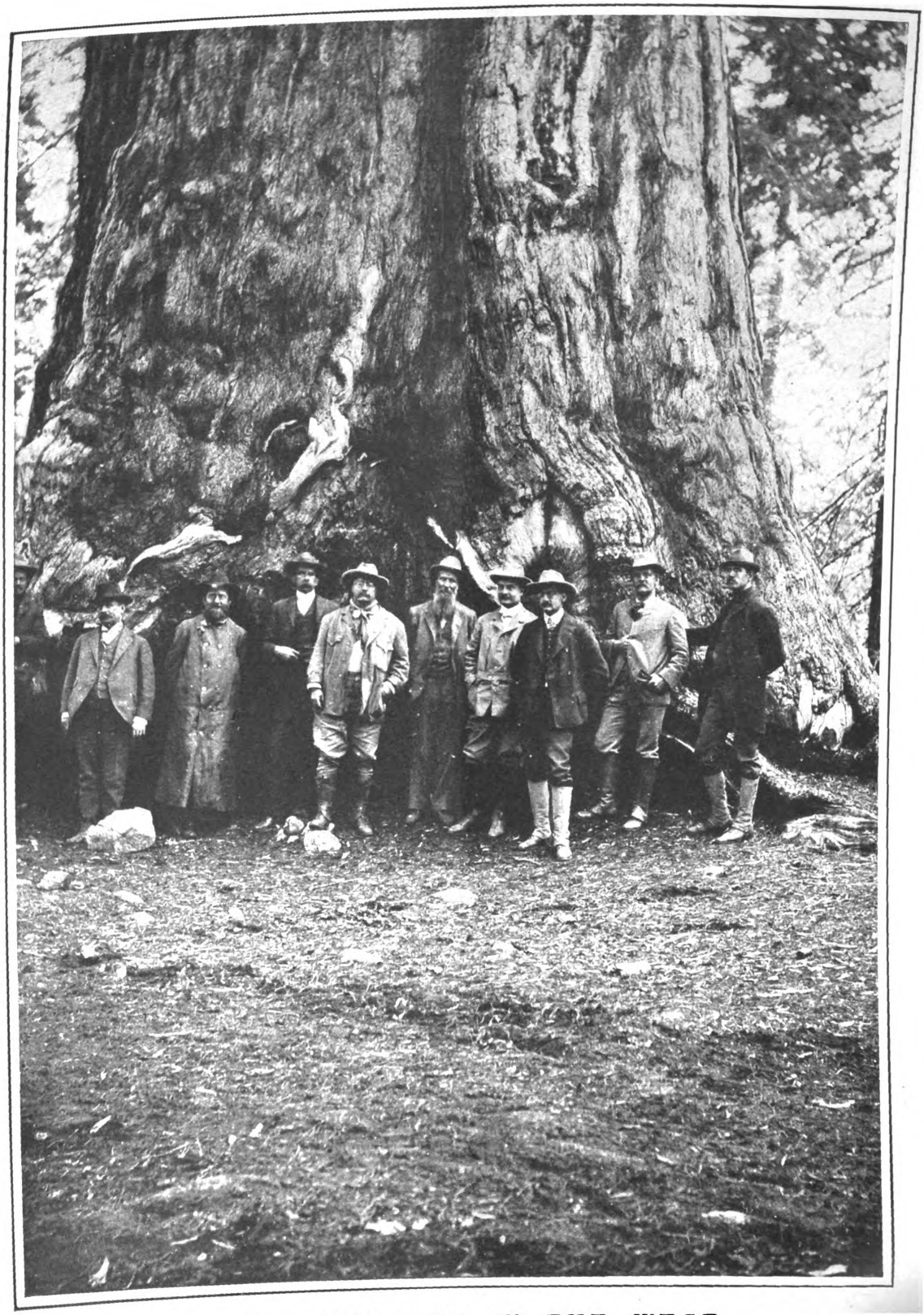
On the other hand, England has a concession for a south-Persian railroad, which will run from the Persian Gulf through Baluchistan, to British India. England, however, cannot build her railroad until Russia has finished hers. Russia is not eager to see the English railroad begun, and therefore is delaying the construction of her own line. Ultimately, the two powers will come to an amicable understanding, as they have recently done in the case of Manchuria. It appears probable that Lord Lansdowne's recent pronouncement against naval stations on the Persian Gulf was aimed at Germany and Kuweit and not at Russia and Bandar Abbas. It seems a somewhat useless act, however, as Germany is steadily absorbing the trade of India, without any naval station, but simply by superior commercial enterprise.

Russia in Manchuria

At the time of the last Turkish war, twenty-five years ago, the population of Russia was a hundred millions, preponderatingly of homogeneous white race. It is now over one hundred and thirty millions, and the Slav element is steadily gaining on all others, and crowding out the alien elements. At the same rate of increase, which has been maintained for three centuries already, Russia will, in twenty-seven years, have a population of two hundred millions. At the end of the twentieth century Russia will have a white population of more than four hundred million souls.

This is the problem which her far-seeing statesmen have been facing for the last ten years, with Minister Witté at their head. This is the mainspring of the Siberian, and later, of the Manchurian railroads. Already the Siberian line is carrying two hundred thousand colonists annually to the fertile wheat lands of Siberia, and the number will rapidly increase. Russia has already a territory of six million square miles in Asia, which will thus gradually fill up with the excess of her European population. For this vast territory, twice the size of the United States, she needs an outlet to the sea, which shall be free of ice at all seasons. England has formally recognized and acquiesced in this necessity. Once granting this, and to grant it is not only reasonable but inevitable, and Russia's policy in Manchuria must be accepted as logical and necessary. If she has her port, she must have a railroad to it. If she has a railroad, she must protect it, just as we shall protect the Isthmian Canal. Questions of sovereignty must be subordinated to the great question of necessity, in Manchuria as in Panama. But, on the other hand, having her railroad, Russia must make it pay. Minister Witté is a former railroad manager, and a master in practical affairs. He desires to carry the maximum of freight on the Manchurian railroad; he would greatly prefer to carry American freight, rather than introduce Japanese or English or German goods, with a political string tied to them. It remains for us, as a practical people, to meet Minister Witté half way, and to accept the opening he offers us.

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THE PRESIDENT IN THE WEST

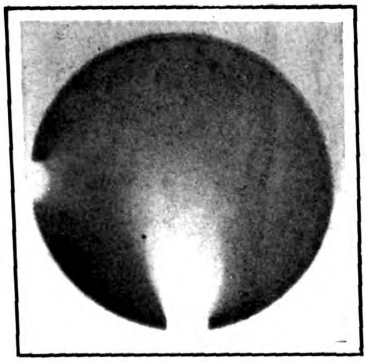
One of the incidents of the President's trip through California was the meeting of a distinguished party at the foot of the "Grizzly Giant," the biggest tree in California. The party included the President, Governor Pardee, President Butler of Columbia University, President Wheeler of California University, Mr. Barnes, secretary to the President, Dr. Rixey, and Mr. Moody, Secretary of the Navy

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Photographing by the Light of the Human Body



Photograph obtained by throwing Rays from a Human Hand through a Slit in an upright Copper Tube

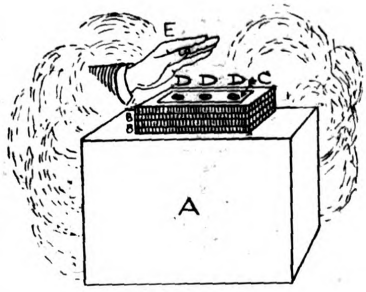
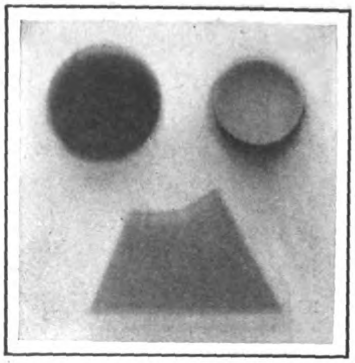


Diagram of Apparatus used by Professor Goodspeed

A—Box containing X-ray apparatus. BB—Lead plates. C—Photographic plate sealed in envelope. DDD—Objects to be photographed. E—Operator's hand



Photograph of a Copper Cent, a Gold Ring, and a Piece of Aluminum, taken by the aid of Human Light

THAT the human body emits rays by means of which photographs can be taken has been demonstrated by experiments recently made by Professor Arthur W. Goodspeed, of the University of Pennsylvania. In making photographs by the light emanating from the human hand, Professor Goodspeed uses a method which is the reverse of that employed in X-ray work. In photographing by means of the Röntgen ray the object is placed between the photographic plate and the apparatus. In the method used by Professor Goodspeed, the plate is placed between the apparatus and the thing to be photographed.

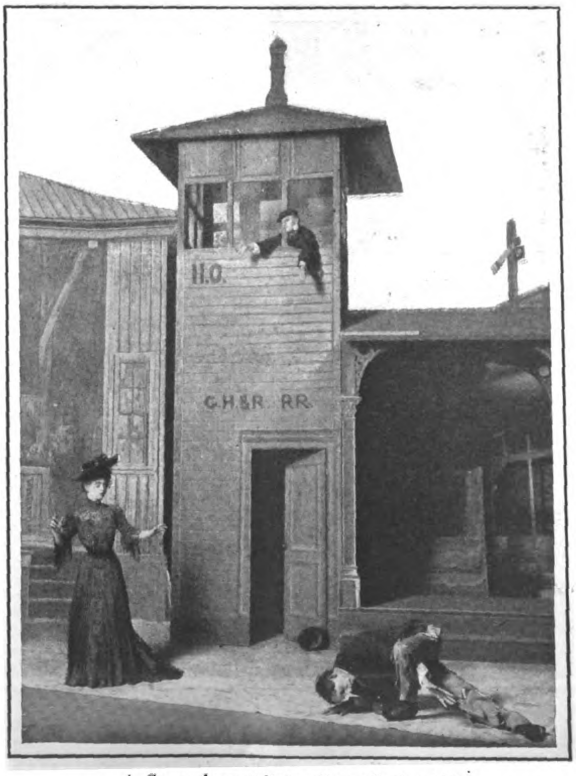
The results are procured as follows: The ordinary X-ray apparatus is put inside a box made of wood, and impervious to ordinary light rays. On top of the box are placed a number of lead plates, in order to shut off the ordinary Röntgen ray, which has not the power to penetrate dense metals. This precaution, according to previous practice, would prevent the making of any impression whatever upon an object placed outside of the box. On top of the mass of lead plates is laid the photographic plate that is to be affected. It is enclosed in a light-proof envelope or box, so as not to be changed by the ordinary rays of sunlight which are visible to the human senses. On the photographic plate may be placed coins, metals, or any other object which it is desired to photograph.

The Crookes tube is then placed in operation, and from its kathode come forth the X-rays. The photographic plate, resting on top of the box, screened off by lead plates, is entirely unaffected by them. But let a human being put his hand in the field beside the plate for a few minutes, and afterward develop the plate. He will see that the emanations from his hand have affected it, and that there are dark spots where the metal object lay upon it: so that the photograph, exposed in a dark room at night, has been taken by the light of a human hand.

"John Henry" on the Stage

THE impressively comic Mr. Dan Daly appeared last week at the Herald Square Theatre in a dramatization of George V. Hobart's "John Henry" sketches. Mr. Daly has dispensed with the drooping mustache and sepulchral manner which he disported in the days of "The Rounders," and now is smooth-shaven and frankly jocular.

Mr. Hobart and Mr. Edward E. Rose have contrived a wildly absurd but amusing farce for the use of Mr. Daly and his very capable company. We come upon the imperturbable *John Henry* in the ornate foyer of the Hotel Gotham, New York. He is deeply in love, we learn, with a young woman whose doting uncle has promised her to *John Henry* if that gentleman can manage to provide a country house for her. *John* encounters his friend "*Bunch*" *Jefferson*, a real-estate broker, who, he finds, has just succeeded in selling a desirable villa at Ruraldene to a wealthy Italian countess. *John's* sweetheart and her guileless uncle arrive at an auspicious moment, and are made to believe, through a complication of circumstances, that Dove's Nest Villa, of which the ingenious *John* shows them a tempting photograph, is to be the home of his prospective bride. Matters are further entangled through the fact that the uncle of a girl with whom *John's* chum "*Bunch*" is in love, has been told that *John* and his supposed villa are pledged to his niece, this being an expedient of the resourceful *John* to prevent Uncle No. 2 from carrying *Bunch's* beloved off to Egypt.



A Scene from "John Henry," Act III.
Dan Daly as "John Henry": "I do this for exercise"

When both uncles begin sending gifts of furniture, in mixed baby blue and red, to Dove's Nest Villa, and when its rightful owner, the *Countess*, arrives on the scene to take possession of her property, *John Henry* finds himself the centre of a human whirlpool in very uncomfortable commotion. The fun is at times a trifle laborious, and much of Mr. Hobart's slang sounds stale and forced when it is spoken rather than read. Mr. Daly and his companions work hard with the piece, however, and carry it successfully over some pretty barren places.

Mr. Daly himself plays *John Henry* with uncommon animation and humor — his despairing comment on the threatening conflict of circumstances in which he has involved himself: "Me for the Morgue!" is very effective. George Backus, as *John Henry's* chum "*Bunch*," does not make as much of the part as he could: but Mr. Marlow and Mr. Hertz, as the two uncles, are highly diverting, and Miss Florence Rockwell plays *Peaches* with much vivacity.

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IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD

THE POLITICAL WOMAN by MARY GARRETT HAY

ORGANIZER OF THE NATIONAL WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION



Mary Garrett Hay

IT seems to me that it should be every woman's ideal to be equally independent with her brother-man in all practical competition. So far, she is not permitted to encourage this ideal.

Surely the government of the State is no less important to her than the government of her own home, and as she has the controlling voice in the management of her home, why not a political voice in the government of the State and nation? Those women who do interest themselves in the political life of the country certainly idealize political conditions, because ambition to hold office, or individual honors, are not alarming considerations of these women. When the American woman in her political endeavors strives to establish ideals of citizenship, she does so without the purpose of gratifying personal ambition. Furthermore, the political woman is not so partisan in her activities as a man, because she aims at political equality with him, to bring about better conditions in that which is to her but a larger home of principles—the State and national government.

All practical ideals are being influenced and brought about in American life to-day by the emancipation of woman. She has broken the chains of conventional prejudice against her activity, and in social, educational, and commercial matters meets men on an equal footing. All this is, of course, contributing to her ultimate success in achieving this last important scheme of idealization, her recognition in the State and national government.

This is the last state of her emancipation to be secured. There are good and sufficient reasons why a woman should be deeply interested in the political life of the country.

Who is more vitally affected by the local municipal government of a town and city than the woman? Isn't her own particular government of the home dependent upon the broader details of the municipality? Are not the life and health of her home dependent upon a good water-supply, for instance, good police service, efficient transportation facilities, and numerous other daily obligations?

To carry this argument into State politics, who else but the woman is most affected by legislation in regard to the liquor laws, for example—in legislation governing the State penal and charitable institutions, in all laws affecting small children, the sweat-shop system, and so forth?

In national politics who is more interested than the woman in the laws made by Congress? Is she not concerned in the question of polygamy? And, another problem, as personal in its influence upon her as this, is she not interested in the political complications that bring upon her the penalties of war?

Is there any single phase of political life that a woman's ideals could not improve? It seems to me that the study of politics furnishes women with the highest ideals obtainable. I believe that the germ of this political ideal is instinctively in every woman, for she is the mother, and she it is who instils into both her boys and her girls the ideals of citizenship.

Isn't it the woman who in the schoolroom prepares the boys and girls to go out into the world and become useful citizens? And yet, when the boy becomes a man, he turns away from his mother and his teacher, and seeks political advice from his father or some other man. Why does he do this? Because the man is part of the body politic and the woman is not. Still, that boy owes to his mother and teacher his good or bad tendency in citizenship.

So long as women are ruled out of the body politic, morality will never be fully represented. Since women can offer a higher per cent. of morality and certainly an equal amount of intelligence with men, it shows that women will help to make the world better and more ideal.

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TO LIVE PAST THREE SCORE AND TEN

By T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN M.D.



THE scriptural allotment of threescore years and ten as the term of human life would be reasonably accurate provided the body got a fair start, enjoyed a favorable environment, suffered no mechanical accidents, and was not misused by its owner.

In fact, however, as we all know, the cast of the horoscope at birth is in most cases far less encouraging. For the body is often handicapped by inherited defects. The complex chemical processes through which, hour by hour, from food and water and air it builds its delicate machinery and stores the energy that drives it, go often and in mysterious ways awry. Excesses in food, in drink, in exercise, in work or rest or play, frequently lay the foundations of ill health and premature decay.

A quarter of a century ago we learned that some of the most serious of those disturbances of function which we call disease are induced by tiny microbes securing a foothold in the body, feeding upon our cells, and setting free a host of subtle poisons in the blood. With the knowledge of the microbic origin of the infectious maladies the last stronghold of mysticism in disease was swept away, and the field was clear for the advancement of science.

We know to-day just what the minute organisms are which induce tuberculosis, diphtheria, cholera, plague, pneumonia, typhoid fever, malaria, and a few other lesser members of this sinister brood. We know the conditions under which these germs flourish, we know their lurking-places within and without their victims, how they are transmitted from the sick to the well, how they gain a foothold, and the ways in which they work havoc in the bodies of susceptible persons. These are no longer things to exorcise and charm away; there is no field here for absent treatment. These are things which we can cultivate in our laboratories as we can roses and onions in our gardens, and equally we can destroy them if we do not like to have them about and care to take the necessary pains.

Among the most interesting problems into which our later studies of infection have led us are those relating to the immunity which species, races, and individuals naturally enjoy or may acquire after a successfully weathered attack of an infectious disease. It has been learned that the cells of the body possess a marvellous power of adapting themselves to new and adverse conditions by the use to new specific ends of those capacities through which their normal processes are carried on. And so when a man recovers from an attack of smallpox and is henceforth immune, we know that his enviable state marks an adaptation of his cells to a new environment, evanescent, it is true, but analogous with those adaptations by which in the slow processes of evolution new traits were fostered, as plants and animals slowly rose to higher types.

But we have gone farther than this, for we have learned that we can secure this artificial cell adaptation by proxy in the horse, and through the fluids furnished by his cells, educated for the occasion, confer immunity upon the well and even restore the already stricken. Thus has diphtheria antitoxin saved countless lives already, and thus has the way been opened which seems full of promise for the prevention and cure of other infectious maladies.

If now from the vantage-ground of this glance at achievement and drift in medicine to-day we look out upon the fields which seem ripe for new harvests, it is easy to mark some lines along which we may reasonably expect to add fresh increments to our sadly shortened span of threescore years and ten.

The prospects seem bright for the discovery of new and effective forms of antitoxic or bacteria-destroying sera. The eager search for the still unknown infectious microbes of smallpox, scarlatina, syphilis, and other diseases of their kind may be at any moment crowned with success.

The cause and cure of tumors involve problems of extraordinary difficulty, and it is by no means clear as yet how these may be most wisely approached. Important endowments for the study of cancer have been recently established in various lands, and many trained observers are already at work.

We are far from a thorough understanding of many of the delicate and complex chemical processes through which we convert the multitudinous stuff that we devour into good blood and tissue, and we may look with confidence to such new discoveries here as shall make us less helpless in the face of many nutritional disorders to which, under various guises and names, so many, especially in the earlier years of life, are destined to succumb.

Studies in mental pathology have of late taken a much wider range than was formerly conceivable, and while we may not hope soon, if ever, to reduce mental phenomena to such simple terms as may suffice for the expression of the purely physical, there is much reason to believe that here also the keener insight of to-morrow will be helpful to the sorrowful victims of mental disarray.

In truth, the field of medical research is full of far reaching and alluring problems, and, happily, there is no dearth of devotees. In quiet corners of our laboratories, in the wards of the hospitals, and in the by-ways where the stricken linger under the ministration of their physicians, most earnest attention is turned to every phase of perverted function which may promise light upon the urgent problems of the hour.

The intelligent and liberal endowment of medical research such as is exemplified in the newly established Rockefeller Institute in New York, permitting the co-ordination of various lines of investigation and the concentration of the powers of groups of trained observers upon special problems, is in harmony with the wider horizons to which the science of medicine looks to-day, and full of the promise of practical beneficence.

While thus the outlook is bright for new achievements in the field of technical medical research, the most direct and far-reaching promise of practical benefit to the individual who may aspire to his legitimate allotment of health and life lies in a homelier but a wider field,—the field of preventive medicine.

We have long known that by attention to personal hygiene and to sanitation one may be spared many common ailments, and secure the best physical conditions for the enjoyment and prolongation of life. It was not, however, until we had learned the microbic origin of infectious diseases, had discovered how they are transmitted from the sick to the well, and how simple are the means by which the infectious agents may be rendered harmless, that it began to dawn upon us that the vast mortality from these communicable maladies and the inexpressible suffering which they cause are largely preventable. Thus the term preventive medicine has come to be most frequently, though not exclusively, applied to those practical applications of medical lore by which the communicable infectious diseases may be restricted.

Two factors are necessary in the occurrence of disease: first, the individual with his various and varying susceptibilities; and, second, the inciting conditions or agents.

Without dwelling upon the first of these factors we may assume that those persons who maintain themselves in the best physical condition are, in general, the least susceptible to the incursions of disease-producing microbes, if by ill chance these should gain access to their bodies. Thus, personal hygiene and sanitation have assumed greater significance in the light of our new knowledge of the cause of infectious diseases, and form an important section in the newly formulated discipline of preventive medicine.

If we breathe unclean air, which, in public conveyances, assembly rooms, offices, and homes, is almost universal; if in place of plain nutritious food we stuff our bodies with many strange concoctions; if we will not rest and play enough or will rest and play too much; if fret and worry set the pace in our daily tasks, we may not hope to resist the strain when the hand of disease shall fall upon us.

So one of the most urgent necessities of the coming years is education in personal hygiene. This knowledge of the ways of healthful living must be systematically and intelligently imparted in the schools. And it should not be perverted, as in many instances it is to-day, to serve the worthy but narrow aims of an anti-alcohol or anti-tobacco crusade. No college curriculum should be considered adequate which does not secure to the graduate such knowledge of himself and of the plain requirements of sanitation as shall fit him to maintain as fully as may be a healthful physical condition. The first step, then, if we are to enter upon the new promise of preventive medicine is to adopt healthful modes of life and secure healthful places to live in.

If now we turn to that phase of preventive medicine which relates directly to infectious germs, we come upon a curious condition of affairs. Civilized communities have ceased to fear Asiatic cholera very much, because we have learned that it is easily suppressed by proper sanitation. The traditional ravages of the plague are possible only among the filthy in person and surroundings. Smallpox we do not now seriously dread, because immunity can be secured by a scratch upon the skin. Diphtheria has largely lost its terrors since the discovery of the life-saving antitoxin. Hydrophobia is fully within our control.

But how is it with some of the less dramatic germ diseases which we have always with us, although we have known for many years how they can be largely prevented.

Malaria ravages large districts because we do not drain the puddles and will not harden our hearts against the mosquito.

Typhoid fever claims its victims singly and in wholesale—more

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than thirty thousand die every year in the United States—chiefly because we are not yet ready to see that our sewage is disposed of elsewhere than in our drinking waters.

Tuberculosis, the king of the revels in this dance of death, ends a lingering illness in fully one hundred and fifty thousand persons annually in this country alone. And these multitudes perish prematurely because we do not insist upon the most obvious requirements of personal hygiene and the simplest details of public and private sanitation.

In fact, our science is far ahead of our practice, and it now rests largely with the people and the health officials whom they select to guard their interests to say whether or not in the next decade we shall enter into our birthright.

It is not difficult to suggest broadly the things which must be done if we are to profit as we may by the promise of preventive medicine. Honest hygiene must be taught in schools and colleges. Public health officers must know more about sanitation than about politics, and there must be educational institutions where their special duties can be learned. An enlightened public sentiment must sustain them in their efforts to promote the general welfare, even though the individual may now and then be inconvenienced.

But when efficiency shall have been secured in the public health administration, a large responsibility will still rest upon the citizen.

He can get clean food, pure water, and unpolluted air by asking for them and insisting that he have them. But he must insist, and he must be vigilant.

It is from human waste that the larger part of the infective stuff comes which we should avoid, and it is, most of all, in floating dust that this passes from one to another. If we could gradually wean ourselves, in public places at least, from the carpet, that storehouse of floating filth, sending up unseen, with every footfall, its clouds of often infectious dust to irritate the delicate recesses of our lungs: if we might venture to suggest to the well-meaning but usually wholly uninstructed or wofully misinstructed delegates of Hygeia in our cars, offices, theatres, schools, churches, and homes, that dust is to be got rid of, not simply set astir by the feather-duster, we could largely reduce those affections of the respiratory organs which are a most serious and a growing menace to our modern life in towns to-day.

In fact, the household régime need be neither complex nor burdensome which amply fulfils the conditions of cleanliness. But the cleanliness which modern sanitation requires cannot be secured without the exercise of informed intelligence.

Finally, it is a little to be deplored that the altruism of to-day does not sanction the maintenance of mediæval oubliettes into which the spitter in unseemly places, the trailer of her skirts upon the streets, the ministers in public upon our sidewalks to the private exigencies of their dogs, might all be quietly dropped together.



Washington's Headquarters at Valley Forge



From a drawing by Howard Pyle

Washington and Baron Steuben walking through the Camps at Valley Forge



General Huntington's Headquarters

The Saving of Valley Forge

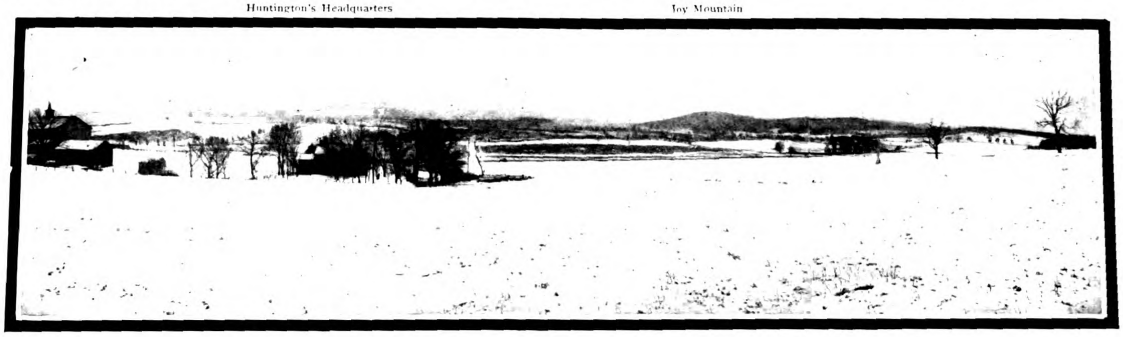
ONE hundred and twenty-five years ago, on the eighteenth day of June, the Continental army under General George Washington evacuated its winter camp at Valley Forge, and set forth to begin the career of victories that ended with the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. To mark this anniversary, a celebration has been arranged to take place this month on Washington's old camping-ground. Committees composed of leading men and women of the eastern section of Pennsylvania have been appointed to arrange all the details, military and civic, and President Roosevelt and the Governors of the thirteen original States have been invited to take part in the ceremonies.

During the past decade there has been a determined effort on the part of Pennsylvania to atone for the neglect of years, and preserve Valley Forge for the American people as a State or national park. The first step in that direction to produce tangible results was taken in 1877-8, the one-hundredth anniversary of the evacuation, when a committee of men and women living near Valley Forge, aided by certain patriots, succeeded in raising sufficient money to buy and care for the old Potts mansion, which was used by General Washington as his headquarters. With the headquarters was also secured a small plot of surrounding ground, and this was the beginning of the present park idea. In 1882 the Historical Society of Pennsylvania adopted a resolution, which was presented to Congress the following year, urging that some action be taken to preserve and mark the historic place.

Ten years later, in 1893, through the efforts of Francis M. Brooks, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania created the Valley Forge Commission, and in two sessions the Legislature appropriated $35,000 to enable the commission to buy land at Valley Forge for a State park. Over two hundred acres were acquired on Mount Joy, comprising that part of the camp on which are still visible the inner line of intrenchments and the earthworks known as Forts Washington and Huntington. This spring the Pennsylvania Legislature appropriated $74,500 to be used in extending the present park limits, with a view to covering as much as possible of historical ground.

Huntington's Headquarters

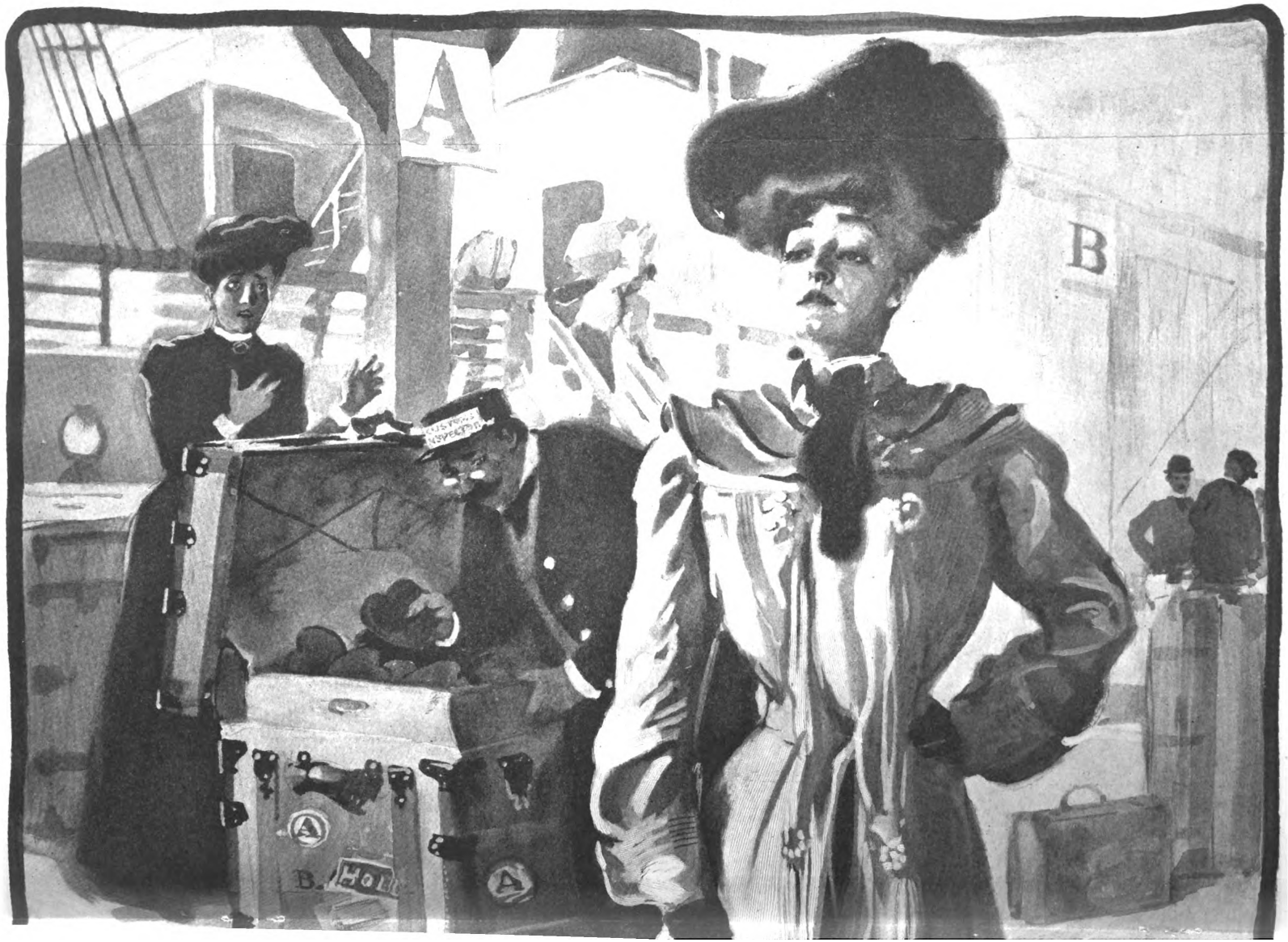
Joy Mountain



Panoramic View of the Valley Forge Camp as it is to-day. The Camp extended over the Valley from the extreme Right to the extreme Left of this Picture; in the Distance is Joy Mountain

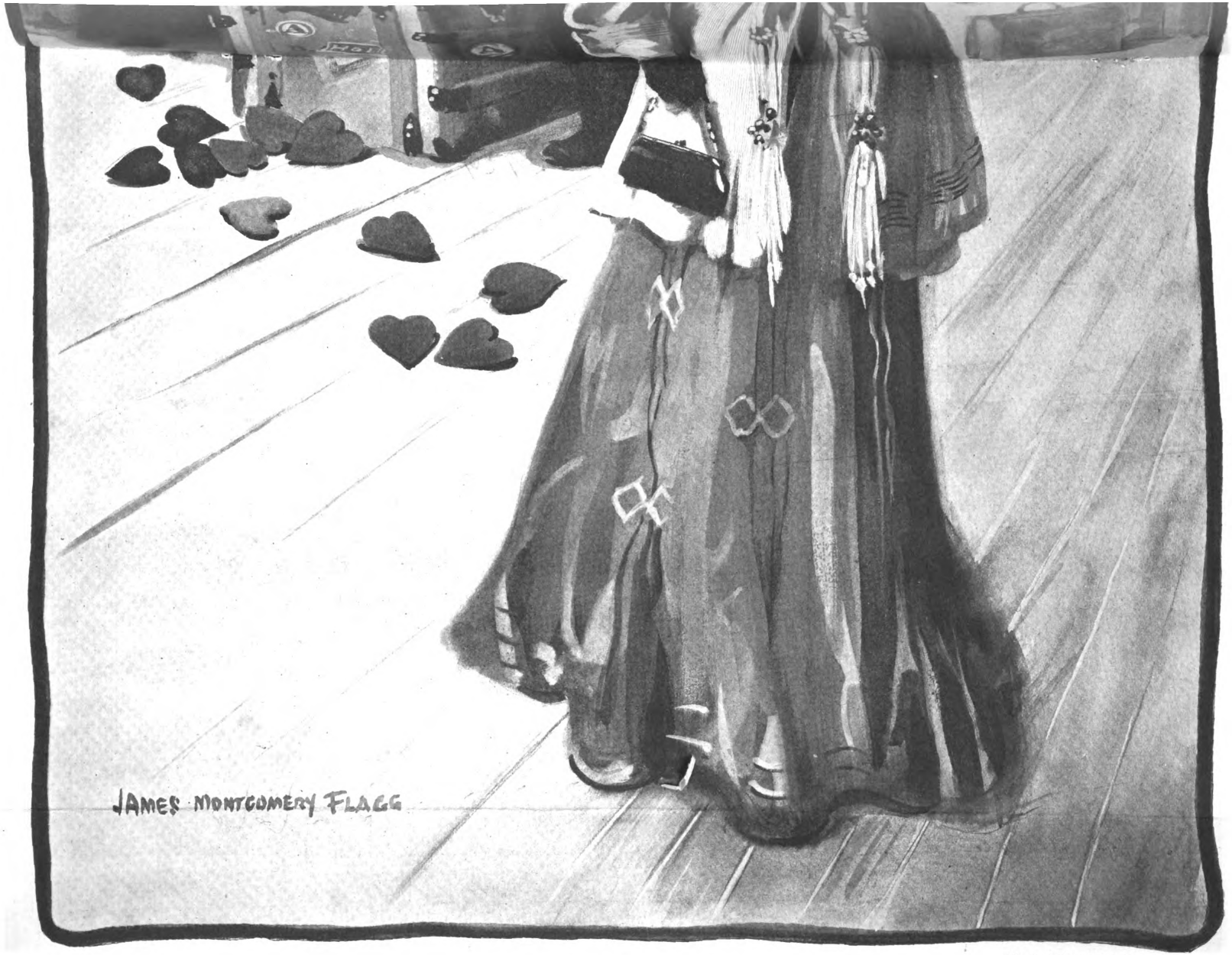
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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg

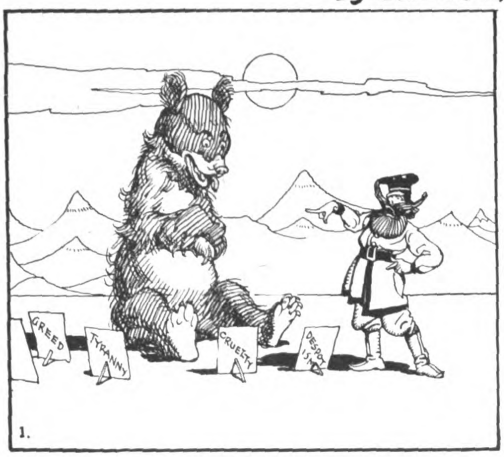
WHAT SHE DIDN'T DECLARE

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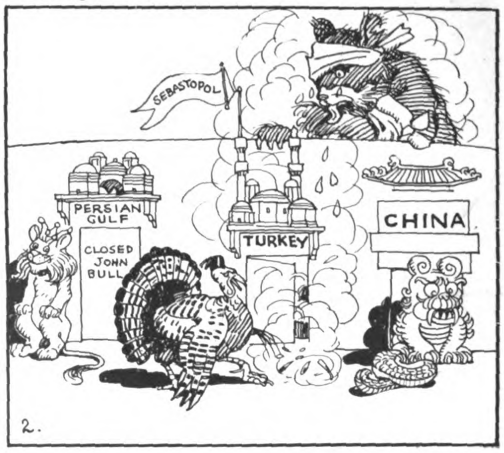
The FABLE of The RUSSIAN BEAR

Relating the story of the imprisoned member of the world menagerie who wanted to join the other animals.

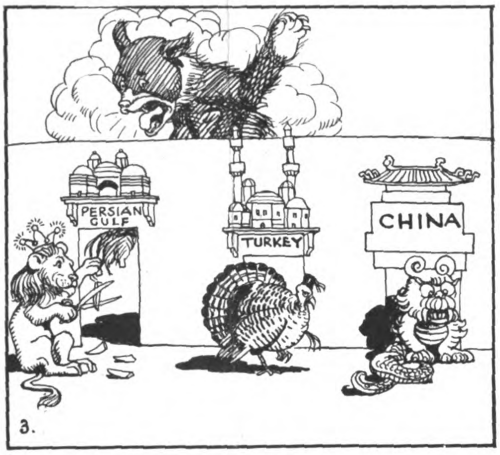
By Albert Levering.



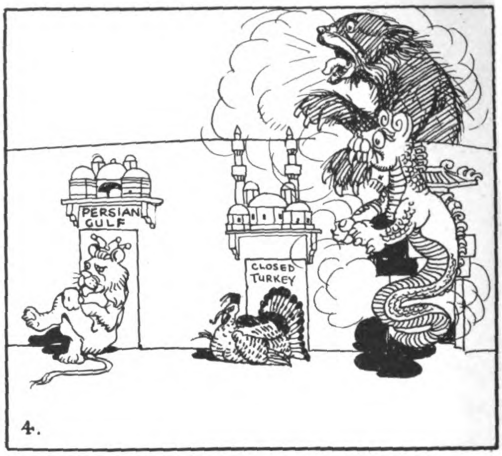
This is Peter—yes, Peter the Great. A long while ago he found a bear cub, trained it according to his own principles; but—foolish Peter that he was—he put a wall around it in the menagerie, and now the old bear can only get out to forage in the summer.



Growing hungry, he sought the first opening offered, which happened to be guarded by an ill-tempered old turkey-gobbler. Well, the gobbler wasn't gobbled, and the bear got severely pecked. Foolish bear!



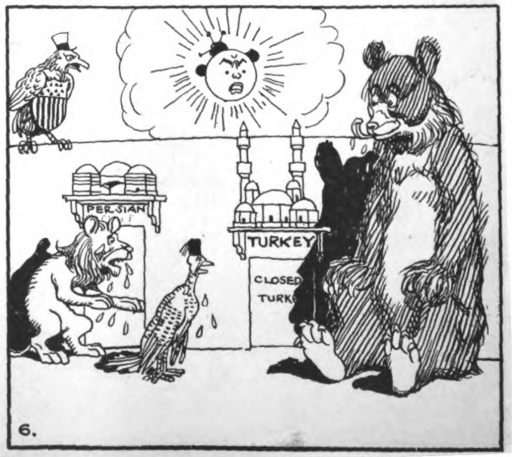
Gathering hunger drove it to another small opening which it had discovered, through which it cautiously slid a ponderous paw, and drew it back separated from its numerous claws by a very watchful lion. Still the foolish bear



By this time its hunger knew no bounds, and it tackled a third opening filled by a dragon. And the dragon did a mighty lot of clawing and biting of everyone, as you may believe, and particularly of the foolish bear.



After considerable reflection, for he had grown wiser with so many rebuffs, he silently began, at the tail of the dragon, to devour him, and in due time he ate himself—



—outside

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Young Women who have done Things

A RECENT paper in an educational journal calls attention to the number of comparatively youthful women who have achieved notable things in their different callings. Joan of Arc at nineteen led the army of victorious France; Patti sang in public before she had entered her teens—how many years ago it was that she made her first great triumph it is not for us to say. At twenty-two Madame De Stael accomplished an essay on Rousseau; Jane Austen had completed her lifework at forty-two; and all of the Brontë sisters died before they were forty. When *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appeared Harriet Beecher Stowe was only thirty-nine, and George Eliot gave *Adam Bede* to the world at thirty-eight. Miss Grace Lathrop Collin and Onoto Watanna, two of the most successful of contemporary novelists, are both considerably under thirty.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

"NOT ONE MOUTHFUL

of table food should be given a child before it is one year old," says Dr. Holt. What substitute, then? BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK is absolutely the safest and best infant food obtainable. Avoid unknown brands. Send for "Baby's Diary."—[*Adv.*]

IF you want to know the time, "ask a policeman." If you want to know where to go for the summer, ask a New York Central ticket agent, or send a two-cent stamp to Daniels, Grand Central Station, New York, for a copy of "America's Summer Resorts."—[*Adv.*]

OF course you can live without telephone service, but you don't live as much as you might, because telephone service saves time, and time is the stuff of life. Rates for Residence Service in Manhattan from $48 a year. New York Telephone Co., 15 Dey Street, 111 West 38th Street.—[*Adv.*]

THE FOUR-TRACK NEWS for June is just out and is the best number yet issued of that admirable magazine of travel and education. 5 cents a copy by newsdealers.—[*Adv.*]

STRONG and better men and women are those who use ABBOTT'S, the Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

IF you are a "bon vivant," drink the best Champagne on the market—COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY.—[*Adv.*]

PISO'S CURE—40 years on the market, and still the best for Coughs and Colds. 25c. per bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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From the

New-York Daily Tribune.

APRIL 26, 1903.

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Mr. Wanamaker's Selection of The Prudential is a Striking Demonstration of—The High Esteem in which This Company is held by Farsighted Business Men, and Their Great Confidence in The Prudential's—

Permanent Strength, and Able and Conservative Management,—Both Conducing to Profitable Dividend Returns on its Policies.

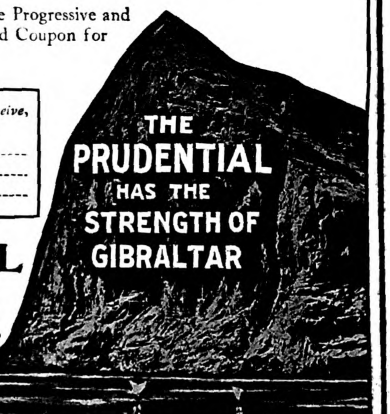
Whether the Policy be Large or Small, the Same Progressive and Conservative Management is Back of All. Send Coupon for Specimen Policy, Suitable to Your Means.

Without committing myself to any action, I shall be glad to receive, free, particulars and rates of policies for $----------

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It will tell you all about the hotels, boarding houses and ranches, their prices, attractions, charges for livery, fishing and hunting—everything you should know about Colorado, the one perfect spot in America for a summer outing.

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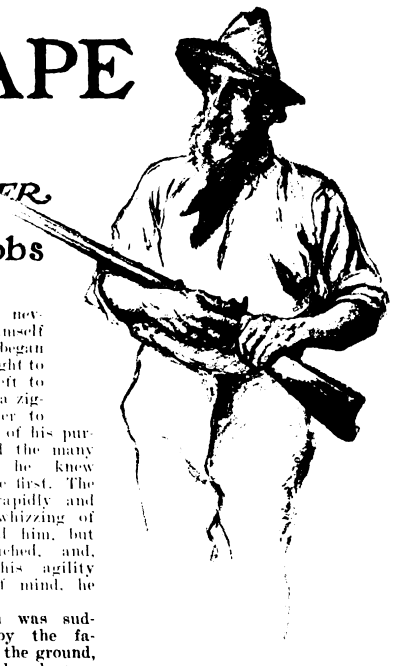


THE ESCAPE

By

JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER

Drawing by George Gibbs



HE paused a moment at the foot of the hill, panting and weak. None of his pursuers had come in sight, and the interval was precious for rest. Yet he did not feel his exhaustion fully, until he leaned his spent and trembling figure against a rock, when every bone and muscle began to ache, and the hot breath, coming in irregular puffs, rasped and burnt like steam drawn through his throat. He strove against the growing weakness, and was sorry that he had paused, merely to give the creeping languor a chance to overwhelm him; yet he lingered, the strained heart and dizzy brain alike crying out against more exertion; then his sight grew dim, the sunlit day suddenly darkened, and he shook in a nervous palpitation as if a chill had seized him. But he was not afraid: he did not feel fear as the ordinary human type would have felt it; his emotions were physical, not mental, and with dull anger he cursed under his breath the weakness that was conquering him.

There had been many hazards in the life of Morgan, but never before had he been pressed so hard. It was a surprise and pursuit by numbers, and now he knew that only kind chance or his fleetness of foot could save him the life that he enjoyed like a strong animal or the primitive man.

He leaned more heavily against the rock and his breath grew a little longer, though the painful opening and shutting of the blood valves was like the thrust of a knife. His clothing was torn into many rags by the briers and bushes through which he had rushed, and red scratches were left by the thorns across his face. One scarlet line led into his mustache, from the black point of which the blood fell slowly, drop by drop, upon his chest.

A little strength returned, and with a certain coolness Morgan began to calculate his chances. He decided that they were much against him, but he had no thought save to carry the case to the final issue. He looked up at the tremulous air, the coppery sun, the bleak mountain-side with its alternate rocks and bushes, and then rising, stretched his sore muscles again. As he did so he saw the tops of the bushes on the far side of the brook quivering, and he knew that if he lingered now it would be at the risk of immediate death. He paused no longer, but bending slightly over in the customary attitude of one who runs for life, and drawing his breath in deep gasps, dashed along the mountain-side. A single shout, a long yell, half a cry, half a hunting call, came from the men behind him, and all the blood flew to Morgan's head. He knew that the Jaspers, with whom the Morgans had been so long at feud, would never cease their pursuit, when chance seemingly had delivered to them the best rifleman of their enemies. The opportunity his, he would not have spared one of them, and he did not expect mercy for himself.

He heard another shout behind him, half a cry of triumph, half a hunting call, and his heart swelled again with the sense of shame, felt before, when he was reminded so forcibly that now he was the hunted, and not, as usual, the hunter. He looked back and saw their heads appearing above the bushes, a dozen men, strong, brown, and wild like himself, nothing modern about them save the repeating-rifle of latest pattern which each carried. He perceived clearly that they were gaining upon him. In a few more minutes they would be within range. How he cursed his ill fortune in being surprised without his own rifle, and he felt that perhaps he deserved this mischance for such carelessness!

The men spread out like a fan in order to prevent his turning from a direct course, and, recognizing now the futility of such an attempt by him, Morgan kept straight on, drawing his breath with pain, and staggering often as his feet struck against a stone. The shouting of his pursuers ceased, and presently he heard a sharp report like the cracking of a heavy whip, which, taken up by the mountain, echoed through every gully and ravine, until it died away under the horizon. There was a faint whistling sound, like the buzz of a bee, past his ear, and Morgan knew that the first bullet had missed him only a few inches.

He resorted to a plan of which he had heard many speak, but which he had never thought himself to use. He began to wheel from right to left and from left to right, following a zigzag line in order to confuse the aim of his pursuers and avoid the many bullets which he knew would follow the first. The rifles cracked rapidly and he heard the whizzing of the lead around him, but he was untouched, and, thankful for his agility and presence of mind, he raced on.

His attention was suddenly drawn by the familiar aspect of the ground, and he remembered now that just beyond the little slope stood the cabin of Aaron Jasper himself, the leader of the Jaspers; his flight was taking him directly towards the home of his chief enemy, but he could not turn aside now, and he plunged on up the slope, three or four rifle bullets singing around and near him, telling him for the twentieth time that it was not well to linger.

He reached the crest of the slope, and there before him in the clearing on the other side stood the log cabin of Aaron Jasper—a little brown, ugly building, with its clapboard roof and shuttered windows, a light coil of smoke rising from the mud chimney.

At the sight of the cabin a fierce joy drove the despair out of Morgan's heart. The door stood wide open, and in a field a woman, who must be Jasper's wife, was working. What a triumph to use Jasper's own house, at the last moment, as a defence against him! He turned his head and sent to his pursuers a cry of defiance, a shout in which he gave them back their own taunts. Then he dashed straight for the open door, with their bullets pattering around him.

Morgan slammed the door and drew into place the heavy bar that fastened it; then he fell upon the floor and drew his breath in gasps as terrible as a sob. The momentary strength poured into his brain by the reaction from death to life was gone, and the exhausted heart contracted more painfully than ever. For a moment he was blind with weakness and lay prone, his limp fingers fluttering like the fins of a dying fish. Then as his breath came back, and his will with it, he struggled to his feet and looked about him. Over the fireplace, on its accustomed hooks, lay the rifle which he expected. He took it down, his malignant joy swelling when he remembered that he was using not only Jasper's own house against him, but a rifle of his, too, with plenty of cartridges to supply it, ready on the mantel. Everything—the house, the rifle, the ammunition—seemed to have been arranged for his benefit, and he was duly and wickedly grateful.

Then he hastened to the single window that the room contained, and, opening the heavy shutter slightly, looked out at his enemies. They had stopped in the edge of a little wood beyond rifle-shot and seemed to be talking. Then he closed the shutter, and, fastening it, looked about him again at the little fortress which had come so opportunely in his way, rejoicing in its strength and its completeness for defence. It was in its construction only an ordinary mountain cabin of stout logs, too thick to be penetrated by any rifle bullet, but the room showed some signs of neatness, though all the articles of furniture were rude and common. He knew that this household order and cleanliness were due to Aaron Jasper's wife. A sun-bonnet of hers hung in a corner, and some prints from illustrated papers were tacked on the walls.

The house, like most of the mountain cabins, had but the single room, but in one corner a small door led to a place that seemed to Morgan to be an alcove or a large closet. He would examine it soon, but for the present he confined himself to the room. He went to the cupboard and found cold meat and bread, which he ate with an appetite increased by the knowledge that he ate food furnished him by his enemy. Then he drank from the water-pail, and shook himself like a great animal as the strength poured back into all his veins and muscles.

The bar that held the door was strong, but for further precaution he dragged the cupboard against it, and tearing some strips from a quilt, put a double fastening on the window. Then he

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A Greek Theatre in America

THE new open-air theatre of the University of California, in which President Roosevelt spoke on May 12 to a large audience of scholars, students, and distinguished citizens of California, is the only structure of the kind in America. It is an interesting fact that the theatre is almost exactly similar in its proportions to the famous Theatre of Dionysius. As was the custom among the old Greeks, the building stands in a grove of fine trees. Its extreme dimensions are, exclusive of the colonnade, 255 feet in breadth by 194 feet in depth, the stage being thirty-five by one hundred and fifty-four feet in size. The material is concrete, and eight thousand persons can be seated comfortably on the benches. The roof will be of tiles, and the stage will be colored, in accordance with the classic tradition.

Railroad Travel Fifty Years Ago

THE recent semicentennial of the incorporation of the New York Central Railroad has called forth an interesting letter of reminiscences from a citizen of Lockport, New York, describing railroad travel in the Empire State half a century ago. The writer says:

"We took the cars on State Street, in Albany; these cars were drawn to the city line by horses, for locomotives were not then allowed in the city. The cars were of the ancient pattern, entered by doors on the side, with seats across the car, the passengers facing each other, as in the old-fashioned stage-coaches. The speed was tremendous — about twelve miles an hour. Arrived on the ridge opposite Schenectady, our cars were let down an inclined plane, secured to a large rope cable, the other end being attached to flat cars weighted with stone, which were drawn up on a parallel track as we went down. At Schenectady we changed cars and travelled west to Utica, reaching there in the afternoon. That was then the end of railroad travel. A canal-packet was boarded which landed us in Syracuse next morning. There another packet was taken for Rochester, which we reached early the following day. A third packet brought us from Rochester to Lockport in sixteen hours. The time consumed in coming from New York city to Lockport was nearly four days, being on the move all the time, except the night spent at Albany. Not long after, the roads built from Albany westward and from Buffalo eastward met, and a continuous line was formed, but with many changes of cars and other inconveniences. Then the Hudson River Road was opened, and Buffalo and New York became neighbors."

Reclaiming the West

By J. D. Whelpley

To furnish an adequate water-supply to one million acres of fertile land in the arid region of the United States means that an outlet has been provided for at least one million people to seek new homes, to create new wealth, to build new towns, to increase the transportation facilities of the country, and to otherwise add to the aggregate strength of the nation.

This is what the United States government has just decided to do. Within a year past a law was enacted by Congress creating an arid-land reclamation fund from the proceeds of the sales of the public lands in the arid States. This fund now amounts to about ten million dollars. For many months past the field parties of the Geological Survey have been actively engaged in all sections of the West, from the British line to the Rio Grande, examining possible sites for great irrigation works. The information these engineers have secured has been brought to Washington, and finally passed upon by Dr. Walcott, Chief of the Geological Survey, and Frederick Haynes Newell, the chief engineer of the reclamation bureau.

At the request of the Secretary of the Interior the Geological Survey submitted five enterprises for approval. Realizing his im-

(Continued on page 943.)

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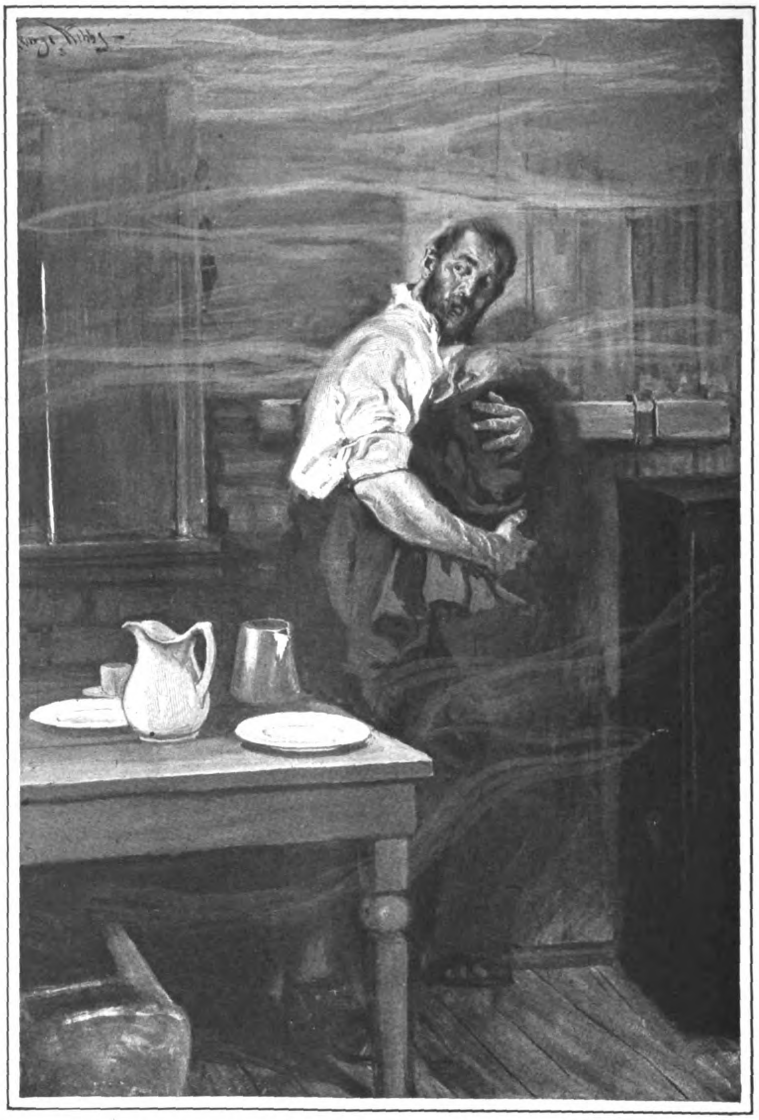
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opened the door of the alcove, pausing until his eyes could penetrate the dusk. As the half darkness thinned and he saw, Morgan moved slightly in surprise. Varying emotions expressed themselves on his face, but presently he shut the door softly and went over to the bed. There he lay down, placing the rifle by his side, and laughed long and with intense enjoyment, a kind of deep, silent laughter, internal, but expressive of the keenest delight.

He rose in a few minutes, and opening the window for the third time, he looked out at his enemies, whom he saw yet under the distant trees. His eyes caught the flutter of a woman's dress, and he supposed that Martha Jasper had joined her husband and his men. If he wanted revenge on her as well as her husband, certainly he could have it. She must be half insane at that moment, and he wondered why she did not cry out and shriek to him for mercy.

He ate a little more of the cold food that he had found in the cupboard, drank some water from the pail, and his nerves felt steadier. He was about to walk to the alcove again, but when halfway stopped quite still, every nerve tingling and the blood leaping in his veins. He heard distinctly a continuous shuffle and rustle like the tread of many feet, and the scrape of an object against the walls. The noise increased. They seemed to be heaping something against the house. Presently he heard a faint crackle, and a belief, incredible at first, formed itself and gained strength in his mind. The crackling increased, submerging other sounds, and he knew that the warning of his fears was true. Jasper and his men had set the house on fire. He was sure of it; he could hear the blaze eating into the wood, and crackling in delight as it leaped from one log to another. He was as helpless as the baby that lay smiling in its sleep in the alcove. Surely it was not Martha Jasper whom he had seen in the fields, and perhaps Aaron Jasper did not know!



Shreds of smoke, creeping through invisible crevices between the logs, began to enter the room

Yet of three things there could be no doubt—the house was on fire, he was inside it, and so was the child. If he should open the door and rush out, the men waiting under the trees would fire upon him at once, with an aim too good to miss. His sense of utter helplessness made him cry out, and he threw upon the bed the rifle which now seemed so useless.

The fire was increasing fast, and the rush of the flames made a roar that he heard distinctly. Shreds of smoke, creeping through invisible crevices between the logs, began to enter the room, and once a live spark coming in with the smoke lay for a moment upon the floor, and then died.

A faint cry from the alcove drew Morgan's attention. He opened the door and looked in. The baby, a boy of two years, was sitting up, and gazing at him with wide and frightened eyes. Morgan regarded the boy with a kind of malignant triumph, and found a certain pleasure in seeking a resemblance to Aaron Jasper. But as he looked more closely, he saw only the likeness of the child to his mother. She had been a pretty girl. He had never forgotten that. Morgan became troubled.

The flames reached the roof, he could hear the boards crackling, and smoke and sparks were coming down the chimney. The fright of the child increased, and he cried loudly. The smoke, entering the room gathered in the alcove as if something drew it to that corner. A thrill of sympathy passed through the heart of Morgan. He did not like to see one so small suffer; he had been slightly mistaken in his estimate of himself. He raised the child and took him out of the alcove into an atmosphere which was a little clearer. The boy cried more loudly, the wild figure of a man adding to his fright, but ceased in a few minutes, and began to show a friendliness that embarrassed and offended Morgan. He did not want any child of Aaron Jasper's to be making a fuss over him. The boy was holding him by the collar in an attitude that was almost an embrace; he pushed off the hands, but the boy seemed not to notice the hostile nature of the act, and put them back; Morgan did not think it worth while to take so much trouble about a small matter, and let the hands remain.

The smoke crept into the child's eyes and mouth and he began to cough. Morgan found a little water in the pail and made him drink it. The heat in the room was growing intense, and Morgan wiped the moisture from his face with his coat sleeves. The little boy had become quite pale and his lips were dry; he did not cry again, but, baby though he was, gazed at Morgan with a look so full of appeal and confidence that every fibre in the wild mountaineer responded. The child must not die; his own life had become a petty thing, and he was ready to sacrifice it for the little form that clung so confidently to him.

He drew his coat over the boy's face and figure, covering him completely, while he held him in place with his left arm. The flames were running across the roof now, and burning boards fell upon the floor. He lifted the bar and threw the door wide open. A blaze of sunlight, cool, glorious, and dazzling, flashed into his face; then he saw a group of men standing under the trees, with rifles in their hands. Clasping the little boy securely in his arms, he ran towards the group, a wild and frightful figure.

Some one levelled a rifle at him, and some one else, who saw the burden in his arms, struck it down. Then he fell fainting at the feet of Aaron Jasper.

But the unhurt boy, pushing aside the coat, looked up and smiled.

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mense responsibility, the Secretary of the Interior submitted this matter to a full cabinet meeting presided over by President Roosevelt before making his final decision. As an outcome of this cabinet meeting it has been determined by the government to build what is known as the Sweetwater dam in Montana, the Gunnison Tunnel irrigation work in Colorado, the St. Mary system of canals in Montana, the Truckee project in Nevada, and the Salt River dam in Arizona.

The Resources of the West

The cost of these five enterprises when built will be about ten million dollars, and the amount of land rendered available for home-seekers will probably aggregate at least one million acres. This land is now worth practically nothing except for grazing purposes, and for most of it the government can find no takers even at the minimum price of a dollar and a quarter per acre. Land in the arid region which is assured of a permanent and adequate water-supply for irrigation is worth at a minimum fifty dollars per acre, and in many cases, as in the Salt River Valley, where the land is highly cultivated, as in the case of fruit, the value of the land reaches as high as from three to five hundred dollars per acre.

It is an established fact that irrigated land supports on an average one person to the acre, owing to the intense character of the farming and the stimulus which has been given to the growth of neighboring towns, railroads, and all other industries which pertain to supplying the needs of so large a community. It may be said, therefore, that the government proposes by the expenditure of ten million dollars to add at least fifty million dollars to the landed values in the five localities mentioned, and untold millions to the resources, facilities, and general wealth of the Western section of the United States.

A Radical Law

The national irrigation law as it stands to-day is the most radical step which has been taken by the United States government to protect its own landed property since Uncle Sam went into the land business with a capital of a billion and a half acres of ground. There is not much more than five hundred million acres of this land left at the present time, and perhaps not over one hundred million acres of it is practically available for settlement under conditions as they can be foreseen at the present day.

The irrigation law, under which the work is now being carried on by the government, was bitterly opposed by many Eastern members of Congress, and serious controversy raged as to its constitutionality. It has many critics, and for this reason the first work to be done under its provisions will be subjected to the most careful scrutiny and carping criticism. Because of this every possible step has been taken by the government to employ the best engineering talent in the world in the selection of the sites and the making of the plans, and to exercise the utmost care to anticipate in advance any possible legal or other complications which might arise through the reclamation of the areas mentioned.

The Problems Presented

The five enterprises which have been adopted as the first work to be carried out under the new law are therefore considered by the government authorities as presenting the most favorable opportunities for testing this new policy. In any large irrigation project there are many intricate problems, such as water-supply, storage facilities, the selection of canal lines, and the determination of the areas of land upon which the water shall be put, so that it is necessary to devote years of careful study before a decision is actually reached. Then must come the detailed surveys, estimates of cost, and plans for construction before work can begin.

Upon the passage of the reclamation law it was recognized that the people who advocated the law would expect construction to begin at an early day, and that the only way to meet this and thus avoid criticism was to push the investigation on those proj-

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ects about which sufficient had already been determined by the Geological Survey to indicate their feasibility. This plan was followed, although the government met serious difficulty in securing a sufficient number of competent engineers familiar with irrigation work.

The five projects selected therefore do not merely represent the investigation of the past few months, but are projects which the hydrographical bureau of the Geological Survey has had in mind for many years, and the reclamation law is now getting the benefit of work which has been carried on by another branch of the government for many years past in investigating the water-supplies of the United States.

The five projects recommended are considered by the Secretary of the Interior to have reached that point where bids can be called for and other steps can be taken to dispose of preliminary matters. In the mean time all of the public lands which it is proposed to irrigate from these great government constructions have been withdrawn from settlement, and will be reopened only after the water is ready to be used for agricultural purposes, and only under the terms and conditions of the law through which or by which the work is authorized.

The Work to be Done

In Wyoming, the Sweetwater project, as it is called, is one which has attracted attention for many years in the amount of water which can be stored and the amount of land which can consequently be irrigated at a low cost. This Wyoming enterprise involves the construction of a reservoir in the central part of the State on the Sweetwater River, a tributary of the North Platte. This dam will cost about half a million dollars, and the water which can be stored behind it will irrigate about one hundred thousand acres of government land.

In Montana it has been decided to build what is known as the St. Mary canal, one of the most interesting irrigation enterprises in the country, owing to the fact that it proposes to divert the waters of one watershed, and turn them through the divide upon another watershed, so that they flow into the Missouri, and eventually into the Gulf of Mexico, instead of pursuing their way northward into the British possessions.

In Montana

The Montana project contemplates the reclamation of land along Milk River, a tributary of the Missouri, by storing the flood waters of that stream, and increasing the water-supply in Milk River by means of the St. Mary lakes, which now find their outlet in the St. Mary River, and flow northerly into Canada. This enterprise, if carried out to its ultimate size, will cost perhaps $2,000,000, and will in time place under cultivation two hundred and fifty thousand acres of irrigated land. This enterprise is unique in the fact that it consists of a chain of canals, leading from river to river, thus concentrating the waters of a very large area of the country in one stream, instead of allowing them to go to waste in numerous rivulets which now dry up at the critical season of the irrigation year.

The Scheme for Nevada

The Nevada project involves the construction of reservoirs lying in whole or in part in the State of California; also the diversion of the waters in the lower courses of the Truckee and Carson rivers upon the broad areas of desert land adjacent to the lakes or sinks of the Carson and Humboldt valleys. The key of the situation is in Lake Tahoe, one of the largest mountain lakes in the United States. Here water can be stored at trifling cost. The bringing of the water through the Truckee River and a high-line canal to the irrigable land involves large expenditures, however, and there is still some doubt as to the best route for their construction. The surveys have progressed sufficiently, however, to determine this project as one of the best which has been under consideration by the government.

The Colorado Project

The Colorado project involves the construction of a tunnel from the Gunnison

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River, a stream of large flow, to lands in the vicinity of Montrose, Colorado. The Gunnison flows through an extremely narrow and deep cañon which had never been travelled by man, so far as can be ascertained, until explored by an engineer of the Geological Survey. He found it was practicable to divert the river in the cañon, carrying it by a tunnel through solid rock extending along the river about two miles, then, turning at a slight angle toward the south and extending under an elevated plateau for a distance of about four miles to a place where the water can be delivered into an open valley over a large area of now vacant land on both sides of the Uncompahgre River.

The total area which it is proposed to reclaim as the result of the construction of this six-mile tunnel is about one hundred and seventy-five thousand acres. The total cost of the tunnel is estimated at about $1,500,000. In addition to the tunnel it will be necessary for those concerned to provide a canal system which will cost perhaps from a million and a half to two million dollars before the water can fulfil its full duty.

Plans for Arizona

In Arizona the famous Salt River Valley, with its wonderful fruit and alfalfa, some time ago reached the limit of its production owing to a deficiency in water-supply. To increase this water-supply involves the storage of water in the Salt River near the mouth of Tonto Creek. From here the waters will be discharged back into the Salt River, flowing down the stream in the vicinity of Phœnix, where they can be used for the irrigation of vacant land largely in private ownership, but where the government still has some holdings.

In addition to the reservoir itself, it is planned to develop water by means of wells and pumps to be operated by electric power produced at the reservoir. The total cost of the Tonto reservoir and other necessary work is estimated at only three million dollars, and this, it is claimed, will provide irrigation water for two hundred thousand acres of land not now under cultivation.

A Movement for Harmony

This project is considered by the Geological Survey as one of the most important and urgent in the United States, as the population needing the water is right on the ground, and there is actual suffering and loss of property in the community for want of an adequate water-supply. One important feature of this work, which must necessarily precede the construction of any storage reservoirs by the government and the subsequent use of water in the valleys below, is the necessity of securing harmonious action on the part of the owners of private lands which will be affected. The new law provides that the government can furnish water to private owners on similar terms to those governing the homesteaders upon the public lands. It is necessary, however, that there should be no controversy, and strenuous efforts are now being made in many Western communities to form general water-users' associations in valleys which may possibly in time secure the benefit of the government works.

If the new irrigation law accomplishes little else than a bringing about of harmonious action on the part of such communities it would do a great deal for the development of the West, for millions of dollars are spent annually in legal controversies over water rights, and these controversies are not always settled in the courts, for many a serious feud ending in numerous tragedies has arisen over these contentions.

What England has done

In building these great irrigation works the United States government is but following in the footsteps of England in the wonderful results accomplished by that country in Egypt. The reclamation fund, it is estimated, will provide in the next twenty-five years at least fifty million dollars to be used in the reclamation of the West. If this law works successfully, therefore, a desirable outlet for an enormous increase in the very best kind of population will be provided, and that test of republican institutions which was predicted by Macaulay when the free homes of the United States should be exhausted will thus be postponed.



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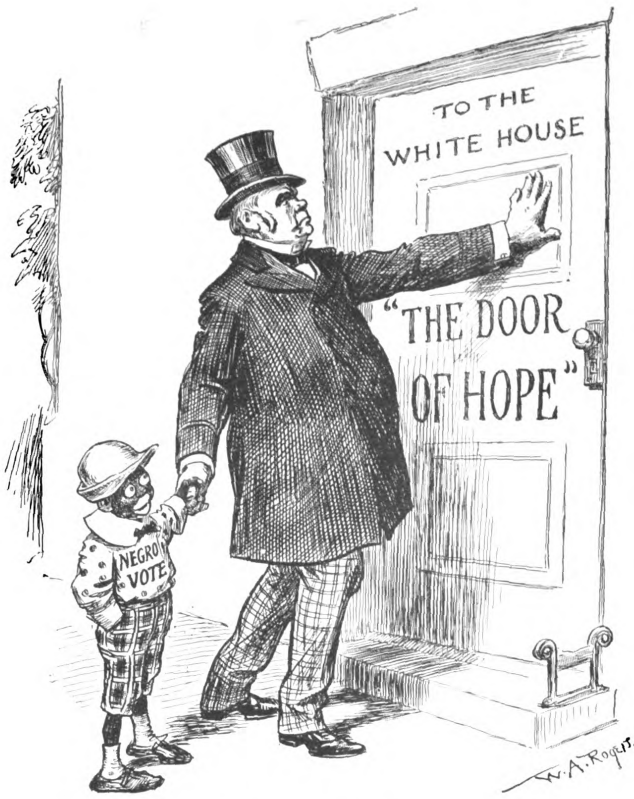
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

THERE has been of late a lull in the discussion of candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. The most recent utterances upon the subject are those of Colonel Henry Watterson, who has come eastward from Louisville to deliver an address on Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Mr. Norman E. Mack, who has been conspicuously associated with the Bryanite wing of the Democratic party in the State of New York. Colonel Watterson still refuses to consider Mr. Cleveland as a possible candidate, and opines that the Democratic nominee will be some one whose name has not yet been mentioned. The veteran editor nodded, however, when he said that the Presidential nomination usually came as a surprise. This was unquestionably true in the case of Hayes, of Garfield, and, we might add, of Harrison in 1888. It was true also of Seymour in 1868, of Hancock in 1880, and of Bryan in 1896. It certainly was not true of Grant, nor of Blaine, nor of Harrison in 1892, nor of McKinley in 1896. Neither was it true of Greeley, nor of Tilden, for both of them were put forward as candidates for more than a year before their nomination. Neither was it true of Cleveland, even in 1884, for he had been recognized as the most available nominee of the Democracy from the moment that he obtained a phenomenal majority for Governor in New York in November, 1882. For our own part, we deem it exceedingly improbable that the Democratic nomination will go to any one whose name has not been a good deal discussed. That is to say, it now looks as if the nominee of the Democratic party would be taken from the short list which includes Cleveland, Olney, Gorman, Judge Parker, and Judge Gray. Mr. Norman E. Mack, in his long published letter, makes it perfectly plain that, if he is qualified to speak for the friends of Mr. Bryan in the State of New York—and his qualification so to speak has not been hitherto denied—they are willing to sacrifice their personal preferences for the sake of party harmony, and would support a conservative Democrat. Mr. Mack does not even insist that the nominee of the party in 1904 must have voted for Mr. Bryan in 1896 and 1900. He recognizes that such a demand might have the effect of excluding some of the most desirable candidates. Mr. Bryan himself would not oppose the readmission of those who have strayed from the party fold, but he thinks that they ought to sit on the stool of repentance for a while, and content themselves with the crumbs that fall from the Democratic table. Mr. Mack, on the contrary, would regale them with the fatted calf. Our own impression is that it would be unwise and impracticable to attempt to relegate to back seats many of the men who felt constrained temporarily to leave the Democratic party in 1896 and 1900. Of some of them, at least, it may be said that where Macgregor sits is the head of the table.

The attention of politicians has been fixed on the Republican State convention of Ohio. Would that body follow the example of Republican conventions in some other States and pledge to Mr. Roosevelt Ohio's delegation in the next Republican national convention? Senator Hanna thought that the question should be answered in the negative, and assigned some plausible reasons for his opinion. He pointed out that this year the Ohio convention is convoked for the sole purpose of nominating a State ticket, and that it ought not to assume the prerogative of the convention which is to be chosen in 1904, and the specific function of which will be to express the preference of the State for a candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Hanna denied that, in arriving at this conclusion, he has been influenced in the slightest degree by any ambition of his own, having declared both privately and publicly that he himself is not and will not be a candidate for the Presidential nomination. It could not be taken for granted, however, he said, that Mr. Roosevelt would be the only candidate before the national convention of his party, and Mr. Hanna should not be forced to give offence to Mr. Roosevelt's rivals by committing Ohio to the support of the President a year in advance. As Chairman of the Republican national committee, it was Mr. Hanna's duty, we were told, to maintain an impartial attitude toward the several candidates, and he had strong personal reasons for conciliating every element in his party, because the Legislature to be chosen this autumn would exercise some influence on Mr. Hanna's re-election to the Senate. All this is true enough, and if the expediency of endorsing Mr. Roosevelt had not been mooted and widely discussed, not much significance might have been attached to Ohio's failure to go beyond a perfunctory approval of the present Administration. As it was, however, Senator Foraker having proclaimed a determination to secure an unequivocal endorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy, Mr. Hanna found himself unable to oppose that determination without taking a more decided stand in opposition to Mr. Roosevelt than he cared to assume. On May 26 he gave out this statement: "I am in receipt of a telegram from President Roosevelt which indicates to me his desire to have the endorsement of the Ohio Republican State convention of his Administration and candidacy. In view of this I shall not oppose such action by the convention, and I have telegraphed the President to that effect."

The prospect that the endorsement of his candidacy for a second term of the Presidency would be opposed in the Ohio Republican convention elicited two interesting statements from Mr. Roosevelt. He disclaimed having had anything to do with raising the question of his endorsement, but he recognized that, sooner or later, it was bound to arise. Inasmuch as it has now arisen, those who favor his Administration and his nomination will, of course, he says, endorse, and those who do not favor him will oppose such an endorsement. It is characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt thus to take the bull by the horns. He also seems to have forced the fighting at a dinner in Tacoma, when a number of United States Senators betrayed a disposition to criticise the independence of Senatorial wishes exhibited in the distribution of Executive patronage. Far from intimating in a conciliatory way that there might be a change in that particular, the President is reported to have said that, while he would like to be President again, he would far rather be a whole President for three years than half of a President for seven years. That is the true Jacksonian spirit, and

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Congressman Tawney has severed the services of Postmaster-General Payne to which the wisdom which have been exposed in the Post-office Department and in the Washington city post-office. He has, to his credit, what seems to be a technical defense to some of the charges made by Mr. Seymour Tulloch, former cashier of the local post-office in Washington. Mr. Tawney, Comptroller of the Treasury, says that Mr. Tulloch is mistaken in asserting that any conversation took place between them, and Auditor Castle points out that, as a mere accounting officer, he was obliged to trust to the scrutiny of department officials, and could not possibly know in each case whether service was actually performed or not. Nobody has charged Auditor Castle with personal responsibility for the enrolment of men and women who performed no services. The fact that men and women were placed upon the pay-roll with the understanding that they should give no services is not denied. There is reason to believe that all the important allegations of corruption made by Mr. Tulloch will be confirmed by the report which Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow the name is of good augury - is expected soon to make. It is believed that Mr. Bristow will bring home to Machen, Beavers, Tyner, and their accomplices the guilt of running the Post office Department for the benefit of those directly in charge of the free delivery service, and of those members of Congress who were willing to make unheard-of appropriations for this branch of the Post office Department.

Thanks to the independent press, it has proved impossible to carry out the original intention, which was to shield the guilty parties, and to deny the existence of any corruption in the postal service. Tyner, the Attorney General for the department, has been summarily removed, Beavers has been allowed to resign, Machen has been suspended, and a fourth official, Daniel V. Miller, has been arrested for accepting a bribe. There is a rumor that, when President Roosevelt returns to Washington, an effort will be made by Postmaster-General Payne to secure the removal of Mr. Robert J. Wynne, First Assistant Postmaster General, on the ground that the latter has not evinced the proper *esprit de corps*, and has given information to newspaper men who have desired to learn the inside facts about the management of the Post-office Department. It is not rebuke, but sympathy and support, that Mr. Wynne deserves, if he believes it to be the duty of the Federal government to punish embezzlement and to "turn the rascals out." Mr. Roosevelt did well to retain in office the good men appointed by Mr. McKinley; but he would not honor his predecessor's memory by shielding the unfit. He should treat them as Mr. McKinley would have done - relegate them promptly to private life, if not to the penitentiary. If a choice must be made between Postmaster-General Payne and First Assistant Postmaster-General Wynne, we opine that the latter will not be the first to go.

The dismissal of General von Raaben, the governor of Bessarabia, for failing to use the force at his command to avert the massacre of the Jews at Kishinef and may be [illegible] Mr. Witte [illegible] Count [illegible] Russian [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

to be a success, it must get freight in large quantities which Russia herself cannot supply. The attempt made in certain quarters to precipitate us into an anti-Russian combination with Great Britain and Japan was foredoomed to failure, because we have a man of common sense at the head of our State Department. Before we renounce our traditional policy of avoiding foreign complications, we shall have to see our national interests threatened in a more vital point than they are ever likely to be by Russia in the Far East. Our manufacturers of cotton cloths can depend upon finding a much wider market for their products in the three provinces that compose Manchuria, so long as order is maintained by the Czar's soldiers on the principal trade routes than they have found amid the state of anarchy which inevitably would have followed the expulsion of the Russians. On this point Secretary Hay seems to have had no doubt from the outset, and he has, therefore, paid no heed to the clamor of certain newspapers, which, on the pretext that our trade was in danger, strove to drive him into the arms of Japan. We quite understand why the Japanese would like to see the Russians driven from Manchuria, but our interests are by no means identical with theirs.

The success of the fusion candidate for Mayor of New York city continues to seem more probable than it did some months ago. On the one hand, William S. Devery, of malodorous reputation, has decided to be a candidate for the Mayoralty, and has thus introduced a serio-comic element in the situation. To the onlooker the incident is a comic one, but for Tammany Hall it is not devoid of seriousness, for Devery is likely to get a good many votes in his own district which, but for his interposition, would fall to the Tammany nominee. On the other hand, a great many German-American associations in the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn have pledged themselves to support the Fusion candidate, whoever he may be, and it is due, doubtless to these demonstrations that Mr. Herman Ridder, of the G. A. R. U., or German-American Reform Union, has abated somewhat his opposition to a renomination of Mayor Low. A similar change of feeling on the part of native-Americans is indicated by the sermon preached on Sunday, May 24, by Dr. Parkhurst, who did not hesitate some time ago to criticise the Low administration with a good deal of acerbity. He now recants, and deplores the existing indifference to the outcome of the next Mayoralty campaign, an indifference which he attributes to an exaggerated appreciation of what the present administration has failed to do, and the greatly inadequate appreciation of what it has accomplished. He admits it to be outrageously unfair that a single shortcoming on the part of an administration should bulk larger in the popular mind than the ninety-nine good things that it performs.

Dr. Parkhurst found a great deal to praise in the work of the city departments. He pointed out, for instance, that the Tammany Health Commissioner paid five cents a pound for alum which the present commissioner buys for two cents a pound. Recalling the fact that in 1901 the meat furnished the Department of Charities cost the city $35,000 more than it would had the contract been given to the lowest instead of the highest bidder, he showed that Tammany charged more for treating paupers like cattle than the Low administration charges for treating them like human beings. He reminded his auditors that prostitution has to a large extent been banished from tenement-houses, and that in the present Tenement-House Commission, tenants have found a stronghold of protection and a trusted court of appeals. He admitted that the regeneration of the police force could scarcely be said to have begun before the opening of the present year, but he insisted that under General Greene, it had been prosecuted with amazing energy. He denounced the majority of the higher police officials, from inspectors down, as irredeemable, and he regarded the dismissal of four inspectors and thirty-eight captains within less than five months as a record to be proud of. In view of what has been already accomplished, and what might be confidently hoped for if Tammany could be kept out of power for two or four years more, Dr. Parkhurst earnestly urged the friends of honest municipal government to rally to the support of the Fusion candidate next November.

The numerous lockouts that have recently occurred and the rapidly increasing tendency of manufacturers to combine for mutual protection against the demands of labor are phenomena of grave significance. The refusal of labor-unionists to recognize a community of interest between employers and employed, and the incessant exaction of higher wages without reference to the prices obtainable in the market for the commodities produced, have provoked counter measures on the part of capitalists engaged in manufacturing, who foresee the necessity of preparing betimes for a period of industrial depression. According to the statistics collected by the commercial agencies, the market values of textiles have suffered a material shrinkage during the last few months, and, in despite of the large purchases of pig-iron which continue to be made for the United States Steel Corporation, the price of that commodity is lower by $3 50 per ton than it was a short time ago. Suppose the price of pig-iron should drop to the level at which it stood about a decade since—$10 50 per ton—would it be possible for the manufacturers of that product to pay their workmen the same wages that the latter have been receiving during the last year? Every reasonable onlooker would answer the question in the negative, yet, as experience has shown, nothing is more certain than that the iron-workers would strike at the first attempt to reduce their wages. Under the circumstances, manufacturers of pig-iron could not be blamed if they entered upon a concerted lockout, and kept their works closed until an improvement in the market and a concession in respect of wages should render it possible to manufacture without a loss.

Labor-unionists should listen to the wise advice given them in Chicago on Monday, May 25, by Mr. Clarence S. Darrow, who, it will be remembered, appeared as the legal champion of the union mine-workers before the coal-strike commission. He warned them that one of the chief perils to which trade-unions are exposed is the disposition of their members to consider solely the question of wages, and to give no heed to other considerations upon which not only the prosperity but the existence of a given industry depends. He pointed out that at all times and seasons they rely upon their numerical strength to enforce compliance with their demands, forgetting that it is impossible for an employer to compel the community to buy his products, and that it is equally impossible to compel him to go on producing at a loss. Mr. Darrow further admonished his auditors that the impossibilities which they refused to recognize were perfectly patent to outsiders, and that, consequently, unreasonable demands, missing the support of public opinion, must prove abortive. Mr. Darrow's advice was opportune because, if the observations of political economists can be trusted, a period of industrial depression recurs once in about ten years, and it may be that such a period is not now very distant.

The objects of the new Building-Trades Employers' Association in New York, as set forth in its constitution, are: "To foster the interest of those engaged in the erection and construction of buildings and other structures; to reform abuses relating to the business of persons so engaged; to secure freedom from unjust and unlawful exactions; to obtain and diffuse accurate and reliable information as to all matters affecting such persons; to procure uniformity, harmony, and certainty in the relations existing between employers, employees, mechanics, and laborers, and in all lawful ways to promote and protect the business interests of the members of this association; but there is no intention nor shall there be any action on the part of this association to control or in any way deal with prices or restrict competition." At this writing twenty-eight out of thirty-five branches of the building industry are represented in the new association. Each of these branches will have three representatives in the Board of Governors, and the governors will have power of the association to decide all controversies between the members of the association and their employees, to determine and regulate the conduct of the members of the association in such controversies, and to decide all disputes and disagreements arising between employers' associations and employees' organizations. The course of this new association will be followed with great interest. It seems to be a defensive league, which the thorough organization of workmen, represented by the Board of Building Trades, had rendered indispensably necessary. The Board of Building Trades had become far too strong for individual builders to deal with. Its orders, reasonable or not, had to be obeyed. A counter organization had to be formed. The new

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league does not oppose the unions as such. It simply confronts organization with organization. Out of it should come, and we trust will come, a better understanding between employers and workmen, fewer disputes, and a much readier and more just settlement of those that happen.

In the United States neither employers nor labor-unionists have hitherto seemed disposed to accept compulsory arbitration as a remedy for strikes and lockouts. Both employers and employed, however, may change their minds if the experiment should be made by our Canadian neighbors and should prove successful. A bill has been introduced in the Ontario Legislature for the establishment of a permanent official board of conciliation and arbitration. A noteworthy feature of the bill is the provision that, after the Board shall have investigated a labor dispute and given an award, the decision shall be binding upon both parties to the contest for two years, though after one year it may be voided by either contestant giving the other sixty days' notice. The penalty for the non-observance of the award is a fine of $500 in the case of an employer, and of $50 in that of an employee. A somewhat similar proposal has been laid, by the Minister of Labor, before the Dominion Parliament. We have not before us the text of either project, but from the outlines that we have seen we infer that both bills are modelled on the New Zealand statute which has been operative since the beginning of 1895. Under that law the colony was divided into districts, in each of which a local board of conciliation might, if petitioned for, be set up, on which masters and men should be equally represented, with an impartial chairman. At the request of any party to an industrial dispute, the District Board of Conciliation was empowered to hear, examine, and award. As soon as a dispute stood referred to a board, anything in the nature of striking or locking out was forbidden. The award of a board of conciliation, however, was not to be enforcable by law, but only a friendly recommendation to the disputants. Yet, in case these, or any of them, refused to accept the recommendation, any party might appeal to a Court of Arbitration, a tribunal consisting of a judge of the Supreme Court, sitting as president, with two assessors, one selected by associations of employers, the other by federations of trade-unions. The court's award was to be given by a majority of its members, and it rested with them to say whether it should have the force of law, or merely be of the nature of good advice. If it was to have legal force, it was to be filed in the Supreme Court, after which any party to it could by leave of the judge get an order exacting a penalty for breach of it. The penalty was not to exceed five hundred pounds in the case of any individual employer or trade-union. Should a union's funds be insufficient, each member was to be liable to the extent of not more than £10. Under the New Zealand act, as first passed, the award might not have force for longer than two years. But the currency of award has since been extended to three years, and even thereafter a decision will continue in force until one of the parties applies to the court for a revision. It is admitted on all hands that, until very recently, the New Zealand statute has worked well, but some signs of dissatisfaction are now observed.

When these lines meet the reader's eye, the Supreme Court of the United States will have decided whether, before its adjournment for the summer, it will hear arguments on the appeal from the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Northern Securities case, or whether the hearing shall be deferred until October. Even in the latter event, there is no doubt that the Court will pay due deference to the law expediting such cases which was passed by the last Congress, and will render judgment as promptly as possible. Meanwhile, of course, all the schemes of railway consolidation which were projected some months ago remain in abeyance. The opinion still prevails that the decision rendered by the Circuit Court of Appeals will be sustained by the highest tribunal, and by a majority larger than that—five to four—that concurred in the judgment which the lower court felt itself constrained to follow. There is, apparently, no reason to suppose that the campaign begun by the attack on the Northern Securities Company will be continued by Attorney-General Knox until the United States Supreme Court shall have made a definite pronouncement. The respite brings but little comfort, however, to those who have scrutinized the text of the decision rendered by the Circuit Court of Appeals. If that decision be affirmed *in toto*, there seems to be no possible means of checking competition between two or more railways originally intended to be competitive, except by modifying the provisions of the anti-trust act of 1890.

It will prove, however, extremely difficult to amend that law —especially on the eve of a Presidential election. It is certain that Democratic Representatives and Senators will not vote to make the statute a less efficient instrument against the trusts than it has proved to be, and Mr. Roosevelt would stultify himself if without protest he permitted his own party to emasculate a law which a year ago he was inclined to regard as inadequate. The fate of the anti-trust act has certainly been extraordinary. For twelve years it remained on the statute-books virtually inoperative. It was looked upon as a scarecrow to which nobody need pay serious attention. The interpretation of it by the United States Supreme Court on which the Circuit Court of Appeals based its own judgment in the Northern Securities case was perfectly known to the veteran lawyers who were consulted by the organizers of the Northern Securities Company. Nevertheless, they failed to perceive the bearings of that decision on the scheme by which Messrs. Hill and Harriman proposed to accommodate the conflicting interests of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific. The fact justifies the conclusion expressed by us the other day that very few counsel in the United States are competent to give a thoroughly trustworthy opinion on questions of constitutional law.

The telegrams from Bogota are vague, but the inference seems on the whole well founded that the outcome of the recent ministerial crisis is not unfavorable to the approval of the Panama Canal treaty. The outgoing Minister of the Interior, or, to give him his official title, Minister of Government, was at one time supposed to be a friend of the treaty, but his opposition to a revival of martial law was not a favorable sign. The Constitution of Colombia provides that when martial law has been proclaimed the President is invested with unlimited powers, and is qualified to give by his own signature validity to a treaty which otherwise would require the assent of Congress. The advocates of the treaty have always counted on the exercise of this prerogative by President Marroquin in the last resort. Apparently he would be sustained in such a proceeding by General Pinto, the new Minister of Government, who, as a representative of Cauca, a department which would derive exceptional benefit from the canal, may reasonably be expected to desire a ratification of the treaty. The cupidity of Colombian politicians has naturally been excited by the ten million dollars in gold which our government is to pay to President Marroquin on the exchange of ratifications, and it is aggravated by the worthlessness of the existing Colombian currency.

That is not the only source, however, from which they have hoped to extract some pecuniary return for the concession made to the United States. They have counted upon obtaining in one way or another a share of the forty million dollars which we are to pay the French Canal Company for its plant and franchise. Not, of course, that the officers of the company would be permitted by the French courts to expend any part of the purchase-money in bribes given to members of the Colombian Congress. That would not be the *modus operandi*. Certain French bankers who hold large blocks of the company's securities, and who would regard these as worthless unless the sale of the company's assets to the United States can be effected, would probably be willing to make considerable sacrifices to secure a ratification of the treaty. Their agents in Bogota are reported to be unusually active at the present time. The fate of the treaty will be known before many weeks are over. The Congress has been convoked in special session for the express purpose of voting on the treaty; but if President Marroquin finds it impossible to satisfy the demands of the blackmailers, he may prorogue the Congress, and proclaiming martial law, proceed to ratify the treaty by virtue of the extraordinary powers with which he would be then invested. He is, doubtless, by this time convinced that we will never pay a penny beyond the ten million dollars offered, and that if the offer be rejected, he will get nothing. We should fall back on the Nicaragua route, or wait

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until the State of Panama should have declared its independence of the Colombian Confederation, to which it has played the part of a milch cow for many years.

Premier Combes begins to emerge from the storm-clouds gathered by his campaign against the clerical associations, and we learn that the Chartreuse and Benedictine factories are once more at work, in new premises, but under the old trademarks. When the French parliament reassembled the other day, M. Combes was made the target for the slings and arrows of two opposed factions, the Socialists, who wish to go much farther than the Ministry, and the Clericals, who oppose everything M. Combes has done, and attack his whole policy and that of his predecessor, M. Waldeck-Rousseau. The Socialists have lost no opportunity for provoking anti-religious riots, not even stopping short at the doors of churches; their aim is to stir up sufficient trouble to bring about a denunciation of the concordat, and finally to dissolve the bonds between church and state, which they hold to be anomalous and anachronistic in republican France. The Clericals found themselves, to their great astonishment, in temporary alliance with the Socialists, but even this alliance of Pegasus and the plough-horse was unable to disturb the comfortable majority which is M. Combes's legacy from his predecessor. It is very gratifying to find that all the sound and fury attending this most acrimonious campaign has not disturbed the security of the French Ministry, and that the fine precedent set by the stable and orderly Waldeck-Rousseau régime bids fair to be followed. It is amusing to find an enthusiastic Frenchman following up the crusade of our Mr. Roosevelt against race suicide by proposing that la belle France should establish an order of merit for maternity. M. Piot has warmly advocated this idea in a letter to M. Combes, and promises soon to bring the matter before the Chamber.

For two reasons the United States are deeply interested in the outcome of the stand taken by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in favor of protection. There is no longer any doubt that Mr. Chamberlain, if he were Premier, would not only impose the registration fee on grain and flour which Mr. Ritchie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, proposes to abolish, but would levy such an additional duty on imported breadstuffs as would permit of giving the food products of British colonies a preference of at least one shilling per quarter over similar commodities imported from foreign countries. Such a preference would undoubtedly stimulate wheat-growing in the northwestern provinces of the Dominion, and, if the preference could be maintained for a considerable number of years, those provinces might oust us from the position of principal purveyors of grain and flour to the United Kingdom. It is idle to deny that our farmers would be seriously injured by the loss of their best customer for their surplus breadstuffs. That is one of the reasons why Mr. Chamberlain's advocacy of a protectionist programme has a direct bearing on our national interests. The other reason is that, if Mr. Chamberlain fails to secure the adoption of a protectionist policy by the present Unionist majority of the House of Commons, or by the British people at the ballot-box, the tariff arrangements of the Dominion are likely to be changed to our advantage. Once let the Canadians learn that they have no hope of gaining any discrimination in their favor in the British market, and they are likely to abolish the preference of 33 1-3 per cent. which they are now giving to British manufacturers. Moreover, they will recognize that, in seeking an imperial zollverein, they have been following a will-o'-the-wisp, and that their only chance of prosperity lies in commercial or political union with the United States. It will be remembered that Canadian Liberals formerly put commercial union with their American neighbors in the foreground of their party programme, until they were encouraged to believe that they might obtain an outlet for their surplus food products in Great Britain.

Dr. Hillis of Brooklyn says that the country is suffering from a reaction on the negro question. He is right, in a measure, as to that. There has been a gradual modification of the views of many dispassionate observers as to the wisdom of universal negro suffrage. Some of these moderate men have spoken out their modified opinions, and that has encouraged divers ebullitions of obstreperousness from various of the injudicious. The silly endowment of the golden chambermaid of Indianapolis is an instance of a prevailing exuberance of anti-negro demonstration. So Dr. Hillis feels that it is a proper time to speak out for the under dog, and he has spoken in a way that is creditable to his feelings. But unless the newspapers have quoted him inaccurately he has been careless in his assertions. If he said in a sermon on May 17, as reported, that Dr. Abbott and Mr. Cleveland had affirmed that the negro is "ignorant, vicious, and unworthy," and closed the door of hope in his face, he made a surprising misstatement. He has said: "If the universal suffrage is wrong, then . . . the million soldiers who gave their lives for liberty spilled their blood in the interest of folly and superstition." But, really, that is very loose talk. The civil-war soldiers didn't die for universal negro suffrage, and Dr. Hillis must know it. "Young men," he cries, "accept no leader who discredits the Declaration of Independence, who wants to revise Washington, Jefferson, Webster, Lincoln, and the Fifteenth Amendment," but the Fifteenth Amendment might be revised, if that should ever seem expedient, without revising any of the four statesmen he has named in any particular.

In a later sermon he quotes Dr. Beecher as declaring, in 1886, "that the poorest government of an ignorant man who governs himself is better than the best government that is imposed upon him from without." That is apt to be true, Haiti and Venezuela to the contrary notwithstanding. Anyhow, the negro and carpet-bagger government that was imposed from without upon the South was a great deal worse than the government which the Southerners, ignorant as many of them are, have been able to provide for themselves since carpet-baggerism broke down. The Southern States must govern themselves for better or worse. There is no help for it except war, and if there was practical help for it, we still come back to Mr. Beecher's declaration that the poorest government of an ignorant man who governs himself is better than the best government that is imposed upon him from without. Neither by declamation nor by reflection can we avoid the conclusion reached by thousands of observers, and well expressed by Mr. Cleveland, that "those who do the lifting of the weight must be those who stand next to it." There are plenty of blatherskites in the South, but there are very many good and wise people there. Conscience is almost as much alive in the South as it is in Brooklyn, and it is to the Southern conscience that we must chiefly trust for fair dealing and help for the Southern negroes.

England, having enriched the vocabulary of the world by the great name of Gentleman, has now increased the obligation by a judicial definition; or, to speak by the card, by a judicial declaration approaching a definition. In a certain case tried in London the other day, the counsel for the plaintiff objected to a certain letter, because it described a house-painter as "a gentleman." This objection obviously called for a ruling by the bench. The bench began by stating that, in the view of the Heralds' College, no man was a gentleman unless his grandfather, father, or the man himself was entitled to bear arms, or, to speak in modern fashion, possessed armorial bearings. In mitigation of the rigor of this ruling, which would, of course, have barred the house-painter, the bench pointed out that the jury would observe that not only the counsel on both sides, but even the bench itself, had addressed them as gentlemen; and further, the bench opined that such of them as were possessed of votes were invariably greeted with the title of gentlemen, at least at political meetings, where there was a question of disposing of the said votes. The learned judge then went on the other tack by pointing out that, while the house-painter had, it was true, a card, nevertheless a card was not the same thing as a coat of arms; yet, said the judge, the good painter has at least one characteristic which is thought invariably to be the mark of a gentleman, namely the gout. If any one, after reading the above ruling, is still in doubt as to what a gentleman is, then there is no virtue in law. Let it be recorded that the legal luminary bears the fascinating name of Justice Darling.

To the record of international compliments we have this week to add two, one coming from an Englishman of high distinction, and the other from one of those wealthy American girls who married into the British peerage. The distinguished Englishman is Mr. Auberon Herbert, cousin to the

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British Ambassador, and military attaché to the British embassy during the civil war. He declares in a style altogether dithyrambic that the mad, blind struggle for the dollar, with no thought for the higher life, is ruining this country; that the hearts of our men are hard as the rocks that underlie New York; that our great American school-system is criminal to the future; that we teach our children to forget God and worship the dollar; that whatever is unwholesome in our national system, is strengthened and promulgated by our schools, instead of being eradicated by them. The minds of the scions of the many nations that go to make up his nation want, our critic tells us, more than a set, godless curriculum; great moral impulses are the most important things in the world, and these cannot be strengthened or abetted in a school system where God is not even invited. Where the national system restricts national growth, schools of many denominations and sects, presenting differences of thought, would bring out future sterling national traits, and would not tend to alter the tendency of the race, which is towards nobility of soul.

The American peeress writes: "I am the wife of a British peer. My father's money was honestly made, by a man with brains and not by a man with a grandfather. It made a vast difference in this Anglo-American contract, if you will so have it. Let us strike a balance, and see who got the better of the bargain. My husband gave a peerage, a bad reputation, and an encumbered estate, shady friends, endless debts, and a broken constitution. I gave a fortune, good health, good looks, revived prosperity and happiness!" These burning words were drawn forth by an English tirade against all American girls who have married into titled British families, and which accused them of vanity, ostentation, spendthrift tendencies, and heaven knows what, besides. One sentence in this provocatory letter is worth reprinting. Railing against the American peeress, the other lady says: "I accuse her of introducing the apelike decadence of New York society, where extravagance is distinction, display is nobility, and notoriety the ideal at which to aim" and any amount more, to the same effect. It is clear that two good ladies born on opposite sides of the great waters are using the public press to continue a private quarrel. The whole thing reminds one of the picture of the two "beats" in Huck Finn, which bears the suggestive title: "Jawing."

The Paris-Madrid automobile race turned out to be a monstrous exhibition that left a wail of dismay behind it. It is 800 miles from Paris to Madrid. Two hundred automobiles started on May 24 to race that distance, stopping at Bordeaux which is 343 miles on the way. So many desperate accidents happened that the government ordered the race stopped, but more than half the contestants completed the first stage to Bordeaux. The winner got there in five hours and thirteen minutes, an average speed of sixty-two miles an hour. The speed of some of the contestants went as high in some places as the rate of eighty-eight miles an hour. The price of these exploits was high. Four cars were overturned with dreadful results. A number of persons were run over. Besides minor accidents and injuries, eight persons were killed and as many more seriously injured. These shocking results stamp the race as preposterous, and will doubtless prevent another of the same kind. The peril of driving these huge cars over highways at a speed of a mile a minute or more is obvious to all but lunatics, and obviously a course 800 miles long could not be so policed as to make spectators safe. If there must be motor races, they must be on race courses expressly built for the purpose. An international road race in Ireland has been planned for July 2, but there the course will be but ninety-three miles long, there will be but twelve contestants, and seven thousand men will guard the course. Possibly, in view of the horrors of the French race, this Irish race will be given up. Automobile-racing under the most favorable circumstances seems inexpedient. A spice of danger is an essential element in good sport, but racing the big automobiles is too infernally dangerous to be sporty. Risks so great are only warrantable for purposes of a gravity commensurate with them. Sport does not excuse them.

The "race suicide" question, so vigorously brought into the forefront of public concern in the early part of the year by the President's pronouncement, has had quite a long inning and its topical interest is still far from being exhausted. In the June *North American Review*, one "Paterfamilias," a gentleman who has "for many years been laboring privately and publicly in the interest of many kinds of social reform" takes up what he considers to be the common-sense end of the argument and says "some plain things because they need to be said." He protests that the logical deduction from the President's expressions on the subject, in his famous prefatory letter, and in letters to begetters of large families, is that "the nearer Americans approach the physical status of rabbits the more patriotic they become." His own view is that "we need better citizens, not more of them," and he sees no reason "for a man bringing into the world a larger number of children than he is able to care for," which practice, he contends, means death for some and a state of social degeneracy for the rest. With frankness and, it must be said, some courage, he denies "that the sexual relation is a function designed solely for the propagation of the human race," averring that this theory is a mere assumption and that it is contrary to human experience. He denies, too, that marriage is solely an institution for the promotion of self-sacrifice and the unlimited propagation of children and misery. In short, he believes that the present generation is entitled to a goodly share of well-being and happiness, and that its claim to them should not be made completely subservient to the claims of the next generation. The change in the economic condition of women which has come about is a large factor in the diminution of the numerical size of families. "The wives are no longer pack-mules, but are getting some of the comforts of life," says the writer. "Why shouldn't they?" he asks. Why, indeed? will be the answer of many women and some men.

The first McKinley campaign seems like ancient history now. It was long, long ago, before the Spanish war; long before the great boom in stocks and the making of the Steel Trust, the Buffalo Fair, and the era of combinations. But after all that is only six and a half years ago, and there are persons still in the prime of life who remember Bryan's cross-of-gold speech, and the first free-silver campaign. They will remember the part taken in that great controversy by President E. Benjamin Andrews of Brown University, who was one of the very few learned men of position and reputation who believed in silver. He threw his influence in with Bryan and the silver cause, and as a consequence presently resigned his office, and after a sojourn at Chicago brought up in Lincoln as Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, then a silver State. Dr. Andrews was always credited with sincerity, and was mourned by his peers as a good and able man gone unaccountably wrong. It seems that his mind did not stop working when he left Brown. He has seen a light. He confessed to his class in ethics a fortnight ago the error he held for a number of years about the production of gold. On the strength of the opinion of eminent geologists, and of practical miners, he believed in 1895 that the greatest output of gold was passed. "I have to admit," he says, "that it was an astounding mistake, and that I was in great and inexcusable error. I now believe that the heavy output of gold, which by 1897 had checked the fall of prices, will continue." Dr. Andrews has doubtless been of his present opinion for some time past, but has been too modest to speak of it. The revision of his sentiments will be welcomed by his old friends, and it is to be hoped that so many of his later friends have now come to the same way of thinking, that it won't hurt him in Nebraska. Mr. Bryan seems still to cling to the old plank, but it must be getting lonely for him.

"Max O'Rell" was a cheerful spirit. He did not take this world with undue seriousness, and the world did not take too seriously the things that he said about it. But they were lively things, and by no means foolish, though not always accurate. He treated the nations with levity, and the nations finding his temper sound, his wit sprightly, and his observation comprehensive, took his gibes in good part and felt their gayety to be promoted by them. His real name was Paul Blouet. He was born in Brittany in 1848; was a cavalry officer in the Franco-Prussian war, and was wounded and pensioned. He went to England and worked as newspaper correspondent, and later as schoolmaster. *John Bull and his Island*, published in 1883, made his reputation as a popular writer, and started him on a career as traveller, lecturer, and writer of books. In 1901 he became editor of *Figaro* (Paris). He died on May 24.

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The New Apportionment and the Next Presidential Campaign

To some one expressing a doubt whether the State of New York could be carried by the Republicans in 1904, Mr. Roosevelt is said to have replied that he could win without New York. That is unquestionably true, but how many of the States won by Mr. McKinley in 1900 could his successor afford to lose? To answer this question we must examine the effect of the new apportionment, based on the census of 1900, on the electoral votes. Has that reapportionment made the election of a Democratic candidate more difficult? Let us begin by assuming that neither New Mexico, Arizona, nor Oklahoma will be admitted to the Union before November, 1904. We can subsequently make the corrections which the acquisition of Statehood by those Territories would require.

The Presidential elections of 1896 and 1900 were both based on the apportionment of members of the House of Representatives which was made in pursuance of the census of 1890. We scarcely need to remind the reader that every State is entitled to as many electoral votes as it has Senators and Representatives, and that no electoral votes are cast by the Territories. In 1896 and 1900 the whole number of electoral votes was 447, and the number necessary to a choice was, of course, 224. In the first-named year McKinley carried all the New England States and all the Middle States, including New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland. He carried all of the Central Western States which lie on this side of the Mississippi River—to wit, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Of States further west, he carried Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Oregon. He also obtained the six electoral votes of West Virginia, twelve out of the thirteen electoral votes belonging to Kentucky, and eight of the nine electoral votes of California. Altogether he had 271 electoral votes, against 176 cast for Bryan. In 1900 he lost the twelve electoral votes which he had previously secured from Kentucky, but, on the other hand, he gained the ten votes of Kansas, the eight votes of Nebraska, the four votes of South Dakota, the three votes of Utah, the four votes of Washington, the three votes of Wyoming, and the one vote previously lost in California. That is to say, he gained six States and thirty-three electoral votes, and lost twelve votes, or, in other words, made a net gain of twenty-one votes. Evidently McKinley could in 1900 have lost the sixty-seven electoral votes belonging to New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, the four States which used to be described as pivotal, and still have had a majority of thirteen electoral votes. He might have lost, in addition, Delaware and Maryland, and still have been elected. He could not have afforded, however, to lose West Virginia in addition to the States that we have just named.

Now in 1904 the electoral college, based on the new apportionment, will comprise not 447, but 476 members, and the number necessary to a choice will be 239. How can a Democratic candidate secure that number of votes? There are thirteen Southern States which he can rely upon carrying; these are Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas. These States, however, taken together, will contribute only 151 votes. Maryland, Delaware, and West Virginia, all of which States Mr. Bryan lost in 1896 and 1900, will have in the aggregate eighteen votes. Assuming for the moment that the nominee of the next Democratic national convention could be successful in all three, he would then have 169 electoral votes. Under the previous apportionment New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut had fifty-two electoral votes. Next year they will have between them fifty-eight. If these be assigned to the Democratic nominee, he would have 227 votes, or three more than were needed in 1896 and 1900. Now, however, he would need twelve votes more. Where would it be possible to gain those votes? Indiana could supply them, but that State was carried by McKinley in 1896 by 18,181 and in 1900 by 26,479 plurality. California and Washington would supply the needed votes, and California was won by McKinley in 1896 by only 2797 plurality, while Washington was carried in the same year by Bryan. Illinois would, of course, suffice to turn the scale, so would Michigan, and so, we believe, would Wisconsin. But all those States were carried by very large majorities by McKinley in 1896 and 1900.

In view of these facts and figures, we must recognize that neither Mr. Bryan, nor any one representing the principles which he personifies, would have the slightest chance of gaining a majority of the electoral votes in 1904. He could not absolutely count on more than 151 votes furnished by thirteen Southern States. He might possibly get Maryland also, but he could not, in the light of experience, expect to win either West Virginia or Delaware. He could not expect to secure a single Northern State. On the other hand, we are justified in asserting that if in 1904 the Democratic nominee should represent the views of public questions which Mr. Cleveland has expressed, he would have a fair chance of securing a considerable majority of the electoral votes. This will be evident if we recall the States which were carried by Mr. Cleveland in 1892. These included not only the thirteen States which are impregnably Democratic, but also Delaware, Maryland, and West Virginia, south of Mason's and Dixon's line; eight of the nine electoral votes of California, five of the fourteen electoral votes of Michigan, and one of the three electoral votes of North Dakota; all the electoral votes of Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. Altogether he obtained 277 electoral votes, against 145 cast for Harrison, and twenty-two for Weaver, the Populist candidate. That is to say, Cleveland gained a larger majority of the electoral votes in 1892 than did McKinley in 1896.

To sum up, we find that, under the new apportionment, it will be absolutely necessary for the Democratic nominee to carry, besides the thirteen Southern States of which he is certain, Maryland, West Virginia, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana. He would then have exactly 239 votes, the number indispensable for election. Should he lose West Virginia and gain Delaware, he would be beaten.

We have thus far proceeded on the assumption that no new States will be admitted before November, 1904. It is quite possible, however, that, during the first session of the Fifty-eighth Congress, Statehood will be granted to Oklahoma, and that New Mexico and Arizona may be admitted as a single State. In that event, we should have to add at least seven, and perhaps eight, electoral votes to the aggregate previously assumed (476), and under such circumstances 242 or 243 would be necessary for a choice. As we have no data for predicting which of the two great political parties would carry the newly admitted States, it would be prudent to assume that one would go Democratic and the other Republican. In that event, our preceding calculations need not be materially changed.

The deduction which we draw from the premises is that if the Democrats nominate a man who can carry the State of New York, the forces that enable him to compass that achievement will give him New Jersey and Connecticut as well. If assured of those three States and of Maryland, the Democratic party could concentrate its energies on Indiana and West Virginia, and would have a fair chance of victory. Now there is no doubt that either Mr. Cleveland himself, or Judge Parker of New York, or Mr. Olney of Massachusetts, or Judge Gray of Maryland, or Mr. Ingalls of Ohio would be acceptable to conservative Democrats in the city of New York, without whose active co-operation the Democratic party cannot hope to carry the pivotal States which we have here enumerated. It will be for the Democratic national convention to say which of the candidates named, or of others that may be brought forward in the course of a twelvemonth, is most likely to carry the five doubtful and indispensable States. Instead of wasting time on rainbow-chasing in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan, from which no Democratic candidate for the Presidency, except Mr. Cleveland, has managed since the civil war to secure electoral votes, those who wish well to the Democracy should keep their eyes fixed on New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, Indiana and West Virginia, where the decisive battles must be fought.

The Reviving Importance of the Caribbean

It begins to look as if the Caribbean, the midland sea of the New World, were destined to pass through vicissitudes analogous to those which the Mediterranean has known. It will be remembered that, throughout the Middle Ages, the products of India and of the Farther East reached Europe by two routes. Either they passed up the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates to Trebizond on the Black Sea, or across the desert from Bagdad to the Syrian seaports, or else up the Red Sea to the havens in the Delta of the Nile. In the former case they were transported to Europe by the Genoese; in the latter, by the Venetians. In either event the control of the eastern Mediterranean or the Levant was a matter of capital moment. The conquest of Constantinople by the Ottoman Turks cut off the Genoese from the Black Sea, and the subsequent conquest of Syria and Egypt by the Sultan Selim I. deprived the Venetians in their turn of access to the Orient. Thenceforward for nearly three and a half centuries the trade between Europe and India forsook altogether its old channels, and followed the route around the Cape of Good Hope, which was turned to account successively by the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English. With the opening of the Suez Canal, however, the Levant regained its old importance, and is now traversed by a mercantile marine incomparably larger than that possessed by Genoa and Venice at the acme of their commercial activity.

Throughout the eighteenth century the Caribbean was to the Western Hemisphere what the Mediterranean had been to the Old World in the Middle Ages. Not only the English and the French, but the Dutch, the Danes, and even the Swedes acquired footholds in the West Indies, which were valued not only by reason of their own productivity, but as commercial and strategic coigns of vantage with reference to the Spanish possessions on the American mainland. Two or three facts will suffice to indicate how the West Indies were regarded by Europe in the eighteenth century. The name "nabob" was coined to describe the splendid incomes and

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the lavish expenditure of the English sugar-planters in Jamaica and Barbados. The French colony of Saint-Domingue, now known as Haiti, though it comprises only about a third of the island of Hispaniola, produced almost all the sugar consumed in France in 1789, when the French Revolution began. Guadeloupe was deemed so great a prize that, when the Treaty of Peace of 1763 was under discussion, the British government hesitated whether to give that island or Canada back to France. Again, but for the irresistible temptations presented by the French West Indies, the British naval forces would have been concentrated in the North Atlantic during our Revolutionary war, the French fleet under Comte de Grasse would have been unable to co-operate in the siege of Yorktown, Cornwallis would have been relieved, and the independence of the British colonies might have been long postponed. Once more: no sooner had the Peace of Amiens been signed than Napoleon despatched 25,000 of the best French soldiers, under his brother-in-law, General Leclerc, to reconquer the French colony of Saint-Domingue, together with the Spanish-speaking part of Hispaniola which had been ceded to France. Had that army been despatched to the mouths of the Mississippi, it could have defended New Orleans and the vast Louisiana Territory against any force that Great Britain or the United States could have arrayed against it. These facts help us to comprehend how immense in European eyes was the productive and commercial value of the islands girdling the Caribbean a hundred years ago.

Ten years or even six years ago the Caribbean was as deserted as was the Levant from the second quarter of the sixteenth century down to the opening of the Suez Canal. The abolition of the slave trade, the emancipation of the blacks, and the development of the beet-sugar industry on the European continent had brought the once thriving industries of the West Indies to the verge of annihilation. The French and Spanish speaking sections of Hispaniola had relapsed into barbarism, and the French and English islands were sunk in economical collapse. The Spanish-American communities on the South-American mainland—we refer to Venezuela and Colombia—had undergone a process of social disintegration, and were commercially less flourishing than they had been under Spanish rule. Our Congress declined the Danish West Indies when they could have been purchased for a song, and refused Santo Domingo when it was offered as a gift. Cuba alone retained a measure of prosperity, because she found for her cane sugars a market in the United States. Yet as late as January, 1898, it seemed as if Cuba also was doomed to be the victim of misgovernment and official extortion. The ray of hope which for a season had lighted up the prospects of the West Indies, when M. de Lesseps began to cut the Isthmus of Panama, had been extinguished by the bankruptcy of the company which he had founded.

How different is the situation to-day. Porto Rico is enjoying a larger measure of well-being than she ever knew. Independent Cuba can even now point to a considerable surplus of income over expenditure, a surplus which should be largely increased when the reciprocity treaty with the United States goes into operation. The cane-sugar industries of the English and French West Indies, also, cannot but receive a signal stimulus when the Brussels Convention comes into force and relieves them from the competition of the bounty-fed beet-root products. This revival of productivity is certain to be followed by an immense development of commerce when the Panama Canal shall have been completed by the United States. The Caribbean will then become—what the Levant used to be and now is once more—one of the great highways of intercommunication between Europe and eastern Asia. It will then be traversed by vessels going from European and our own Atlantic seaports to Japan, China, Malaisia, Australia, and New Zealand; and it will also give our Pacific coast and the western coasts of Mexico, Central America, and South America the means of quick maritime communication with the centres of civilization.

To command access to that midland sea, if not to dominate its waters, is certain to become a prime object of maritime ambition in the twentieth century. The maritime powers are wide awake to the magnitude of the part which it is destined once more to play. France is strengthening the fortifications and improving the coaling and repair stations at Guadeloupe and Martinique. Great Britain, which already has a naval fortress of the first class in the island of St. Lucia, is about to build a costly floating dock in the landlocked harbor of Port Royal, Jamaica, which is capable of being converted into one of the impregnable naval strongholds of the world. She is also fortifying Port-of-Spain in Trinidad, enlarging her garrison in Barbados, and making ready to double her West-Indian squadron. Denmark is re-enforcing Christiansted, and Holland is placing Curaçoa and Surinam in a defensible condition. Even Germany, which as yet has no naval station in the neighborhood, has decided to keep a naval force permanently in West-Indian waters.

Recent events have placed us in a better strategic position with reference to the Caribbean than is occupied by any European power. Through our possession of Porto Rico and Culebra, we are in close proximity to the Mona Passage, and if we should secure Samana Bay, we could command that favorite avenue of access to the midland sea of the New World. By the treaty just negotiated with Cuba we have acquired three naval stations, namely, Guantanamo on the southeastern and Nipe on the northeastern coast, and Bahia Honda on the northwestern. The former two harbors bring us near to the Windward Passage, and the acquisition of Mole St. Nicolas would permit us to control it. By means of Bahia Honda and Key West we should be able to dominate the Yucatan channel to the Gulf of Mexico. On the lower side of the Caribbean we shall have a station at Colon, the northern terminus of the Panama Canal. When all these coigns of vantage have been fortified, it would be difficult even for Great Britain to dispute our ascendency in West-Indian waters, and for any other European power it would be entirely impracticable.

Commencement Time

When this number of the Weekly appears, the young women and men of our colleges will be passing through the toils and troubles of their annual examinations. To a little less than one-fourth of them there will be no other academic examinations except for those who are to enter the so-called learned professions, or for those who are so unfortunate as to be, or to think they are, compelled to earn their livings in the service of the State or the nation. In truth, however, the world examines all of us as we make our way through it, and those real examinations that are not academic or formally set down for us, but are the practical tests applied to our achievements, are the most terrible, at least the most trying and effective, and at the same time are the justest of all. Whether we are academicians or not, whether we enter the professions or go into business, we must all pass the world's examinations, we must all satisfy the world's tests, if we are to go up among the happy successful ones.

We are not unconscious, in saying this, of the common belief in luck; it is a belief which crops out especially in the self-explanatory talk of the unsuccessful; but luck and favoritism play a less and less important part, and efficiency a greater and greater part, in the world's progress. And yet in the test examinations going on in our colleges to-day, of those who are about to be graduated, the graduation may not predict the future; for while those who are tested look upon the test as one of the finals, the rest of mankind are for the first time alive to the fact that a test is applied to the minds of the graduates. They are unconscious of the comparatively unimportant academic episodes that have preceded this one, and regard the running in the Commencement race as a preliminary heat, in which promises may be awakened which will be disappointed, and from which disappointments will result to be followed by pleasant surprises.

Commencement day is the happy name given to the last day of a college course, for it is the commencement of a real life both for those who have striven and for those who have idled through the four preceding years. It is a very different day in reality from the Commencement day of thirty years ago. Even in its outward observances and ceremonies it is different. In the elder day Commencement was nearer akin to the Scotch and New England Sabbath. It was an all-day affair. All the Senior class who stood in the first half of the class followed one another on the stage in a procession of oratory, the salutatorian leading the way in Latin, and the valedictorian bringing up the rear in tears that were as genuine as his youth. In some of the colleges, these wise-acres who discussed the deepest philosophies had taken a dash out into the world during what was then called Senior vacation, and which was amiably assumed to be a period of probation. Those who were worth their salt, which, for this occasion, means those whose first deep friendships had developed and strengthened in the college, had been out of the old town just long enough during this Senior vacation to be homesick for it when they came back for their degree and for their final leave-taking. So the grief of parting was accentuated, and the boys went out into the world with a heartache for what they were leaving.

And what they were leaving was worth the heartache, and what the girls and boys—for we must now count the girl graduates as very real—will leave this month is also worth a heartache; for if the graduates have only lived healthy lives in the college atmosphere, they have enjoyed an experience so sweet that hereafter, in the life of effort and of accomplishment, nothing sweet will come to them which will not be compared with that which they enjoyed in the four years now coming to an end amid the toils of examinations. The Commencement of to-day stands for something very different from that of a generation ago. Then it stood for a little training in the ancient languages of Greek and Latin, a trifle of mathematics, some notions of the heavenly bodies glanced at through a telescope which would now be regarded as inadequate, a run into the domain of political economy, a glimpse of French or German grammar, a knowledge of the existence of the natural sciences, an inclination to believe in a difference between geology and zoology, a hearty contempt for the evolutionists, a peep into Scotch metaphysics, and all this jumble of education was tinctured strongly with theology.

About this time, thirty years ago, a change of direction was noticeable. The ven-

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erable Greek language was seriously assailed. The clergymen who were in charge of our colleges, education being incidental to their theology, began to give way to the scientific element. Some of them had learned that Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Wallace, and their interpreters were writing the popular books of the day—that is, the books that were attracting the attention of that section of the educated classes who were not bound down by the hard bonds of the theology which had not changed materially in educational institutions since the days of the New England theocracy. Greek, and Latin too, in a measure, fell by the way. Astronomy became the unpractical science. The other natural sciences came to the front and lorded it over the arts and letters. Laboratories sprang up even in small colleges. While many of the scientific teachers were church members, not many of them were of deeply spiritual nature. Faith, which had so long dominated not only educated and intelligent society, had even descended to the merely respectable, and ruled there somewhat inflexibly and quite contrary to its true nature,—this faith was more or less obscured in what the contemners of spirituality still call the "white light of science." The day when the revelations of a microscope were counted of more worth than the idealism of a man did not last long, however, although the study of the natural sciences took its true place in the pedagogic system which it had not held during the supremacy of the literary clergyman.

We are now seeing another reaction. The laboratories are in the colleges still, and the altar of science is worthily attended by the priests of the cult, but the note of the scientist is no longer dominant; it has found its proper weight in the educational chorus; and the scholars in arts and letters are no longer convinced of its tyrannical self-assertion. It is not yet true, it may never be true, that the classics have recovered their lost ground, but modern languages, including English, have been discovered by the college world, and it is actually true that there are small colleges which are encouraging good writing in English, and which are insisting on a certain amount of propriety in English speech. It may be difficult to convince the old graduate of this, for English was "mere English" in his day, and it was almost, if not quite, impossible to distinguish the educated man of his day by his speech. Now we find graduates who have read Dante and Cervantes in the original, who have a bowing (some of them a scraping, perhaps scrapping) acquaintance with modern French and German. On the whole, the young man who takes his place on the Commencement stage this month has a better education than the graduate of thirty years ago was blessed with—that is, an introduction to a larger company of subjects: he knows more about the universe; he knows a good deal more about mediæval and modern literary achievements, and he writes more gracefully. The older man had the advantage over him in accuracy of expression, and in knowledge of words and their real and imaginative meanings. The older man thought as clearly and reasoned as directly as the man of to-day, for the meaning of language, the deeper insight into its literature, the discipline of its study, are all the results of classical teaching. Classical study was the task of all thirty years ago, and is but the choice of a few in this day. It is fair to add that these few have much better teaching than the older men had. It is also fair to say, in speaking of electives, that a new direction has been taken here, and that in the group of small New England colleges a happy method has been devised by which the evils of electives may be avoided and their advantages gained. At Williams, Dartmouth, and Bowdoin, for example, the student must elect a certain proportion of studies in each of the three groups, literature, science, and philosophy, for a balanced training. Then, having had the opportunity to find his bent, he must specialize in the study which he prefers. Here is a system combining the good features of the elective and of the directive systems. It is worthy of note by those who have to choose between the absolutely free choice of the university and the system of the small college.

What we are getting at is this, that the graduate of to-day who has improved his opportunities has had better opportunities to improve than his elder had; as to him who has not improved his opportunities, he is about what his elder was, at least better in character and richer in memories for the four years now closing.

Are Pioneers our Chief Benefactors?

In many of his speeches, and in his *magnum opus The Winning of the West*, Mr. Roosevelt has declared that pioneers are doing the best work of the world. This is an easy statement to make on the great plains, and is attractive to the thoughtless everywhere. There is a dash of romance about pioneers, and when the President of the United States puts on a sombrero and also puts spurs to a bronco, people back in the East are touched by the wildness of his manners, and are inclined to be stimulated by the whoops of the admiring cowboys. There is something in the matter that is worthy of thought, however, and the impression which is made by the President's eulogies on pioneers is one that ought not to be made if, as we fancy, it is an incentive to the lawlessness which is in our blood, and if it is calculated to diminish our respect for the achievements of civilization.

Pioneers are one thing, and settlers are another. Probably the President intends to praise the settlers when he talks generically of all who turn their backs upon the East to get out into the open, to "blaze a trail." Blazing a trail is about the finest of occupations to the mind of Mr. Roosevelt. But why is it so? Who blaze the trails? Nothing is to be said against the adventurous spirits who crossed the ocean as discoverers, or who made their way through our own forests to become the "founders of an empire." It is a stimulating thought this, but when we permit ourselves to be hoodwinked into the belief that the "adventurous spirits" founded our empire, and were the mighty individualities of our early civilization, we are nursing an illusion which makes Mr. Roosevelt one of our most picturesque and misleading orators.

The men who crossed the ocean from the Old World, those who went into the "Bloody Ground," and those who hunted gold and silver were the forerunners of the present civilization of the North-American continent, and of its Southwestern and Western States, but they were not the heroes of their day. The only heroes who came to our shores were those who came in search of religious liberty. The Puritans and the Quakers were different from others, and cannot be called typical settlers. The best of modern settlers, indeed, do not go forth as trail blazers, but to find cheaper lands and larger fortunes than they find at home. In the sixteenth century the romantic adventurers hunted for easy wealth or for waters that would give them perpetual youth. Pirates, soldiers of fortune, robbers, and destroyers came to plunder, and to kill if the plundered resisted. Their morality and their policy were of the same sort as those of the burglar who wants your property, and who will not kill you unless you object too strongly to his proceedings. As we look back on the adventurers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries who made their way from Europe to this country, we do not find among them many elevated characters, for we do not count the settlers of New England among the adventurers. The "adventurers" of their charters, or most of them, remained at home. They blazed their trails because they were in the way of the tyrants of church and state in the old country, and they came ready to establish here the free government whose influence has told upon the political and social fabric of the country ever since.

It is true, however, that most blazers are men to whom civilization is a restraint. The fever of movement is in their blood, and change of scene is a necessity for them. As a rule, our frontier has not been noted for the peace and order of its people. The "Bloody Ground" is well named. Even Mr. Roosevelt, who is inclined, in his book, to hold the white man and the Indian to the same moral standard, admits that the whites who went into Kentucky were a hard lot. They were not loyal citizens at first. They were quite ready to secede, and General Wilkinson and Aaron Burr, if they had conspired before our purchase of Louisiana, would have been able to raise a very large army for the setting up of an empire in the Southwest. Murder and other crimes have been frequent in our new settlements, and mining camps have been difficult of regeneration. Even now the politics of the mining-camp States are not above reproach, and a Senator sits for one of them who is known to have bought his election. This is not all, the evidence taken as to a former election shows that the whole community expected corrupt practices, and regarded them as natural. "The feeling of the community," said one witness, in effect, "was that the gentleman could not win unless he whacked out the long green." It is this kind of community which the President is eulogizing. When an Eastern orator tells a company of cowboys that they and their kind constitute the benefactors of our country, we inevitably feel that the bronco on which he is seated might be as sensible as the orator. The cowboy, generically, is not a contributor to civilization at all. He is a frontiersman of the crudest kind, and the frontier never gets into line with civilization until a second or third or fourth migration which brings schools and churches and settlers in the new lands, with intent to remain and seek their fortunes. Our own frontiersmen are doubtless better than any other frontiersmen, but they are not our greatest benefactors, nor are any "blazers of trails" to be put at the head of the human procession as movers onward and upward.

The President ought to dismount once in a while, to stay his wild galloping, and to sit under the shade of a wide-spreading beech-tree. Reflection is good for the most nimble mind, and hasty generalizations are not always the most true. The torrential speed of the blood of a wild horse is not as effective for the welfare of mankind as the slower current that flows through the veins of the Christian philosopher. The President is not only inaccurate, he is radically wrong in asserting that the man of blood and muscle, the man of iron nerve, the man whose blood is on fire with the desire for adventure is the benefactor of the race. We know that the civilizer, as a rule, remains at home. The men who are working out the moral and intellectual problems of the age are in the colleges, the schools, the

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studies, the newspaper offices, and the pulpits. They are to be found among the philanthropists. Most of them hate war, and are, possibly, in the President's opinion, "weaklings and cravens." The greatest benefactors of the race are to be found among its preachers and educators, among those who are elevating the moral and the intellectual standards of the country, who are enlightening and ennobling the men and women who do not "blaze trails," or they are those who, forced by hard conditions in the East, go out to the new country for their own good and for the good of the frontier itself. The bar-room, the bowie-knife, the revolver, the savage whoops of the "trail blazers" whom the President eulogizes slink off before the approach of the mild makers of our civilization, or die out for lack of the frontier spirit. The human race grows in mind and grace "back East" "among the haunts of men." Here conditions are ameliorated. Here the physicians advance the art of healing to the prolongation of human life and the diminution of human suffering. Here are invented and applied the instruments for the annihilation of time and space. Here is the home of science, of literature, of art, of the church, the college, and the school. We have nothing hard to say against the "blazers of trails" beyond this, that there is an undue proportion of tough characters among them, that "blazers," as a class, have added little, if anything, to the world's spiritual and intellectual possessions, and that the man who tells them that they are the greatest benefactors of the country or of humanity is laboring under excitement, is under the spell of exuberant fancy, is "talking through" the particularly large hat which propriety insists upon on the outskirts of civilization.

Public Billing and Cooing

THE Censor of other People's Manners came in with a newspaper scrap in his hand, and held it out to the Higher Journalist, whom he addressed with the unmannerly abruptness habitual with him. "Now here is something that I wonder has never suggested itself to you as a topic."

The higher journalist turned his jaded eyes from the subjective and objective vacancy, and let them rest unhopefully on his visitor. "What is it?" he asked.

"The scandalous and indecent behavior of the young people who make love to each other in all the public parks, and wound the sensibilities of the spectator with the unblushing effrontery of their affections, from the hour of eight in the evening on,—all through the night, for what I know. They begin with the first break in the cold weather, and increase in number and intensity as the spring advances till you cannot find a bench to sit down on, because every seat is occupied by billing and cooing couples, who, however little room they jointly occupy, leave none for the single, unimpassioned passer. The exhibition is so gross that I hesitate to describe it in words of my own, but fortunately the correspondent of the newspaper from which I have cut this has done it for me. He says that in the evening in the whole vast region of Central Park lying south of Seventy-second Street, he saw on nearly every seat 'couples whose sole purpose seemed that of lavishing embraces upon each other; some even sitting upon laps; some half at length upon the seats, and many with their arms round each other.' Now what do you say to that?" the censor of manners demanded.

"It is very realistic," the higher journalist murmured, tasting the literary property rather than moral purport of the statement. "But isn't it too photographic?"

"Oh, I don't mean in that sense!" the censor of manners replied with exasperation. "I mean, what do you think ought to be done about it?"

"What does your newspaper correspondent think?"

"He doesn't know, but he asks, with a great deal of force, 'Is it right that this sort of thing should be permitted in a place so public that a lady or gentleman cannot pass through without being subjected to insult and contamination?'"

"Ah, that's very interesting," the higher journalist said. "Have you yourself been much insulted or contaminated by those unseemly exhibitions?"

"Don't be personal!" the censor of manners replied. "I have been outraged by the shamelessness of the spectacle, which is certainly bad manners if not bad morals. As a friend of common decency I have been shocked."

"But you have not thought your way to any remedy for the abuse? Have you ever tried turning the eye of stern reproof on the offenders?"

"Often, and without the least effect. I have found them billing and cooing in the full glare of the Welsbach lights, but when I have tried to look them into a sense of their indecency, they have invariably put me out of countenance and not I them. I have had to push on as fast as I could, and bottle up my feeling of outrage as well as I might."

"And is it your notion that the police might do something?"

"The police might do something, but not much and not for long. There are now so many lovers, that if an officer scared up a few dozen couples from the benches where they were embracing, they would merely move on a little way, and begin again. I suppose their offence is not against the law, and any way it would be impossible to arrest them all. There are literally thousands of them in Central Park. No, what we need is a new Juvenal to lash the follies of the age, and bring it back to the modesty of an earlier time."

"And is it your notion that I might be this new Juvenal?"

"You might try."

The higher journalist sighed. "I'm afraid that if I brought the age back to an earlier time, it would only be to confront it with a more universal misbehavior in this matter. The present publicity of billing and cooing is the efflorescence of modern conditions, the baleful blossom of our overgrown and over crowded urban life; but it has its root in the past of our race. It isn't your belief that those young people whom you see with their arms round each other on the park benches are vicious?"

"Not at all: they are only too obviously innocent! Vice hides itself, and the worst of those disgraceful sights is that they are the shows of a virtuous affection."

"Then they scandalize rather than corrupt: they disgust rather than 'contaminate,' as your newspaper correspondent says?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Let us pursue the Socratic method a little farther—for the fun of it. Is it your conviction that they bill and coo in the face of the public, because they wish to insult the public, or because they have nowhere to bill and coo in private?"

"Well, I suppose they would rather be alone, if they could, though they don't look it."

"Should you say they were mostly Americans?"

"When does one ever see Americans in Central Park, except at the hour of the fashionable drive, in their carriages with their dogs or their husbands on the seats beside them? No, those young people are mostly foreigners, or of immediate foreign extraction, who ignorantly abuse the freedom of our national manners. They probably come from working people's boarding-houses, or the tenements where whole families are crowded into one or two rooms, and where the heart, which speaks a various language of sighs, and whispers, and caresses, cannot make itself intelligible without the privity of half a dozen witnesses. I recognize the hardship of their lot; but they ought, all the same, to behave themselves in public."

"But if it were not for the publicity their billing and cooing would be no worse than the old-fashioned sitting-up, and sparking, or courting, which still obtains with the Anglo-American race in the country, the villages, and even the towns remote from the great municipal centres?"

"I don't say it would be any worse."

"And what you want me to do is to lash the age back to the privacy of an earlier time, since it is not really a question of modesty."

"But it *is* a question of modesty! The present state of things is an offence against the very principle of good manners, which is regard for the feelings of others. A young girl of refinement, leaning on the arm of her betrothed could not pass those interminable ranks of billers and cooers, without a painful blush."

"That does seem bad," the higher journalist assented, "and I agree with you that something ought to be done to abate what seems very like a nuisance. We mustn't be harsh; we mustn't arrest those poor young silly, tasteless creatures for disorderly conduct, even if there were law for it, and we could find policemen heartless enough to carry out the law. What do you say to improving the domestic conditions so that every family, however poor, shall have a house or flat of half a dozen rooms, in which love's young dream could have itself out in the parlor where the rest of the family would not interrupt it?"

"Now you are trying to wriggle out of the higher journalist's duty, which is plain before you in a case like this. You know that such a house or flat can be provided only for a rent that poor families cannot afford to pay. One room, or two or three rooms are the most that they can pay for."

"And as the young birds grow up, and begin to expand with the natural affections, they naturally spill out of the parent nest of two or three rooms, and spill into the public parks. Well, what is to be done about it?"

"That is for you to say—to inquire into, to consider of, to meditate seriously and soberly upon, and then to say."

The higher journalist rested his head in his palm, and reflected long and painfully. Then he started from his muse with a sudden cry. "I have an idea!"

"I knew you would have one before you stopped. I was sure you would when I came to you," the censor of manners rejoiced. "Well?"

"Well, let the city set apart a certain secluded area in each of the public parks or pleasaunces, and provide it with little bowers, built for two, and veiled with sheltering vines,—which might or might not be in blossom,—and offer these freely to all lovers who came with certificates of good character and real affection, and allow them to bill and coo there to their hearts' content, hidden from the public eye, and safe from criticism."

The censor of manners rose and deliberately gnashed his teeth. "What you are talking now is pure socialism."

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London Society

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *May 13, 1903.*

THE "season" has opened, and London, which is an impossible city in winter, is becoming worth while once more. It is hard for an American who does not know England well to grasp all that this annual revival means. London is not only the biggest capital in the world, but the most comprehensive. None other, with the doubtful exception of Paris, absorbs so much of the national life around it. Berlin is not to Germany, Rome is not to Italy, Vienna is not to Austria, still less is Washington to the United States, all that London is to England. Politically, of course, London has never, except at brief moments of intense national excitement, had the same influence as Paris. Provincial and local life and government are far too highly developed in England to allow that.

The city of London is altogether too languid, too social, and too sociable to be a keen politician. There is no city in which it is so hard to start a "movement." Its political opinions are the opinions of clubland and the West End. The great forces that have shaken England in the past have almost without exception been generated in the provinces. I doubt, indeed, whether it would be possible to point to a single political movement of real consequence and say, "This had its birth in London," or "But for London and the power and support of London, this would never have succeeded." The city is too big for one thing and too much dependent on society for another to have either the concentration or the energy which is necessary for political leadership.

Birmingham and Manchester have each in turn set the country in a blaze, but London originates nothing and discounts everything. Almost all the qualities that make it so unique and enjoyable socially—its superb tolerance, its accumulated easy-goingness, its thoroughly comfortable outlook on life—tell heavily against its political success. Even to its own affairs it is magnificently indifferent. It has no civic consciousness, or sense of a corporate life, or local pride. The most famous and splendid of English cities, it is also the worst governed. Indeed, it has allowed the management of its local affairs to fall in more ways than one below even the Tammany standard. I doubt whether any administrative body in the kingdom quite approaches the inefficiency, extravagance, and mental pettiness of the average London Borough Council.

In all this Paris is its obvious antithesis. Put all you please on the other side—increase of intelligence, of "habits of local self-government," of "development of communications," and so on—it remains the fact that Paris, at any crisis, is still the leader of France, and at all times wields a political influence over her far more complete, more active, and more acknowledged than London even pretends to. This is so even though Parisian ascendency is not the absolute and controlling fact it was a hundred years ago, and even though the future promises to diminish it still further. It is usually only in war-time, when the national energy in all other political directions is suspended, that London becomes synonymous with England. Two or three years ago, for instance, the country, politically speaking, hardly seemed to exist outside of London. But now with the restoration of peace and the return to normal domesticity the metropolis has lapsed into its wonted inactivity, and the provinces are awakening to renewed vigor.

Apart from the question of politics, the two capitals stand on much the same level, though Paris no longer pretends to the social supremacy of Europe—its society, indeed, to-day is as sectional as Boston's—and London has gained in gorgeousness and cosmopolitan tone what its great rival lost at the fall of the Second Empire. In art and letters and intellectual influence generally, there is, from the point of view of the provincial Englishman or the provincial Frenchman, little to choose between the two. Every Englishman who writes or paints turns toward London as instinctively as Daudet turned towards Paris. In music, too, it is just the same. I remember reading a couple of years ago an article in the *Contemporary Review* written by the ablest of the very able group of English composers who are winning their way to national and even to European recognition. The writer argued that without decentralization English music could never put forth its best. He pointed out that London is the only city in the kingdom where the higher kind of symphonic and operatic music can be persistently cultivated on a large scale; and he very justly insisted that one of the seminal factors in the development of German music was the opportunity open to a musician of travelling round a score of little states and little capitals, each with its own orchestra and opera. Nothing of the kind is possible here.

London drains England of its music as it drains it of everything else. It would, indeed, be difficult to name any Englishman who has achieved distinction in any department of activity, except that of trade, who does not either live in London or is not constantly to be met with at the clubs or in society. Practically all the creative and all the critical power of the country is heaped together in this one city. So that the opening of the London season is really an event almost national in its sweep. It is New York plus Washington plus Boston—and with no Chicago on the fringe.

It is a much-debated point whether a country really profits by having a capital of this kind. Mr. Bryce in his *American Commonwealth* declares that one of the most interesting experiments of the United States is the unconscious effort that is being made to offset the absence of a real capital by the multiplication all over the country of small centres of light and leading. Which system will produce the best intellectual results he thinks it too early to determine. In politics, he argues, America has lost something in having no city of undisputed primacy to look to, even while she has gained much in escaping thereby the pernicious influence of "society" on the national legislature. But he hesitates to prophesy whether the "dispersed geniuses" of the United States will be able to accomplish more or less than the concentrated geniuses of both Paris and London.

Goethe, who lived when German sectionalism was at its worst stage, penned an admiringly envious panegyric of Paris, "where the highest talents of a great kingdom are all assembled in a single spot, and by daily intercourse, strife, and emulation, mutually instruct and advance each other." As much might truthfully be said of London. It virtually monopolizes all that is best having in English life. On the other hand, it inevitably leaves the rest of the country somewhat bare. Journeying through the English provinces, or staying for some time in an English provincial town, one detects a degree of intellectual stagnation such as no part of America quite sinks to. The "note" of America, of Kansas City just as much as New York, is mental alertness and curiosity. There is no section of the country, at any rate, no fairly populous section, that lacks the quickening salt of intellectual breeziness, stimulus, exhilaration. It may not always work with the best effect, but it is there just the same; and it is at the root of American success that it should be there. No doubt also it exists in the English provinces, but to nothing like the same degree. It is neither so extensive nor so intensive, and what there is of it is decidedly more sluggish than the American article.

But if the provinces seem barren and uninteresting, there can be no question of the overwhelming fulness of London and London life. No one, whatever his calling or tastes, need feel isolated here, or out of sympathy with his environment. London answers to all moods, to all desires, to all natures. The richness and variety of its social life are incomparable. It amalgamates all elements, and takes an ear of corn from every hatvest. The career is fully open to talent and to all kinds of talent, and the result is really a marvellous blend. Some, at least, of its picturesqueness comes from the fact that London is not only the capital of England, but of the empire. It is impossible to go anywhere without coming across men who have ruled or fought or explored in some outlying portion of the world.

The common saying that Englishmen learn their geography by making it has grown so hackneyed as to have lost vitality and become a mere phrase. One realizes it as a fact when one enters a house to find it stored with curios from China, Borneo, the Congo, or India, and listens to conversation that moves familiarly among all the intricacies of Dick's post in the Northwest provinces; Tom's in the Malay peninsula; and Harry's regimental experiences on the Gold Coast—Tom, Dick, and Harry being anything you please, from subaltern to colonel, civil service recruit to governor.

Next to its richness what strikes one most in the social life of London is its tolerant spirit, its easy-goingness, the way it takes everything for granted, and never "enthuses." It is a comfortable spirit to have around one; it makes an atmosphere in which any one can breathe easily. Londoners never bother about trifles, and are always surprised when they visit New York or Washington or Newport to find how much attention is paid to the little points of ceremony. They say that Mayfair is nothing like so inexorable in its pursuit of "the correct thing," so insistent on the formalities and so unforgiving to those who violate them, as Fifth Avenue. There is certainly little on the small side of etiquette that London will not forgive. In fact, London forgives a good deal too easily, not merely small breeches of the strict rules of decorum, but other things also—things that Mrs. Grundy has more than a word to say about. Its code is as spacious as any society's must be which has agreed that tolerance is the king of social oils. London is old and complex and experienced enough to take things as they come without fuss or bother, mental, moral, and physical; and Lady A., who acts as canvasser for an American motor-car company, and Lady B., who receives most of her income from introducing débutantes into the great world, and Lady C., who gets asked out only by asking to be asked, and Lady D., who is a Ward McAllister by profession, and Lady E., who has "slipped"—London has a half-cynical, half-charitable, wholly good-humored welcome for all of them so long as they fulfil the fundamental obligation of society, a cutlet for a cutlet. It is a gorgeous and resplendent society, infinitely equable, infinitely callous, and, of course, infinitely wicked.

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The Irish Literary Revival

We have as yet no clear idea in this country of what is meant by the Irish literary revival, though England, with its riper perceptions and more matured taste, has for some time recognized the neo-Celtic movement as one of the strongest and most vital forces in the literature of our common language. The work of the neo-Celtic school has certain elements of the highest value, which we have almost lost the habit of associating with literature: enthusiasm for pure beauty, a sense of the invisible, the spiritual significance of life, and a keen feeling for the life revealed through nature, as an intimation of divinity. It would be almost ludicrous to speak of these qualities in connection with anything which is at present being written in this country; and we are at least as far from the high excellence of style which, more even than its spiritual content, has drawn attention to the work of the neo-Celtic school. Both for purity of form and fineness of substance the work of these Irish writers stands alone in English literature to-day.

We may look at this work from two points of view: first as to its place in English literature, and, secondly, as a revival of the ancient Irish literary tradition. As regards the first, we may consider that with certain of the works of Shelley was first created the modern music in words. Shelley may have been a "beautiful, ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," whose poetry lacks "a sound subject-matter," and who should have turned his gifts to translating from the Greek; he may have been weak in life and windy in doctrine; but he is, nevertheless, the creator of a new art, the first instiller of a new quality into verse, as potent a giver of delight as harmony is in music, and as distinct an addition as harmony is to the bare melody. Rossetti and Swinburne followed in his footsteps, the *Ballads and Poems* being full of the most subtle music, quite apart from the goodness or badness of the themes; and in certain passages of Tennyson there is something of the same quality. Here is our first measure of the neo-Celtic school: that the poets, with W. B. Yeats at their head, excel in this quality of verbal music, Yeats himself being a born musician in words. Once we have formed a taste for this excellence, most of the modern verse produced in England and America seems crude and rhetorical, lacking the genuine poetic transmutation.

Again, the nature-sense of the neo-Celtic school is pure and penetrating. We know how the nature-sense rose and fell in English poetry, beginning with the sweet freshness of Chaucer, the close and profound observation of Shakespeare, and gradually crystallizing in the mere formalism of the Augustans, whose nature was painted at second hand, and largely from imported models. A genuine nature-sense was restored by Burns, and developed by Wordsworth. Tennyson is full of the love of wild things, full of minute and curious observation. Along this line also, the young Irish writers have attained great truth and depth, their feeling of nature being quickened by the loveliness and pensive sadness of their native land, where there is a delicacy of life in growing things, and a poetic quality of atmosphere not quite like anything else in the world.

Even more characteristic is the sense of the spiritual in life, the intuition of man as an immortal, which everywhere inspires the work of these Irish writers. The poems of G. W. Russell are full of a fervor that is apostolic, an aspiration recalling Saint Francis or the *Imitation*, and yet worlds away from the conventional religious poetry, let us say of the type of Wordsworth's "Ecclesiastical Sonnets."

Since the Renaissance, the legends of Greece and Rome have been worn threadbare as literary material. Wagner has called the old Norse Sagas and the Teutonic tradition once more to life. In the old Gaelic stories and poems there is a literary material no less rich than the classical or the Norse, and this material is gradually being woven into the woof of modern writing by the neo-Celtic school. Poems like the "Wanderings of Ossian" are but the songs before sunrise of this Gaelic renascence, ores from a rich and nearly untouched mine.

It is interesting to know that several of the plays of this new school will shortly be given in New York, especially when we remember that Goldsmith and Sheridan, the last two authors in our language whose plays are literature in a real sense, were both Irishmen, and therefore forerunners in a sense of the present Irish literary revival, just as, from another point of view, they were the last heirs of the old dramatic tradition of England.

Exterminating the Jews

By Alexander Hume Ford

One must come in personal contact with the officers and soldiers who in sullen silence enforce the edicts of the "orthodox faith," or actually witness the brutal religious persecution of the Jew in Russia, before he can appreciate the full significance of Count Leo Tolstoy's recent charge, heaping upon the "Holy Synod," or supreme ecclesiastic council of Russia, the entire odium of instigating Slavonic brutality in Bessarabia and throughout all the Russias.

Did the Count travel at all, however, he would read in the signs of the times, which Russian officialdom seeks to hide from the eyes of outsiders, a hope that his beloved Russia is about to entirely unburden itself of the temporal supremacy of the "Holy Synod," and suppress its bloody inquisition that seeks not only to annihilate the Jew, but also once more to enslave the peasant. The entire country is in an uproar which the government can no longer suppress, while the whole world now joins with the 4,000,000 Jews imprisoned within the pale, and the Russian workmen without who have at last taken up arms to demand political emancipation, in crying aloud for the reformation of an anachronistic autocracy based on illiteracy and religious fanaticism.

Great as has been the cruelty of the "Orthodox Church" in enforcing laws that confine the Jew within the pale, greater still is the suffering thereby imposed upon the people of Russia proper, for the industrial population, forced, often at a moment's notice, to vacate rich manufacturing cities, has departed with the secrets of the skilled crafts, leaving behind closed and ruined factories, and discontented Russian laborers thrown out of employment. The entire economic balance of Russia has been disturbed by her brutal exile of the Jew, who alone, with the German immigrant, is responsible for the establishment of an industrial Russia, so that to-day from every part of the Tsar's domain come reports of uprisings of the workingmen, who deplore the fact that Russian industry exists no longer in a healthy state, save within the Jewish pale, and in their armed rebellion the workingmen are backed by the peasants, who long for the return of the Jewish merchant, who came to buy his grain in summer and his home-made woodenware during the long desolate months of the Russian winter.

It is the "Holy Synod" ever contesting with the Tsars for temporal rule in Russia that has imprisoned the Hebrew within the pale. In vain the nominal rulers of Russia, from Catherine down to Nicholas, have sought to alleviate the sufferings of the Jew in Russia, and no one who has not lived among the Russians can conceive of the unspeakable cruelty and relentless ferocity with which the Jew is pursued by officials and military at the instigation and command of the "Orthodox Church." Year after year, as the pale is narrowed, helpless women and children are surrounded at midnight by bands of Cossacks, and pursued beyond the limits of some city newly removed from within the pale. And this in the name of religion, for even the charitably inclined Christians who give shelter to the exiles are subject to discipline. Within the pale means that the exile must confine himself within the western provinces of Russia; at no port on the Baltic is he allowed to seek employment, and it is death to approach within thirty miles of the frontier. Southward he may go, to Odessa on the Black Sea, or westward to Warsaw in Poland. Within this area are confined 4,000,000 Hebrews, exiled for all time to a district in which they must live under brutal restrictions so incredibly heartless and cruel that thousands die, and four-fifths of this entire Jewish population is forever kept upon the verge of starvation. Forbidden to own land, except in the name of a Christian, the well-to-do Jew must see his little children herded in great cities, where they are forbidden by law the privilege of education, while his property is never safe, for the murderer and the robber may escape with his hide and his booty by nominally renouncing his faith, for the converted Jew is pardoned all offences upon entering the "Orthodox Church." Yet unspeakable as are the sufferings of the Russian Jews, the peasant looks with longing eye toward the one prosperous portion of Russia, Poland and the pale. Here the Jew, driven from Russia, has raised wages, for the Russian workmen he must employ, by building factories, and has sent soaring the price of grain (that only the Russian may grow) by his method of driving from farm to farm to buy, in open competition with his brother, if necessary, the wheat grown by the peasant. So it was once in Russia, but now Ivan, without the pale, must carry his produce many miles to the nearest town, and wait there until, patience exhausted, he is willing to accept whatever price the unscrupulous Russian merchant offers. There is no longer the complaint in Russia that the competition of the Jewish buyers keeps wheat at a price that reduces the profits of the Russian merchant: the Jew has been exiled beyond the pale, and crops are now left to rot in the field, and all Russia has stagnated since competition has ceased.

More than one million Jews have been massacred by the Slav since the religious persecution first began and the Church demanded their exile from Russia proper. Yet before Russia was, a great Jewish kingdom existed north of the Black Sea, and Kiev, the holy city of Russia from which it is now ordered that all Jews must depart because it is holy, was once a Jewish capital, to live in which Russians were willing to pay tribute. Despite the laws of the Church, however, any Jewish artisan or professional man paying a thousand rubles a year may live without the pale, and conduct his business in many Russian cities; those failing to pay the tax are liable to immediate exile. It is said to contemplate that America's very earnestness to aid the oppressed Hebrew in Russia may result in his final undoing, for the only ground on which we can protest against Russia's cruelty is that she drives undesirable immigrants to our shores. Should we protest to Russia, her reply would be an edict that no more passports be given to Hebrews to leave the country.

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Books and Bookmen

We have all been talking a great deal and listening to a great deal lately about the intellectual force and stimulation of Emerson's thought and teaching. It has been a tense time of "high thinking" (the less said of the "plain living," the better). It may offer some relief, therefore, and at this distant date arouse a spirit of humor, to recall an article on "Indian Meal" which appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for May, 1849, signed "C." In a letter to Emerson dated April 19, 1849, Carlyle, after describing what had been done with some Indian corn sent from Concord, goes on to say: "I, on my side, have already drawn up a fit proclamation of the excellencies of this invaluable corn, and admonitions as to the benighted state of English eaters in regard to it, to appear in *Fraser's Magazine*, or I know not where, very soon." Carlyle's authorship of the article is undoubted, though it has never been included in any collective edition of his writings. Not one of Carlyle's biographers or bibliographers (so far as we can ascertain) has noticed this slight but interesting literary memorial which grew out of the Emerson-Carlyle correspondence after Emerson's second visit to England and return to Concord. Our authority for the following interesting account of the incident is the *Literary Recollections* of Mr. Francis Espinasse (Dodd, Mead, & Co., 1893), a rarely valuable volume of literary reminiscences too little known.

Cobbett, who died in 1835, had endeavored unsuccessfully to persuade the English farmer to raise Indian corn, and Carlyle wished, in those days of potato disease, to see Indian meal an article of general consumption. He found that the Indian meal then in use, whether ground in the exporting country, or at home from imported Indian corn, was tainted by a bitterness which made even the starving Irish pauper turn against it. Moreover, English millstones being generally too soft for that kind of grain, there was found a considerable admixture of sand in the meal which they turned out, and this did not at all improve matters. He corresponded on the subject with Emerson, who sent him from his own barn at Concord a barrel of Indian corn in its natural state, which had not been subjected to the process of kiln-drying, and to this process, Emerson reported, was said to be due the amari aliquid in the meal as then consumed in England and Ireland. At Carlyle's instance, his friend, Lord Ashburton, had Emerson's sample ground by a miller of his own, and prepared for the table by his own French cook. The result, according to Carlyle in *Fraser*, was "meal which was sweet among the sweetest; with an excellent rich taste something like that of nuts: indeed, it seemed to me, perhaps from novelty in part, decidedly sweeter than wheat or any other grain I have ever tasted. So that, it would appear, all our experiments hitherto in Indian meal have been vitiated to the heart by a deadly original sin or fundamental falsity to start with—as if in experimenting on Westphalian ham, all the ham presented to us hitherto for trial had been in a rancid state. . . . Ground by a reasonable miller, who grinds only it, and not his millstones along with it, this grain, I can already promise, will make excellent, cleanly, wholesome, and palatable eating; and be fit for the cook's art under all manner of conditions, ready to combine with whatever judicious condiment, and reward well whatever wise treatment he applies to it; and indeed, on the whole, I should say a more promising article could not well be submitted to him, if his art is really a useful one."

Carlyle then proceeded in his philosophical manner to demonstrate how upon this article of food "a grown man could be supported wholesomely, and even agreeably, at the rate of little more than a penny a day, which surely is cheap enough. Neither, as the article is not grown at home, and can be procured only by commerce, need political economists dread new 'Irish difficulties' from the cheapness of it. Nor is there danger, for unlimited periods yet, of it becoming dearer; it grows in the warm latitudes of the earth, profusely with the whole impulse of the sun; can grow over huge tracts and continents lying vacant hitherto as pestiferous jungles, yielding only rattlesnakes and yellow fever; it is probable, if we were driven to it, the planet Earth, sown where fit with Indian corn, might produce a million times as much food as it now does or has ever done. To the disconsolate Malthusian this grain ought to be a sovereign comfort." In the single valley of the Mississippi alone "were the rest of the earth all lying fallow, there could Indian corn enough



E. L. Bulwer

be grown to support the whole posterity of Adam now alive." Announcing these good tidings, Carlyle bade "the disconsolate Malthusian fling his 'geometrical series' into the corner, assist wisely in the Free Trade movement, and dry up his tears." Carlyle told Mr. Espinasse that he sent his article, in the first instance, to the editor of the *Times*, who rejected and returned it. In the collective editions of his writings, from which Carlyle excluded it, there are surely things more trivial and less interesting than this striking piece in which the Sage of Chelsea, aided by the Sage of Concord, sought to indicate how every son of Adam could live on little more than a penny a day!

The centenary of Emerson's birthday was also that of Lord Lytton, who is best known to-day by *The Last Days of Pompeii*, perhaps, than any of his twenty-seven novels. That this remarkably versatile writer was also poet, playwright, social critic, journalist, essayist, editor, orator, statesman, pamphleteer is well-nigh forgotten. It is safe to say that he has never been regarded seriously as a literary force. In his own day he was subjected to criticism that was undisguisedly savage. One of the worst offenders was Thackeray, who poked fun most unmercifully at "Sawedwadgeorgearllitnbulwig." The "English Men of Letters" and "Great Writers" series omit Lord Lytton, and he has been steadily ignored by the essayists and critics. Only one other writer of equal pretensions has been so relentlessly neglected, the author of *Vivian Grey* and *Endymion* and other portentously political and social novels of English life. Mr. Lewis Melville, in an article in *Temple Bar* for May, wrestles vigorously with Lytton's case to raise him out of this unseemly obloquy, but the task is beyond him. We know of two prominent magazines, whose editors were approached some time ago with memorial papers on the novelist's centennial, who promptly refused to give them a place in their pages. Yet it is claimed that Lytton's novels are read by hundreds of thousands, and rival those of Dickens in popularity.

Mr. Melville lays his finger almost unwittingly on the chief defect of Lord Lytton's work. "A work of imagination may be fantastic," he says, "but if it deals with life it must necessarily be true or untrue to life, and if it is untrue it cannot be accepted as a work of art." The worst kind of immorality in fiction is the falsification of facts, the perversion of truth. Lord Lytton began by infusing into his early novels an extravagance of pseudo sentiment and faulty psychology which created a false sympathy for the vicious and criminal. So warped and twisted was his view of life, so confused his understanding of right and wrong, so lacking in moral insight and clear-eyed apprehension of motive and emotion, that he actually defended his "honesty of purpose," and claimed "sincere and distinct views of promoting truth and administering to knowledge"—a claim wholly unwarranted by the facts. What would seem to be the canker-worm in Lord Lytton's character led to the cardinal fault in his work, the insincerity of the man. One of his contemporaries who discovered a goodness of heart in the novelist, for which few who knew him even well gave him credit, deplored his fondness for personal metamorphoses, so to speak. "One day," it is related of him, "he would appear in black from top to toe, with a dark-complexioned visage to match. Another day he would be all brown, and on a third he would be all in white, with blond hair and a fair complexion lighted up by rouge!" Carlyle, who derided the dandiacal Pelham in *Sartor Resartus*, always spoke with contempt of its author; the sad, earnest eyes of the seer saw through the pitiful humbug—"a poor fribble," was Carlyle's epithet. Mrs. Carlyle, more plain-spoken, and a champion of the novelist's wife in her marital grievances, called him "a lanthorn-jawed quack!" All this is not to say that Bulwer Lytton did not do good work and that he had no remarkable gifts. Especially in his later novels, there are passages and characterization that reach a high level. But the acid of insincerity and flamboyancy bit into the fibre of his work, and made it meretricious as literature and worthless as art.

A "grim but powerful" drama has been made of Henry Seton Merriman's novel *The Sowers*, which was one of the most successful of latter-day novels. The play, which received its first presentation on April 27, at the New Palace Pier Theatre, Brighton, England, is entitled "The Moscow Doctor," and was written by Mr. H. P. Gardiner. It is in four acts.

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Correspondence

WHAT THE CHINESE THINK ABOUT MANCHURIA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—What the Chinese themselves want and what they may be roused into doing are real factors in the situation of the Far East which are either ignored altogether or underestimated. There is too great a tendency to assume that the Chinese have no national feeling whatever, that they care nothing for their government as such, and that the integrity of their empire is a matter of supreme indifference to them. So with reference to Russia's threats and demands in Manchuria we hear much about what Japan and England will do, what the United States will do, but never a word about what China will do.

China is weak and comparatively helpless, but not absolutely helpless. If there are vast majorities of millions throughout the empire who know of little and care for little outside their several provinces there are also intelligent minorities of thousands with Western ideas of civilization, and imbued with a patriotism that takes in their whole country. The influence is with these minorities, and no single province has a monopoly of it. It is a leaven at work from the Gulf of Tung-king to the Siberian frontier. It is strengthened each year by the home-coming of the Chinese students who have been educated abroad and by the return of such statesmen as Mr. Wu Ting-Fang.

This influence makes for a patriotism of imperial scope which resents even the suggestion of Russia's permanent political or military control and practical ownership of Manchuria or any other section of the empire. So far as Manchuria is concerned, credit must be given to the Chinese for a feeling of solicitude that is largely a matter of sentiment and pride. Manchuria is the hailing-place of the present dynasty which is in favor through all China.

This lively sense of national pride and incidental love for the land of the Manchus which is common to the educated minorities of all the provinces is re-enforced by a more or less vague feeling of gratitude on the part of the unenlightened millions for the benevolences of the imperial government.

Count Cassini, the Russian ambassador to the United States, has said that the Manchu dynasty will end with the death of the Empress Dowager. He bases that assertion on the fact that the average life of the ruling dynasties for the last thousand years and more has been about two hundred years. But the fact doesn't show much. The Sui dynasty of two good and two bad rulers lasted but thirty-eight years, while the Tang dynasty, founded by Li Shi-min, and kept effective and decent by twenty-one successors, had a life of two hundred and ninety years. The Manchus have been in power since 1644, and there have been nine rulers.

"Count Cassini's conclusion is not justified by the facts of the past or by present conditions," said an American traveller who has spent several years in China as a disinterested student of the country and its people. "The probable duration of a dynasty cannot be determined by an arbitrary rule of averages. Tenure by a given line, if not by an individual, is determined by merit. No other rulers in the history of China have done so much as the Manchurians to relieve the sufferings of the millions in times of famine and flood. The people realize that, and would fight for the government without knowing or asking why they were fighting. Furthermore, they are learning how to fight according to modern methods. It is true that only the beginning has been made in the improvement of the army, but it is a beginning that promises much. General Yuan Shiki, of Chihli, has 40,000 troops, well armed, drilled, and disciplined. In Nanking there are 20,000 more of the same efficiency. These 60,000 men are the flower of the Chinese soldiery, and they have set an example that the other armies of the empire are trying to follow.

"They are getting modern arms. Count Cassini is very bitter about that. He has warned the other governments that they are pouring into China the weapons that will be used on themselves. If Cassini should tell what he probably fears most he would, no doubt, say to the other powers that they are giving to the Chinese the guns and ammunition with which China may later on defend her border against Russia.

"Count Cassini has also said recently, in an interview published in HARPER'S WEEKLY, that there is danger of another uprising in China that will be much more serious than the Boxer troubles of 1900. The Boxers are without effective leaders. The instigators of their movement have committed suicide, or have been disposed of in other ways. There is little danger of another demonstration against foreigners. China's one serious internal problem now is the increased taxation to raise money for the payment of the indemnity in gold.

"But it is part of the Russian diplomatic policy to create an impression in America and in Europe that the foreign interests in China are in danger, and that Russia is therefore justified in taking as much of China as she can for the protection of all.

"China's hope to-day is in the better understanding, acquired by the other nations within a fortnight, of Russia's double dealing. The Chinese are grateful for every protest that has been sent to St. Petersburg. That is true regardless of the motive which each protesting nation may have for desiring that the Chinese Empire remain intact. There is assurance of support in the desire itself, whether it be selfish or altruistic.

"If left to shift for herself China would be helpless in the hands of Russia. But, on the other hand, she doesn't expect others to do all her fighting for her. She will say 'hands off' to Russia, and then, backed by the other powers, do her part in convincing the Czar that a railroad concession does not give him the exclusive control of 400,000 square miles of Chinese territory.

"That is what the granting of Russia's notorious 'eight demands' would give. Prince Ching and the other ministers realize that. They also know that for them to yield now in Manchuria would mean the early disintegration of the empire.

"The Chinese government, supported by the countries that insist on keeping the 'open-door' policy in force, will retain her sovereignty in Manchuria even at the cost of Russia's expensive good-will."

I am, sir,

X.

TRAINING FOR THE MINISTRY

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS,
URBANA, ILLINOIS, *May 23, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Although the law of supply and demand can be depended upon as a pretty reliable regulator of the trades and professions in the long run it is nevertheless true that there is another factor which cannot be disregarded. This we can perhaps designate as well as in any other way, by the word "gregariousness"—the tendency to do what the others are doing. We humans exhibit it to an extent only a little less than the lower animals, and although any professional flocking in one direction or another would be corrected in time by the law alluded to, it is nevertheless true that institutional and economic history presents occasional marked exhibitions temporary in their nature, of just such stampedes. It is not to be supposed that they are without cause of some sort, though it is probably psychological rather than logical, and it is always noticeable that they gather strength as they progress, till a marked-over supply turns the tide in the other direction. When we see a crowd going in one direction we think there must be some good reason for it, even though there be none, and push along as eager as the rest. Recent religious and secular literature would cause us to believe that the tide, just at present, is away from the Christian ministry, and there are many facts which would lead us to put credence in such a popular belief.

It is important to the ministry and to all who are interested in maintaining it upon that high plane which it has always held, that the facts of the case be determined.

If it shows a falling off we want to know it, that special effort may be made to correct such a move in its inception, by using every legitimate effort to turn strong Christian young men in the direction of the divinity schools. If it is not true, it is just as important that we find it out, that any popular hallucination detrimental to the good name of the profession may be corrected. "There's nothing succeeds like success," and unless the ministry is considered a success as *a profession* it can never succeed, at least numerically. But, after all, number is not the only, nor is it the highest criterion of success which we may apply. Christian influence cannot be measured by the number of pulpits or pews, for the former may be badly filled, and the latter, not at all. Undoubtedly there is a close connection between quantity and quality in the ministry, if we argue from the law of probable variation, but they are not synonymous. The problem, then, of the status of the Christian ministry would resolve itself into two questions:

1. Is it holding its own qualitatively?
2. Is it holding its own quantitatively?

The first question I can answer only inferentially. The second more specifically, yet only as quality is dependent upon education, the general proposition that the educated minister, under present conditions has the greatest possibilities for good, would I believe, be accepted. To have influence the pulpit must be above the pews, and we must not forget that our schools are fast filling the latter with educated men and women whose mind as emotions cannot be stirred except through some logical and sensible appeal to the intellect.

The data which I present in an attempt to answer in some way the above questions has no special reference to the ministry of any one denomination. They are based upon studies of all evangelical denominations, but since the general attitude toward the ministry as a profession is determined by the successes or failures of all, may be of common interest.

The first facts which I wish to present are taken from the reports of the United States Commissioner of Education. In them are stated annually, with some few omissions, the number of graduates from the various classes of professional schools of our country, and also the percentage of those entering each profession who had previously received an academic degree at some college or university. The following table gives these facts for the theological schools.

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and also the proportion to theological graduates to those of all professional classes.

Year.	Grad. in Theology.	Per cent. in Theology.	Per cent. Col. Grad.
1876	800	19	—
1877	869	17	—
1878	826	19	—
1879	711	14	—
1880	719	14	—
1881	750	14	26
1882	771	12	26
1883	780	14	—
1884	790	12	21
1885	792	15	23
1886	903	17	22
1887	1071	20	25
1888	985	16	24
1889	1099	18	21
1890	1372	20	21
1891	1370	18	—
1892	1370	18	25
1893	1502	18	—
1894	1464	17	—
1895	1598	16	29
1896	1681	18	35
1897	1672	16	31
1898	1673	15	33
1899	1714	18	—

Although the figures are only for the educated ministry, and do not in any way show the numbers of men who have entered the pulpit without special preparation, they are certainly very encouraging. In fact, more encouraging than though they included the others, since they bear both upon the problem of quantity and quality. From the column marked "Grad. in Theology" we find that in twenty-five years the annual crop of seminary-educated ministers has more than doubled; to be exact, the increase is 114 per cent. This in itself might not mean much, but considered in relation to the increase in population for that period, which was but 87 per cent. (estimating the population in 1876 as 45,000,000), we find that the educated ministry has much more than held its own, and we may quiet our fears.

From the next column given above, we can see that it is not only holding its own with respect to the population, but also is not being distanced by the other professions. In that column is shown for each year the percentages of graduates from American professional schools of all classes, who were from the theological schools. Starting in with nineteen per cent. in 1876, and ending with eighteen per cent. in 1899, we have a continually fluctuating curve with no marked trend either up or down, showing that in the tremendous increase in professional education which the last quarter of a century has seen, the Christian ministry has held its own with the others.

The last column in the table above is to my mind, the most encouraging of all to one who believes in the power of a broadly educated ministry. In it, the figures give the percentages of theological graduates for the years indicated, who had also taken a bachelor's degree in arts or science at some college or university. The figures for the years omitted could not be secured. The average of such for the first four years given is twenty-four per cent.; for the last, it is thirty-two per cent., showing an increase of one-third. The importance of this fact in its bearing upon the influence of the clergy, it seems to me, can hardly be overestimated. I might add also that conditions are quite different for the other professions; that of law showing a decrease from thirty-four per cent. to sixteen per cent. in the same period of time.

Data in my possession, based upon a study of the education of something more than 650 clergymen of eminence in various denominations throughout the country, serves to emphasize the importance of a liberal education to broad influence and greater usefulness in the pulpit. Of these eminent ministers—and I shall not here take the space to define the exact criterion made use of, but each is occupying a prominent pulpit—fifty-three per cent. had had the college training besides that of the theological school. What does this mean? Seemingly, if we are to take twenty-four (the average of the table above), as indicating the percentage of college-educated ministers in the rank and file throughout the country, and fifty-three per cent. as that for eminent ministers, one's chance for attaining eminence in the pulpit is somewhat more than doubled by the liberal education. However that may be, we need have no fear for the future of the American ministry if education is an influencing factor. Our theological schools are more than supplying the demands made upon them by the increase in population. They are sending out men, too, men of broader education and a wider sympathy with man because of a better understanding of him.

I am, sir,
EDWIN G. DEXTER,
Professor of Education.

THE OPTIMISM OF EMERSON

NEW YORK, *May 20, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have found Mr. Howells's Impressions of Emerson, in HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 16, most interesting and suggestive.

Few of us but are prone to seasons of meditation, when melancholy visions fill up the gamut of life, and the future seems curtained over with the pall of disaster. At such a time it is an experience of the most cheerful and invigorating nature to turn to "Emerson's Essays," and to find in firm outline the bland and sufficing pictures which idealism has been able to gather from the dust-heaps of tradition.

When a man's mind has reached the receptive stage of entire appreciation toward spiritual concepts and revelations of truth as they issue from the mouths of men like Emerson, he is in a fair way to become the most enviable of men who live for truth and its dissemination among the people of the world.

No student should escape the contagion of Emerson's optimism,—no teacher or theologian can afford to miss the inspiring sight of a soul poised and balanced on its own pedestal of indestructible right, without recourse to tradition or established formulas of belief.

Not many men or women have the faculty of not seeing evil developed to the supreme degree that we find it in Emerson; but even this aloofness from what is low and contaminating, as evinced so often in the man or woman of scholarly tastes, should be considered by men of every character and degree as an essential duty.

I am, sir,
JOHN F. FARLEY.

THE STRIKES IN HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM, *May 12, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Reading the article in your number of April 23, page 685, about the strikes in Holland, I was astonished at the misapprehension about the matter in hand. Railways in Holland are not operated by the government, and there has been no question of any aid of foreign military, or of accepting the German Emperor's proposal, the same not being asked for.

A fact is that when, on the night of April 6, the railway strike for the whole country was proclaimed by the so-called Committee of Defence at Amsterdam, not later than one hour afterwards the entrances to every station here were occupied by soldiers, police, etc., non-strikers found themselves protected, strikers found themselves unable to get access to the stations.

In the early morning of April 7 every bit of railway lines throughout our country was being patrolled by soldiers and police, in order to secure the service on the lines.

A restricted time-table was published on Monday before noon, and so the strike took the lamentable end for the proclaimers and strikers, due to most energetic measures planned in advance by the government in concordance with the railway authorities.

I am, sir,
FEDOR C. BUNGE.

THE NEXT WEEKLY (OUT JUNE 10)

THE series now running in the WEEKLY on "Ideals of American Womanhood" will be continued next week in an interesting article, by Annie Russell, on the Ideals of "The Actress." Miss Russell writes from a long experience in stage-life, and gives some new personal impressions of what this life really means to the actress.

Hamlin Garland will contribute an exciting Western story; President Thwing, of Western Reserve University, will tell what college life means to the man who is just finishing his course at this commencement; there will be an article with pictures showing a new and curious plan for photographing the human voice.

Ask your nearest newsdealer for this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. He will have it on sale June 10.

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Finance

PERHAPS one of the most serious features of the financial situation is the condition of sentiment. It is a factor to be reckoned with in the business world. By taking it into consideration the great speculators show themselves to be students of human nature as well as of security values. Stocks in the past few days have fallen violently in price. There has been a shrinkage in quoted values of such an extent that had it happened in two days instead of two weeks, it would have been called a panic. And had it happened by reason of some obvious combination of technical conditions, or because of some unexpected disaster short of a war, it would have attracted buyers of the "bargain-hunting" type. But because it took some weeks for St. Paul to "break" to 150, it did not seem cheap enough to tempt buyers. This is attributable absolutely to the state of sentiment. There have been no glaringly bearish developments, nothing to which the average outsider could confidently attribute the decline. But the price fell steadily because the stock was steadily liquidated. The question naturally arose: Who is selling, and why? In answering it, the average man had recourse to "reasons" which increased his doubts, and it may be his fears. It was not the little fellows who were selling—they went out of the game long before; therefore it must be the "big men," and if they sold they must be in possession of knowledge not held by the Street at large.

These "reasons" were true of many other stocks than St. Paul, and given the normal workings of the speculative mind, nothing was more natural than the flood of stories and rumors, some absurd, others ingenious, a few plausible, nearly all concerning great capitalists and speculators, some of whom were declared to have been obliged to liquidate their holdings, others to have carried on a bitter war against other cliques, others to have been so frightened by the prevalence of labor troubles as to have acknowledged that the period of prosperity had culminated.

The last was probably born of the fact that the severe decline in prices apparently without cause, has made more people wonder if the downward stroke of the industrial pendulum has begun. No amount of sermonizing, of counsels of conservatism, of ominous head-shakings and analyses and forecasts could have aroused doubts in the public so surely as precisely the slump in the stock-market has done. When to this you add the pessimistic literature from financial writers, it is not surprising to find sentiment so depressed not only in the heart of Wall Street but outside of it. A parallel is drawn with conditions at the end of the period of general prosperity. Economic writers are quoted on the subject of the phenomena noted at the culmination of "good times." They are found to be repeated with striking similarity, at the moment. The last chapter, according to well-known writers, is usually an era of strikes and labor disturbances in general, and there certainly has been an abundance of these lately. It is natural that labor should be the last commodity to enjoy a "boom," being preceded by the increased cost of other commodities, which necessitates higher wages.

It was labor's demands, unreasonable because the mob is never intelligent, which checked the last period of expansion. But reasoning by analogy is not safe. The assassination of President Garfield, which ended a boom, corresponded so closely with what followed the murder of McKinley, that more than one acute observer of financial and industrial affairs confidently wrote "Finis" to the McKinley period of prosperity, only to find their theories and predictions and the analogy all wrong.

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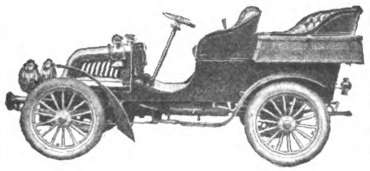
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THE TORNADO IN GAINESVILLE, GEORGIA

In the foreground are the ruins of a mill which was entirely destroyed. Another mill in the background had its upper stories destroyed, the cyclone scarcely injuring the lower part. The crowd is searching the ruins to recover the bodies of the dead

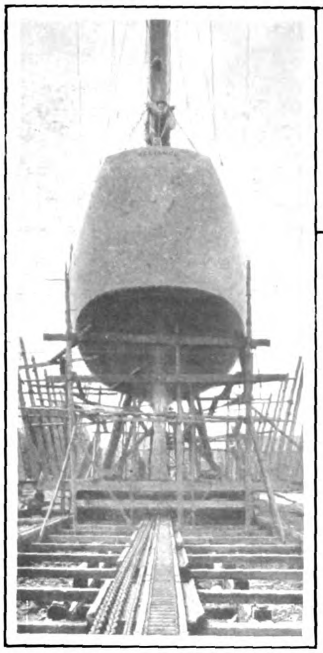
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Another Herreshoff Success

By George C. Pease



Stern View of "Reliance," showing her Breadth of Beam



Bow View, emphasizing the Fin Keel and Flat Body

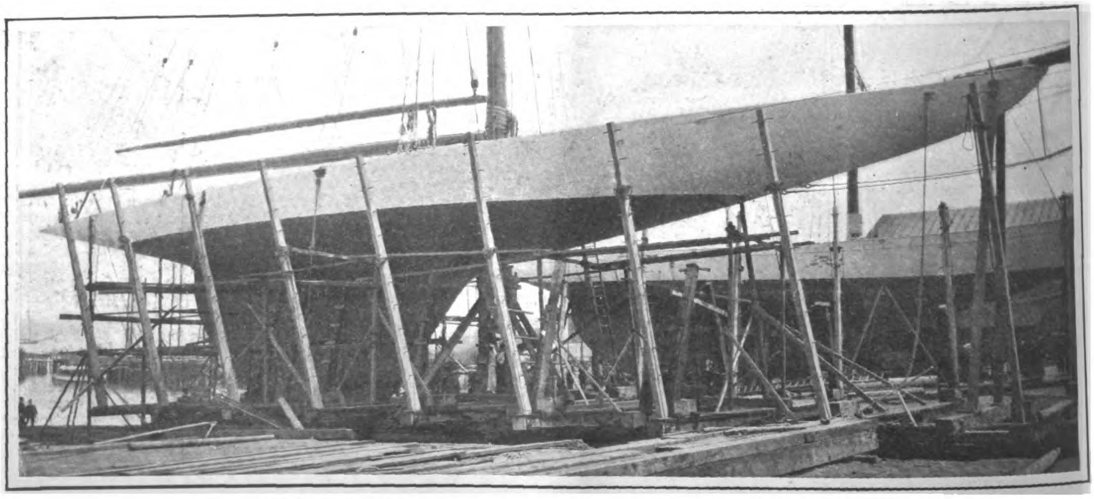
THE first races between the big ninety-foot yachts *Reliance*, *Constitution*, and *Columbia* on the smooth waters of Long Island Sound gave the blue ribbon to *Reliance*, but they demonstrated, above everything else, that Mr. Nathaniel Herreshoff knows, when he works out the form and construction of these yachts, just about what they will do. It might not be correct to say that Mr. Herreshoff could have produced *Reliance* when he built *Columbia* four years ago, but in a study of his work in yachting one feels that he can today beat even the wonderful *Reliance* by more than *Reliance* beats *Columbia*, should he carry out the same extremes as we have seen in the case of his smaller boats.

Fifteen years ago Mr. Nathaniel Herreshoff began turning out fin-keel boats of thirty or thirty-five feet water-line length that were the marvel of all who watched their performance. When called upon to design cup-defenders, however, he deliberately went back to a centreboard craft—the *Vigilant*. Then came *Defender*, a keel boat of moderate power. Since then *Columbia*, *Constitution*, and *Reliance* have indicated a development toward the same type of boat that Mr. Herreshoff has shown how well he understands in the smaller classes. When it is taken into consideration that, although belonging to the fin-keel family, *Reliance* is not by any means the extreme, is it not reasonable to believe that Mr. Herreshoff still has minutes in reserve over his latest creation?

The first series of races was sailed in uncertain winds that favored the leading yacht, which was always *Reliance*. And yet, favored though no doubt she was, the few times that the three were together in fairly even conditions, close hauled or dead before the wind, the *Reliance* beat *Constitution* by just about as much as *Constitution* beat *Columbia*. A surprise, however, was in store for most yachtsmen, for it was hardly expected that *Constitution* would be on such even terms with *Reliance* on a reach. When there was any strength in the wind these two had it on a reach nip and tuck.

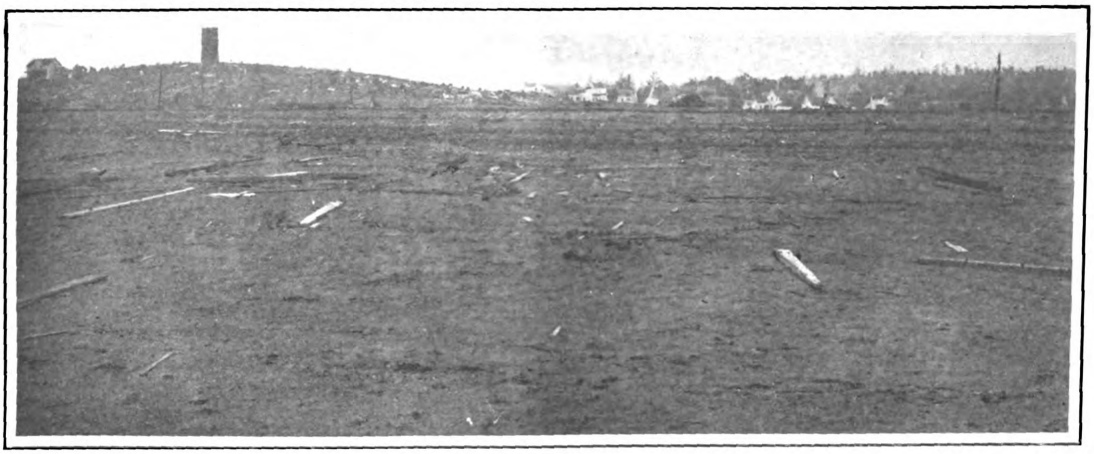
There has never been much doubt that the *Constitution* is a faster boat than the *Columbia*. When the *America's* Cup Committee of the New York Yacht Club selected the *Columbia* to defend the cup a second time two years ago, Mr. Herreshoff's only comment was, "They have chosen the slower boat." This year, when Mr. E. D. Morgan consented to race the *Columbia* again as a personal favor to Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, *Columbia's* owner, it was distinctly understood by those most interested in the races that the *Columbia* was to be raced as a trial boat by which to measure the other two. It being admitted that both *Reliance* and *Constitution* are faster than *Columbia*, it does not appear to be *Columbia's* part of the game to jockey for starts and fight the other two boats all over the course. The *Columbia* has a better mainsail than when she raced *Shamrock II.*, and is undoubtedly going as fast as ever, so that she gives a good line on the others. The fact is, *Columbia* was outbuilt by *Constitution*, and it certainly looks as though *Constitution* in her turn is to give way to *Reliance*.

Just how many minutes' margin one yacht has over another cannot, of course, be determined so early in the season. The June races off Sandy Hook may show them to windward in a jumping sea, where weak spots in spars, rigging, or hull are most likely to give way under the strain, and this will be a much better test than in the smooth water and light airs of the Sound. One might make a guess that *Reliance* is three to five minutes faster than *Constitution*, and seven to ten minutes faster than *Columbia*, but any guesswork on the relative speed of yachts is hazardous. *Constitution*, in falling off the railway, carrying away spars, and making bad starts, still seems possessed of that evil star that has brought her bad luck ever since she was built, but she takes it all cheerfully, and may soon get down to her real racing form, so that her measure can be correctly taken. And as *Shamrock III.* is a very fast boat, let us hope that our trial races will demonstrate a greater development in speed in *Constitution* and *Reliance* over *Columbia* than was even expected.



"Reliance" in Dry Dock, showing the extraordinary Overhang forward

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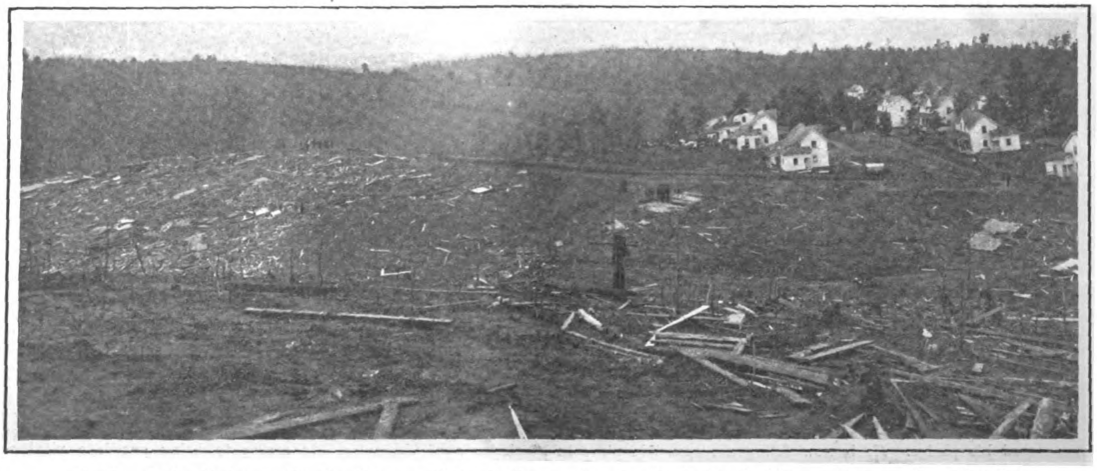
The entire Foreground of this Picture as far as the Base of the Hill was covered with Two-story Houses before the Cyclone



Ruins of Mills and Cottages



All that is left of the new Holland Mills Stables



Freaks of the Cyclone. On the Left everything is Destroyed. On the Right the Houses have not been Touched

IN THE PATH OF THE GEORGIA CYCLONE

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THE COLLEGE MAN

By CHARLES F. THWING
President of Western Reserve University



THE student may interpret college life as an opportunity for pleasant freedom, having reference simply to the three or four years of its passing. He may also interpret college life as a great means, and serious, for entering into the largest opportunities. Though I do not, I hope, fail to recognize the value of the less serious interpretation, yet for the present purpose I am concerned only with the life of the student in its more serious relations.

The Intellectual Side

The college helps the boy to the best intellectual life of thinking. The college student thinks he comes to college to be a student; being a student, he comes to be a learner; being a learner, let us hope he becomes a scholar. Being a scholar, he wishes, and in many cases shows, that he is becoming a thinker. The student, the learner, the scholar, the thinker, is the proper gradation. The purpose, too, of becoming a thinker is the purpose for which the parent is, of all intellectual purposes and processes, the most concerned. For I presume that the boy, as well as the parent, knows the peril of doing away with thinking. Cramming is too common. Education in the literal meaning of the term is forgotten. In an age of intellectual luxuriousness mental dyspeptics are as natural a product as in an age of material luxuriousness physical dyspeptics are common. The danger is: a curriculum to be followed too extended, the books to be read too many, the subject to be considered too numerous. Knowledge, like food, is of small or no worth if it cannot be assimilated.

In his heart of hearts the college student knows all this, and makes endeavors, some conscious and some unconscious, to avoid the peril. He realizes that when he enters life, not knowledge, but power is of chief value. Judgment, appreciation, reasoning, inference, these words the college man knows are the notes of every worthy college song.

College Morality

The college man also knows well that the college helps him to the best moral life. The college develops tendencies already formed, as well as creates tendencies. The advanced age at which boys come to college indicates a character already largely formed. Two of the most distinguished college presidents in this country, at the heads of two great universities, have said to me that they have never known a boy to go to pieces in college unless the seeds of disintegration were sown in him before he came to college. Parents sometimes think that the college has ruined their sons. The strong probability is that their boys were ruined before they came to college. The master of one of the historic fitting schools of New England said to me that on a certain occasion he accompanied a father and his son to the railroad station in the town in which the academy is situated. The father said to him, in the boy's presence, "My boy does not smoke." The father went away, the principal and the boy returned to the academy grounds. As they were returning, in the presence of the principal, the boy drew a cigar from his pocket and lighted it. Most parents do not know their children adequately. The student feels assured that the college is to help him to live the best life, and to become the best type of a man. In this work the boy and the college co-operate. Even if the boy does come to college with evil tendencies, the college more often removes than promotes these tendencies. A letter lies before me from a mother, in which she says: "Oh, sir, I am afraid we have ruined our boy by sending him to college,—our only one, that we have built such hopes upon. Gladly would we work here to give him the two remaining years in school, but we cannot now. He will not return to college. We have told him so, but he seems indifferent, and will not listen. If he would trust us and acknowledge his wrong, perhaps it would not be as bad as it seems now!" But almost at the very time that this mother was writing the son was himself writing to me, saying: "I freely confess that I am dissatisfied with the past. I only hope to atone for it by the future. It daily becomes more evident to me that to live the best life and to be most successful in your work you must throw your whole life into it." This boy made good his pledge. He is now filling a responsible place in business.

The Question of Athletics

The college thus serves to pull a boy together morally: but the college also serves to pull a boy together in his whole constitution. It helps to make him an efficient member of society. At the beginning of the college period the fires of adolescence are still warm. The boy has more of the heart than he has of the head. Fine frenzies possess him. Great hopes move him. Fancies which are worthy or unworthy rule him. The college helps to convert this soft gristle into the bone and muscle of mighty efficiency. College officers frequently receive letters of the following type: "My ambition has always been to be a public speaker of some kind, and this is the first time I have given expression of that ambition to mortal. This reticence grows out of my nature, and I give it expression now only because I realize that I am in a critical period of my life and that it is imperative that I should be frank with you. Above all, I have a natural perseverance and self-reliance induced by adverse environment tending to quench the aspiring soul." For a boy of this character the college does much in bringing the airy, cloudy ambition down into hard and masterly strength.

One of the most conspicuous methods of securing this result of solidification and efficiency is embodied in what is known as athletics. Football—to speak of one form of athletics—develops self-restraint. Self-restraint, or, more broadly, self-control, is one of the primary signs of the gentleman. It represents the subordination of the less worthy to the more worthy, of the relatively good to the relatively better, of the relatively better to the absolutely best, of meanness to nobility, of the temporal to the eternal, of the narrow to the broad, of indifferentism to the cardinal virtues, verities, and graces. Football demands self-restraint. For it teems with temptations to be mean. It affords manifold opportunities to do nasty things. These temptations yielded to, these opportunities embraced, character becomes mean and nasty. Some men cannot resist such opportunities and temptations, and such men should never set foot on the gridiron. I recall that in one football season a Junior, who was one of the best men on the eleven, said to me he had decided to quit playing. In answer to my inquiry respecting the reason, he said he could not keep himself from doing mean things to the man opposite. I was surprised, for I had always judged the student to be a man of fine character. I asked, "But don't the officials keep you from breaking the rules?" "Oh!" said he, "I can slug the fellow or kick him, or do him up easily enough, and no official ever be the wiser." I may add that my advice to the student was to stay in the game, and, staying, to make himself a man worthy to play the game. He did stay. In answer to inquiries of mine afterward made, he said he thought he was doing better. Athletics represent a moral apprenticeship, an ethical practice school. It is in ethics what the Socratic thinking-shop was supposed to be,—a training of the individual. Athletics thus develops the superb quality of self-restraint. It helps to make the finest type of the gentleman.

What College Does for a Man

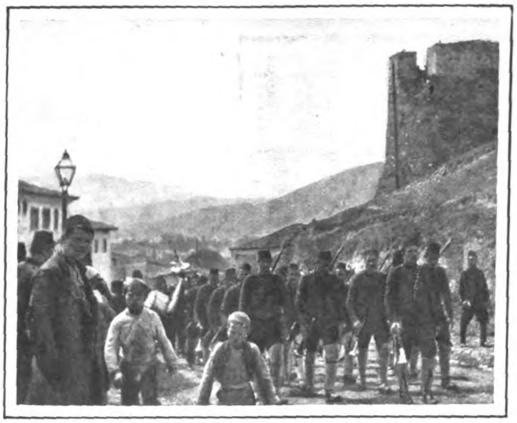
Yet the student is to acknowledge that the college by no means does all for him. Hundreds of men, graduates of American colleges, are rendering noble service to American life, who are willing to say that the value of their college course in aiding them in making their careers was slight. Hundreds of other men, who are not graduates, who are also living noble and useful lives, are lamenting that they did not have the advantage of an academic training. Both these classes are partly right and both are partly wrong. Over most men college does have appreciable influence. And many men who are not graduates would have simply increased, but not essentially altered, the success of their careers. Although it is proved that to have a college education does vastly increase the chance of winning conspicuous success, yet it is never to be forgotten that some of the ablest, most useful, and most eminent men in American life are not graduates. After all, the personal equation is mightier than any addition which the college can make to it, or than any subtraction which the lack of a college education may cause it to suffer.

Seen, therefore, from the point of view taken by the student himself, the college represents a unique and common means for securing the richest results. It aids in making the thinker the primary need of the modern world. It aids in the moralizing of character, and also in uniting into harmonious efficiency the diverse elements of character. It serves to bring one into vital and vitalizing touch with noble men. It cannot do all. It can and does so much for training the individual unto faithfulness without pettiness, unto large vision and large endeavoring without visionariness, unto self-mastery without self-consciousness, unto gentleness without weakness, and unto a high type of success without vanity or selfishness.

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An Albanian Soldier



Asiatic Troops on Parade at Uskub



An Albanian Officer



Transporting Asiatic Troops from Uskub to the Scene of the Troubles in the outlying Districts of European Turkey



Feeding Turkish Soldiers, who are not allowed to leave the Quay on landing at Salonica



Asiatic Soldiers strolling together—A Turk and an Albanian

QUELLING REVOLTS IN EUROPEAN TURKEY

Asiatic troops are constantly being sent by the Turkish government by the way of Salonica to the various towns—Uskub, Prisrend, etc.—in European Turkey for the purpose of quelling the revolts of insurrectionists. The photographs taken by our special correspondent show some of the scenes and types of soldiers in the districts where the troubles are most severe

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THE OUTLAW

BY

HAMLIN GARLAND



A Story in Two Parts.—Part I.

WITHIN two weeks after I took charge of the Snake River Agency my native policemen reported that fifteen of my wards had crossed the reservation line on their way to the Wind River country.

"Where have they gone?" I asked.

Misko, a policeman, replied, "Ghost Dance." And Claude, my interpreter, added, "They gone to see it—their Ghost Dance Saviour."

"Who have gone?"

Claude rapidly ran over the names, and ended with Hakonuse.

"Hakonuse? Who is he? He isn't on the rolls. I don't know anything about him."

"He is head man of Lizard Creek Camp."

"Why isn't he on the rolls?"

"He don't get any rations."

"Why not?"

"He is angry."

"Angry? What about?"

"Long time ago cowboys shoot at his brother."

"Oh! Well, he mustn't lead a band of people about the country. It's against the rules." Sitting down immediately I wrote to various agencies roundabout, saying: "Fifteen of my people are gone without leave to visit the 'Messiah.' If they come into your reservation arrest them and send them back at once."

The Wind River agent at once replied: "Eleven of your Indians came in here—I've sent them home. Four went round me to the west. Probably they have gone into the Twin Lake country, where the 'Messiah' is said to be."

Some weeks later Misko came in and said, with a smile, "Hakonuse come home."

"Tell him I want to see him," said I. "Say to him I am his friend, and that I want to talk things over. Go bring him in."

Two days later as I sat at my desk I heard the door open and close, and when I looked up a tall and very sullen red man was looking down upon me.

"How!" said I, pleasantly, extending my hand.

My visitor remained as motionless as a bronze statue of hate, his arms folded, his figure menacing. His eyes seemed to search my very soul. Plainly, he was not pleased with me.

"How—*hoar!*" I said. "Are you deaf? What's the matter with you? How!"

At this moment he seized my hand and began shaking it violently, viciously. I soon tired of this horse-play, and tried to release his hold.

"That'll do, stop it! Stop it, I say." Then I got mad. "Stop it, or by the Lord I'll smash your nose." I seized a heavy glass inkstand, and was about to strike my tormentor in the face when he dropped my hand.

Angry and short of breath I said: "Who are you? What's the matter with you?"

"Me Hakonuse," replied my stern visitor.

With a smile I said in signs: "I know you. I'm glad you have come. I want to have a long talk with you. I want you to tell me just what is the matter. I am your friend and the friend of all your people. I am a soldier, and a soldier does his duty. My duty is to see that you get your rations and that no one harms you. Now what is the matter?"

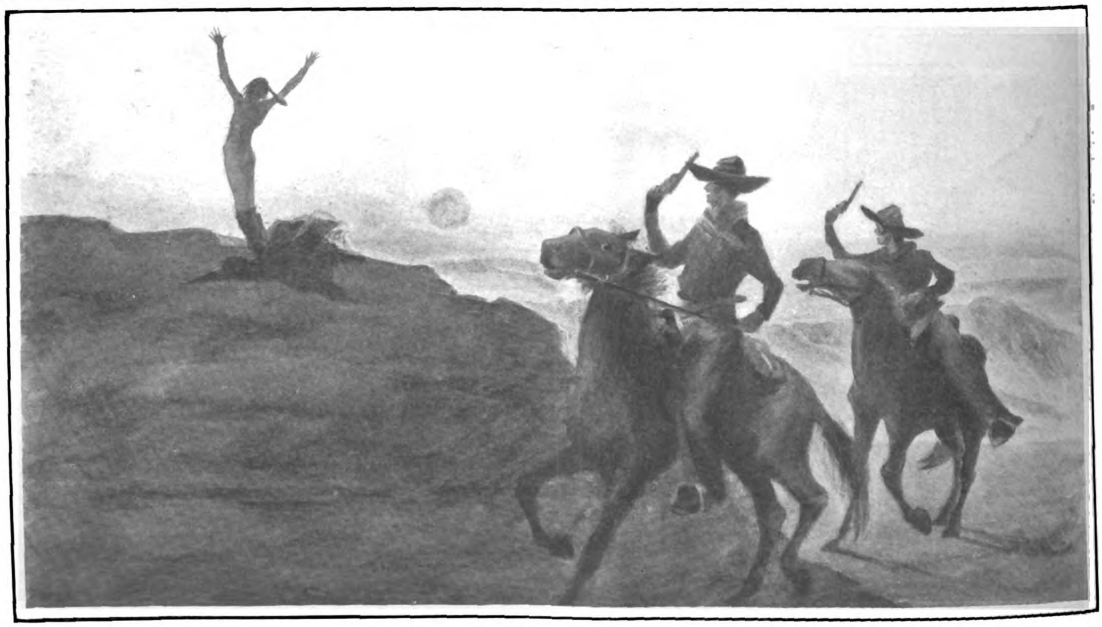
The outlaw seemed surprised and pleased by my sign talk, and after he had composed his mind he began to tell his grievances over one by one. "Seven years ago," he slowly began to sign, "my brother, an old man, was sitting on the hilltop watching the sun go down. He was praying and smoking. Two cowboys came by, and one of them shot at my brother from behind. My brother sprang to his feet, the blood streamed over his face. He was blinded with his own blood; he was crazy. He ran round and round, while the cowboys laughed and rode away." With the memory of their laughter Hakonuse grew grave.

"Did he die?" I asked.

"No. He lived for more than a year after the wound, but he was always crazy. When he died, I made a vow against the white cattle-men. When I go among them my eyes are ever-seeking, my ears ever-listening. When I find these men I will kill them."

"I hate the white man," he added, with fierce energy. "He has tried to steal away my children to teach them the white man's road. I don't want them to learn this road. The white men lie and steal and quarrel. You shall not take my girls away to use as you please down here. You shall not take my boys to teach them evil things."

When he had finished I said: "You're all wrong. Some white men are bad, but many are good, and want to do the Indian good. I am one of those who are set aside by the Great Father to see that your rights are secured. You may depend on me. Go ask Tontonara, Misko, or Miohuis, they will tell you the kind of man I am. I'm going to be your friend whether you are my friend



"The cowboys laughed and rode away"

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or not. I want you to come and see me. I am going to give you your rations again. I want you to be friends with me. Will you do it? I want you to think about this to-night, and come and see me again."

For fully five minutes the gaunt old fellow sat thinking deeply with his eyes on the floor. His lips twitched occasionally, and his broad breast heaved with his profound inspiration. I could imagine his feelings. It was hard to trust a white man even when he smiled, for his tongue had ever been forked like the rattlesnake, and his hand exceedingly cunning.

And yet they brought good things. They brought sugar and flour and strange fruits. They knew how to make pleasant drinks and to raise many grains.

At last he was able to look up, and though he did not smile, his face was no longer sullen. He rose and extended his hand. "I will do as you say. I will go home and think. I will come to see you again, and I will tell you all my mind."

When he came two days later he met me with a smile. "How! My friend—how!" he said, pleasantly.

I made the sign "Be seated."

He sat down, and began by saying: "I could not come yesterday, for I had not yet finished thinking over your words. When night came I did as you said. I lay alone in my tepee looking up at a star just above, and my thoughts grew deep and calm. You are right, I am wrong. Nobody ever explained things to me before. All white men said, 'Go here,' 'Do that,' 'Don't go there,' 'Don't do that'—they never explained, and I did not understand their reasons for doing so. No agent ever shook hands with me like a friend. They all said, 'Dam Injun'—all Shi-an-nay know those words. You are not so. You are a just man—everybody tells me so. I am glad of this. It makes my heart warm and well. I have taken on hope for my people once more. I had a heart of hate toward all the white race—now all that is gone. It is buried deep under the ground. I want to be friends with all the world, and I want you to make me a paper—will you do it?"

"Certainly. What shall it be?"

The old man rose, and with deep solemnity dictated these words to be mysteriously recorded on the white man's talking leaf: "Say this: I am Hakonuse. Long I hated the white man. Now my heart is good, and I want to make friends with all white men. I want to work with a plough and live in a house like the white man. These are my words. Hakonuse."

To this the old man put his sign: a wolf with a high back; and as he folded the paper and put it away in his pouch, he said: "This shall be a sign to all men. This paper I will show to all Shi-an-nay and to all the white men. It will tell them that my heart is made good."

And he went out with the glow of good cheer upon his face.

Now Hakonuse was a chief. He had never lifted a heavy burden in his life. Therefore two days after his talk with me I was amazed to see him drive up to the warehouse to secure a load of hides. He had no wagon of his own, but had hired one of his son-in-law, Wanisto. In the glow of his new enthusiasm he wished to do more than his share. He helped everybody to load and waited till the last, willing to take what was left.

I went down to see him, and asked, "Why work so hard, Hakonuse?"

"I will tell you," said he. "In my evil days I took no part in making the fences and laying the bridges—now I want to catch up. Therefore I must work twice as hard as any one else."

"You do me honor," I said. "You are now safely on the white man's road."

To this he made reply: "My heart is very good to-day. I am happy, and I go to see the white man's big camp. I shall keep my eyes open and learn many good things."

Next day, late in the afternoon, Wanisto and Tomoctam, who started with him, came riding furiously up to the agency. With a thrilling calmness of gesture they related what had happened.

The teams laden with their skins had just wound round through the big red jaws of Bitterwood Cañon when a party of cowboys heavily armed overtook them, and began to revile them. John Le Beau, a half-breed, supplied the words that Wanisto could not understand.

One man said, "Let's shoot 'em up a few and watch 'em hustle."

But one of the other men said, "Oh, come along, let 'em alone, Bill," and they rode away.

They reached the railway safely, and having unloaded their freight, went into camp about half a mile from the town on the river flat beneath some cottonwood-trees. They found some freight waiting at the depot, and were glad, for it would enable them to make a few dollars extra on their return trip the next day.

To every white man who spoke to him Hakonuse replied pleasantly, and was very happy to think he was serving the agent and also earning some money. The citizens were often contemptuous of him, and some of them refused his extended hand, but he did not lay that up against them. It had been long since he had seen a white man's town, and he was vastly interested in everything.

He was standing before a shop window lost in the attempt to understand the use of all the beautiful things he saw there, when a saloon door opened and a party of loud-talking white men came out. He turned his head quickly, and recognized the three cowboys who had passed him on the road. They knew him also, and one of them swaggered up to him, made reckless with drink, and began to abuse him.

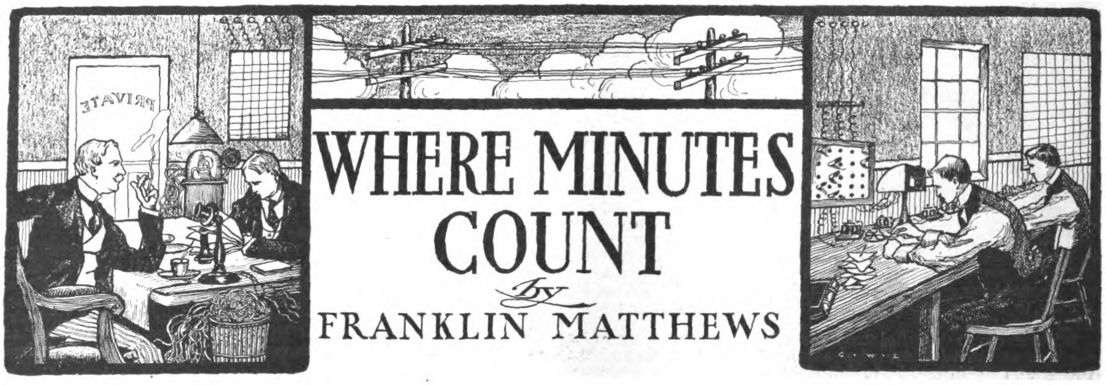
Hakonuse again understood only the curses, but he turned a calm face upon his enemy and extended his hand. "How? How, white man?"

Bill spat into his hand.

In a flash of red rage Hakonuse slapped the spittle back into the ruffian's face. "Coyote!" he cried out.

As the cowboy jerked his revolver from its holster Hakonuse leaped behind a sign-post, and the bullet glanced from an iron rod and entered the knee of a man who stood in the door-way of the saloon. With a scream of terror he fell flat on the walk as if killed.

To be concluded.



WHERE MINUTES COUNT

By FRANKLIN MATTHEWS

A TELEPHONE bell rang in one of the offices of the greatest business buildings in the world, so far as money interests are concerned, one day last month. A clerk answered the call. The head of the office was informed that a fellow-director in a great corporation wished to speak with him. The man who called was in Philadelphia. Another director was in the same New York building three floors below. Two other directors were in different buildings in Philadelphia. It was necessary to hold a committee meeting, and none of the men could leave his office. A leased telephone wire between New York and Philadelphia was put into service. Quickly three men in Philadelphia and two in New York, each sitting in his own office and each with a telephone receiver to his ear, held an important meeting. Motions were made and passed, and a record kept of the proceedings. It was all over in ten minutes, and a matter involving the ultimate disposition of millions of dollars had been advanced on a serious stage in its career. In the old way of holding such a meeting it would have cost the Philadelphia men or the New York men each at least half a day of time. A Chicago business leader, who has branch houses of his line of industry in every leading city, walked down Fifth Avenue from his hotel toward Broadway the other morning with a friend. Apparently the Chicago man had ample leisure, and was not bothered in the least with business cares. He looked at his watch. The time was 10.30 o'clock. "It's just 9.30 in Chicago," he said to his friend. "Come in here until I read my mail and dictate the answers."

The Chicago man dropped into one of his branch offices, called up his secretary in Chicago on a leased telephone wire, had every letter of importance that required his personal attention read to him, dictated the answers, and in twenty minutes resumed his walk down town.

"I had to have that attended to before 'Change opened," he said. "I feel like walking. We can reach Wall Street in half an hour or more. What do you say?"

The New-Yorker agreed. On the way down, while they were

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dodging an automobile, they were nearly run over by a carriage containing two men. One of them was foremost in financial affairs of a certain kind. He was one who demanded that his home life be not interrupted by business cares. The moment he left his house and stepped into his carriage his business whirl began. The other man in the carriage was a private secretary.

"Did you see who that was in that carriage?" asked the New-Yorker on foot.

"No," said the Chicago man. "Who was he?"

"Why, that's Mr. So-and-so on his way down town to his office. He was too busy to notice us. He had his secretary with him, and he was dictating important letters and papers. Neither the secretary nor he looked up when the coachman pulled up his horses. So-and-so went right on talking, and the secretary went right on writing. That's how I know it's an important matter."

Living by the Watch

"That reminds me of the busiest physician in Philadelphia when I lived there ten years ago," said the Chicago man. "He had every minute of the day scheduled beforehand for his work. He was especially strong in consultations. Every patient who called to see him had the time fixed in advance with just so many minutes set apart for looking him over. The physician calculated to the second how long it took to get people into his office and how long it took to get them out. He had his secretary calculate how long it would take his carriage to reach a certain place, how long he would stay there, and the exact minute he would reach the next place, and so on. He did his reading—for he was always making addresses and writing papers, being a high official of the university there—in his carriage. He dictated his papers to his secretary as he drove from place to place, and he even went so far as to have his meals served sometimes in his carriage. He died comparatively young; he burned out: he wasn't like us, because he never took any time for play, never seemed to have any leisure, and never did have any. That's where he made his mistake. He took advantage of every labor-saving device in those days, but he did it only to do all the more work. Such a plan is useless, unless it gives you time to play, to take a walk as if one had no work to do, just as we are doing now."

Soon Wall Street was reached. In five minutes the Chicago man was talking again with his secretary over the telephone. In a jiffy he learned how the market had opened, what quick changes in the business outlook had taken place, and he had sent word how to meet these changes, so far as they affected his business. Half a dozen times that day he did business in Chicago, just as if he were there personally and not in New York. He had ample time to give attention to details of his work, as he dropped into this and that branch office, and he even went so far as to stroll into a picture-gallery to see if there was anything there that would add to the strength of his private collection. "I take these trips to New York occasionally," he said, "just to get away from business." Although a thousand miles from home he never was away from his active participation in business more than half an hour. He called it a play spell, and it was one to him. He never could have had the breathing time he took away without the modern mechanical helps that enter into the every-day life of a great business man. In the old days, responsibilities such as he carried would have crushed a man in a few months, and left him a wreck or dead.

The Indispensable Telephone

The part the telephone plays in the business world is little comprehended by the average man. He regards the invention as wonderful in its development, but more or less of a nuisance when he must answer calls a dozen times a day. It is when the management of the telephone is systematized that its value stands out as an indispensable help to modern business. Go into the Stock Exchange gallery in New York and watch its work. Several hundred little boxes, each containing a telephone, stand over in the western end of the great hall. Some firms have more than one telephone, and again more than one firm uses a certain wire. These boxes are always busy. Every change in the market is telephoned instantly to brokers' offices. In a twinkling every office can reach its man on the floor.

When a broker is called from his office to execute some order the man at the telephone presses a number, and on each of the two great bulletin boards, in full sight of every one in the room, the man's number appears. In addition, a messenger, of whom there are scores, dashes through the crowd to find the broker. It takes only a few seconds for him to get in communication with his office. Instructions are given so quickly that the course of the market is frequently changed entirely in a minute or so. These numbers that flash out on the bulletin or calling boards are manipulated by electrical devices. Pneumatic power also comes into play as the broker puts his message into one of scores of tubes and sends it to the telegraph-room or messenger-service room below.

The Rush at the Stock Exchange

It is a place, this Stock Exchange, of mechanical contrivances of a complex order, adding to the value of the mental alertness of the members. Great is the contrast to the procedure of thirty years ago, when there was more deliberation on the floor of the Stock Exchange. There are many members to-day who can recall when they made the rounds of various offices in Wall Street with a slip of paper displaying quotations, and asking bankers and investors or speculators to buy or sell. Wonderful is the transformation to the present system, and the greatest part played in it has been by the telephone.

No longer is there a single telephone, or two or three of them, in every large business-house. Such a place is now a central office of its own, and every man of importance in it has his own telephone on his desk. If he wishes to speak with another man on the same floor, perhaps in the same room, to say nothing of talking with a man in another part of the building, he leans over to his telephone, and the time is saved that it would take to send a message in the old way by an office boy. Hanging by this same man's desk is a little contrivance with a lot of push buttons. When he wishes a subordinate he lifts the button-holder, pushes one of the buttons, and forthwith the subordinate is at his desk.

The reporting on the great newspapers is done largely by telephone, especially in the rush hours. In others days, not ten years ago, the reporter might use the telephone to notify his office what he had found out. He would then either come to the office, to write out his article, or would dictate it to a man in the office, if there was not sufficient time to write it out after he had reached the office. Nowadays, the routine reporter, the man who has certain rounds to make, rings up the office, and tells a man what he has learned. The man in the office writes it out, or, rather, dashes it off on a typewriter. The reporter is largely a scout in such work. The newspaper-reporting business, however, is fast reaching a place where no man will be employed as a writer unless he uses the typewriting-machine. It is necessary, because every moment of time must be saved in that exacting work.

The Typewriter as a Promoter

As to the use of the typewriter, it may be said that modern business could not be done without it. It has increased efficiency so that it has made more business. Imagine one copying letters in a long hand in these days, and yet there are thousands of men is active business who, early in life, never knew any other way of preserving records than in that way. Then there are other contrivances for speed and accuracy. Adding-machines—that never lie and never make a mistake, if the proper keys are struck—are in use in thousands upon thousands of places, and, as an improvement on that, the latest idea is to combine the adding-machine with the typewriter, so that one can write his letter, include a great mass of figures in tabular form, and know that the additions at the end are absolutely correct. A vast amount of time and energy is saved thereby in footing up totals on a bill or in a letter.

And then there is the device to dictate letters when the stenographer is busy, or when there is no stenographer at hand. The phonograph is turned on. The business man talks into it, just as he would to a stenographer. He makes changes here and there, and says: "No, don't put it that way. Make it this way." And so he continues to talk to the end. The typewriter puts the roll in a machine, listens to it clear through, notes the changes and corrections, and then writes it out on the typewriter, as if the employer were dictating slowly and at an ordinary typewriting speed.

The Use for Wireless

And in addition to all these things there comes the wireless telegraph. Chicago business firms are putting it in use between stock yards and down-town offices. When it reaches a full serviceable use it will be employed wherever possible, for the business man is greedy to get hold of every device to save time and effort. Already he uses the wireless system on his transatlantic voyages. By prearranging it all he need not be cut off from the world more than a few hours at most as he crosses the ocean. He can give his business directions from midocean. The days are probably past when a great stock-market raid, amounting to a panic in effect, can be made as soon as a Wall Street king is on the ocean and out of the world's activities for a week.

The wireless telephone is being developed. If it is ever perfected the modern business world will seize that, too, just as it has very other invention for simplifying commercial methods. All the copying and duplicating methods in use in every office, all the developments in printing, all the improvements in bookbinding, all the hundreds of little things that add efficiency to a business man's office are the result of the demand for more time.

The Cry for Time

The business man of to-day is a vastly more productive machine than he was a score of years ago. He makes other men, and he makes machines do as much of his work as possible. Still, he has even less time than formerly. Sometimes he has to take his stenographers on the train with him as he goes to his country home, but once there he drops work and goes into play. The Wall Street man employs subordinates who take a large part of his responsibility, but the man who probably has as much, if not more, European business than any other in the financial district, always attends to one detail absolutely himself: he writes out every cable message with his own hand. It not only ensures complete secrecy, but places full responsibility upon himself for accuracy.

The cry of the business world is: "Give us more inventions, more labor-saving devices, so that we have more time."

So that we may do more business would be a better way of putting it.

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IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD

THE ACTRESS BY ANNIE RUSSELL

I HAVE been asked to contribute something about the ideals of women who adorn the stage as a profession, and in complying with this request it will be necessary to use the personal pronoun with that frequency for which actors are noted, and—misunderstood! It is, rather unfortunately, a necessity of our calling. Acting is so immediately a part of the individual that it is difficult to speak even of one's ideals in an impersonal way; as, for example, an author might speak of his book, or a painter his picture, as something apart from himself.

Ideals are tremendously personal and private coincidences of intimate experience. An experience which means a conflict of some sort in the development or the downfall of character moulds an ideal of our nature.

There is one real danger to character in our profession, which lies in our eagerness for emotional experiences which we imagine will help us in our portrayals. If we are not content to wait until they come into our lives, as they inevitably will, we risk falling into a habit of emotional exaggeration, affectation, and insincerity, that comes up like rank weeds, choking out the truer growth of our natures, and making of us creatures of "temperament without mind." I feel so strongly on this matter of emotional intoxication that I place it first in this outline of possibilities and actuality of ideals. I merely sound the warning, to begin with, that in place of this emotional unrest the channel of eager curiosity for knowledge may be diverted into the broad, clear distances of vision the various arts reveal in their relation to ideals, practical alike for character, as in the profession of acting. Music is an ideal voice, for instance,—it aids our imaginative and poetical faculties; pictures teach us color and beauty of lines; literature teaches us better to understand character—indeed, it is the land in which we live and move and have our being.

In music a practical knowledge and its actual use are a common occurrence on the stage. How satisfying it is to an audience to know that an actress is really playing a piano, and not pretending to. Pretence is erroneously considered to be a quality inseparable from the actor or the actress, whereas there is probably no profession where men and women, with true artistic taste, struggle more against it. Simplicity is one of the primary ideals in all the arts, the next in point of endeavor being naturalness, each extremely difficult, and each born of endless patience, endurance, and work.



Annie Russell

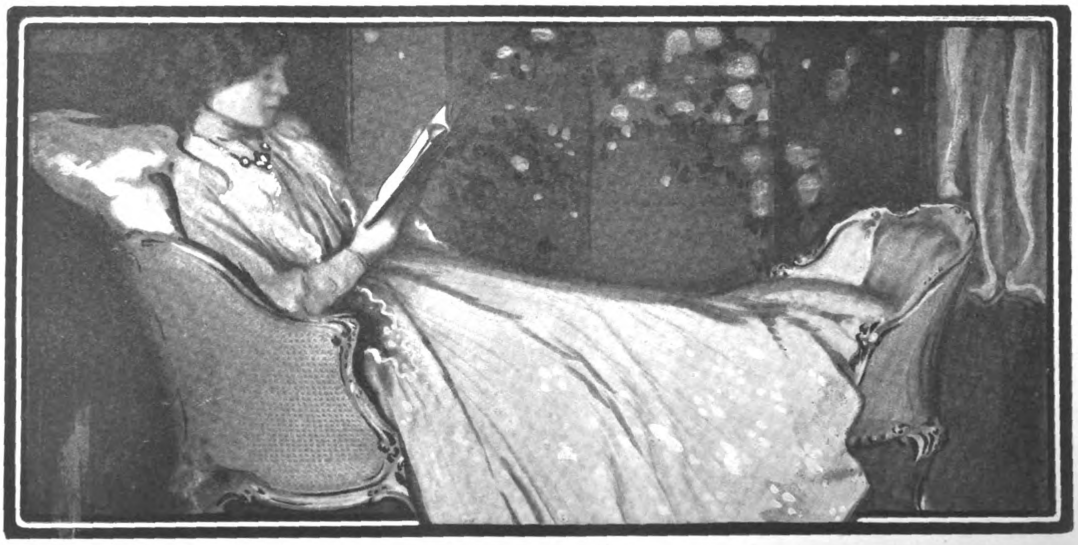
In the study of pictures we get the values in costume and personal adornment, in harmonious combinations of color, in beauty of poise and pose. And then there are the languages. We ought not to rest until we have acquired at least a correct pronunciation of French, Italian, and German. It is in these matters of good taste that we ought to have a high standard, and work unceasingly toward it. There is a cultured public, and a rapidly increasing one, that has high standards, and expects the best expression of them in the theatre, as in literature, music, art, architecture, and æsthetic conditions generally. So, by this inclination first for the best in all expressions of art, which in some form or another centralize themselves in the profession of acting, we find ourselves in constant occupation with ideals. Nothing is to be acquired by a mere dilettante appreciation; there is in the acquirement of these ideals an unending discipline of character, a constant self-sacrifice, a sort of real consecration of oneself to the chosen faith in ideals.

The influence of all this upon one's personal character, upon one's mental grasp of the weeds that must be choked out of the garden of one's graces, is obvious. We trim the hedges of our lives with restraint. Restraint is harder to an eager, aspiring spirit than letting out the full flood of action; it is harder to paint a picture successfully with few colors than with many.

There are ideals we know of in ourselves that express themselves imperfectly in our artistic endeavor, and there are other ideals that stand like trusty sentinels at the gateway of the soul, armed and ready to defend the inner channel of ourselves. These latter are sometimes never called into action, but we must see that they are always there, forbidding entry to all fancy or emotion that would confuse the peace within. We must keep steadily at work with a high purpose; get at the soul of the thing we are interpreting.

Work, work, work!—creatively if you can, intelligently always. The work in itself is the main recompense—the having ideals and standards to live for and to live by!

Matthew Arnold has said, "It is in the endless addition to self, in the endless growth in wisdom and beauty, that the spirit of the human race finds its ideal."



Miss Russell at Home

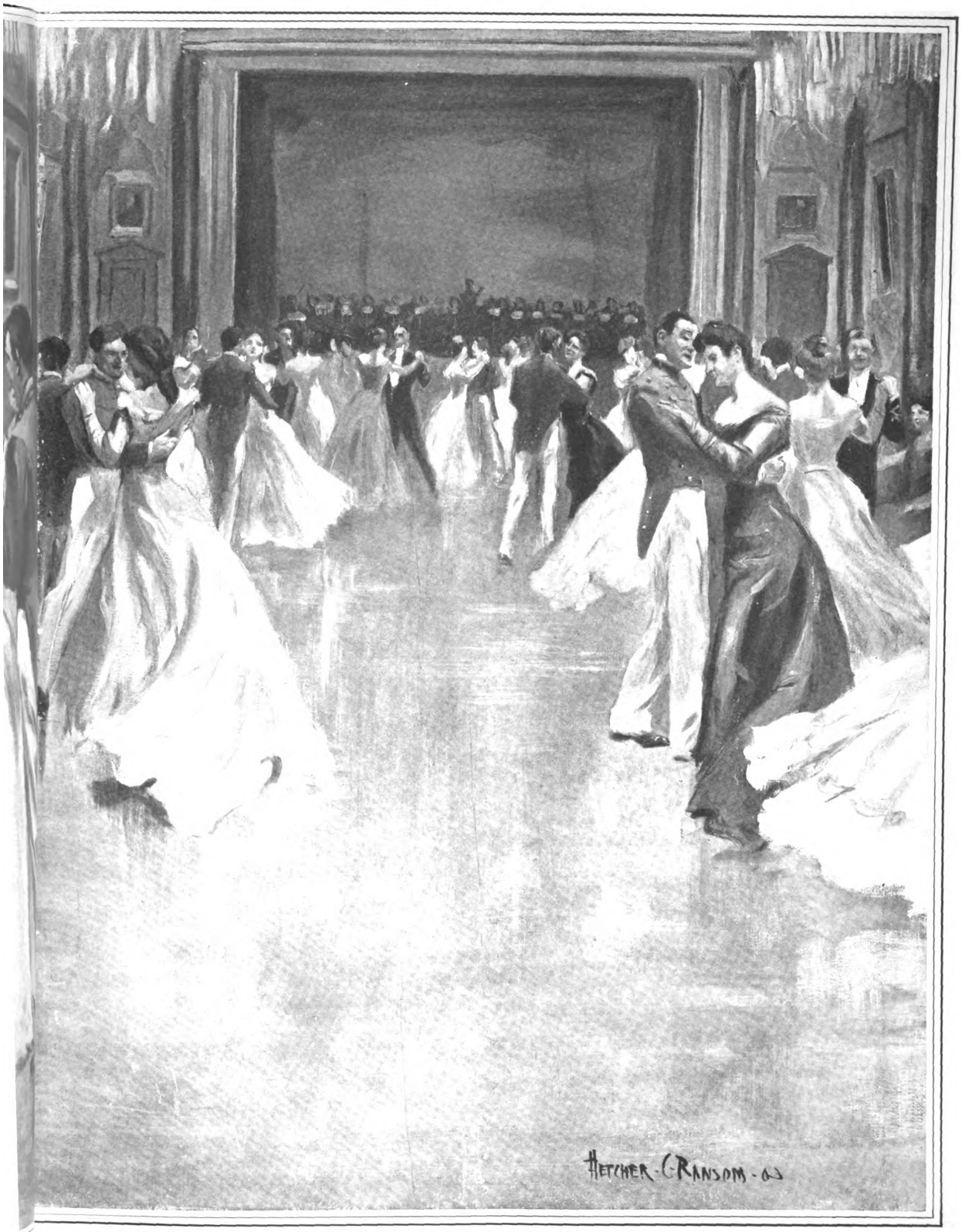
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THE LAST HOURS

This year the annual ball of the graduating class in West Point took place on June 10. It is a brilli
a longer period by the girls who a

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Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom

OF CADET DAYS

ant function that is remembered many a year after by the young officers themselves, and for perhaps re fortunate enough to be invited

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AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA IN LONDON

Madame Lillian Blauvelt, who is one of the most successful of younger American singers, made her début this month at Covent Garden, London. During the opera season there she will appear as "Marguerite," "Juliette," "Zerlina," and "Micaela." The accompanying picture represents her in the rôle of "Juliette"

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Memory in Children

AN investigation into the power of memory in children was recently made by the director of the department of child-study for the Chicago public schools. It was found, among other interesting results, that there is no "memory period," no period in early school life when the memory is stronger than it is at any later portion of the child's life, a period especially adapted for learning to spell. "While there are no memory stages, there are undoubtedly periods of interest that are especially favorable for the child's learning to spell; times when the child is aroused from indifference or from a feeling that spelling is a small part of life to a recognition that it is important. It has been pointed out that during early school life the auditory memory is the stronger, and later that the visual memory is stronger. During the whole of school life the audio-visual memory is stronger than either the auditory or visual; that is, a simultaneous appeal to both sight and hearing produces a richer and more usable image than is brought about by an appeal to either sense alone. It would seem from this that the more senses we can appeal to, the deeper will be the impression."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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TIME, said Franklin, is the stuff of Life. Telephone service saves time. *Verb. sap.* Rates for Residence Service in Manhattan from $48 a year. N. Y. Telephone Co., 15 Dey St., 111 West 38th St., 220 West 124th St.—[*Adv.*]

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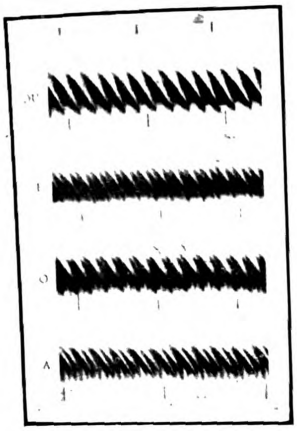
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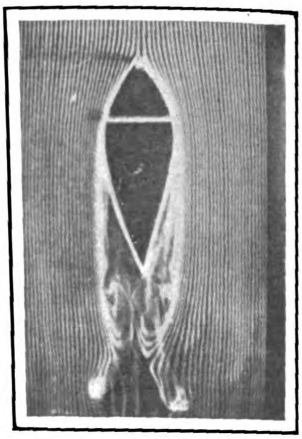
Snap-shots of the Human Voice



Chronophotograph of the Movements of the Jaw



How the Voice looks in forming some of the Vowel Sounds



Photograph of Air Currents passing a curved Object

A FRENCH scientist, M. Marage, has invented a process by means of which it is now possible to photograph the human voice. The actual vibrations of the air made in speaking the vowel sounds can be recorded and made visible by an ingenious use of chronophotography, or the analyzing of motions by means of instantaneous photographs. Every one is familiar with an opposite and synthetic use of chronophotography: the presenting of animated views of moving objects by means of the kinetoscope.

M. Marage's scheme may be described as follows: The vibrations of the air set in motion by the voice are made to act upon the flames of acetylene gas, issuing from specially prepared burners. The flames, vibrating in unison with the sound waves, throw their images into a revolving mirror, which dissociates and causes them to appear in various forms, according to the sound. By means of the acetylene flames, which are photogenic, the vibrations are recorded on a ribbon of sensitized paper.

It has been found possible also to photograph the various functional movements of the body. Thus the motions of the lower jaw in the act of opening the mouth may be represented, as well as the movements of the ribs in respiration. Another ingenious use of chronophotography makes it possible to reproduce in visible form the action of air currents in their passage around an obstruction, as shown in one of the accompanying illustrations.

Farming in the City

EIGHT hundred Philadelphia families, industrious and self-respecting, are now earning a portion of their livelihood—in some cases all of it—by the cultivation of vacant city lots. At the close of last season nearly 200 acres, divided into small lots, were being cultivated, and the number of beneficiaries was 3775. The product, valued at $50,000, was grown at a cost of $5556 80 to the association which instituted the scheme. To place every cultivator in the way of earning $62 80, the association spent a total of $7 12. With the cost of skilled superintendence counted out, the direct aid to the farmers was much less.

The enterprise demonstrates that permission to cultivate land in the neighborhood of great cities can be made a source of the truest benevolence to thousands, and a school in self-respecting toil for hosts of men and women who, though willing to work, are unable, by reason of physical infirmities or advanced age, to compete with younger and stronger persons under purely commercial conditions. It has been shown also that, without the free use of the land and without the gift of the original tillage, intelligent farming can make any city lot, however small, pay far higher returns, in proportion to its acreage, than the most carefully conducted farm of the common type.



Farming a Lot at Fifty-ninth and Media Streets in Philadelphia

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Some Facts About Ourselves

Some interesting experimental conclusions on the subject of habits have been published by Professor Arthur Allin, who occupies the Chair of Psychology and Education at the University of Colorado. Professor Allin illustrates, by familiar examples, certain of the laws underlying many of the most common of our acts and habits. For instance, it is a fact that a single weak stimulus, which is itself incapable of causing a reflex act, may produce it if it is repeated often enough.

The Effect of Repetition

"The sound of a door-bell may not call up much of a motor response, but repeated often may cause a very considerable response. A slight tickling when one is asleep or awake may, if continued, produce convulsive responses. To strike a horse repeatedly on the same spot is to invite him to kick. Continued dropping of water from a faucet during the night, or the intermittent sounds of a mouse gnawing, produce extreme irritability. . . The psychology of advertising shows many evidences of this law. Temptation in all its forms usually works by the summation of stimuli. The young man of slight moral resistance, on his way home in the evening, passes through one, it may be two, streets of saloons; in the third street his inhibitory power is exhausted and he passes helplessly through the doors."

"Cross-Education"

The training of one portion of the body trains at the same time the symmetrical part and also neighboring parts, says Professor Allin. "Experiments show, for example, that practice of the finger tip of the left hand increases the fineness of the touch of the finger tip of the right hand, but does not increase that of the left forearm. The ability to write with the left hand is obtained by learning with the right hand. Practice in writing the figure nine backwards with the left hand frequently causes one involuntarily to write the nine backward when using the right."

Influence of Age on Memory

In learning nonsense-syllables, *i. e.*, syllables consisting of a vowel between two consonants, an adult, writes Professor Allin, is able to memorize much larger rows of syllables than can children. "To give a relative estimate, those at the age of eighteen to twenty can reproduce approximately one and a half times as many syllables as those from eight to ten years of age. After completed bodily development the figures remain practically constant."

Inaccuracy of Subjective Judgments

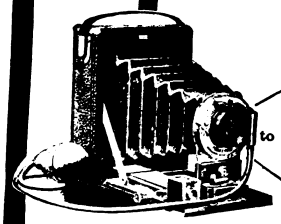
In the general phenomena of weariness it is frequently noticeable that the subjective estimate does not tally correctly with the real state of the body. Neither does the subjective feeling of exaltation always indicate a favorable condition of the body. "One of the most marked characteristics of modern progress is the substitution of extra-organic instruments and natural forces for the erring and uncertain sense and motor instruments of the human organism."

About Muscles

Writing on the subject of the effects of fatigue and depression on muscular action, Professor Allin points out that weariness comes to a muscle, not because so much capital has been spent, but because it has been spent at too quick a rate. Its expenditure is greater than its income. "Whether a muscle wearies or not with action, and how soon it wearies, will depend not so much on how much work it is called upon to do as on whether or not the expenditure involved in the work outruns the income. You may take a weak muscle, that is to say, a muscle with a scanty store of available living stuff, and a strong muscle, that is to say, one with an ample store, and by timely calls upon the weak one, and an imperious sudden demand on the strong one, you will get much work

(Continued on page 983.)

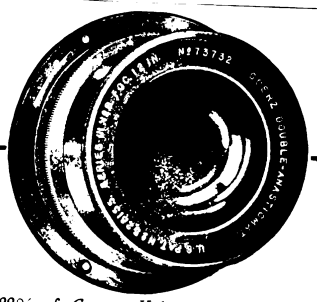
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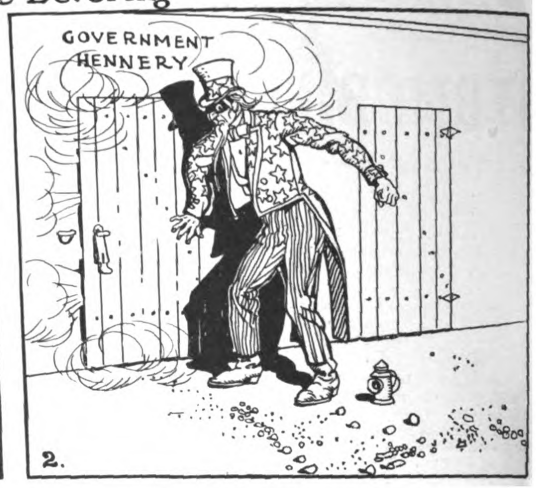
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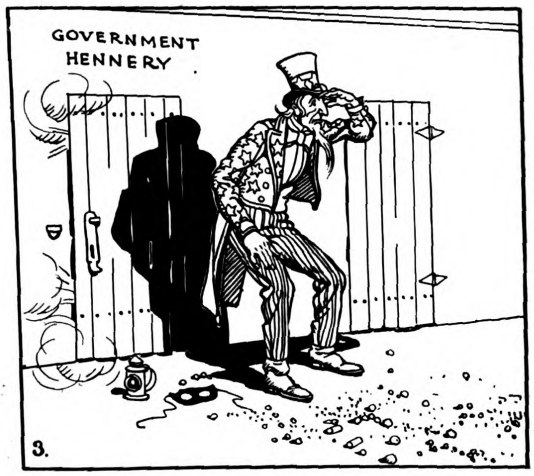
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Irrespective Of Party Or Creed
By Albert Levering



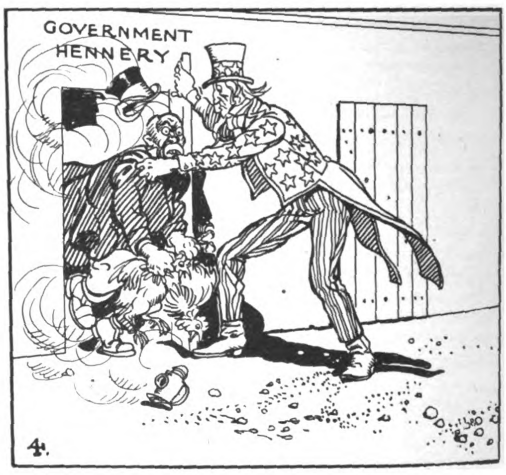
Your Uncle. "Get in there, 'Rastus, and sort yourself out a few pullet. I'll see thet ye ain't interfered with."



"Blame thet nigger, there's no havin' him fer a pal; he makes too much noise."



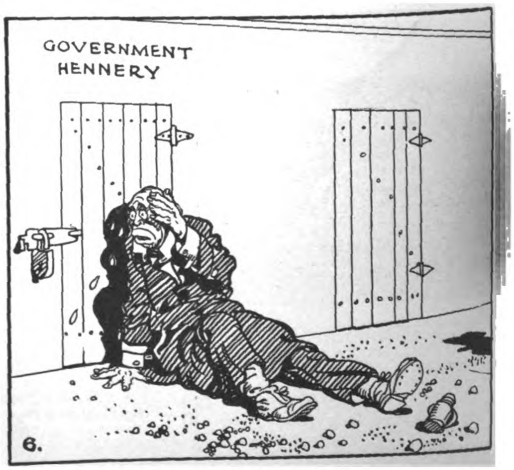
"Some one lookin'? Yes, by Jehosaphat!"



"Come out o' there, you black chicken-robber! What air ye doin' in thet hen-house, hey?"



"Chickens, eh? Give 'em here; an', now, yeou git out!"



'Rastus. "Lody,-lody! I wondah is dey wun honest chicken-thief in dis world?"

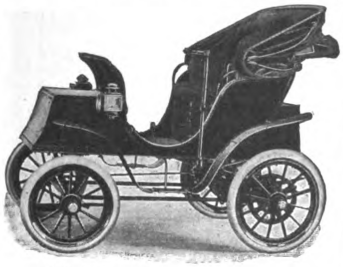
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(Continued from page 981.)

from the former, leaving it still fresh, while the latter is wearied before it has done a little of the work of the first."

"Warming Up"

"Initial or preliminary practice may often induce fatigue. After a short rest, however, better work, greater rapidity, and a greater amount of work can be attained than in the beginning of practice. This does not seem to be of universal application, but it is a quite general phenomenon. It may be noticed, for instance, in animals. Dogs on the chase, animals pursued, and especially race-horses, show the effect of warming up.

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Sheridan and Mr. Bangs

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS, who is writing the libretto for a musical comedy based on Sheridan's "School for Scandal," met a friend the other day whom he had not seen for some time.

"What sort of thing is this 'Lady Teazle' you're writing?" inquired his friend.

"Well," replied the author of *Coffee and Repartee*, "it's a good deal like the battle of Winchester."

His friend stared. "Why like the battle of Winchester?" he asked.

"Because," explained Mr. Bangs, "Sheridan is about twenty miles away."

Promoting Arbitration

THE ninth annual conference on international arbitration was held recently at Lake Mohonk, New York. These Mohonk gatherings have been made up of a chosen number of the leaders of American thought and action. An analysis of the list of its members shows that there were present some twenty judges and prominent jurists, thirty preachers and teachers of religion, nearly all of national reputation, forty-two educational leaders, including five presidents of colleges, over twenty-five editors of magazines and newspapers, and about fifty "captains of industry," financiers, manufacturers, and men of large affairs. The presiding officer was the Hon. John W. Foster, and among the speakers were Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Rear-Admiral A. S. Barber, St. Clair McKelway, and the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler. The conferences are held for the purpose of advancing the cause of international arbitration and peace. In a review of the history of the arbitration movement during the past year, it was pointed out by one of the speakers that within the last twelve months the following controversies have been referred to special arbitrators or commissions:

Results Accomplished

The controversy between Italy and Guatemala as to the treatment of Italian emigrants.

The question of claims of citizens of France against Venezuela.

The controversy between the United States and San Domingo over the claims of the San Domingo Improvement Company.

The question between Great Britain and Portugal of any difficulties that may arise in locating their colonial boundaries in South Africa.

The question of the claims of Sala & Co.

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of New York against the republic of San Domingo.

The Alaska boundary dispute between the United States and Great Britain, which has been referred to a new mixed commission.

Important Cases

The year has been most fruitful in the decision of cases referred to arbitration before the Hague court was set up. The most important of the cases are:

The long-pending boundary dispute between Chile and the Argentine Republic, involving an area of eighty thousand square miles.

The controversy between the United States and Russia over the seizure of American sealing vessels in Bering Sea.

The Samoan Claims question between the United States, Great Britain, and Germany, and citizens of these countries.

Two controversies between Great Britain and France—the "Waima" affair, and the "Sergent Malamine" dispute.

The El Triunfo case between the United States and Salvador, out of the decision of which has grown a good deal of dissatisfaction on the part of the latter country.

Poe and the Manager

A WELL-KNOWN theatrical manager, who is distinguished rather for his business ability than for his knowledge of literature, was visited not long ago by an aspiring playwright. He had with him, he explained to the manager, the manuscript of a play based on one of Edgar Allen Poe's stories, which he was sure was destined to make a sensational hit on the stage. The manager consented to hear the play, and listened with increasing interest as the playwright read from his manuscript.

He was enthusiastic when the end was reached.

"That's fine!" he exclaimed,—"fine! Now I'll tell you what I'll do: You and Mr. Poe come in to-morrow and we'll talk this thing over."

What Our Schools Cost Us

IT is probably not generally known that the United States spends annually on elementary education about $227,000,000—the exact figures for 1900—1901 were, according to the report of the United States Commissioner of Education, $226,043,236. Europe spent during the same period approximately $246,000,000. The enrollment in the elementary schools of Europe is, however, in the neighborhood of 45,000,000, while in the United States it is not much more than 16,000,000,—although it is estimated that there were, in 1901, almost 22,000,000 children of school-going age in this country. Our yearly expenditure per pupil averages twenty-two dollars.

Some profit may be gained from a comparison of the amounts spent yearly by representative American cities for the maintenance and operation of their public schools. New York spent in a single year $19,731,629; Chicago follows with an outlay of $8,203,493; Philadelphia's expenditure was $3,319,604; Boston's, $3,043,640; Baltimore's, $1,417,392; Cleveland's, $1,257,343; and Washington's, $1,182,916. New Orleans is at the end of the list, with an expense of only $478,025. St. Louis, by the way, pays more for its police department than for its schools: $1,602,182 for the former as against $1,526,140 for the latter—a ratio of one dollar for the police to ninety-five cents for the schools.

President Hayes on Emerson

HAVING suffered much himself from the autograph fiend, President R. B. Hayes was singularly chary of inflicting unnecessary correspondence upon others. Yet his responsiveness was so innate that he frequently wrote letters which he never sent. The following note to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is a double illustration, since it not only was never mailed, but contains mention of an

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HAY FEVER and ASTHMA cured to stay CURED. BOOK 24A **Free.** Dr. Hayes, Buffalo, N.Y.

earlier letter which met the same fate. The recent centenary of Emerson's birth renews one's regret that President Hayes's letter to Emerson's friend and biographer was not rescued, like its successor, from the writer's waste-basket:

FREMONT, O., *20 Nov., 1885.*

MY DEAR MR. HOLMES,—I have just finished the last number of your "New Portfolio," and I want to say, while the fit is on me, "of course you must again open the Portfolio." Your readers have some rights. The list of those [books] I *must* read, alas! is growing short. I wrote you a long letter (three pages of note-paper which is long for me), when I finished your "Emerson." A worshipper of E. almost forty years, I felt deeply in your debt. I cancelled part of the obligation by sparing you the trouble of reading the letter. I now mention it merely to acknowledge my debt to you for that most satisfactory and capital book.

With all thanks for all the past allow me to say with little Oliver, "Please, sir, I want some more."

Sincerely,
R. B. HAYES.

DR. HOLMES, Boston.

The Girl Graduate in Japan

JAPAN is said to be a country where fashion in dress never changes. This was true in ancient times: not only did styles never change then, but both men and women wore the same sort of costume, with the exception of the *obi* (sash). The garment was then in one piece, open in front from top to bottom, and lapped over and bound around the waist with a very broad *obi*. A long fold of the sleeves hung down, which was utilized as a jacket. From many considerations these open skirts have become very objectionable, in great part, probably, from the influence of Occidental thought. For the girl graduate a somewhat modified style is now becoming quite common. The *obi* is discarded, and an over-skirt complete, not divided, is substituted for it. This is universally of a maroon color, beautiful and tasteful; and on a bright morning in spring the streets in some parts of Tokyo are made gay by scores and hundreds of girls on their way to school, dressed in this tidy garb.

The Japanese girls of this generation are enjoying the first steps their nation has ever taken in providing educational facilities for women. Japan caught this inspiration from the example of Western lands. One year ago the first university for women was opened in Tokyo, and the attendance has already reached eight hundred. Serious alarm has been expressed by some native educationists as to whether or not an Occidental education for Japanese girls would destroy the natural charm of the quietness, modesty, and self-abasement so prominent in the Oriental women. This has been bluntly answered by the progressive nations of the West: "Your women are your slaves: we shall free them." Japanese women when once acquainted with the situation fully appreciate their new advantages.

Tolstoy's Little Joke

COUNT TOLSTOY does not bear a very kindly attitude toward the many curious admirers who besiege his Russian home in the hope of getting a glimpse of the great novelist. A party of visiting American tourists who called not long ago to pay their respects were not, therefore, very cordially received. Tolstoy refused to meet them: but he reluctantly consented to stand on his doorstep and let himself be seen. One of the visitors, however, could not resist the temptation to speak to the great man.

"Oh, Count Tolstoy," she exclaimed effusively, approaching the author with outstretched hand, "I enjoyed your last book so much!"

"You refer, I suppose," replied Tolstoy, "to *Dead Souls?*"

The lady assented joyfully.

"Um," remarked the novelist, "Gogol wrote that."

112

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SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

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COMMENT

THE disastrous floods resulting from enormous rainfalls in portions of the States of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, and Iowa have stirred the utmost concern and sympathy throughout the country. The loss of both life and property has been very great, though how great cannot yet at this writing be said. In Topeka the destructive work of the waters was supplemented by fire. In Kansas City the city water-works were put out of commission, with great resulting danger and inconvenience. Keokuk, Des Moines, and many other towns and cities have suffered grave losses and bereavements, and at St. Louis the high water causes great anxiety. Travel and the shipment of provisions and other necessaries have been suspended, with consequent distress and hardship. The story at this writing is still confused and inaccurate, but there is a vast deal of it, and there is no doubt that the floods have been enormously destructive. It seems a strange thing that the Middle West should have this terrific experience with floods, while the East is still suffering sorely from drought; but this is a big country, and can suffer several kinds of afflictions at once. Indeed, while the Western floods were at their height a tornado struck Gainesville, Georgia, killing something like a hundred persons. The relief of our Western brethren calls for something more substantial than expressions of sympathy, and already relief is flowing in on the drowned country from all sides. The Mayor of New York, among others, has asked for help, both for the flood victims and the sufferers in Georgia. Whatever is needed will be forthcoming, and with eager good-will.

We do not know whether Mr. Payne has received private instructions from the President to "turn the rascals out," but certain it is that the position of the Postmaster-General with regard to the scandals in his department has undergone a signal change. The charges of widespread corruption are no longer described by him as myths or as "hot air." On the contrary, the arrest of Machen for bribe-taking seems likely to be followed by equally rigorous proceedings against other officials, now or lately conspicuous in the postal service. There is reason to believe that all the contracts for supplies furnished to the Post-office Department during the last five years require investigation. It is most improbable that the bribe said to have been brought home to Machen was a unique abuse of opportunities. The official blackmailers have been cut off from one field of activity by the summary reduction of salaries in the case of postal clerks whose stipends have been improperly increased. Failing to get what they paid for, some of these clerks may be expected to furnish interesting evidence. There seems to be scarcely any branch of the Post-office Department in which a chance of robbing the government was not discovered and turned to account.

We have not seen the text of the message which the President sent to Senator Hanna, and which caused the latter to renounce opposition to the endorsement of the former's candidacy for the Presidency by the Republican State convention of Ohio. In substance, no doubt, the message reaffirmed the statement publicly made by Mr. Roosevelt to the effect that those who approved of him would endorse him, and *vice versa*. This is not the first time that a President has declared a year in advance of a nominating convention that he should regard those who did not forthwith proclaim themselves for him as against him. That was the attitude taken by Andrew Jackson immediately after the election of John Quincy Adams by the House of Representatives. During Jackson's first term no member of his party ventured to suggest any other candidate for the Presidency in 1832, and his renomination was taken for granted. The national convention of the Jacksonians was called in Jackson's first term for the purpose, not of nominating a candidate for the Presidency, for that would have been superfluous, but a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. During Van Buren's term, also, he would have been a bold Democrat who should have ventured to oppose the President's renomination in 1840. Presidents by accident, however, have been less forehanded and peremptory. Neither Tyler nor Fillmore nor Johnson nor Arthur would have ventured to demand from State conventions an endorsement of his candidacy a year in advance.

The demand made by Mr. Roosevelt could not well be rejected by Mr. Hanna, for two reasons: first, he has professed to favor the President's nomination in 1904; secondly, it is his present business to elect a Republican Governor and Republican Legislature in Ohio, to which end a united party is indispensable. Under such circumstances, a refusal to endorse the President's candidacy would have had the gravest possible significance. Whether acquiescence in the demand means very much is, we observe, disputed. We are told, for example, that Mr. Hanna's original assertion is as true now as when it was uttered—namely, that a State convention, convoked for the exclusive purpose of nominating candidates for State offices, acts *ultra vires* when it assumes to prescribe the course to be taken a year later by a State convention called for the express purpose of choosing delegates to a national convention. The endorsement, therefore, which Mr. Hanna has agreed this year to give is but *brutum fulmen*, mere wind and sound, signifying nothing. The Ohio State convention of next year will assert and exercise plenary powers in the matter of expressing a preference for a Presidential candidate. All that is meant by the general expression of a preference at the present time is obviously this: that if the election of a President were to take place next November, Mr. Roosevelt would be the candidate of the Republican party. Whether he will be the candidate next year remains to be seen.

For his own sake, and for the sake of the Democratic party, we are glad that Mr. Bryan's attitude has undergone a sudden and marked change. In the latest number of the *Commoner*, which appeared on May 29, he definitely renounces all claim or desire to leadership of the Democratic party. This declaration, coupled with some other statements ascribed to him on good authority, means that Mr. Bryan will support any man put forward by the Democratic national convention,

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provided the choice of the convention falls on one who adhered to the Democratic party in 1896 and 1900. That is to say, he would not accept Mr. Cleveland, unless it could be shown that the latter voted for the Democratic nominee at the last two Presidential elections. Suppose it could be shown that Mr. Cleveland did not vote at all on those occasions? Must an ex-President's omission to vote be accounted a betrayal of his party? This and every other question relating to Mr. Cleveland's availability must be answered by a Democratic national convention, and not by Mr. Bryan, if, as he tells us, he has renounced all claim to leadership of his party. From the moment that Mr. Bryan takes his place among the rank and file he is logically bound to accept the decision of his party's national convention. He himself cannot refuse to acknowledge the plenary powers of a body which, he holds, should have been recognized by those Democrats who declined to be bound by the acts of the Chicago and Kansas City conventions. Otherwise his professed abdication of leadership would seem to have a string to it.

We cannot expect Mr. Bryan, however, to be perfectly logical all at once. He has moved a long way in the direction of harmony, if he be correctly represented as believing that either Judge Parker or Mr. Shepard will be nominated by the Democratic national convention and elected. That either of these gentlemen would be satisfactory to the East and South may be taken for granted, and Mr. Bryan is said to have expressed the opinion that either would be acceptable to the West. There is no doubt that Mr. Bryan speaks for an element in the Democracy which is strong in the trans-Mississippi States, and retains, indeed, considerable force in all the States where the Populists were powerful in 1892. The problem before the Democratic leaders is how to regain the voters that abandoned the party in 1896, and, at the same time, keep the million Populist voters who rallied to Mr. Bryan in that year. That difficult feat can be accomplished by the man who can command the cordial support of Eastern Democrats, on the one hand, and of Mr. Bryan's friends on the other. With regard to bolting, Mr. Bryan is credited with having made of late a statement which, although it does not carry him so far as some of us could wish, embodies a material concession. He is reported to have said that if he takes the position that he must oppose any man who bolted him in 1896 and 1900, then, to be consistent, he is equally bound to support a Democrat who supported him at those elections, and who has a chance of leading the party to victory. In his opinion, this definition is satisfied by both Judge Parker and Mr. Shepard.

If the diverse elements of the Democracy can agree upon a candidate, they should be able to agree upon a platform also. It will be remembered that Mr. Cleveland, during his second term, recommended an income tax, and that, in pursuance of his advice, an income-tax law was passed by Congress. It is true that, by a majority of one, the Supreme Court of the United States declared the law unconstitutional, but Mr. Cleveland would be as ready as would Mr. Bryan to advocate a constitutional amendment permitting an income tax to be imposed. The Philippine question can scarcely be thought to divide the Democratic party any longer, the retention of the islands being generally looked upon as settled by events. It is only the monetary plank that the harmonizers might find difficult to frame. Yet it is by no means impossible to devise a monetary programme which both the friends of Mr. Cleveland and the friends of Mr. Bryan might accept. Let us glance, for example, at some financial resolutions which were suggested on February 24, 1900, and might have been submitted to the Democratic State convention of Ohio in that year, instead of the Bryan doctrine of free silver, had the followers of John R. McLean been preponderant in that body.

The resolutions were as follows: First, the time-honored ratio of silver to gold shall remain at sixteen to one; that is to say, the government shall continue to do what it is doing now, for what silver it coins for subsidiary purposes it coins at that ratio. Secondly, the Federal government shall coin and pay out a sufficient quantity of silver to meet the demands and growing requirements of business; that is what the government is doing now; nobody complains that there is not enough silver in circulation. Thirdly, the government shall purchase in open market the silver required for coinage; this also is unobjectionable. Fourthly, there shall be coined each year not less than $50,000,000 worth of silver,—*provided* that, should silver coin depreciate to the extent of one per cent., the coinage shall be stopped until the parity between gold and silver be restored. Had this resolution become a law in 1900, no silver would have been coined, because the apprehended depreciation of the white metal took place. The fifth resolution declared that the withdrawal of government notes bearing no interest is against public policy and against the good of the American people, and wholly in the interest of the already too highly favored national banks; this resolution would, of course, excite much controversy, but it would be less likely to be rejected in a Democratic than in a Republican national convention. As for the first four resolutions which we have here reproduced, they might conciliate the free-silver men, and they practically would not require the gold-standard men to recede from their convictions. We are not in the platform-framing business, however. We leave that function to national conventions, and have only recalled the silver plank suggested for Ohio in 1900 as a politico-economical curiosity.

The investigation by Federal officials in Alabama of the existence of peonage in some counties of that State will be followed with acute interest by observers in all parts of the country. The more the political privileges of Southern negroes are curtailed, the more necessary it is to safeguard their civil rights. In some parts of Alabama negroes have been sold under pretended process of law into practical slavery. Indeed, the condition of negroes thus dealt with is worse than slavery, since they enjoy not even the protection and care that an intelligent slave-owner would give his chattels. Invariably, too, they go into the hands of bad men and lawbreakers. The process has been to arrest the negro under some charge—usually a flimsy or trumped-up charge,—fine him heavily under the statute, and then sell him to work out his fine at hard labor. Often persons thus sold into slavery are held to their work long after the fine and costs have been worked out, and in some cases they have been treated with extreme cruelty. It is not to be supposed that public sentiment in Alabama countenances such proceedings, but it does appear that the State courts have not proved able to deal with them. The machinery of Federal courts will be well used to check and punish these abominable wrongs, and will undoubtedly have the earnest support of the decent and law-abiding people of the State. Judge Jones of the Northern District of Alabama, before whom the cases so far developed will come, is an Alabama man, and was Governor of the State from 1890 to 1894. He is a Democrat, a lawyer of reputation, and has a record as a stout upholder of law, order, and justice. He will work, presumably, for the honor of his State, as well as for that of the whole country.

This year's Memorial day was distinguished in the city of New York by the unveiling of St.-Gaudens's equestrian statue of General Sherman. Grant, Farragut, and Sherman, the three most illustrious protagonists of the civil war on the Union side, are now worthily honored in the American metropolis. There are other heroes of that contest who deserve to be commemorated as ranking only second to those that we have named. There is Sheridan and there is Thomas, and there is McClellan, who organized the Army of the Potomac and who commanded it at Antietam. The dedicatory speech delivered by Secretary Root gave satisfaction to the auditors, who were in an enthusiastic, rather than in a critical, frame of mind. One scarcely expects words to be carefully measured in such circumstances. Perhaps Mr. Root went, however, beyond the due limits of hyperbole when he said that no one would dare to assert that another man could have done what Sherman did. The truth is that Sherman was subordinate to Grant up to the time when the latter was called to the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that Sherman did nothing afterwards which McPherson, had he lived, or Thomas, could not have done as well. The unresisted march through Georgia and South Carolina was a revelation of the

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enemy's weakness, rather than a demonstration of the invader's strength, and when Sherman at last met, in North Carolina, the greatly inferior force commanded by Joseph E. Johnston, he can by no means be said to have gained an overwhelming victory. Certainly the terms imposed on Johnston were not those which a conqueror would be expected to exact; and, as we know, they were repudiated by the authorities at Washington. What signally redounds to Sherman's credit is the breadth of view and the clarity of foresight which enabled him from the outset to appreciate the tremendous proportions of the impending contest. The enormous number of soldiers which at an early date he declared would be needed for the successful prosecution of the campaign in the West caused him to be looked upon in certain quarters as demented; yet it eventually turned out that his computation was an under-estimate. There is no doubt that Sherman could have had the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1876, and again in 1880 (after the withdrawal of Grant's name), had he been willing to accept it. But he had repeatedly and positively said, not only that he was not a candidate, but that he would reject the nomination if it were given to him. It is true that Horatio Seymour had said the same thing in 1868, but, nevertheless, consented to run when the nomination was forced upon him. Sherman, however, was known to be a man of inflexible temper, and, consequently, the nomination was properly withheld. No man is great enough to be permitted to say that he rejected a formally tendered nomination for the Presidency of the United States.

With every week the omens become more favorable to Mayor Low, so far as a renomination is concerned. It now looks as if all the elective members of his administration would be renominated, with the possible exception of Mr. Cantor. It remains true that the Fusionists must secure the greater part of the German vote in order to win. Unfortunately, this vote is influenced to a considerable extent by the brewers and distillers, who hitherto have been supposed to regard the Mayor with an unfriendly eye. The bitterness which they evinced some months ago, however, seems to have been allayed in some degree, and they may yet be prevailed upon to withhold active support from Tammany Hall next November. The diversion organized by Devery has put the leaders of Tammany Hall in a dilemma. Either they must readmit him to their organization, and shoulder the odium attaching to his mismanagement of the Police Department, or they must risk the loss of a good many votes. Dr. Parkhurst puts the numerical strength of Devery's following at from 15,000 to 20,000. That should be enough to turn the scale, unless the Fusionists should prove much weaker than they now seem likely to be. It is certain that Tammany will adopt the tactics to which it resorted two years ago, and nominate a thoroughly respectable man for Mayor. It now seems improbable that either Mr. Shepard or Mr. Coler will be selected. Both have run for office—the one in the State and the other in the city—and both have been defeated. The present purpose, we understand, is to put forward George B. McClellan, who has been a useful, if not particularly brilliant, member of the Federal House of Representatives.

No doubt Mr. McClellan would try to be a good Mayor, just as we have no doubt that Mr. Shepard would have tried, and even might have succeeded; but either of them would find it up-hill work if all their fellow officials were obedient to the Tammany machine. According to a report, for which there is said to be good authority, Mr. Bryan would like to see Mr. Shepard nominated and elected Mayor, believing that such a preliminary success would help him to secure the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. There is no doubt that Mr. Shepard is a stronger man than Mr. McClellan, and would be more likely to make inroads upon the Fusion vote, especially in the Borough of Brooklyn. It is conceded, however, we believe, by the Brooklyn politicians that the nomination for the Mayoralty belongs this year to the Borough of Manhattan, and Tammany Hall prefers McClellan on the ground that he would prove more amenable to machine pressure. Still, it is admitted that Mr. Shepard, personally, deserves the nomination for consenting to make the fight two years ago, and Tammany may seek his services again, if it believes them to be indispensable. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Low and Mr. Shepard may again be competitors; for then, in either event, the city would stand to win.

Mr. Charles H. Cramp, the head of the well-known ship-building firm, has been credited of late by many newspapers with the paradoxical assertion that our ship-building industry is prosperous as compared with that of England and Germany. On May 29, Mr. Cramp took occasion to deny that he ever made such an assertion, which would be, he said, not only false, but ridiculous. What he said was that Great Britain had probably reached the high-water mark of her maritime supremacy, which is equivalent to suggesting that hereafter she is more likely to fall back than to go forward. But, of course, the terms are used in a relative, not an absolute, sense. Great Britain would have to fall back a long way before sinking to the level of Germany, and much farther —indeed, almost out of sight—to reach the level of the United States, which at this hour have sailing under the American flag only two American-built transatlantic steamers, to wit, the *St. Paul* and the *St. Louis*. The new ship combine was organized, it is true, by an American citizen, and has been financed to a large extent with American capital, but almost all of its vessels were built in the United Kingdom, and are sailed under the British flag. The truth is that, so long as subsidies are withheld by our government, we could not afford to put transatlantic steamers under the American flag, even if they could be built as cheaply here as they can in the British Islands. Why? Because they cannot be operated as cheaply. To offset the higher cost of operation a subsidy is indispensable.

The important fact is too often forgotten that when our Federal government subsidized the Collins Line of transatlantic steamers, we gave England the first real competition she had ever experienced, and caused her to double the subsidy she was already paying to the Cunard Line. Then, again, in 1870-1, when the Cramps built the *Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana,* and *Illinois,* which were better vessels than any British ships then afloat, Great Britain again took fright at the threat of American rivalry, and put her subsidy system on a still more effective and liberal basis. The result was that the American steamers named had to be placed under the Belgian flag. The steamship merger brought about by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has had a similar stimulative effect upon Great Britain. The Cunard Line has received not only an augmented subsidy, but a loan at 3½ per cent. to meet the cost of two 25-knot vessels. In view of the facts, it would be, of course, the acme of absurdity for a sane man to talk of our outstripping England on the seas, and of the ship-building industry being more flourishing in the United States than it is in Great Britain. To give currency to such false statements as those attributed to Mr. Cramp does incalculable harm, for it imbues the public mind with a notion that, in this country, there is no need of subsidies, which by England, France, Germany, and every other maritime power are recognized as essential to the upbuilding of a sea-going navy. If on the Lakes and in coastwise trade we do not need subsidies, that is because we are shielded by law from competition.

Attention has been directed to the fact that in the long discourse delivered by Mr. Roosevelt at the dedication of the St. Louis Exposition he referred only once or twice, and then but casually, to his great predecessor, Thomas Jefferson, but for whom there would have been no Louisiana Purchase to commemorate. Not a few of those who listened and who wondered at the extraordinary omission must have recalled Byron's well-known line, "And Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust, did but of Rome's great son remind her more." The truth, of course, is that Roosevelt the President could not render Jefferson his due without repudiating the opinions expressed by Roosevelt the historian. The latter, when not long out of college, had presumed, in his biography of Benton, to describe the third President as a "scholarly, timid, and shifty doctrinaire." In another juvenile prolusion he had asserted that, "excepting Jefferson, we have never produced a President more helpless than Madison when it came to grappling with real dangers and difficulties." In the volumes entitled *The Winning of the West,* the present occupant of Jefferson's seat alleged that the Jeffersonians believed in a

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government so weak as to be ineffective; that they had no gift for government, and were singularly deficient in masterful statesmen.

Roosevelt the historian also maintained that, for the disgraceful incidents of the War of 1812, Jefferson and Madison and their political friends have never received a sufficiently severe condemnation. Now the truth, of course, is that the Federalists, of whom Mr. Roosevelt, in his historical writings, made himself the indiscriminate and headlong advocate, vehemently opposed the Louisiana Purchase, and, could they have had their way, would have forced Jefferson to let slip the priceless opportunity of acquiring the right bank of the Mississippi. It is also a truth undisputed by fair-minded historical scholars that the deplorable lack of financial resources, to which mainly should be imputed our inefficient conduct of the War of 1812, must be attributed to the disloyal conduct of the Federalists, who were dominant in the New England States. The New England Federalists not only refused to furnish the money and the men required by the Federal government in order to prosecute the contest against England, but, in the Hartford convention, carried their treasonable conduct to the verge of secession. Remembering what he had allowed himself in his salad days to print about one of the greatest of Americans, the President may well have found it awkward to eulogize an achievement which, but for Jefferson, would never have been compassed. What splendid services may be reserved for Mr. Roosevelt to render to his country we know not; but of this we are sure, that he will be fortunate if he fills a niche in the national Pantheon beside that of the author of the Declaration of Independence.

We referred lately to Mr. Carnegie's surprising assertion that Shakespeare had been more to him than his Bible. Now that we have before us the full text of the interview in which that singular statement was made, we find that he said some other things that deserve to be commended rather than deprecated. It is, as he said, a source of social and industrial weakness for Great Britain that in that country the whole social structure is permeated with the spirit of caste. In England a man's place is fixed, to a very large extent, by what his father or his grandfather was, whereas in the United States a man stands for himself. English society is stratified; or, to change the metaphor, every class has one above to crawl to and one below to kick. In the United States, on the other hand, if the plumber's son is a stronger and better man intellectually and morally than the millionaire's son, he goes up top. Asked how he reconciled this assertion with the existence of the so-called smart set in New York, Mr. Carnegie answered that with us the smart people do not count. We laugh at them. We give them nothing to do. Englishmen, on the other hand, would place such people at the head of their government departments. This was a stroke at the House of Cecil. Mr. Carnegie went on to say that if in England the idle rich were treated as the "smart set" are treated in America—that is to say, with indifference, if not contempt—competent young Englishmen would not be forced to emigrate to find a career. He inclined to think that, so far as the English-speaking world is concerned, England would always retain the supremacy in the realm of literature and art. We are by no means certain, however, that this will be the case. Because Shakespeare and Milton belonged to England, it does not follow that the great writers, painters, sculptors, and musicians of a hundred years hence will be Englishmen. In science, at all events, it seems probable that the United States will take the lead. Mr. Carnegie himself and Mr. John D. Rockefeller are doing much to assure us scientific ascendency by their munificent endowments of research. Let us suppose that during the last nineteen centuries a tithe of the money that has been devoted to religion had been devoted to science; what conquests might science not have made.

Premier Balfour's conversion to the Pan-Britannic Zollverein is the absorbing topic in English politics. Secretary Chamberlain seems to exercise over his more cultured and refined colleague that hypnotic influence which the stronger has over the weaker will. The philosophic doubt of the man of thoughts is compelled to submit to the complete assurance of the man of Birmingham. It is of the utmost importance for the future of British politics that two of the rising younger men in the Conservative party have taken a strong stand against the Chamberlain idea, and their paternity makes the secession of these two young leaders doubly significant, since Lord Hugh Cecil is the son of the Marquis of Salisbury, while Winston Churchill is the son of Lord Randolph, one of the most brilliant of modern Parliamentarians, and at one time in the running for the premiership and the leadership of the Conservative party. A momentary misunderstanding with his colleagues lost him his chance, and Mr. Chamberlain ultimately scrambled into the vacant place. It looks as if Lord Randolph's secession were about to reincarnate in his son, and were this time destined to success. We shall watch with interest to see how many of the younger men in the Conservative ranks will follow Lord Hugh Cecil and young Churchill; and, needless to say, their personalities and individual force will be of more importance than their numbers. Mr. Wyndham has not declared himself so far, and we have yet to hear from Lord Curzon, who will, in the natural order of things, return to Parliamentary life as soon as the term of his viceroyalty in India expires. Lord Curzon seems destined to become the leader of his party in the Upper House, hence his attitude in the present controversy is a matter of the greatest importance. It is said that his health has greatly suffered from the climate of India, and his future action may be controlled by this; but in any case the pronouncement of a man of his influence will carry great weight. He will also be relied on to say what influence the Chamberlain policy will have on India, and whether there is any prospect of staying the tide of famine by encouraging India's trade.

Secretary Chamberlain's policy has one very weak spot, which has not yet been touched on. It is neither wholly a political measure nor wholly a fiscal one. It is quite evident that its real inception is due to the desire of Mr. Chamberlain to gain a name as the first great statesman of the empire, the man who drew the colonies into a strong union with the motherland. He has seen, what we have all seen, that the greater colonies are rapidly becoming sovereign states, and are growing to be colonies and parts of the empire in name only. The conference of colonial premiers made this absolutely clear, for Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the representatives of Australia flatly refused to be drawn into the maelstrom of imperial militarism which is the natural corollary of Secretary Chamberlain's scheme. The man of Birmingham saw, therefore, that Canada and Australia were drifting away, and that South Africa would soon follow, becoming first "more colony and less crown," and then developing into a practically independent sovereign state. Secretary Chamberlain saw clearly that something must be done to check this drift, unless his whole scheme of imperial unity, and, incidentally, of personal triumph, were to vanish in thin air. He therefore devised a scheme which is a direct bribe to Canada and Australia. He proposes to pay them for remaining colonies and integral parts of the empire. This is his real motive. The weakness of his position is that, having thus devised his policy for reasons purely political, he seeks to defend it on fiscal grounds, where it is really indefensible. His opponents will doubtless soon find this weak point in his armor, and direct their attacks there.

Lord Brassey has strongly stated the argument against Chamberlain. The only demand for a Pan-Britannic Zollverein, he says, comes from Canada, where, in spite of the preference given to Great Britain, the tariffs remain almost prohibitive. Future extensions of British trade, says Lord Brassey, will lie mainly in the tropics, where the enormous population creates an illimitable market. In order to be able to hold that market, Great Britain must be able to manufacture cheaply. It is, therefore, absolutely essential that raw material be untaxed. This is evidently the heart of the matter, and is the answer to the bribe of Secretary Chamberlain, the suggestion that, while prices would be raised, by his policy, wages would be raised in a greater ratio. If wages were raised, Britain would have to raise the price of her exports, and as a consequence lose a market which even now she barely holds, and in which she is being overtaken by her competitors. The same thing may be said of the second bribe offered by Mr. Chamberlain, the old-age pensions which are to be established from the great profits of his scheme. This

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is most decidedly counting unhatched chickens, and it does not decrease our misgivings to remember that this same scheme of old-age pensions has been in the Birmingham plan for long years, and seems as far from realization as ever. It is not astonishing to find Mr. Chamberlain's plan endorsed by Mr. Seddon, the Premier of New Zealand, who was the one member of the colonial conference to support the militarism which Canada, through the lips of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, declined.

A horrible suggestion comes from the Macedonian revolutionists, who seem already to have tired of the policy of dynamite, as being too slow and not sufficiently atrocious. The revolutionary leaders claim to have in their possession a large quantity of the bubonic-plague bacillus, obtained in some way from India, where the plague still rages. They have declared their determination to use this virulent poison to infect Constantinople, Salonica, and Berlin if within a very limited time the powers do not obtain a redress of Macedonian grievances. In view of the extreme and inhuman cruelties which have so constantly marked the different stages of the Balkan question, it is impossible to assume that this threat is a mere hoax, an idle menace which will never be put into effect. The attempted destruction of the city of Salonica a few days ago, the placing of an infernal machine on board a French steamer in the same port, sufficiently show to what extremes the oppressed Macedonians will proceed. Nor is the outlook brightened by a despatch which comes from Salonica, telling that Turkish bands are besieging a body of insurgents on an island in Lake Amatova, and that the besiegers "have vainly tried to burn out the insurgents with petroleum." It would not be wonderful if this kind of warfare should provoke equally horrible reprisals. The inclusion of Berlin among the threatened cities, side by side with Salonica, points once more the moral that the Berlin treaty is the one and only cause of the present Balkan horrors.

The clouds threaten to gather once more about Venezuela. The London Foreign Office has cabled the British minister in Caracas, asking him to protest against President Castro's decree closing the custom-houses on the Gulf of Paria and Ciudad Bolivar. The enforcement of this decree will mean the stopping of the steamers of the British and American companies trading up the Orinoco River and penetrating the interior of Venezuela. It will also mean that Trinidad must practise vegetarianism, since its meat-supply will thus be cut off by the closing of the port of Ciudad Bolivar. President Castro's motive in promulgating this decree is not clear. It may be a desire to divert the whole of Venezuela's trade to the ports of La Guayra and Porto Cabello, where their collection is more certain and more economical. It may be an intimation that the forces of General Matos have once more rallied, and are threatening Ciudad Bolivar, around which they have more than once held strong positions. Or it may be simply part of a new blackmailing scheme, or a desire to make more trouble, on the part of an adventurer, who has nothing to lose, and may, perhaps, see something to gain. We shall soon know whether Germany is joined with England in this new venture.

There are signs that the convention in Bogota, which will have to pass on the Panama Canal treaty, is at last being assembled. We hear from the isthmus that Panama is sending six Congressional representatives and three Senators to the convention, of whom three only are favorable to the Panama treaty. It is asserted, on the authority of Americans who have recently visited Panama, that in the interior of the republic of Colombia there is an unbroken front of opposition to the treaty, and in Panama it is believed that its defeat is certain. It is probable that Panama exaggerates the national feeling, coloring it by local prejudices; for, to use a colloquialism, it is evident that many interests would be put out of business in both Panama and Colon by the new order of things contemplated by the treaty. It seems useless to speculate further on the matter, until the treaty is actually brought up before the convention at Bogota. It is probable that it will hang fire until the last moment, and then be accepted, just as in the case of the preliminary negotiations at Washington.

The government proposes to run down the story of the existence of a race of good-looking and energetic whites in the mountains of the island of Mindoro in the Philippines. It appears that an expedition has been organized to penetrate into the interior of Mindoro, and find out whether such people exist there. The story about them has been obstinately persistent. The best version of it seems to be based on the report of Manuel Castro, a Filipino, to one Lieutenant Lorenzo de Clairmont. Castro claims to have visited this white tribe, which, he says, has lived in the Philippines since long before the Spaniards came there, and centres in a town of 20,000 inhabitants. He says that the members of the tribe are warlike, and have effectually discouraged intrusion on their privacy by Spaniards, though they have dealings with trading Filipinos. The men are described as fair-haired and blue-eyed; the women as surprisingly handsome. They live in well-kept homes, are fond of athletic sports, and know agriculture and some of the arts. Lieutenant de Clairmont's name does not appear in the army register for 1902, but if there is such an officer in the Philippines who has a well-informed native friend Castro, and if Castro is a truthful person and knows whereof he speaks, there may be an interesting item of ethnological news coming from Mindoro, which will at least be useful to the makers of comic opera. There was a recent story that certain companies of isolated Jews had existed as Jews for centuries in western China, and on investigation it turned out to be true.

Booker T. Washington's experiences with the haughty chambermaid impart interest, possibly suggestiveness, to the appearance, on the programme of the Tuskegee Institute graduation exercises, of a practical demonstration of the "Care of a Bedroom," by a young woman who also received a certificate testifying to her proficiency in the art of housekeeping. Standards of accomplishment in things like that are set pretty high at Tuskegee—a fact which doubtless gave the occasion for Mr. Washington's statement, in his speech to the graduates, that one of the chief embarrassments of the institute is its inability to supply the demand for the services of men and women of its training. Probably a thousand Tuskegee institutes would not supply the demand for young women skilled in the art of housekeeping, particularly if they were disposed to heed Mr. Washington's injunction, in distributing the diplomas, not to be overbearing and self-important, but to be simple and humble. Making good housekeepers, capable of artistic demonstration of the care of a bedroom, and imbuing them with the quality of simple and modest self-respect is good business, and the man who can manage it is a public benefactor, despite the slings and arrows of the lighter-skinned servitor.

The cloud of disasters which followed, and finally stopped, the Paris to Madrid automobile race caused very natural misgivings in Ireland, where the date of the international contest is drawing very near. The committee of the Automobile Club of Great Britain, which is arranging the Irish race, has lost no time in pointing out that the conditions which will there prevail will differ so entirely from those of the Paris to Madrid race that similar mishaps will be impossible. For one thing, the triangular Irish course will be covered several times in succession in the same day; so that it will be clear to every inhabitant along the route that special precautions must be taken throughout the whole day to prevent cattle and dogs from straying into the road; it will be remembered that a dog was the cause of one of the worst accidents in the Madrid race. Again, the Irish roads in Kildare and Carlow will be closed to all other traffic on July 2, and the comparatively short extent of the road, which is comparable to a three-lap race-course, makes it practicable to have it properly guarded all along the route, something which is impossible along a course stretching across all France and Spain. The leading Irish newspapers are diligently inculcating the necessity for taking every possible precaution.

When Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia, wrote to the Lords Commissioners of Plantations in 1671, that he thanked God the colony had no public schools, and that he hoped there would be none for a hundred years, seeing as learning had brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, he was not far wrong about his facts, so far as he went, even if he was a trifle narrow in his sentiments. More than one survival of the Sir William Berkeley view of

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education asserts itself, but here are two which arrest especial attention. Club women of Belleville, Illinois, are alleged to clamor for the abolition of the high school for girls because learning causes a disinclination to enter the servant-girl ranks—this being a result to be classed with heresy and sectarianism. With a similar outlook, an influential Alabama newspaper solemnly deplores the education of black men for the professions, on the ground that such education is laying up trouble. Sir William, the Illinois club women, and the Alabama newspaper, representatives of the seventeenth and twentieth centuries, are jointly and severally correct, there can be no doubt. Learning makes trouble—brings disobedience and heresy, keeps the girls out of all kitchens except their own, and might give a black lawyer more clients than a white one across the street. Underneath his petulant antagonism to the schools, the Virginia Governor showed his consciousness of the unrest which learning brings, and of the upheavals which education causes, precisely as it is shown in these modern instances and in a hundred others that could be cited. True it is that learning upsets the established orders, to the inconvenience of the comfortable and the affrighting of the timorous. But to what purposes is all such scare? None of these warnings, well meant and entirely true within their limitations, can turn the world aside from the search for knowledge, however certain the rise of heresy or the extinction of the servant-girls. Humanity does not stop to reason out the question, but it is persuaded that whatever the ills of learning may be, the ills of no-learning are worse; and in practice, if not in words, it scoffs at the predictions of a bad time coming. Quietly and firmly it walks over the Sir William Berkeley contention now, as it has always.

One of those geniuses whose office it is to mark out the proper courses for newspapers alleges that the coming newspaper will give the greatest prominence and the most space to business news. He ought to consult a good newspaper directory, wherein he would find evidence that his coming newspaper has already come. Some very excellent journals are already devoted to business, performing admirable service, and manifestly to the profit of their publishers. However, few other newspapers are likely to follow their example, for wise newspaper men know too well that newspaper readers do not live by business alone. Business they want and must have; but they want it, and they must have it so that they can get outside of business,—and one of the most easily accessible resorts is in the newspaper. Not a few persons are said to work eleven months for the sake of spending the twelfth in a vacation;—the newspaper is a daily vacation to thousands who find its best pages those where business least intrudes. Our prophet goes on to tell of the breathless interest that can be infused into the account of a great business deal. No doubt; yet there are readers who would rather have a good snake story, and other readers who wouldn't exchange the column of marriages and deaths, or the collection of personals, or the record of the latest mysterious disappearance for a year's files of The Business Record. A newspaper with nothing but business news would be like corned beef for dinner every day.

Germany is paying $750,000,000 a year for beer and other alcoholic stimulants, and there is a growing sentiment that that is too much. It is not a new idea. Luther, Melanchthon, Von Moltke, and even Bismarck had it. What is new in Germany is the disposition to restrain drinking within reasonable bounds,—the same disposition that has broken out in England, France, and other parts of Europe. Mr. Grierson, writing in the Boston *Transcript*, tells about the international congress that was held last month in Berlin, and about what Germany is doing for the promotion of temperance. He finds in the mere fact that the congress was held in Berlin encouragement for the belief that the old sentiment that no German could drink too much is weakening. Drunkenness in the German army and navy has been checked by strict regulations, and a beginning has been made of restrictive legislation, with more certain to follow. What is as yet more important is the progress of the work of educating public opinion by temperance societies. The assurance that this work will go on, and that careful legislation will supplement it, appears in the conviction of authorities high in power that it is essential to German prosperity that German thirst should be kept within bounds. Here at home, too, new experiments are being tried. Pennsylvania has a law, never enforced, which forbids publicans to sell liquor to persons known to be given habitually to excessive indulgence in drink. The papers report that a burgess in West Chester is trying to bring about the enforcement of this very reasonable law in his district by furnishing the local saloonkeepers with lists of persons to whom they must not sell. He says it is the only way to get the law enforced, for a member of a drunkard's family who should give such information would find it difficult to live in the same house with the person complained of.

"We all go to the devil," said Dr. Hillis the other night, "when we have fifty thousand a year." "Or most of us," he added, hedging a little. "Some men can stand it, but not many." Fifty thousand a year is the income of only one million well invested, and we have long since lost the habit of accounting the one-million man rich. The proportion of the fifty-thousand-a-year men to the rest of the population is not yet large in this country, but the absolute number of them is pretty big, and if most of them are going to the devil it is a serious matter. However, Dr. Hillis was not dealing with statistics, but giving colloquial expression to an opinion. The opinion was that an income of fifty thousand a year is unwholesome. He spoke of divorce in "high life," and of "the pampered sons and daughters of luxury, rotten before they are ripe, and drowned in the honeysuckle juice of indulgence." We all see enough of the evils of wealth; of lives that might have been useful blighted by it; of homes that might have been happy devastated by it. Any industrious and observant person could get together facts enough about promising young lives that had come to no good from lack of the pressure of necessity, to make careful citizens hesitate to say whether, if they had to choose, they would prefer the risks of fifty thousand a year or tuberculosis. And yet, fifty thousand a year has its good points, its opportunities, its privileges; and here in New York, at least, there are facts and considerations that go far towards neutralizing its perils.

Suppose it is a mere income derived not from investment, but from labor or business. Its possessor, if he is prudent, will save twenty thousand, and perhaps he will give away five thousand. That will leave him only twenty-five thousand a year to live on, and though, even if he has a family, he can live in comfort on that sum, that he cannot live in prideful luxury upon it is so well known that there is no need of going into details to tell why. If his fifty thousand comes to him in dividend checks and coupons without trouble or anxiety to him, the situation is harder. It is an awful thing to be rid of the struggle for existence. It is really the next thing to being dead, and yet is it what almost every one of us aspires to and reaches after all the time. The first thing the beginner usually tries to buy with his money is ease; the next is pleasure. That's where the fifty thousand gets in its deadly work. When its possessor buys ease and pleasure instead of opportunity, it may raise the devil with him, as Dr. Hillis justly suggests.

But it doesn't always happen so. There is our President. He has fifty thousand a year, and buys with it so much opportunity, so much enlargement, so many, many railroad tickets, such a great big slice of life generally, that the wonder of the observer is how he can manage to make both ends meet. The cloth should fit the coat. A big man deep in work in a big way burns money nowadays as a locomotive burns coal. Money saves his time. Money rests him, saves his strength, repairs his health, amuses him when he needs amusement. It is an exceedingly expensive matter to keep one of our modern high-class working-men in working order. He needs yachts, cabs, cooks, stenographers, secretaries, houses, special trains, physicians, horses, automobiles — as much apparatus as a hotel or ship. Fifty thousand a year is a bagatelle to such a person. He uses it for mere purposes of lubrication. But fifty thousand a year to keep an idle youth idle is another story, or more often a succeeding chapter of the same story. A big man with a big income doing a great work is an edifying sight, but frivolous youths and plunging yokels amusing themselves with the incomes of princes are a good deal of a nuisance, and one that overmuch abounds.

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The Ohio Incident

SENATOR HANNA'S disinclination, to use no stronger word, to permit the Ohio Republicans to endorse Mr. Roosevelt's administration, and to advocate his nomination next year, caused a good deal more excitement than it ought to have occasioned. The upshot of the episode, according to the commentators, is that Mr. Roosevelt has declared his desire for an election to the Presidency; that Mr. Hanna has manifested a disposition which is at least unfriendly to the President's ambition; and that he did not deem it wise at this time, at all events, to make an issue with Mr. Roosevelt, supported as he is, in Ohio, by Senator Foraker. Consequently, Mr. Roosevelt's endorsement was assented to by Mr. Hanna, whose support was evidently thought to be necessary.

The essential features of this incident were simply a renewed expression of a state of things which has long existed in the Republican party. Senator Hanna is at the head of the national machine. In the ordinary current of events, this machine can accomplish its objects. This is especially true since Mr. Hanna was made the leader, for he has proved himself to be a strong captain at such a time as this,—a time when attacks upon property have necessarily united conservatism and corruption; when the honest prosperity of the country has been compelled to act with what, for the sake of brevity, we may call the prosperity of pelf, for the common defence of those property rights which are essential elements of our civil liberty. Whether Mr. Hanna would do so well at a time when those who compose the backbone of the country may safely divide, on the tariff question, for example, remains to be seen. Mr. Hanna represents the spirit of the party, and he also represents the solid conservative interests which have been attacked in turn, and with different degrees of animosity, by Mr. Bryan and Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Hanna also speaks for the dead President whom Mr. Roosevelt succeeded by reason of the tragedy of Buffalo, and for his administration.

All these facts, and they are momentous facts of current history, should be taken into account in considering the Ohio incident. We have said that the incident is not a revelation. The country knew that Mr. Roosevelt was ambitious of a nomination, and it has also been known that Mr. Hanna and the other leaders of the party would prefer another candidate. It has also been known that Mr. Roosevelt had impressed the imaginations of many of the rank and file by his personality and by declarations which indicated that he sympathized with the growing popular sentiment of hostility against the partnership of the government with protected interests, and also against industrial combinations. It is true that his conduct has not kept time with his words, and that he has announced that he not only favors the maintenance of the evil tariff partnership, but that he has done as much as he intends to do against what he has called the evils of the so-called trusts. He still talks on the stump, however, for the tickling of the popular ear, and his prestige is certainly great enough to deter so wise a leader as Mr. Hanna from inviting an unnecessary and premature contest.

There has never been any political union between the two. Last winter a seeming friendship sprang up between them, but it was specious, not real. The two men are not, and cannot be, harmonious, for the simple reason that they naturally maintain different attitudes not only toward politics, but toward life. In social life Mr. Hanna is more democratic than Mr. Roosevelt; in political life the opposite is true. Mr. Roosevelt has democratic manners, but he is much more solicitous, as he is much better trained than Mr. Hanna, as to his intimacies, and as to certain social requirements. He is more obviously, socially at all events, a man of a class, and that a class composed of persons of social distinction. Mr. Hanna's social touchstone is pecuniary success; Mr. Roosevelt's is only partly that; it is, in a greater degree, birth, intellect, and education. In politics Mr. Roosevelt has high ideals. These ideals are often jarred from their pedestal by his partisanship. Perhaps he has personal ambitions, but they often affect his conduct more or less, and always his speech. The President is a sincere civil-service reformer, partly by reason of his idealism, partly because he believes that the merit system is more practical, more businesslike, and much less dangerous to the country and the party than the spoils system. Mr. Hanna has no faith in the system. He is a thorough believer in the employment of the public offices for party purposes. Mr. Roosevelt, as we have stated, has said a good deal in opposition to the theory of commercialism which has, for so many years, been the leading principle of the party, and to which is due the prevalence of McKinleyism. Mr. Hanna is a devout believer in that theory. Mr. Hanna opposed the Spanish war because it would interfere with business; Mr. Roosevelt believes that wars are high expressions of civilization, and he raged somewhat intemperately against Mr. McKinley, Mr. Hanna, and all who seemed to desire to avoid the war with Spain. But mainly the difference between the two rests upon constitutional and material differences as to material things, and Mr. Hanna does not like Mr. Roosevelt because he regards him as an unsafe or a dangerous man.

The actual contest between them was manifested at Philadelphia when Mr. Hanna endeavored to prevent the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt for Vice-President. In this he was really serving the wish of Mr. Roosevelt, but his opposition arose from the conviction that the party's policy would not, and could not, be carried forward by Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. McKinley was in agreement with Mr. Hanna, and while Mr. Roosevelt was engaged in the Spanish war, he told a friend, apropos of the round robin criticising Secretary Alger, that Theodore Roosevelt was not taken seriously in Washington. After the latter's election for Governor, Mr. McKinley dreaded his rise to power, because he did not regard him as a "safe man," as a man who believed in the policies which were his own and which are still those of Mr. Hanna and of the majority of Republican leaders. When Mr. Roosevelt entered on his present duties, he clashed with Mr. Hanna over the Southern officeholders. Many of these were criminals and semi-criminals, and Mr. Roosevelt wanted to remove them. Mr. Hanna fought for their retention and even for their reappointment. Finally he persuaded the President that the removal of these men would reflect upon the memory of Mr. McKinley, who had made the appointments, notwithstanding the proofs of corruption. Mr. Hanna could not, however, persuade the President to make the reappointments. During the last few months Mr. Hanna has been on ostensibly friendly terms with the President. He has recognized Mr. Roosevelt's popularity, especially in the West, and he has realized that it was for the interest of the party not only that seeming harmony should prevail, but that the party leaders should maintain that control of the President which they manifested in their skilful and successful opposition to his crude campaign against prosperity. Nevertheless, neither Mr. Hanna nor the party organization believes that Mr. Roosevelt ought to be elected. They fear his influence on the party. They dread his attitude toward the industrial and labor questions, which, were he not notoriously sincere, would certainly be regarded as demagogy. The Ohio incident revealed this state of feeling, a state of feeling which has existed ever since the colonel of Rough Riders was made Governor of New York, and which is fully recognized by those most directly concerned. Mr. Roosevelt's quick reply, his sudden announcement that he wanted the nomination, his appeal to the ordeal, and Mr. Hanna's cautious, testy sentiment in Ohio, simply moved the controversy into the open from the obscurity of inside politics. It was one move in a game in which we may have other moves, for the controversy is not settled by Mr. Roosevelt's momentary triumph in Ohio. The leaders of his party still intend to defeat him if they can do so without imperilling the party at the polls, although it is clear that the chances are now so strongly in favor of the President that he seems to have defeated the party leaders. In other words, those markers of time seem to have lost their hold on the rank and file.

A Specimen Brick

THE Massachusetts anti-trust law has passed the Senate, and at this writing is on its way through the House of Representatives, with every prospect of becoming a law. It is a very resonant echo of the coal strike of last winter, and is an illustration of the present effort of politicians to win favor with the people by assailing business operations, and by attempting by statutes to repeal the laws of nature, or, at least, to interfere with their operation.

Boston and, indeed, New England, suffered greatly from the coal strike, and, after an investigation which turned out to be of little consequence, the Legislature set to work to punish the coal-dealers and to draft an enactment which should put an end to all increase of coal prices in the future. The first suggestion was to direct the engine of law against the coal trade, but it was finally concluded that a law framed for such a purpose would be unconstitutional, and, therefore, the present bill was concocted. It forbids any one to enter into any agreement, "oral or written, express or implied, the purpose, intent, or effect of which, in whole or in part, is to enhance or maintain prices of the necessaries of life, or to compel, induce, or persuade" any one, by offering advantage or by inflicting penalties, to "sell or distribute the same" (necessaries of life) "upon any terms or conditions, except such as the vendor and vendee, or distributor and distributee, may freely and without control or dictation determine between themselves." The penalty for violating the law is to be a fine not exceeding $500, or imprisonment for three months, or both.

The bill has met with disfavor in business circles, and the Boston Chamber of Commerce has protested against it. If the people of Boston were possessed of the remarkable political instinct which was displayed by their ancestors in 1775, and before, a mass-meeting to prevent the enactment of such a law would be held in Faneuil Hall, and the "Cradle of Liberty" would be rocked. The obstacle in the way of such an uprising is that the bill does not seem to attack the liberties of the whole people, its operation being confined to a single class of the people—*i. e.*, those who deal in the necessaries of life. But the government that is effective for good is one in which minorities and individuals are pro-

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tected against the injustice and wrong-doing of majorities, and the government which yields to the despotic commands of the majority, not because the commands are just, does not fulfil its most important function. If those commands are violative of the law or of fundamental institutions, government ceases and anarchy takes its place.

The common law of England and of our separate States is sufficient to protect the people from monopolies in what the law calls the necessaries of life. The Massachusetts Legislature goes further, and undertakes to deprive the citizen who deals in a necessary of life of the right to combine with his fellow tradesman to protect himself from ruin. The man who deals in the necessaries of life has the same rights as other men who are traders and merchants. Among these rights is the right of combination. This is a right which is properly demanded by labor, and it lies at the basis of trade-unionism. It is a right, like all other rights, which is subject to abuse. Dealers in wheat, in coal, in shares of stock, in bonds, and in meat have abused the right by making "pools" and "corners." In the end, nature takes care of men of this kind, and brings them to ruin, for, as a rule, they are attempting to make fortunes out of the impossible. If they go beyond the line which separates honesty from dishonesty, the existing law will deal with them if that law be honestly administered. If it is not honestly administered, the politicians who set up the courts and from whose ranks the judges are selected are to blame. The law that exists is sufficient for the punishment of the would-be oppressor and of the dishonest. No additional statute will strengthen it, while it may, and probably will, work great mischief.

Under this proposed law, for example, any agreement which seeks to put an end to ruinous cut-throat competition in a necessary of life would be illegal. A war of prices might be going on, a war threatening the dealers with ruin, and the community with the consequent disasters. A war might be in progress which might put men out of business, reduce the supply, and increase prices naturally and without combination. The proposed law would prevent the interested dealers in agreeing upon higher and reasonable prices in order to save themselves and the community from loss. Again, one of the most frequent charges against the trust is that it enters a community, beats down prices, and having driven its smaller rivals out of business, again raises prices. Such action would be legal under the Massachusetts experiment; but if the individual small dealers of the threatened community should unite to protect themselves and to maintain fair prices, their conduct would be illegal, and they might be punished by fine and imprisonment, or by both. This law does not seek to prevent unreasonable reductions of price; it is not aimed at the raider who seeks his profit by assailing property. If he succeeds in reducing prices, no agreement can be made by his intended victims to restore the price, or to defend themselves by a junction of forces.

The law seeks to take away the liberty of the man who deals in whatever articles the courts or the Legislature may declare to be necessaries. It is perfectly true that the necessaries of life ought to be cheap: but it is a thousand times more important that the liberty of the citizen should be protected and maintained. If dealers in the necessaries of life conspire to do anything that is harmful to the community, the law should prevent them or should punish them, but the Massachusetts Legislature, like the Congress which passed the Sherman act, insists that prices shall not be advanced by agreement, even if such an advance should be fair and reasonable, even if it should be for the best interests of the community. The bill is in keeping with an evil tendency of our politicians and our socialists. That tendency is to declare not only that a wrong act is illegal, but that an innocent act shall be illegal if some third party, like a court or a legislature, shall say that it tends toward wrong. Under these circumstances a dealer, a trader, a producer, the whole trade of the country, is at the mercy of the politicians of our legislatures and our courts, who, by the way, are not governing the country after the fashion which seems to them to be right or wrong, but after the fashion in which they guess the people would govern if the question were left to them.

The second provision of the bill is harmful, as is the first, but the spirit of mischief which is in the measure is not that it will fail to keep down the prices of necessaries —it will not do so, for its provisions are easy to escape—but that it is one more sign of the disposition of our politicians to interfere with that personal freedom which we have always supposed to be our birthright. The man who has property to sell has the right to sell it for what price he may think it will bring, and has the right to agree with his fellow-tradesman as to what that price shall be. The law is sufficiently strong to protect the community from those who monopolize the necessaries of life and employ their monopolies for purposes of oppression. This bill would take away the liberty of the individual, and extend the penalty of the law against wrong-doing so that it may be inflicted for doing right.

The bill exempts farmers. In other words, it makes an act criminal if committed by a merchant, and innocent if committed by a farmer. This kind of law the United States Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional, because it takes away from one class of the community the equal protection of the law.

Mr. Roosevelt's Conception of the Presidency

Now that Mr. Roosevelt's nomination for the Presidency seems assured, it becomes a matter of great moment to learn how, if elected, he will administer the office. When a tragic accident made him President, he promised to carry out his predecessor's intentions, and to conform to the latter's policy, so far as this had been outlined. He has kept his word, but the result, while it does credit to his fidelity to promises, throws but little light on what his course would be if he felt himself at liberty to take in all things the initiative. The only acts of his which are illuminative as to his personal views and purposes are those called forth by exigencies which were non-existent or non-urgent in the time of his predecessor. We refer, of course, to his interposition in the anthracite-coal strike and to his campaign against the trusts. Those acts, and especially the former, indicate that his conception of the rights and duties of a Chief Magistrate differs considerably from that held by many other students of the Federal Constitution. These acts have now been supplemented by words which disclose his personal opinion of the constitutional relation of the Federal Executive to the Senate. During his Western tour, when some one, half jocosely, directed attention to the independence which he had evinced of Senatorial opinions and wishes in the matter of appointments, the President replied: "I would have you know that I would rather be a whole President for three years than half a President for seven years." The utterance undoubtedly deserves all the attention that it has attracted. The words merit hearty commendation, if Mr. Roosevelt simply meant to say that he would renounce the hope of a nomination for the Presidency if the nomination could only be secured through the conciliation of certain influential Senators by the suppression of his personal convictions as to what might be right or wrong in the matter of particular Federal appointments. If, on the other hand, he intended to announce that, if elected President, he would brook no interference with appointments on the part of Senators, he expressed a view of the powers of the American Executive for which we are unable to find any warrant in the Federal Constitution.

Of course, when a President makes an appointment on the advice of a Senator or Senators, he shares the responsibility therefor, if at the time he knew or believed the appointment to be one unfit to be made. As on this point there is no dispute worth notice, the real question is whether of two candidates equally qualified in respect of ability and character, the President ought to appoint the one preferred by himself or the one recommended by the Senators of the State to which the candidates belong. This is an inquiry which obviously goes to the very root of the intentions of the framers of the Constitution when they undertook to define and limit the powers of the Federal Executive. The second clause of the second section of the second article prescribes that with the *advice* and consent of the Senate, the President shall appoint ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, judges of the supreme court, and all other officers of the United States whose appointments are not otherwise provided for and which shall be established by law. That the framers of this clause meant exactly what the words ostensibly signify is evident from other provisions. In the first place, a President's appointments, like treaties, must be confirmed, not by a bare majority of the Senate, but by a two-thirds vote. Foreseeing, moreover, that a President might disregard the advice of Senators, the framers of the Constitution authorized Congress, if dissatisfied with his mode of making appointments, to circumscribe materially his appointive powers. The same clause to which we have referred goes on to say that the Congress may by law vest the appointment of such inferior officers as they think proper in the President alone, or in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments. This power has been exercised. For example, in Johnson's administration, the Congress conferred the power of appointing registers in bankruptcy, not on the President, but on Chief-Justice Chase.

On the assumption that the Constitution means precisely what it says rests the custom known as "the courtesy of the Senate." The custom is based on the reasonable belief that the Senators best qualified to advise the President are the Senators of his own political party representing the State to which the proposed appointee to Federal office belongs. They would naturally be more likely than their colleagues to possess adequate information concerning a candidate's ability and character. Thus it comes to pass that the courtesy of the Senate, in the case of each appointment, relegates to the particular Senator or Senators best informed and most interested the right of tendering advice, and often leads the Senate to reject an appointment by the Executive, if Senatorial advice has been unheeded. So far, indeed, as the Presi-

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dent's appointments to cabinet positions are concerned, they are usually confirmed in the Senate without question. It is felt that the President should have a perfectly free hand in choosing his official family. This is the rule; yet there has been an exception. In 1869 President Grant nominated Mr. A. T. Stewart, the well-known merchant of New York city, to be Secretary of the Treasury. The nomination was presently withdrawn, however, because it became known that the Senate would reject it on the ground that Mr. Stewart, as Secretary would, by the management of his department, have an opportunity to promote his own interests as an importer. Appointments other than those to cabinet positions have been frequently rejected. In Mr. Cleveland's last administration, the Senate, out of courtesy to Senator Hill, rejected two nominations for associate justiceships of the United States Supreme Court. Another fact not generally known is that the Senate has never confirmed the nomination of a postmaster against the will of a Senator who lived where the office was situated. It insists that each of its members shall select the man who delivers to him his mail. It was for this reason that President Cleveland had to concede to Senator Hill the right to examine the postmaster at Albany.

Now suppose that Mr. Roosevelt should become President, not by accident, but by election, and should, therefore, feel himself at liberty to carry out his personal views, how would he be likely to regard the constitutional provision that his appointments to Federal office shall be made, not only with the consent, but with the advice of the Senate? Did he follow or did he defy the advice of the Senate when he insisted upon appointing a colored man collector of customs at the port of Charleston? Does he believe that the necessity of taking the advice and obtaining the consent of the Senate makes him only half a President, and that he would not regard himself as a whole President until he felt himself free to disregard advice, at all events, if not consent? If this was not his meaning, what possible significance could attach to his words? Andrew Johnson might be fairly described as half a President after the passage of the Tenure-of-office act by which he was deprived of the power of removing even a member of his cabinet. In 1886, however, the last vestige of that act was repealed, and Mr. Roosevelt cannot imagine that he is threatened with a revival of it. What, then, was in Mr. Roosevelt's mind when he said that he would rather be a whole President for three years than half a President for seven years? Does he regard his three last predecessors, Mr. McKinley, Mr. Cleveland, and Mr. Harrison, as whole Presidents or half Presidents? Or would he draw a sharp distinction between Mr. McKinley's practice and the theory formulated by Mr. Cleveland in 1900, but by no means always acted upon when he was in office? Mr. Cleveland has said that in the matter of appointment the President is to be the independent agent of the people representing a co-ordinate branch of their government, charged under his oath with responsibilities which he ought not to avoid or share; and invested with powers not to be surrendered, but to be used, under the guidance of patriotic intentions,—answerable to his conscience and to the people. Mr. McKinley, on the other hand, showed by his acts that he believed a President to be answerable in the matter of appointments, not only to his conscience and to the people, but also to the Federal Senate, with whose *advice* and consent appointments were to be made, unless the Constitution was to be openly defied. Are we to assume that in Mr. Roosevelt's opinion a whole President would act upon Cleveland's theory and repudiate McKinley's practice? If No, the President's words seem meaningless. If Yes, there are evidently rocks ahead.

The Effect of a British Protective Tariff on the United States

THE speech made by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons shows that Mr. Chamberlain has won over the Prime Minister to a protective-tariff policy. The present cabinet is divided on the question, however, and, therefore, we may probably assume that no definite step will be taken toward the embodiment of such a policy in law during the life of the present Parliament, beyond the possible rejection of Mr. Ritchie's proposal to abolish the registration fee on imported grain and flour. There is no doubt, however, that Premier Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain and as many of the Unionist leaders as can be persuaded to follow them will, at the next general election, request the constituencies to give them a mandate for the enforcement of a protective policy. The revolutionary change will be advocated on two grounds: first, the political consolidation of the British Empire cannot be effected unless a preference is granted in the home market to the food products of the self-governing colonies. Secondly, what the British working-man may lose on the one hand through increased price of his food he will gain on the other, provided he lives long enough, because three-quarters or the whole of the income accruing from the duty will be devoted to old-age pensions.

We do not believe the experiment proposed by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour will be sanctioned, nor that England's self-governing colonies will make the reciprocal concessions admitted by Mr. Chamberlain to be indispensable conditions—precedent to a renunciation of free trade on the part of the mother country. It is very doubtful whether the Canadians will go beyond the illusory preference of 33 1-3 per cent. now granted to certain British manufactures; still more so that the Australian commonwealth will grant any preference at all to British manufactures. New Zealand, no doubt, so long as Mr. Seddon is Premier, will carry out Mr. Chamberlain's wishes; but New Zealand is an insignificant factor in the British Empire. But assuming that both Australia and Canada will give to British manufacturers a preference so substantial as to secure to them a monopoly of Australian and Canadian markets, and that, in consideration thereof, Great Britain will give the food products of the colonies so substantial a preference as to assure to them, if enough could be produced, a monopoly of the home market for such commodities, what would be the effect on the United States, and, retroactively, since it is improbable that we should rest quiescent under a hurtful discrimination, upon the United Kingdom itself?

A long time, of course, would elapse before the colonies, no matter how highly favored in respect of duties, could produce sufficient food products to supply the whole demand of the United Kingdom. This would prove as true of Canada in respect of wheat and flour as of Australia and New Zealand in respect of other food products. For the moment, we confine ourselves to Canada, and observe that in 1901 the total imports of wheat, flour, and maize into Great Britain from the Dominion amounted to only about $16,500,000. During the same year the imports of wheat, wheat flour, and maize into Great Britain from the United States were valued at nearly $146,600,000. Now for climatological reasons the amount of maize that could be raised for export in Canada cannot be greatly augmented. There is no doubt, however, that in the Northwest Territories of the Dominion, under the stimulus of a substantial tariff preference in the British market, the output of wheat and wheat flour could be largely increased every year, until, eventually, it might supply the demand of the whole British market, which demand, however, it must be remembered, would be lessened to a certain extent by the encouragement of agriculture in the British Isles themselves through the imposition of a duty on wheat. If, therefore, we should remain quiescent, and allow Mr. Chamberlain's programme to be carried out to its ultimate result, we should eventually find ourselves ousted from the British market as regards wheat and wheat flour, at all events, if not also as regards food products in general.

What would be the attitude of our farmers when confronted by such a situation, or even by the prospect of it? Would they not demand that we should retaliate by discriminating against British manufactures in favor of similar commodities produced by any other foreign country that would take our food products on more favorable terms? The question answers itself. It is absolutely beyond doubt that, if Mr. Chamberlain could succeed in giving the colonies a monopoly of the British market for food products, retaliatory legislation would bar out British manufactures from the markets of the United States. What is true of the United States would be true of Russia, of Hungary, of Argentina, and of every other producer of surplus food staples not included within the British Empire.

What, then, would be the net outcome of a reversion to a protective tariff? We repeat that, if Mr. Chamberlain's most sanguine hopes could be realized, the colonies would monopolize the British market for food products, and Great Britain in return would monopolize the colonial markets for imported manufactures. Would a monopoly of the colonial markets compensate British manufacturers for the loss of markets in those countries which hitherto have paid for imports of British manufactures with exports of food products? This is the question which is certain to be driven home to British employers and British operatives at the next general election. The answer will be at once forthcoming, for the statistics are conclusive. Of England's total ocean-borne trade ($4,740,000,000), almost three-quarters, or $3,559,000,000 is with foreign countries. All its colonies combined furnish only $1,181,000,000.

There is still another point of view from which it might be well for Englishmen to consider Mr. Chamberlain's proposal. If, in order to conciliate Canada and Australia, they erect a wall against the food products of the United States, they cannot reasonably expect to keep American good-will. Yet, to forfeit American good-will would virtually be to commit national suicide. It is obvious that, were we unfriendly to England, she could not in war time procure an ounce of food products from the Northwest provinces of the Dominion, because we should cut the railways connecting that region with the seaboard.

The consolidation of the British Empire by means of a protective tariff is a chimera. The non-agricultural majority of the British population will never alienate the foreign consumers of their manufactures in order to propitiate colonial agriculturists. They now know, or they soon will recognize, that such a programme would mean ruin. England's sole hope of salvation is in winning and keeping the good-will of the United States.

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England and Empire

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *May 27, 1903.*

HAS Mr. Chamberlain overreached himself, or will time prove him a second and greater Cobden? Is his new policy of preferential treatment between England and the colonies one that, while seeming to cement, will really disrupt, the empire? Is such a policy possible, and, if possible, is it desirable? Finally, if the balance of expert judgment inclines to the view that it both can and should be, is it a policy that England can be induced to accept? These are the questions that are agitating and will long continue to agitate not only England but the empire. Mr. Chamberlain shares with the Kaiser and President Roosevelt the distinction of never doing a thing by halves. It means a great deal when he brings a question onto the carpet—nothing less than that it will be threshed out and decided. And the programme he outlined a little more than a week ago is one that enlists his last extremes of pertinacity and faith. He regards it as the coping-stone to all he has done and all he has attempted to do as Colonial Secretary; and he has rigorously convinced himself that it is an act of imperative as well as imperial statesmanship. So long as he has a fight left in him—and it is impossible to imagine Mr. Chamberlain alive and not fighting—he will fight for this. He has already written himself broadly across English history as the first Colonial Secretary with a policy of his own; but his ambition, his most honorable ambition, goes beyond even this. He wishes to be handed down as the author of Imperial Federation. To that cause he has definitely consecrated the remainder of his political life, and it moves and thrills him as nothing in all his exciting and tumultuous past has had the power to do. His speech at Birmingham, therefore, was something more than an electioneering stroke and more, too, than the utterance of a politician who was merely talking for effect. It was a signal, and as such has been everywhere accepted, that the most forceful and determined statesman that Great Britain has produced since William Pitt has at last found and proclaimed the supreme goal of all his labors.

Will he reach it? Partially, at any rate, I believe he will—and before very long. I believe, that is, that within five years from now, and as the result of a general election fought out on the specific issue, Great Britain will have rearranged her fiscal system so as to permit of preferential rates for colonial traders. Whether the experiment will answer, whether it will endure, whether it will prove a greater source of union than of disunion, are points that time alone can settle. It will at any rate, unless all the signs of the past few years are to go for nothing, be made. To that or something like it, the tendency of imperial sentiment and even, one may say, of imperial policy, has for a decade and more been steadily pointing. Do not, however, imagine that there will be no opposition. On the contrary it will be bitter and prolonged—defeated ultimately, if it is defeated at all, only by the narrowest of narrow margins. It is not difficult to foresee the arguments that will be brought against Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. It will be urged, in the first place, that a preferential tariff is a veiled form of protection and must inevitably end by raising the price or limiting the supply of the first necessaries of life that England is obliged to import. Again, it will be argued that the greater the success of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, the more, that is, the colonies are enabled to throw their goods and products into English markets duty-free, the greater will be the reduction of the revenue now raised by indirect taxation—a reduction that will have to be made good either by increased direct taxation or by vastly multiplying the number of articles subject to import duty. And, finally, it will be maintained that to establish a preferential tariff for the colonies, must incur the ill-will and invite the retaliation of all foreign countries, and that as their trade with Great Britain is three times as great as the colonies' trade with Great Britain, England will be risking two-thirds of her commerce for the sake of the remaining one-third.

But beneath all this lies a greater and deeper-rooted objection — one, indeed, that strikes down to the very basis of empire. Upon what does the British Empire rest? Upon self-interest or upon sentiment? Mainly, answer most Englishmen, upon sentiment — the sentiment of a common heritage in a great past, of pride in the stock and pride in England and English history, of kindred blood and kindred institutions. To those who believe that it is sentiment which holds the empire together and gives it a generic vitality, all proposals for an imperial customs-union or a Pan-Britannic senate seem to disregard the real essentials of the problem. They could not be carried out without shifting the whole basis of the empire, and profoundly modifying the spirit in which Englishmen have built it up. England's imperial history is one long surrender of official ties and claims, a continuous progress towards freedom from the interference of Downing Street and the Colonial Office. All direct profit from and all direct control over their colonies Englishmen have long ago relinquished, and the result is a relationship which, however offensive to the mathematicians of politics, who look at the empire as though it were a problem in algebra, has this grand virtue —it has made for loyalty and content; it has diminished, virtually destroyed, the chance of friction; and it has established a ratio between the devotion of the colonies to England and England's non-interference in colonial affairs. Most Englishmen, I think, agree that there is no condition of imperial relations on which it would be less wise to infringe than this, and that to multiply formal links of whatever kind is simply to multiply occasions for misunderstandings. On this ground, then, and as a matter of broad imperial policy, there will be many who will resist Mr. Chamberlain's new departure to the last.

Again, the empire is the child of free trade. It is an empire of commercial peace. In some ways it would not be wrong to describe it as a trust administered by Great Britain for the world's benefit. England, at any rate, derives from it no advantages that are not open to other nations. English traders enter the colonial markets on the same terms, no better and no worse, as American traders and German traders. The so-called preferential tariff adopted by Canada in 1898 contained not a single clause that would prevent other countries besides Great Britain from sharing equally in its concessions. England's trade, as well as her political relations, with the empire, have been an organic growth, produced by the free play of natural forces, not by mechanical devices. The colonies have prospered, and England has prospered with them because she has never attempted to fence them round with artificial stakes and build upon them the jealous, short-sighted, self-destructive monopoly that Spain, to her own undoing, insisted on in her dominions. What is it, indeed, that marks out the British Empire from all others if not this—that Englishmen alone have realized that a colony is not an estate whose usefulness begins and ends with its returning a direct and exclusive profit to its owners? If they did not know it before, the American Revolution taught them that colonies must be governed in their own interests and not in the interests of the motherland. Since then they have learned that to govern a colony on this principle, to let it carve out its career in its own way, never to twist it out of the line of natural development, is to pursue a policy that in the long run makes as much for the strength and prosperity of the motherland as of the colony itself. There could, therefore, be no more momentous event in British imperial history than a deliberate infraction of this principle of freedom; and on the day the empire resolves itself into a protectionist or preferential tariff-union, this principle is shattered. From being an empire of commercial peace it becomes an empire of commercial aggression. It drags England into the raging war of tariffs; for a free spontaneous connection it substitutes something that is rigid, formal, and artificial; and instead of fostering sentiment it abandons it in favor of tariff schedules and specific and ad valorem duties. If Mr. Chamberlain, say his opponents, gets his way the loyalty of the empire will henceforward have to be expressed in terms of New Zealand mutton and Canadian wheat. A great policy will have been thrown overboard and a great ideal fatally lowered and vulgarized.

Moreover, whatever form Mr. Chamberlain's scheme assumes England is bound to lose by it. Mr. Chamberlain himself admits as much. His appeal is to British generosity, to the spirit of national self-sacrifice. The ideal he ultimately looks forward to is that of a self-supporting empire bound together by the closest fiscal ties. There seem to be three ways in which these ties may be manufactured, in theory at least. One might conceive the British Empire federated into a zollverein, like the German Empire or the American Union, each State enjoying free trade with all the others, and fixing a common and identical tariff on all foreign imports. But this, though conceivable on paper, has been proved to be impossible in fact. Again, one might imagine a sort of imperial customs-union, each member of which shall have free trade with all the others, and at the same time be at liberty to levy what duties he pleases on foreign imports. But this, too, has been found to be quite impracticable. There remains, therefore, the plan of a series of reciprocity treaties between England and each of her colonies—the mother country either imposing new duties against foreign lands in order to remit them in favor of each colony in turn, or else scaling down the already existing tariff for the benefit of Canadian, New Zealand, Australian, and Indian exporters, or—and more probably—doing both. Either way the result must be that an extra burden is thrown upon the English taxpayer, and while nothing can exceed his enthusiasm for the empire, there is a pretty general conviction that the limit of self-sacrifice has already been reached and that so long as England contributes more than one hundred times as much to imperial defence as all the colonies put together, it is unreasonable to make further demands upon her.

I have set forth these objections at length, because I know them to be held by some of the most thoughtful and patriotic of Englishmen. Besides, when their force is fairly weighed and measured, Mr. Chamberlain's success in overcoming them, or the nation's short-sightedness in allowing them to be overcome,—whichever you please,—will be all the more wonderful.

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Diversions of the Higher Journalist

By William Dean Howells

A Change in the Insular Attitude

A TRUE American came in with the frown of defiance and denial which expresses the prevalent mood of his type, and said, "I see those English, who have been pretending to be so fond of us lately, are showing the cloven hoof and the forked tail again."

"Why, what has happened?" the Higher Journalist asked, eager for any evil that promised a topic.

"Haven't you read what this man H. G. Wells says? He's the one, you know, that generally writes about the next century, or Mars, or those things, but now he has been scoring the Americans in one of the London Reviews." The true American fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, and brought out a newspaper scrap. "Ah, here it is," and he read aloud: "One gets an impression that the sort of mind that is passively stupid in England is often actively silly in America, and, as a consequence, American newspapers, American discussions, American social affairs are pervaded by a din that in England we do not hear and do not want to hear. . . . If ninety-nine people out of the hundred in our race are vulgar and unwise, it does seem to be a fact that while the English fool is generally a shy and negative fool, anxious to hide the fact, the American fool is a loud and positive fool, who swamps much of the greatness of his country to many a casual observer from Europe altogether.' There!" the true American said, looking up over his glasses. "What do you think of that?"

The higher journalist, who is as precipitately patriotic as any could wish, on most occasions, had a lucid interval. "Well, that sounds rather disagreeable, if true, and it sounds true," he added, "if disagreeable. You see he says American fools."

"Yes, I see that," his visitor promptly assented. "But what do you say to the English throwing off the mask so soon? Did you expect that, after all their professions of affection recently?"

"They had to do it sometime; they couldn't keep up that sort of thing always. The Englishman is naturally an honest brute, and that affectation of amiability must have been awfully trying to him. We ought to consider that. Don't you think, really, he's a little less loathsome when spitting in our faces than when licking our boots?"

"There is something in that," the true American considered.

"And how," the higher journalist continued, "have we received his friendly overtures? Have we ceased for a moment to take every advantage of him we could get in commerce, finance, politics, literature, and art? Haven't we unloaded all of our popular novels on him that we possibly could? When his calamity and his fear came in the Boer war didn't we mock at the one, and laugh in our sleeve at the other? Nothing kept us from laughing openly but the Boer war of our own which we had in the Philippines. And all the while he was coming to us 'delicately,' like Agag to Samuel, when he thought, 'Surely the bitterness of death is past.' What claim to his forbearance have we? Come!"

"We haven't any. But I do hate a hypocrite. And here," the true American said, as he produced another newspaper scrap, "is one of them at our very doors, talking like this to a lot of reporters:

"'The mad, blind struggle for the dollar, with no thought for the higher life, is ruining your country. . . . The hearts of your men are like the rocks that underlie your great city—hard and unsympathetic—a great city of hard hearts. . . . if there is an unwholesome tendency in a nation your national system strengthens it, promulgates it, instead of correcting it. American public schools are all alike, all having the same curriculum, and it is fostering in your children's minds a sense of duty to get wealth. In fact, that idea surmounts everything. You may not realize it, because you are all imbued with the same thought, more or less.'

"That is the way that Mr. Auberon Herbert, a cousin of the English ambassador, Sir Michael Herbert, talked the other day in the Netherland Hotel. *I* think Sir Michael ought to be given his passports, and sent out of the country, if he can't stop his cousins from talking like that."

"I wonder the very stones of the Netherland Hotel didn't cry out against him," the higher journalist suggested, somewhat sardonically. "But perhaps they couldn't. Perhaps they thought it was true."

"That isn't the point. Of course it's true, in a certain degree, but it isn't the whole truth."

"Well, it may be all the better for us. You know it isn't essentially different from what Emerson said of us fifty years ago: 'In our large cities the population is godless, materialized — no bond, no fellow-feeling, no enthusiasm. These are not men, but hungers, thirsts, fevers, and appetites walking. How is it people manage to live on, so aimless as they are? . . . There is faith in chemistry, in meat and wine, in wealth, in machinery, in the steam-engine, galvanic battery, turbine wheels, sewing-machines, and in public opinion, but not in divine causes.'"

"Ah!" the true American breathed. "But Emerson was an American; and I am talking of Englishmen. Now you know, and I know, that there is not a more generous and magnanimous country than this on God's footstool. Why, look at what immense sums even an adoptive citizen like Mr. Carnegie gives away! I tell you, magnanimity is in the air over here. We send our money out there to prop up their miserable, rotten aristocracy, and then they turn on us, and snub the beautiful and devoted American women who marry their titles. But, thank goodness," the true American said, fishing in each of his trousers pockets till he found what he wanted, "there's one of them now and then knows how to give them as good as they send. Here!" He held up still another newspaper cutting. "This is what a noble American woman writes to a London paper that had printed an Englishman's criticism of international wives, calling them vulgar, purse-proud, insubordinate, and irreverent. See how she gets back at the British matron!" and he read: "'I am the wife of a British peer. My father's money was honestly made by a man with brains and not by a man with a grandfather. It made a vast difference in this Anglo-American contract, if you will so have it. Let us strike a balance and see who got the better of the bargain. My husband gave a peerage, a bad reputation, and an encumbered estate, shady friends, endless debts, and a broken constitution. I gave a fortune, good health, good looks, revived prosperity, and happiness.'

"There! What do you think of that?"

"I think," the higher journalist reflected, "from the closing passages, that the lady had been reading Ibsen's *Ghosts*, and had got a practical writer to put her reminiscences of Mrs. Aveling into shape for her. Mind, I don't say it isn't true. But I do say it's wholly unimportant. Whatever we may say to Mr. Wells, or to Mr. Herbert, we have really nothing to say to the critics of international American wives. They did not marry titled Englishmen from patriotic motives. They married them for love, or ambition, or social splendor, or any other personal motive, and must take the chances of their venture, just as they would if they had married Americans. We are not, as a people, or a civilization, the least concerned in them."

The true American made for the door in speechless indignation. There he turned, and said, witheringly, "And *you* call yourself a higher journalist!"

A Musical Circus

WHEN a purveyor of musical entertainment hires the Madison Square Garden for his purposes, engages such attractions as Mme. Lillian Nordica and M. Edouard de Reszke, and charges an expectant public three dollars a head for its seats, it is neither right nor possible to ignore his activities. We refer, of course, to the recent metropolitan advent of Mr. John S. Duss.

Mr. Duss has been christened, with striking felicity, the P. T. Barnum of the musical world. His plans are conceived upon a scale of truly astonishing magnitude. His imagination knows no barriers: the obstacles which commonly are set in the path of aspiring endeavor have no reality for him. He will turn his concert hall into a gorgeous palace of illusion; he will load its atmosphere with perfume; he will engage a famous orchestra, the most eminent and costly of singers, that his ideals may be fittingly accomplished. He is by far the most superb personage in the world of contemporary music—a very Napoleon of art, with millions in his treasury, and the genius of two continents at his beck and call.

Last week, at the Madison Square Garden, this amazing musician opened the season of orchestral concerts which have been projected for the coming summer. Mme. Nordica and M. Edouard de Reszke were the soloists, the orchestra was that of the Metropolitan Opera House, and a chorus of 1000 voices contributed to the immensity of the occasion. When we have said that Mr. Duss and his orchestra played the "William Tell" overture and the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana"; that Mme. Nordica sang, with the chorus, the *Inflammatus* from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and, as an encore, the "Star Spangled Banner"; and that M. de Reszke sang Faure's "The Palms," we have probably given to the discerning some sense of the nature of Mr. Duss's accomplishment. There were other things: the Sextet from "Lucia" arranged for trumpets, trombones, euphonium and orchestra, for example; the "Hallelujah" chorus from "The Messiah"; a movement from Tschaikowsky's Sixth Symphony;—but these are matters of minor consequence. The important fact to note is that Mme. Nordica, sitting in state in one of Mr. Duss's Venetian gondolas, was sculled down the Grand Canal in full view of an en-

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raptured multitude, and that M. de Reszke, in veritable flesh and blood, made both his entrance and his exit a triumphal progress through the audience—it is said that he declined to oblige in the matter of the gondola trip.

We have not permitted ourselves to take Mr. Duss and his doings too seriously, for June is come, and an easeful frivolity is licensed and becoming; but let us for a moment consider the graver side of these things. It would be idle to speak with any seriousness of Mr. Duss's general musical qualifications. But what shall one say of the great and famous singers who lent their personalities to so egregious an exploitation? Are we mistaken in imagining that such artists as, say, Mme. Lehmann,—shrewdly practical though she is,—or Milka Ternina, or the elder de Reszke, could not possibly have been made parties to such a performance? or have they, too, their price?

The Croatian Disturbances

THE recent riots in Croatia, of which fugitive echoes have found their way into our cables, are one more reminder that the Slavonic Question is the true motive force of contemporary European politics. Briefly, the situation is this: the Dual Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, while nominally composed of a Teutonic Empire in union with a Hungarian kingdom, is, in reality, preponderatingly Slavonic in race. In the Austrian half of the monarchy, there are, of course, the following Slav States: Galacia or Austrian-Poland, Bohemia and Moravia, besides the Southern Slavs in Dalmatia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina. There are also numerous Slavonic fragments, scattered through the German duchies; the total Slavonic population of Austria being sixteen millions, out of a population of twenty-six millions. We come now to Hungary: the popular view in this country probably is, that Hungary is almost wholly Hungarian in blood, but this is far from being true. We have, to begin with, the two Slavonic provinces of Slavonia and Croatia, subject to Hungary, and with a joint population of two and a half millions; and besides these two provinces, we have a population of not less than three million Slavs in Hungary proper. Therefore, taking the whole of the Dual Monarchy, we have these figures:

Slavs	21,000,000
Germans	11,000,000
Hungarians	8,700,000
Italic	3,750,000

which certainly justify us in saying that Austria-Hungary is a preponderatingly Slavonic empire, the Slavs numbering about half the total population, and being about twice as numerous as the race which stands next to them in numbers.

Up to the present, however, the Slavs have had practically no voice in the affairs of either half of the Dual Monarchy. We are tolerably familiar with the parliamentary obstruction which has sprung from the struggle between the German and Bohemian elements, especially over the question of equality of language. As a body, the Austrian-Germans will not hear of any equality for their Slav fellow-countrymen, considering them as a necessarily inferior race, much as the South-Africans look on the Kaffirs, or as, until very recently, the English looked on the indigenous population of Ireland, Lord Salisbury's "Hottentots." The Hungarians are even more tyrannous in their dealings with the Slav populations of the Apostolic Kingdom, including the two provinces of Slavonia and Croatia; and it is precisely against this race tyranny, suffered by the Croatians at the hands of the Magyars, that the present uprisings are directed. The two dominant races, the Germans and the Magyars, feel that their dominance is threatened by the growing numbers of the Slavs, and they go to extremes of rigor and pressure to keep the Slavs under the yoke.

There is another aspect of the question. Though slightly more numerous, the German half of the Dual Monarchy is practically dominated by the Hungarian half, the Magyars losing no opportunity to thwart and tyrannize over their former masters. The Austrian-Germans feel this very keenly, and the wild talk we sometimes hear about a Pan-German movement, which is to unite them to the dominions of Kaiser Wilhelm, is one symptom among many, showing how they are galled by the Magyar yoke. But the remedy is really exceedingly simple: the Germans, or rather the Habsburgs, have only to make their peace with the Slavs, and the domination of the Magyars over both will be at an end.

Meanwhile, the struggle for Slav liberation continues: not in Bohemia only, or, as we have seen, in Croatia, but in Prussian-Poland to the north, and in the three vilayets of Macedonia to the south. All these uprisings are part of a common movement, all the more potent that it is united, not by conscious intention, but by something far deeper, by the genius of a growing race. Looked at in this light, we can easily see that the union of Austria with Russia, on behalf of the Turkish Slavs is a sign of the times whose importance and significance for the future it is impossible to over-estimate.

Wanted—A Poet

THE London *Spectator* thinks that what Ireland needs supremely now is a great writer of fiction who will do for Ireland what Sir Walter Scott did for Scotland. In truth, vast are the stores of material awaiting the man who has it in him to set forth the tragedy, pathos, and devotion to ideals which Irish history proffers; and vaster still is the constituency awaiting his output, for the exiled Irish and their descendants are found the world over, and beyond Erin's bounds have attained unto competency and self-rule. For Ireland's sake and for the very work's sake, the genius need have no fear for his market, providing he have but brains to do his task.

But Irish talent just now seems to run to verse more than to fiction, or, if fiction, to the weird and haunting tales of Fiona McLeod rather than to the great tale embodying racial feud, political plottings, defeats, struggles with greedy landlords, severance of domestic ties, long journeys beyond the seas in search of peace and prosperity, and all the multifarious aspects which the tragedy has taken on in the course of the centuries. For this reason a contributor to the *Spectator* seems to have sense on his side when he calls for a poet to come forth and give voice to Ireland's case, now that England at last seems to be relenting.

Poet we look for, come; awake; be born!
Sing as thou must. Sing in what tongue thou wilt,
So thou make plain that tale to every ear,
Uplifting all its sorrow, pity, guilt,
For friends and foes, or friends once foes, to hear.

It certainly would seem in order for an Irish voice to put in imperishable form the feelings which the Irish must have just now, at the marked change of attitude in England. So often the ruling partner's cruelty and tyranny have been sung in lasting verse, it surely ought not to be impossible for so tender-hearted and generous a race as the Irish to make the act of the British in acknowledging their past wrong, the text for a noble burst of song.

But is Ireland the only land needing a poet? We trow not. Why has it been that, notwithstanding it is generally conceded, that the United States during the past five years has made history as fast probably as any time in its history there has been so little output of verse worthy of the great happenings. Putting aside entirely the vexed question of expansion in the Philippines, about which good men differ, there remain the overthrow of Spain by the United States in Cuba, the cleansing of Cuban cities by officials utilizing modern science, the final legislation committing the United States to a wedding of the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific, the initial legislation by Congress making it certain that the Western desert some day shall blossom like a rose, and last, but not least, the tragic taking away of President McKinley and the dramatic emergence on the boards of an actor whose rôle is strenuous and whose personality is not negligible. And yet, with one exception possibly, Mr. William Vaughan Moody's poem, "An Ode of Hesitation in Time of Duty," no great poem has been written expressing the deep feelings that have surged through the hearts of the American people.

If, as some contend, we have departed from the paths of the fathers and gone off after strange gods, that awful fact should have inspired some protestations in imperishable verse. If we are commercialized and venal, that, too, should cause the prophetic strain to produce versified utterances of spiritual ideals such as came from Israel's minor and major prophets. We have had some minor prophets, but no major ones. Our great dead die, and no odes are written embalming their memories in the amber of poesy. Mr. R. W. Gilder, Miss Edith Thomas, and a few others realize opportunities, but of the few who seem to see the opportunities, fewer still rise equal to them.

The world is as full of idealism, romance, tragedy, and comedy to-day as ever it was. Modern business involves daring as desperate, nerve as colossal, pluck as heroic, chivalry as pure, and villainy as base as anything found in the military annals of the Middle Ages. The present-day clash of individualism and socialism calls for singers as clamant and as indifferent to contemporary obloquy as were the singing bards of the slavery controversy. Idealism exists to-day among the world's workers as much as ever it did, but in new places, under new guises, and with new manifestations. But most of the priests and the verse-makers do not see it, looking for spirituality to show itself in the old ways, and for idealism to put on the old garb. And she will not.

The Wesley Celebration and the Outlook for Methodism

PLAY for position, the world the ground, denominational prestige the ambition, and the salvation of mankind the goal, has led the Wesleyans of England to purchase the old London Aquarium. The site was the play; the structure is to be torn down. Time may come when Madison Square, New York, will be the spot from which most effectively to reach and influence Europe, America, and all of the rest of the world, but in the year 1903 and from the view-point of religious propaganda the spot best adapted for such purpose is within a block or so, it matters

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little in which direction, of Westminster Abbey and Westminster Palace. In this anniversary year of the birth of John Wesley, when Methodists of all the world are to sound the praises of their founder once again, Wesleyans of England voted themselves the honor of leading the rest of the world of Methodism. In the discharge of the duties of such leadership they purchased the property mentioned, and upon the site, right by the side of the Church House of that Church of England out of which they came, the dominant branch of Wesley's followers in England will build a Methodist Church House, to become the centre of that world Methodism of which American Methodism, in proportion of about two to one, is the largest and richest part. The purchase of the site, and the erection of this Church House, mark an epoch in Methodist history.

Mr. R. W. Perks is one of the famous barristers of England. He is also one of the greatest of living Methodists. He construes laws for the trusts, some of them American trusts operating in England, and he suggested to English Wesleyans the idea of raising one million guineas, and paying all of their debts, as an end-of-the-century thank-offering. He has weight as a leader. The guineas were raised, and with some of them the Aquarium site was purchased. More than that, in a contest for leadership, the late Wesleyan leader, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes being dead, Mr. Perks and a progressive element won as against the conservative one. The happy idea of this barrister was not only taken up by Wesleyans; other religious bodies appropriated it, and in all fully $50,000,000 have been raised and put to the aid of religion. Methodists in Great Britain and America raised fully $30,000,000 of this sum, and the balance was raised by Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and Lutherans of Great Britain, America, Canada, Australia, and India. Methodists of Canada set out to raise $1,000,000, but they made it $1,250,000, and completed their task in advance of every other concerted movement on either continent. United Free Methodists of England raised $520,000; Calvinistic Methodists of Wales, $470,000; Methodists of our own South, $1,500,000; Methodists North, $23,000,000, witn work still going on. Such are some of the money results which have come from Mr. Perks's inspiration; Methodists are looking for vast spiritual results and a great increase of membership to follow.

An incident, never before published, throws instructive light upon the evolution of this great religious body in America. A village of northwestern Pennsylvania had in its centre a two-acre plot, which was given by a non-resident land-owner to the church of the town. There was but one church. It was Presbyterian, and it built upon the plot. Some years afterwards Methodists claimed the right to build on the same plot, and to prevent them from so doing the Presbyterians went into the county court with a petition. This petition stated legal reasons, of course, and then added a second reason to this effect: The court is aware that Methodists are a noisy people, having a manner of public worship distracting to people of good order. On religious and social grounds Methodists have no rights which the court is bound to respect. The growth of real religion in the community demands the exclusion of these Methodists. The date of this petition was 1818.

When John Wesley died there were 313 Methodist preachers and 76,968 members in England, and 198 preachers and 43,265 members in America, a total of 511 preachers and 120,233 members of Methodism in all the world. Those who periodically ask whether this or that religious body is declining will do well to study the table of Methodist Episcopal Church growth in America, by quadrenniums, since 1784. In that year there were in the United States 14,988 Methodists. In 1844, when division between North and South came, there were 1,171,356. In spite of a loss of almost one-half, the Methodist North body reached, in 1900, a membership of 2,874,037. The growth in these one hundred and sixteen years was not uniform. It is not uniform now. But there has been growth; it is safe to assume there will be growth. Methodist ministers of the whole world number 48,359; members, 7,659,285; and adherents, 28,018,000. The United States and not England are the stronghold of Wesleyan fellowship, with 40,051 ministers and 6,144,924 members. In the land of Wesley's birth his followers are outnumbered by Presbyterians. In Canada Methodists are the largest of Protestant bodies, and in our Southern States they divide with Episcopalians and Presbyterians—the size of the division largely in their favor—the old families of wealth and culture. Methodist churches in the United States are worth $165,000,000, and Methodist parsonages $28,000,000 more, a total of $193,000,000. Methodist Church property in all the world is valued at $350,000,000. Methodists of the United States pay for church maintenance, repairs, and betterments each year $26,400,000. Exclusive of debts there are in Methodist educational buildings and endowments in the United States $53,500,000, and, since 1850, Methodists have printed and sold in their many book concerns $101,000,000 worth of Christian literature. Apart from sums given through unofficial sources, Methodists of the United States are giving to missions, home and foreign, $2,350,000 a year.

Correspondence

OLD SCHOOL BOOKS

310 MICHIGAN AVENUE,
CHICAGO, *May 12, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—When Chicago was building the Columbian Exposition I urged the proper official to collect for exhibition and the delectation of elderly people the school books of early days. How many of us would enjoy looking over a copy of Comly's Reader or Spelling Book, or Webster's or Daball's Arithmetic, or the first geographies and atlases? What would please more than Goodrich's "Parley's" First Book of History, and all of that class of school books. Many of us never thought to preserve our first school books. I remember "Comly's Reader or Book of Knowledge." I would like to see a copy. I had one in 1846. In New Jersey we used the New Testament, the English Reader, and the Columbian Reader, Towns Spelling Book, and Johnson's Arithmetic in 1846. The Harper's may know of earlier books, being publishers. I thought they could know whether my idea was feasible. I would ask that they consider the matter, and suggest it to St. Louis.

I am, sir,
CHARLES ROGERS.

A PROTEST FROM PADANG

PADANG, SUMATRA, *March 23, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It was with a great amount of surprise that I read the article in your number of November 15, 1902, about the expected revolt in these colonies. I do not know and I do not care to know who your correspondent is, but I am afraid his digestion not to be in good working order, causing him hallucinations of a rather severe character. Where has he been in these colonies? Only in Lingga? I should think so, owing to the illustrations which are embellishing his fantastic article. Lingga, a forlorn corner of this archipelago, an island of no importance, must be a very suitable place to enrich one's knowledge, and to give one a sharp idea about the feelings of a population of over thirty million people of more national shades than in the Austrian monarchy, without any relationship between each other, but also without the animosity prevailing in so many first-rate Christianly civilized parliaments.

I am not going to say that the natives here are living in paradise, but is the position of the working classes in happier (?) countries so much better, though the latter are blessed with trusts and corners and town councils and so many other benedictions of civilization? A fact is that we have no regulations of police here to protect the overrulers against mutinous Singapore jinrikshaw-pullers, who are shameless enough not to be grateful for a wage of thirty American dollar cents after having had the honor to be said overruler's animal for a twelve miles' run! The lack of these regulations has perhaps your correspondent got to dream of Central and South American revolutions.

I repeat that it is no paradise we are living in. Indeed, many things could be better, and would be better, I dare say, if we, inhabitants of this colony, had only a shade of self-government (that we are ruled from out The Hague is absurd indeed), but the natives are quite indifferent to it, knowing that they are not ripe for independence, and that they have to fear more extortion from their own foremen than from any foreign government.

I do not intend to contradict the fact that some parts of our, or of your, colonies are apparently not appreciating a white government, and that we, as well as you, have to fight either Achinese or Filipinos, but it is ridiculous to say that people "have with one voice decided to attempt to cast off the yoke of the Netherlands." In truth, the possibility of a general revolt is simply out of the question, and in that respect we are here perhaps more safe than in our mothers' home.

I am, sir,
K. H. H. VAN BENNEKOM,
Member of the Padang Chamber of Commerce.

THE EDUCATED WOMAN AS A HOUSEKEEPER

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It was my good fortune to be an invited guest at the fiftieth Jubilee Celebration of the Packer Collegiate Institute in Brooklyn, and hear the Rev. Lyman Abbott's address on the Educated Woman. I will not review his remarks, as they were all in the daily papers, simply say he was largely in favor of the educated woman. Many people argue, a woman too highly educated does not make a good housekeeper. Not so. All the more reason, with a good training in mathematics, that she would be far more thrifty and economical. Given a certain amount of ability and knack, the educated woman is far more competent to order her household carefully, put into practice all she learned of domestic science in school, and run her home with a better system, than her sister whose education has been more lax. In connection with this subject, I have been reading with interest your articles on "How to Entertain on $3500 a Year." And here, again, is where the educated woman will tell. The girl who is trained to think quickly in school, will use this power to advantage when mistress of her home. With

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tact, good judgment, and belief in the saying "The Mickles make the Muckles," looking well to the small leakages in housekeeping, one woman will have no more to show on $5000 than the thrifty woman on $3500. I liked immensely that phrase in the article which said, "No woman of brains or refinement should ever, in her own house, sit down to a meal that she would be mortified to offer her most fastidious guest." The great trouble with many women nowadays is, they either don't know how to cook, or else are too lazy to learn, and prefer a morning in the shops to mixing some dainty salad or *entrée* for dinner. I am a housekeeper, and the food on my own table when we are alone is as carefully prepared as if guests were present. I never buy at the bake-shops. I once knew a lady and her daughter, well educated and refined people, whose income for food a day was fifty cents. Everything was simple, yet daintily prepared. A few days ago I walked down Thompson Street to get a glimpse of the Italian colony on Saturday morning, when an unusual amount of bartering and marketing is going on. The door-steps were filled with women gossiping, their dresses torn, the steps most uncleanly. They looked as though they were there for the day. The bright, educated New England housewife rose to my mind. She had probably been up since sunrise, so as to make the most of the precious morning hours, and had planned and systematized her work for the day. Here is where education and brains will tell. Dr. Abbott said he hoped he would die before the time came when we touched a button and our meals were sent in from a neighboring restaurant. A good education is one of the finest things a woman can have. What she learns in school should never be so ordered that she cannot which she later acquires. Her household should never be so ordered that she cannot snatch a few minutes a day for reading. A certain peace of mind comes from a book, which one gets in no other way. In fact, not only can a woman become a much better housekeeper because of a fine education, but it gives her a certain grace and charm of manner, and enables her also to surround herself by a coterie of refined and educated people.

F. B. S.

ON ADDRESSING GRADUATES

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Among the occasional duties of the eminent citizen no harder task can be set than to address the graduates in the pomp of circumstance as they issue from high school or college. They are formidable listeners, for they discount everything, even a warning, which may border on pessimism; and they are merciless critics. If boldly hopeful, they are no less judicial. We may gravely doubt whether an insincere man can speak eloquently enough to win their respect. The vision of immature youth, unadulterated by years of the later spectacle of the social compromises, is often keener than in after-life. Nevertheless, they are somewhat more prone to emphasize the parade, the show, the pageantry of life.

Just here lies the danger which frequently renders the usual address false and noxious. The burden of the day is upon the attainment of success—that brilliant, magic word which makes cowards of us all. There is too little concern about the definition of terms; we take too much for granted. The amount of false doctrine which can be neatly packed away in the conventional address to students would be an inspiration to Rabelais. One fairly distinguished American critic admonishes us to banish from hearing the words "luck" and "chance." In his zeal for a world run in accord with his ethical views, he is blind to truth. He may bid us minimize the fact, but he is wrong in wishing us to deny the existence of a force which the merest tyro is bound to feel in a six months' battle with the world. However we may desire to preach industry and earnestness, we must not hide the fact that much, very much, acknowledged success is capriciously located. In fact the trend of our remarks should be frankly discouraging and disenchanting. Instead of shouting about the unoccupied rounds at the top, we should draw our finest lesson from the ruthless fact of the lottery of success.

Every individual soul desires to express itself; and to this universal desire men give the name of ambition. The fields in which the activities play are numberless—but the purpose is ever the same,—power, authority, influence, the bending of other wills our way. But rare is the soul which is satisfied with the mere possession, the mere luxury, of sway. It yearns for the herald, too; it must needs be a published prince; it burns for fame, glory, reputation. The noblest poet sends his signature with his message.

Now, one of the surest means to these prizes is the endowment of extraordinary ability of mind. Needless to say, from the nature of things this means is eliminated from our choice or even from that of the fondest parents. A wise dispensation, therefore, makes it a kind of piety in all concerned that the child be taught daily to be grateful for that modicum of intelligence which is his without accusing Heaven for the lack of greater. From infancy, then, we learn to consider ourselves blessed with the share of intellect allotted to any one common mortal, and to bridge the abysses of our incapacities with the rough-and-ready pontoons of modern education. By this I mean that to no other deficiency in the world is a man so quickly and so easily reconciled as to that of poor brains—his helplessness being the intercessor.

Another of the means to these prizes is that of wealth. The fact that no clear line can be drawn between competency and wealth makes the problem of accumulation a difficult one. Again the insidiously virtuous joy in one's labor once allied to money-getting converts the means into an end, robs the soul of freedom, annihilates serenity and self-control. There are too many subsidiary charms to this means to be glanced at here: they are the more easily supplied to the reader since the pursuit of wealth is the most engrossing, the most necessary, the most tyrannical of human interests. In fact, the conventional address takes this so much for granted that it generally reviews the various professions, trades, businesses, solely with respect to their rewards on the money side.

What, then, ought we to say to those who are about to enter life? First of all, we ought reverently to disabuse their minds of the illusion that this is a world governed by ideal justice; on the other hand, that it is made up of well-nigh fortuitous circumstance modified by very imperfect men and women, and that in this severe fact they must nurse their souls to heroism. Again, the young aspirant should in mercy be warned against an idealistic career, such as art or literature or research. This tendency should be kept for his avocation apart from but higher than the ordinary work of his life. Every soul needs an asylum from the routine of daily endeavor. He should be told that in the great economy of nature it is of no consequence whatsoever that he choose this or that calling. The prizes of our work are beyond our power to command, and are therefore accidental and unworthy of the devotion of years.

Above all, we should impress upon the mind of the graduate that there is but one possession, or rather one pursuit, which knows no accidents, which is often unlaurelled, which is inextricably ours—our own character, over which alone we hold unlimited sway to make or mar. We may have to be content with a mind conscious of integrity without the public eye upon our worth; but in this case, as in no other of human life, the prize of high character is ours alone; we have wrought it in agony of spirit, and it shall be in its simplest utterance something to make our fellow man proud, something to lift the race, something that scorns pay. Amid the brevity of mortal days and the transitoriness of men's most applauded achievements and the vicissitudes of fortune it must mean something to a human soul to know that the world is definitely better, purer, stronger, because of the obscure battle it has fought and won. What more heroic ideal can we fashion than this of preaching the choice of obscurity rather than of accidental success as measured by fame, wealth, power? The hard world is bound to tell the facts in the case sooner or later; why not forestall the world?

PHILIP BECKER GOETZ.

THE NEEDS OF SAN DOMINGO

SANTO DOMINGO, *May 2, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—We are off with the old love and on with the new; to one not accustomed to Spanish-American ways it is incredible.

A short time ago we had Don Juan Isidro Jimenes and his friends as our overlords; yesterday Horacio Vasquez and a crew of despots were driving the country to distraction; to-day Don Alejandro Wos y Gil has taken up the whip, and the impartial bystander wonders when it will all end. There can be but one ending—the United States of America must take charge some day, and the sooner that day arrives, the better for humanity in general and Santo Domingo in particular.

It is incredible that such a state of disorder exists in the twentieth century, in a country rich in every conceivable benefit that nature can afford: healthy and varied climate, from the warm tropical breezes near the coast, where one can live the *dolce far niente* existence of the south, to the bracing atmosphere of the pine-clad hills that gives a vigor and zest for action that one is accustomed to expect only in northern latitudes; a beautiful bay, the like of which is perhaps not to be found anywhere else in the world, affording safe anchorage for the largest fleet afloat, and a veritable elysium for yachtsmen; undeveloped mineral deposits abound — gold, iron, copper, etc.—with salt and asbestos, valuable timbers, fertile lands, and rich grazing. But the Dominican never dreams of turning his attention to any of these; he looks towards the government as the child does to its mother.

Those who have ever watched a litter of pigs fighting for the best position obtainable at the mother's teats, totally ignoring their brothers' interests and wants, desirous only of filling their own stomachs, can form some idea of the Dominican. Those in power are mostly too occupied in preparing for the inevitable "rainy day" to give much attention to making laws for the benefit of the country, and should any one raise his voice in expostulation, he soon makes the acquaintance of a prison, and is perhaps manacled, or maybe he is exiled; and on occasion women and children are made to suffer a like fate. The foreigner, used to strong.

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able, and just government, looks on with horror and disgust at such arbitrary measures and selfish policy. As soon as a government is formed, all who have failed to obtain a post, or are unable to procure "hush money"—thousands of dollars are paid away to men and women who may be considered inconvenient—begin to plot for its downfall. Some so-called fortunate ones are always able to catch a plum, and the very loose idea of honor that obtains in these parts allows such gentlemen to change their politics and betray their friends without in the least incurring the odium of their fellows. Indeed, these are looked upon as the clever ones, and somehow manage to thrive under any and every situation.

Then there are the money-lending merchants, who, having obtained a certain credit in Europe or New York, draw on the foreign house for the ostensible purpose of buying produce, but more frequently this money, borrowed at six per cent., is used to bolster up a rotten government, or to further a still worse revolution. Either will pay anything from two per cent. to five per cent. a month for such accommodation; there is, therefore, no wonder that the debts become inconveniently large. Should the party the merchant is backing obtain power, he is repaid by being allowed to introduce merchandise without paying the legal duties; here again the poor country suffers, for this permission is generally improved by the merchant passing (with the connivance of the customs officials) three times the quantity for which permission is gained.

This means that such houses soon have more stock than they can readily dispose of, and a great part of the supposed gain is lost by forced sales to obtain cash to cover their credits; or, in pushing sales, credit is given to all and sundry in a manner that astounds one accustomed to selecting with care the customers worthy of credit.

This promiscuous giving of credit has eaten into the commerce of the country, and, indeed, it prevails in every class of work or business, with but one conspicuous example, the Samana and Santiago Railway Company, a Scotch concern with a Scotch manager, who is a strong believer in the old adage that "short reckonings make long friends." Replying some time ago to an application from the late government for a little breathing-time, he said, "If Venezuela had followed my rule, the European powers would not now be in a position to worry her; I am saving you from a similar fate." If one engages a servant, an advance is asked to enable her to bring her luggage; a farmhand always asks an advance before starting work, and the large sugar and banana estates have to pay the fare of their laborers, often from the neighboring islands; the majority of the clerks owe two to six months' salary to their employers, and so on *ad infinitum*.

This pernicious credit system is, without doubt, slowly dragging the country to ruin, leading, as it does, to improvidence and extravagance. The courts of justice are a farce, and would be better named courts of injustice. In the case of any litigant applying for help, it is a case of "How much do you possess in the world," for it will all be needed to carry on your case, and there will be no change coming to you. If your means and influence are small, the case will be quickly decided—against you. No matter how much a man may be in your debt, it is always cheaper not to apply to the law for a settlement. It is the hope of the better-thinking class that the United States government will one day step in and bring order out of chaos.

Although Santo Domingo was the country first settled by Columbus in the New World, it has progressed least of all; it cannot boast of any public works, and driving-roads are absolutely unknown. The only means by which one can travel about the country is by horse, along narrow tracks, often knee-deep in mud; all stores and produce are moved by caravans of mules, as they were three hundred years ago. For the want of a few good roads, hundreds of thousands of acres of rich lands lie idle and unproductive, and the streets of the capital are probably in a worse condition than Diego Columbus left them in. After the fight on the 5th of April they offered a fearful spectacle, with hundreds of dead lying in all directions.

Are these barbarous revolutions got up for the benefit of the country? Never,—one could excuse them if they were. No enterprise is safe, for any day all the laborers are liable to be called away, and work is at a standstill. In this way many enterprising undertakings started by foreigners have been crushed in the bud. How welcome would be such help as England has given to Egypt! All that is needed is a strong government to make Santo Domingo one of the richest and most prosperous of the West-Indian Islands.

I am, sir,
W. G. CHAPMAN-MORTIMER.

REAR-ADMIRAL TAYLOR'S FALLACY

EDGEWOOD PARK, PA. *May 20 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Permit me to point out a fallacy in Rear-Admiral Taylor's pleasantly, and no doubt sincerely, written article in your issue of May 9 on "Battle-ships Cheaper than War." For the moment at least it is very impressive, and the appeal for analogy to the police protection of civil life—a protection we all accept and justify—seems at first unanswerable. But the writer overlooks one fact which utterly destroys the analogy, viz., that *it is not the individual himself, but the community, that protects him.* The private bearing of arms for such defensive purpose, except in particular and clearly defined cases, is more and more discouraged, and in some highly civilized communities has practically ceased. Where, as in some parts of our land, it is still widely prevalent, it is accompanied by constant feuds, bloodshed, and riot. What the opponents of the military spirit urge is not that the individual nation should be left defenceless, but that it should cease to go around with "a chip on its shoulder," looking out for some one to "tread on the tail of its coat." It would take the pistol and shotgun, and even the shillalah, out of the hands of the individual nation, and place them in those of a recognized and responsive world's constabulary, which shall see that the weakest individual nation is protected in its rights, and allowed to go about its proper and peaceful business. The admiral himself came so near to this point that it is strange it escaped him. He says, "A tribunal has been established which arbitrates in the interest of peace, but no sword has yet been placed in its hand with which to enforce its decisions."

Suppose, then, that each of the eight or ten civilized powers, England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, the United States, and Japan, with Chile and one or two other South-American states, sets off, say, its three most powerful and most modern battle-ships to constitute together a world's navy under the direct command of the Hague commission. Then let all the other vessels of every navy be dismantled and allowed to become the junk they are now inevitably becoming, or, better, converted, so far as possible, to the uses of peaceful commerce. We shall then have our armed police force to enforce the decrees of the world's court of arbitration, and wars and rumors of wars, like the old wager of private battle and the duel which once, when every man's hand was against his fellow's, seemed so hopelessly fastened on the race, will have been relegated, with witchcraft and the rest, to the museum of historic curiosities. Then, too, we shall be saved from the wasteful mistake of spending, every nation, millions upon navies which, like the encyclopædias, begin to be out of date and junk as soon as finished, and whose relative efficiency in any case remains practically the same where all are fired by the same determination not to be outclassed by the rest. The world's navy could not become out of date, since, being the only one, no other could be more modern.

The admiral pleads for the ennobling quality of war; but I cannot think he would deny the renowned victories of peace, or the brave self-sacrifices of men like the railroad engineers this same issue of your journal celebrates—heroes of a peaceful civilization, going sometimes to their death to save others when a leap for life might have saved them.

The war spirit is not to last forever. The prophet's vision of peace is the true one. Slowly but surely we are moving upward, working out the beast, to let the ape and tiger die:

Certain if knowledge bring the sword,
That knowledge takes the sword away.

I am, sir,
H. D. C.

THE WEEKLY FOR NEXT WEEK

ABOUT two years ago a discovery of gold deposits was made in the State of Nevada which have proved to be even richer than the discoveries of the days of 1849. This has resulted in an extraordinary increase in the population of the State and in its varied industries.

In next week's WEEKLY (on the news-stands June 17), the story of Nevada will be told. There will be the story of "The Modern '49ers," "Reclaiming a State," how a governor helped develop a modern cattle industry, etc., etc. It is all based on actual facts and anecdotes gathered at first hand by our special representatives. You will find these stories not only full of new information, but as interesting as good fiction.

56 PAGES. ON THE NEWS-STANDS JUNE 17

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Finance

It cannot be alone the severe decline in security prices of the past month which has disturbed the speculative community. The fact that values are lower by from 20 to 100 points than they were during the bull campaign of the Western plungers last year, means that many exuberant and undiscriminating speculators have lost much money and probably some sleep. But since the country at large is by no means experiencing a similar depression or contraction of trade or of values, there is no widespread apprehension that the worst is about to happen. What has been disquieting in the past two or three weeks has been the mystery which has enveloped the identity of the seller. There has been liquidation, beyond the shadow of a doubt. The question uppermost in many minds has been: Who is selling, and why? Failing to receive a definite reply or satisfactory reasons, the community has paid heed to the rumor-monger, and names have been bandied about with a freedom never before known in Wall Street, while the theories, explanations, and "inside history," as well as "real reasons," have been amazingly ingenious; and all of them corroborated by a wealth of detail and a plausibility truly amazing and untrustworthy. There can be no question that sentiment has been more deeply affected by such rumors and gossip than is usually the case. The community has felt the contagion, and a "psychological wave" has swept over conservative investor and reckless speculator alike, strengthening suspicion, awakening doubts, deepening fears. It is an interesting fact that seldom has the outside public felt so bearish on stocks as of late. As a rule, the average outsider no more can sell stocks short than the average man is left-handed; but, of late, "lambs" have been "shorting" the market with the aplomb of veterans. They are the same men who bought the same stocks at the very height of the inflation, and it is impossible not to wonder whether their position on the market at present is not an indication of the near approach of a turn in the tide.

Of course, the selling on which prices have fallen so violently was not all short selling, nor did all the short selling come from outsiders. Skilful professionals have "hammered" values unceasingly and, it must be admitted, successfully, and such manipulation as has been witnessed really was employed further to depress prices. But apart from this, there has been much genuine selling of "long" stock. It is probably true that much of this has been by "big" men—not the great banking-houses, but rich speculators who sold what they could in order to protect what they could not sell. It is not so paradoxical as it sounds, this selling of good stocks to take care of stocks which are not so good, because there is a market for the one class, and there is none for the other. Of two certain losses, it is the part of wisdom to take the lesser, great though the latter may be. The necessity for taking any loss at all came from the fresh realization that the public generally is in no mood, or perhaps in no position, to increase its holdings. In other words, the mass of "undigested securities" is still weighing heavily upon the community. The "big" men, the belated promoters and unwise underwriters who thought the stock-market mine had not "petered out," have been paying the penalty of undue optimism, to use a charitable expression.

In the past, on severe declines the weak speculators have sold and the strong have bought. But in the last decline, since many strong operators were selling and could not buy, and the public never buys when stocks are going down, the usual "support" has been absent to a disquieting degree. The natural inference was that the men who normally may be depended upon to take advantage of bargain prices were in no position to profit by the others' selling. All this, aided by the reports of crop prospects rendered less brilliant by weather conditions, floods, etc., and the multiplicity of labor difficulties throughout the country, amply account for the rapid growth of pessimism in Wall Street.

Much has been made of the decline in iron prices, but it is not in this instance indicative of a decreased consumption; and rather that the necessity is over for paying a premium for quick delivery when producers were handicapped by the scarcity of fuel. Of far greater interest will it be to see the effect of a protracted strike in the building trade on the demand for structural material, and the difficulty of floating new bonds and stocks on the demand for rails. Of the crops it is yet too early to speak. Railroad earnings are steadily showing gains on last year's remarkable totals, and do not confirm the suspicion that the decline in stock prices has "discounted" a contracting volume of general business. The money-market causes more anxiety. Rates are easy enough now, but there is the fear of stringency in the autumn. Despite the heavy liquidation of the past month, loans have not decreased, according to the bank statement. But the bank figures do not tell the facts that debts to Europe are being transferred to the New York banks, and that the financing of the Pennsylvania Railroad's improvements involves vast sums. The belief that the loans of promoters and underwriters are still enormous is based upon a widely acknowledged fact. They must continue, and the losers will be the underwriters. But that because some of the later "creations" are not sound every industrial concern in the country is unsound, is not true. Prices of many stocks are down to the level of actual value, and some are below their real worth. It is well to remember this.

Financial

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F. T. MARTIN, Cashier
WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT

DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts	$22,821,102.49
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	$5,216,107.78
Deposits subject to Check	31,349,710.76
	$36,565,818.54

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By ERNEST INGERSOLL

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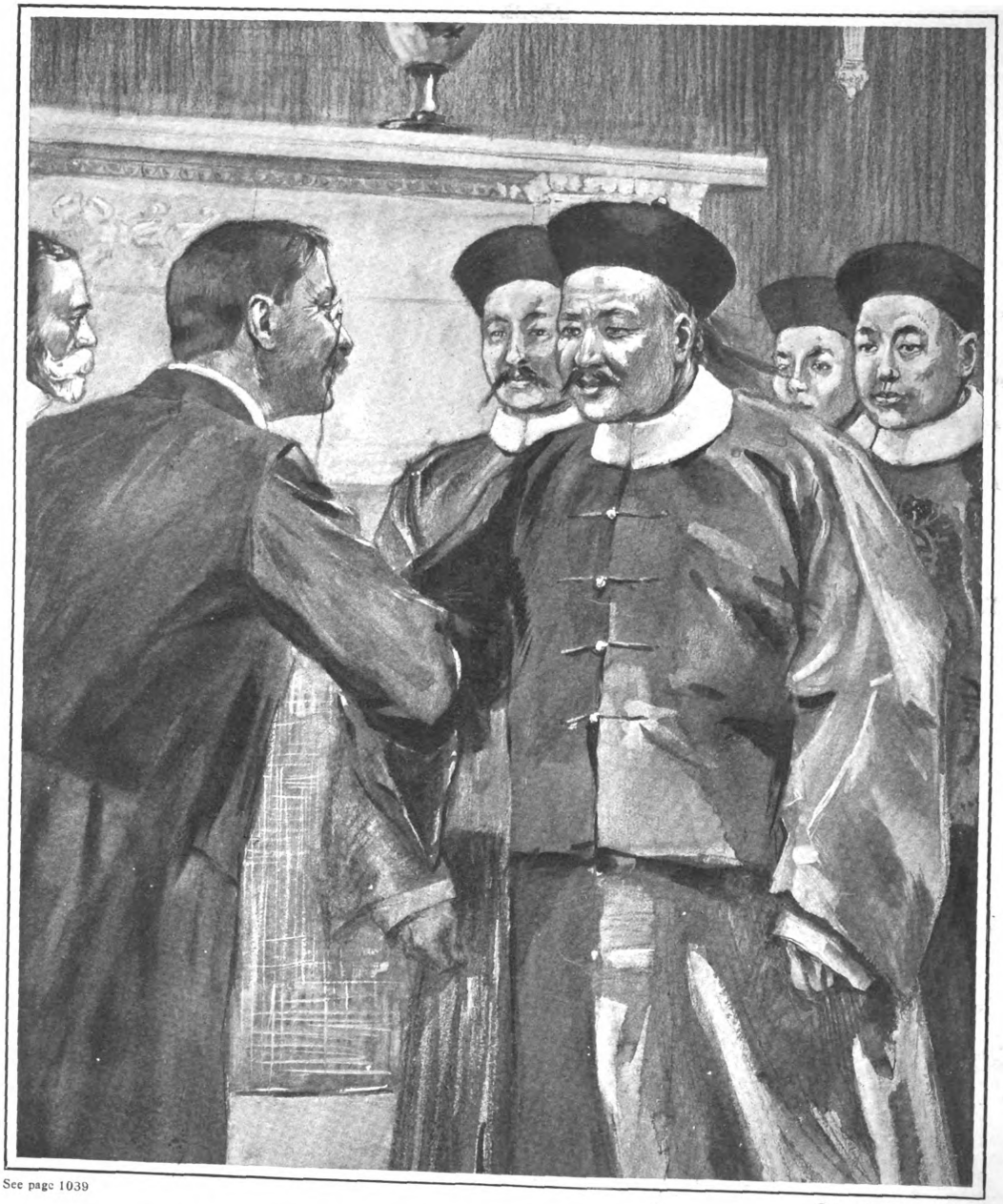
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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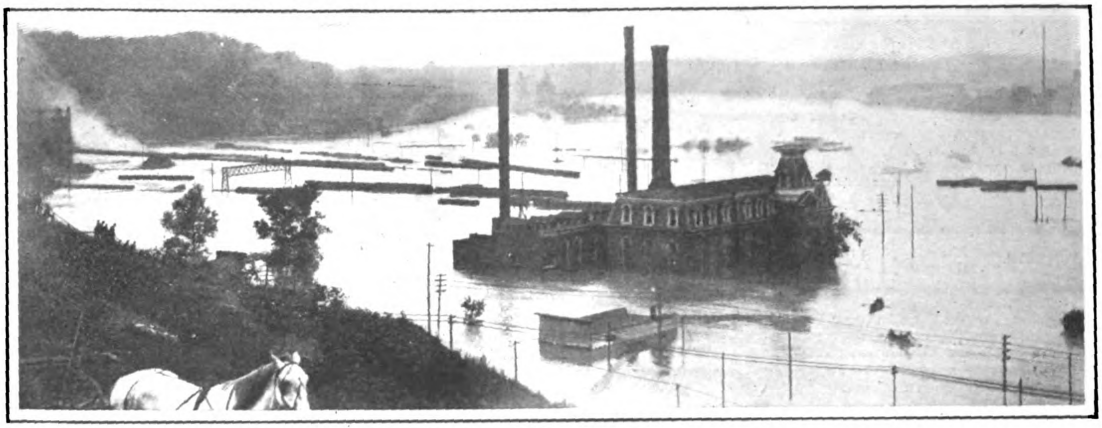
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Drawn by Sydney Adamson

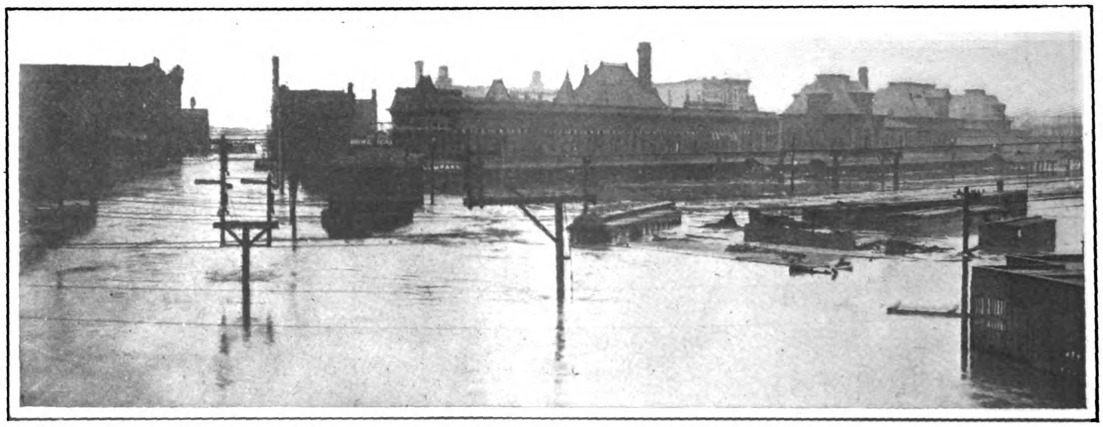
THE PRESENTATION OF THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER

One of the first official duties of President Roosevelt on his return to Washington from his Western trip was the formal reception of Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, K.C.M.G., the new Chinese Minister. The presentation to the President took place at the White House, and the ceremony was attended by Secretary Hay, the President's secretary, Mr. Loeb, and various members of the Chinese Legation

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The Turkey Creek Pumping-Station, which is the only Source of Water Supply for Kansas City. The Station was of course ruined



The ruined Union Station, Kansas City, and the submerged Yards, showing Pullman Cars nearly under Water



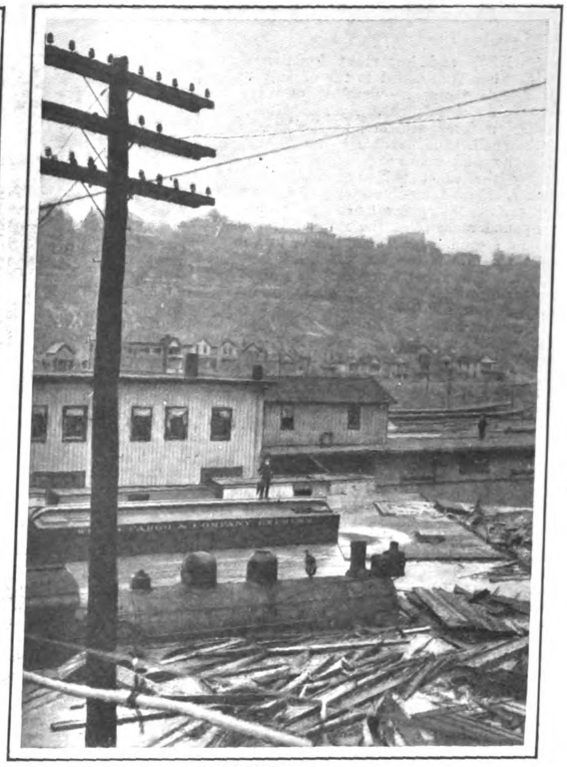
Heimville, a Suburb of Kansas City, which has been practically blotted off the Map

THE HAVOC OF THE WESTERN FLOODS

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Interior of the Union Station, Kansas City, with Three Feet of Water above the Floor



In the Santa Fé Freight Yards, where an Engine "died" early in the Flood



Wreck of the Elevated Railway where it crosses the Kansas River. The great force of the Flood is shown clearly in the Photograph

THE HAVOC OF THE WESTERN FLOODS

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A New Invention for Our Next War

A NEW and important function has been added to the already deadly shell—visibility of its flight at night. By means of a torch attached to the base of the shell, it is possible to watch it throughout its entire course, and to see clearly the exact point at which it strikes. With the automatic guns now fast coming into general use and firing one-pounder shells at the rate of four shots a second, a practically continuous stream of fire is thrown, which can be directed like water from a hose, without using the sights of the gun and without knowing the range.

The illuminated shell was invented and developed by Mr. J. B. Semple, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, who owns all the patents, and it has been taken up for extensive tests by both the army and navy of the United States, as well as those of England, Germany, and France.



Mr. J. B. Semple

Inventor of the "Torch" Shell. The photograph was taken indoors, at night, by the light of the "torch" shell itself

Although much of practical value was learned from the naval battles of the Spanish war, there was no opportunity to prove the effectiveness of the modern torpedo-boat in the hands of daring and competent men. In repelling the attacks of these fleet little vessels, it is easy to imagine how difficult is the work of the gunner, when suddenly the search-light of the battle-ship "picks up" an incoming torpedo-boat, where but a moment before the sea was blank. There is no time to find the range or elevate the sights. The swiftly moving destroyer must be hit, and hit hard, before it reaches the 800-yard mark, where it will discharge its first 18-inch Whitehead.

The time allowed the gunner in which to strike some vital part is a little over one minute. Behind him are the lives of 600 men, his own life, a four-million-dollar battle-ship, and the cause for which he is fighting; in front is the desperate destroyer, certain of accomplishing its end unless stopped before it gets too close.

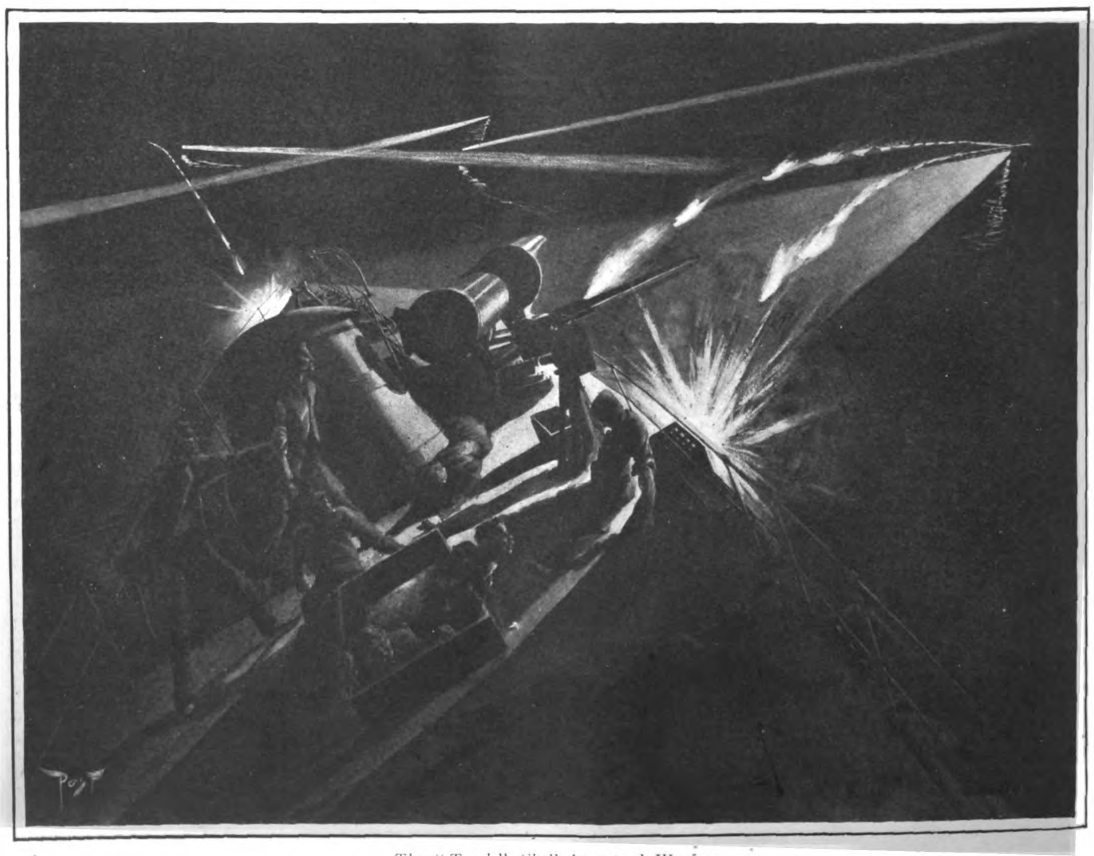
The knowledge of the result if he fails, the short time, the suddenness with which he is called into action, all tend to make his work extremely difficult. The combined attack of several destroyers at once would, under present conditions, prove almost impossible to resist. It is for these emergencies, when accuracy and extreme rapidity of fire are demanded, that the illuminated shell is expected to be most effective.

Exhaustive tests by the army have shown that by its aid field batteries can go into action at night without any previous knowledge of the range, and that it promotes the effectiveness of fire from coast artillery by showing the exact trajectory of the shell, the drift by the wind, and the amount of "lead" necessary to strike a swiftly moving vessel at long range. Without the data gained by watching the flight of the first shell the corrections for wind and speed of a moving target would be largely a matter of guess, and while the range can be correctly given and the sights accurately set, it still requires uniform velocity of the shell for accurate work.

It is now well known that a charge of smokeless powder if exposed to dampness does not give the required velocity, while, on the other hand, powder that has been stored in a dry place for a long time is apt to give velocities higher than the standard, and may cause a miss by over-shooting, although the correct range be given and the sights correctly set.

The object of a fort or a battle-ship is to carry and protect the guns; the sole object of the gun is to hit. Any device, therefore, which aids in increasing the number of hits in a given time cannot be too highly valued.

An order for several thousand of the illuminating attachments, called "Tracers," for sub-calibre target practice with the coast-defence guns has been placed with Mr. Semple, and it is expected that not only will the excellence of the night work be improved, but considerable interest added to target practice.



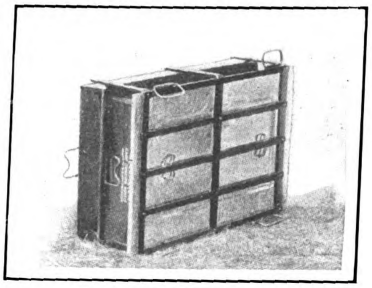
The "Torch" Shell in actual Warfare

This picture represents a torpedo-boat trying to blow up battle-ships in the night-time. She has been located by a search-light from one battle-ship, whose gunners have just caught the range with the "torch" shells

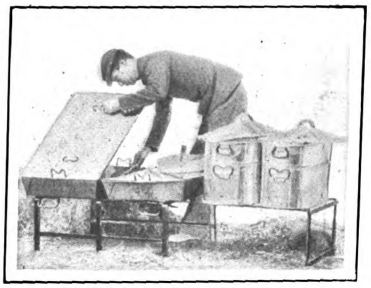
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Our American Soldier and His Food

By J. E. Jenks



Complete Cooking Outfit, containing 35 Utensils, used by our Soldiers



The Cooking Apparatus in Use in the Field

WHEN the militiaman joins the regular soldier as an ally of the national defenders, as he may do under recent legislation, he will find provided for him a system of subsistence intricate enough in its variety and bounty to meet all the conditions of military service. He need no longer depend upon the uncertainties of the forage, as did so often his predecessor of the civil war, and he will be so much better fed than his fellow of the foreign armies that he can appreciate why the officers of the European commands of the allied forces in China on that memorable march to Peking were anxious to buy the American army ration of our subsistence officers and satisfy the cravings of soldierly hunger.

The militiaman, along with the regular, will go into the field when the call for action comes unhampered by any burden of food, save that bountiful repast of indigestibles with which he is certain to be laden when he leaves home. He may, if he choose, save from his camp meals or from the contributions of sympathetic citizens such food as he wishes to carry on his person, but on the ordinary march and in camp his haversack, the successor of the cumbersome knapsack, need contain no food, for his ration on the road will be transported by one of the numerous means of transportation. Difficulties of travel, however, such as were encountered by our soldiers in Cuba should be taken into account.

The soldier of the civil war usually had a hard time of it. He was frequently forced to carry his own food, and was lucky when he did not find himself on a ten-day march with only a four-day supply. In those days and even since the trooper found fat bacon and the succulent baked bean his staple articles when there was the opportunity of cooking them. If any article of food is a national characteristic of our army it is the bean, which is so popular that no military meal in the field or in camp is considered wholly complete without it. The soldier of to-day need not regard his gastronomic situation as perilous. He will not find his officers offering ten dollars for a pitiful cracker, as was sometimes the case in the South in the sixties, and he will not be so hard pressed for food as to be grateful for young alligator tails, as were our soldiers in Florida during the war with the Seminole Indians. Another food on that occasion was a species of cabbage which grew at the top of the palmetto-tree. This preserved the men from starvation, which is not likely to confront the soldier who goes into action nowadays, for he will find the railroad or the wagon-train penetrating into the fastnesses close upon his heels.

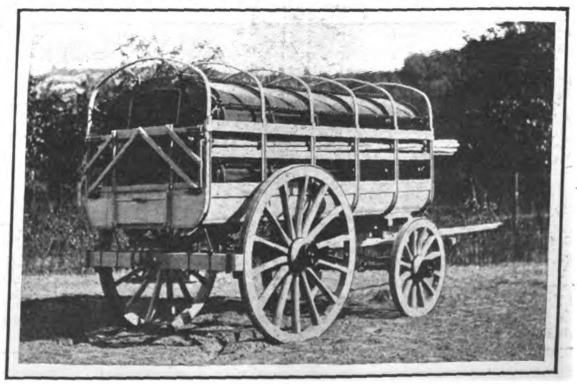
The service on the Western plains has been made comparatively comfortable, now that the troops do not have to depend upon the bull teams, capable of making no more than ten miles a day. Time was when men sallied forth with the prospect of going without, oftener than getting, their dinners, and they were happy with a piece of fat bacon, a hard biscuit, and a tin dish of blackest coffee. They had on those occasions flour fresh from the bag, and were glad of the resultant "flapjack" when they could find enough wood or other fuel on the arid prairie to make a fire. If their bacon gave out, as it sometimes did in the Southern swamps, they ate cooked horse, and it is on record that General Harney's trusty animal served that beneficent office.

The soldier of to-day goes forth with the assurance that he will get his three meals a day served for him, and that he will not be obliged to carry his food except upon the rare occasions of emergency, when he may be required to take not more than five days' rations. At such times he would find awaiting him an "emergency ration," consisting of sixteen ounces of hard bread, ten ounces of bacon, four ounces of pea-meal, two ounces of coffee, roasted and ground, with four grains of saccharin (or one-half ounce of tea with four grains of saccharin), a little salt and pepper, and a half-ounce of tobacco, or a trifle more than thirty-three ounces in all. In the ration package he would find the components separately wrapped, the bacon in tough paraffin paper, the hard bread in grease-proof coverings, and the pea-meal in cylindrical packages, and the other articles in small waterproof packets.



How Water is carried by the British Indian Troops

When the militiaman joins the regular in garrison he may find himself in the company mess, which is the most popular of the forms of army subsistence under peaceful conditions, or he may live in the consolidated mess, where all the troops of the biggest garrison eat in the common mess-hall, where the liquids are measured by gallons and the solids by bushels. The ration in garrison is bountiful and varied; in the company mess in time of peace the regular or his friend of the militia will sit down to a meal as hearty and wholesome as he would find at home. He breakfasts at 6.30 A.M., dines at noon, and has his supper at five or six o'clock. While on the march only two meals are prepared—an early breakfast and an early dinner two or three hours before sunset. In the garrison, as in the field, the ration has been scientifically devised. It takes into account the climatic situation with such variation in the bill of fare as would give him the proper kind of food at the tropical station as well as at a station in Alaska, for the ration is of so elastic a composition as to offer in the meat portion such equivalents as fresh beef, fresh mutton, pork, bacon, salted beef, dried codfish, fresh codfish, pickled mackerel, and canned salmon. He gets his coffee green or roasted, and his tea green or black, with sugar or molasses, or cane syrup, as conditions vary.



Transportable Oven used in the Field by the French Troops

While baked beans is a distinctive dish in our army, there is another home-made article whose use is the result of practical experiments over a kitchen range by General Weston, the present Commissary-General of the Army. General Weston applied himself to inventing a military hash and stew, and he went into the kitchen himself in the effort to obtain the combination. The beef stew is made of selected meats, potatoes, onions, and a sauce prepared from the juice of the meat. The hash is made of meat, potatoes, onions, and the usual condiments. This is the latest development in the army commissariat. During General Weston's research he was wont to call in prominent people, and

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regale them with luncheons of the experimental food. It was found, too, that soldiers in various localities have special cravings —in the tropics it is for sweets and acids. In Cuba the subsistence officers sent barrels of vinegar to the firing lines, broke in the heads, and let the men dip in their cups and help themselves. It is on record that John Jacob Astor, a volunteer staff officer with wealth enough to buy the peach crop of a country, was grateful for a can of peaches; and a common spectacle was that of a man consuming the contents of a can of tomatoes. In the Philippines it has been possible to satisfy the demand for sweets, and no less than 120,000 pounds of candy are shipped yearly to our soldiers in the archipelago. Candy was also sent to the troops in China, and the 1800 pounds of the first shipment lasted but two days among the 1200 men. It came a few days before Christmas, and it made the foreign allies wonder at the prodigality of a government. They could understand why General Weston told a foreign military attaché the other day that the latter's country could not afford to feed its soldiers as we did ours, for it would take nearly $500,000 a day to give the largest of European armies the American soldier's ration.

That is why the national militiaman or the regular is better off with his beef hash, baked beans, and candy than the German, and French, for instance, with their fresh bread, or the Russian with his hot soup. The Germans adhere to the fresh-bread principle so tenaciously as to supply bread-baking wagons, which are supposed to keep up with the troops, and furnish them with that article while they are on the march, or even in the enemy's country; while the French have a portable oven which may be taken apart as a convenience in transportation. Our officers do not consider fresh bread indispensable, and it has been found that the hard bread is quite as nutritious, and is at hand when it is wanted by the hungry trooper.



Portable Soup-cart used by Russian Troops in the Field

The soldier in the field has furnished an alluring and lucrative market for the concocter of concentrated foods. There are innumerable concentrated soup and meat extracts, the latter now being in the form of capsules. The patent ration used by us in the Philippines is put up in oblong tin cans, opened with a key. The contents are supposed to include pea-meal, cracker-dust, bacon fat, and with seasoning. It is always interesting to know what the soldier gets in the way of "extras." In some armies he gets nothing, and in our own country tobacco may be considered the only luxury, aside from candy. He will never get his "grog" again. In England a gill of rum may be issued on the order of the doctor. The Germans have tobacco, and in an enemy's country the ration is increased by the issue of spirits. In the Hungarian army the ration includes brandy, tobacco, and sometimes cigars. Although tea is the national beverage in Russia it is not a part of the official ration, but is purchased by the soldiers themselves. In Holland the war ration includes, under special circumstances, a half-liter of gin. The Belgian soldier is one of the few soldiers in the world who gets butter in his ration. The Japanese soldier receives spiced vegetables and tea, and in hot weather during the war with China hard flour biscuit was substituted for the rice which is the principal portion of the Jap's ration. It is to this extent that the soldiers of the various armies are allowed "extras" as a means of contributing to their contentment in active service.

That army has the best fighters which gives its soldiers the best food. Military strategy is akin to military subsistence. Victory in arms may be said to depend upon the satisfactory employment of the digestive organs, and the alimentary canal is intimately related to heroism. Our army is the best in the world for its size, because its soldiers are the best fed.

Snap Shots of the Balkan Insurgents

THE bands of insurgent natives who are in continual revolt against the Turks in Macedonia make their homes in the mountain fastnesses of the country, where they are comparatively secure against attack. Their occasional collision with armed forces of the Turks result in conflicts which usually end disastrously for the insurrectionists.

The accompanying photographs were taken by our special correspondent in the Balkans under many difficulties and with great risk to his life, as the revolutionaries fiercely resent the intrusion of strangers into their mountain territory. The photograph to the left shows the insurgents taking their ease in their retreat in the hills; they are cooking a meal over a fire of twigs and boughs, and discussing their plan of campaign for a coming raid. The right-hand picture represents them after they have been warned of the approach of a division of Turkish troops who are pursuing them. They have got their camp in marching order, and are preparing to move to some retreat where they will be better protected from assault.

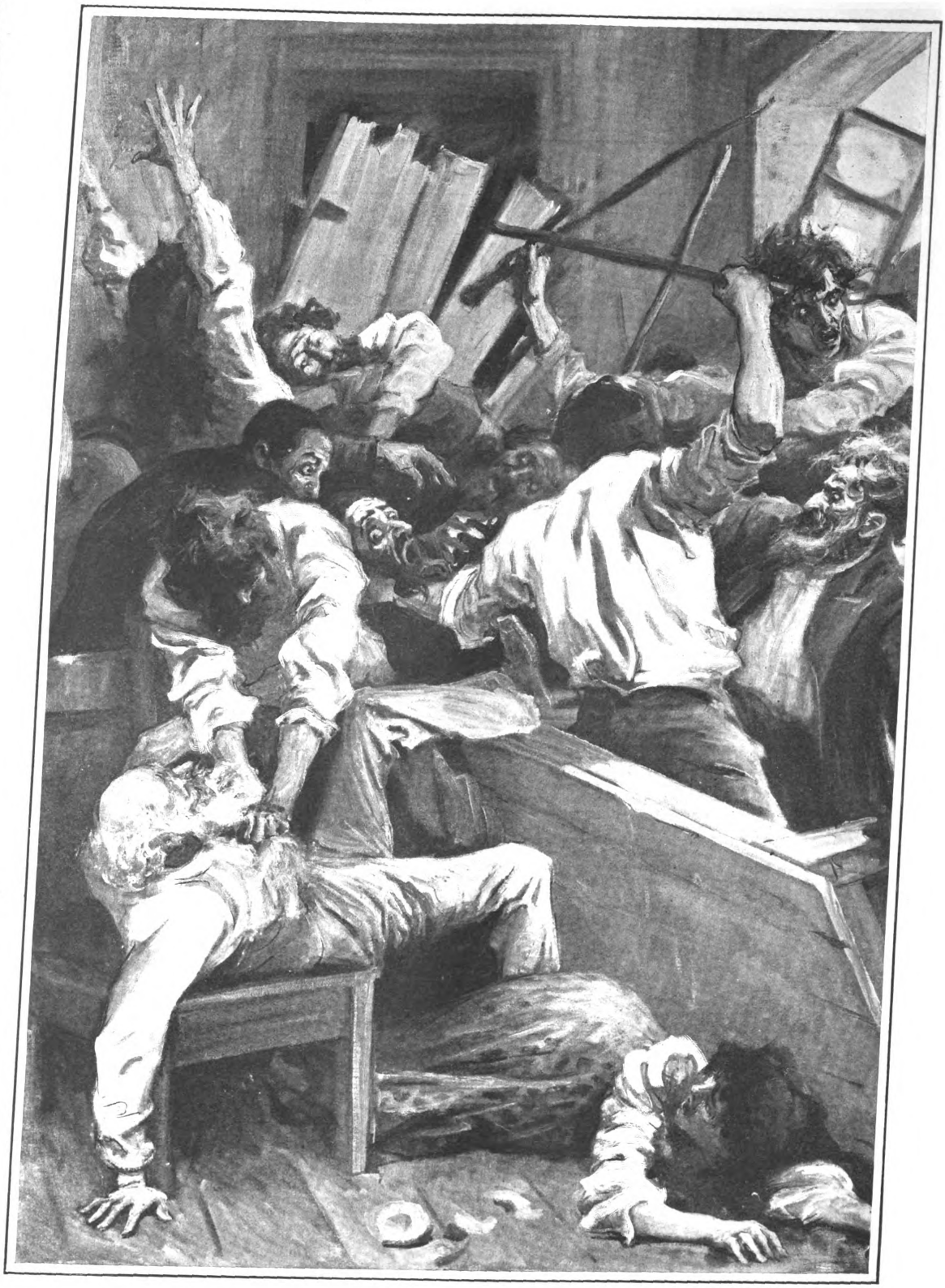


Balkan Insurgents preparing a Meal in their Mountain Retreat



Breaking Camp after being Warned of the Approach of Turkish Troops

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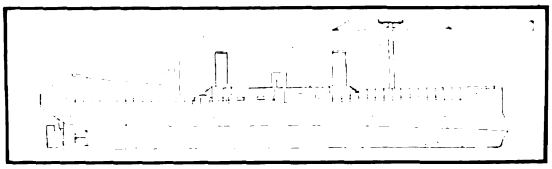


Drawn by Sigismond Ivanowski

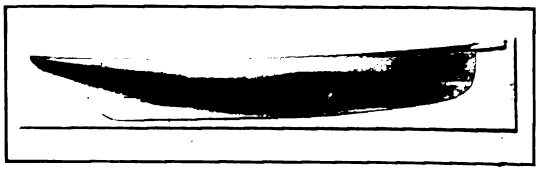
THE JEWISH MASSACRES IN RUSSIA

This drawing was made from a detailed description furnished by our correspondent in Bessarabia, the scene of the recent Jewish atrocities. A family of Jews living near Kishineff barricaded themselves in their home during the massacre, but the house was broken into by an infuriated mob, and they were overpowered after a courageous resistance. This is but one of many similar outrages perpetrated against the Russian Jews in this district

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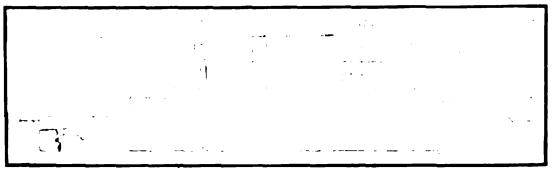


"*Inflexible*"

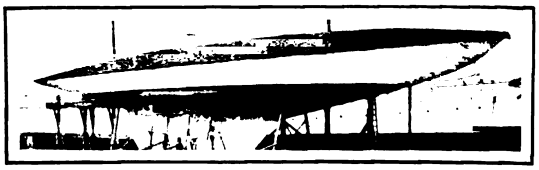


"*Puritan*"

Models of hulls of ironclad "Inflexible" and old cup-defender "Puritan," showing similarity of square-cut bows and sterns



New "*Maine*"



"*Constitution*"

Comparison of hulls of new "Maine" and cup-defender "Constitution," showing similar development toward undercut hulls at bow and stern of the new-style yachts and battle-ships

Have 90-footers Influenced Naval Vessels?

From the Point of View of the Yacht-Designer

By W. Starling Burgess

IN view of the large amount of energy, time, and money expended on the construction and perfection of the great 90-foot sailing-machines, and of the enthusiasm which yearly creates scores of new and original racing-boats along our coast, it is interesting to trace the applicability of experience gained in yacht-designing to the broader fields of the naval and merchant marines.

Thanks to the lightning strides in power achieved by the marine engine, there has been little difficulty in obtaining advance of speed for all types of steam-vessels from year to year, this advance being bought almost solely at the expense of increased horse-power and not by perfection of model. With the racing-yacht it is different. Comparatively definite limits of sail spread and consequent horse-power for a given length of hull are quickly reached, and greater speed becomes a problem not of greater driving power, but of the form most easily driven while affording the stability necessary to carry the possible sail spread. Thus the yacht has arrived at a subtlety and perfection of design for her own special ends not to be found in either man-of-war or merchant vessel.

The racing-yacht, war-ship, and merchantman share in common the need of a form of least resistance, but each with a different chief attribute: the yacht must possess the power of holding the lofty sail spread against the force of the wind; the war-ship, floating power for her massive armor, armament, and machinery; and the merchantman, floating power coupled with minimum draught of water for her cargo and machinery.

To meet the necessity of excessive stability the racing-boat has developed excesses in three directions—that of great overhangs at bow and stern, heavily weighted keels distinct from and far below the hull proper, and the unusual amount of beam for length and draught of hull.

The war-ship has developed a round fulness of model best calculated to give maximum floating power and a minimum of length and beam. The merchantman, handicapped by draught rather than length, has come to resemble an elongated box girder with ends brought to a more or less blunted point.

Of course such models as war and merchant vessels possess are capable of being driven at ever-increasing speed, provided the penalty is paid of far more rapidly increasing horse-power; but it is when the desirable limits of engine-power are reached that that attention to fineness and nicety of model which cannot be neglected in the sailing-boat will become necessary.

To this end the one distinct development of late years in merchant and war ship design, which, if not directly due to, closely follows the evolution of the racing-yacht, has been the cutting away of the submerged portion of the hull at bow and stern. The war-ship, merchantman, and yacht of thirty years ago possessed alike long straight keels, and met at the bow by nearly plumb stems and at the stern by deep vertical rudder-posts. In the yacht the stem has been revolved until it now meets the water at a very acute angle, the stern lowered, and the rudder-post given a large rake, the straight portion of the keel remaining in many cases but one-third of the water-line length. This change can be seen in the accompanying photographs of the *Puritan*, Cup-defender of 1885, and of the *Constitution*, one of the three trial-boats of this year. A change of like nature, though less marked, may be noticed by comparing the cutting away at bow and stern of the new *Maine*, as compared with the old English ironclad *Inflexible*, in accompanying diagrams.

However, it must not be forgotten that the whole problem of sailing craft differs so greatly from that of steam that direct influence of the one upon the other can seldom be found, but that the constant striving for perfection of the sailing model cannot fail to be of benefit to the entire field of naval architecture.

From the Point of View of the Naval-Constructor

By Naval-Constructor David W. Taylor, U.S.N.

The by-laws of the New York Yacht Club provide that:

"A correct model of every yacht entered for a regatta or other club race shall be deposited with the club and retained in its possession; and no person, other than a United States Naval-Constructor, shall be permitted to copy it unless he shall have obtained written authority from the owner of the yacht."

This antique provision is a relic of the days when the art of the yacht-designer and the war-ship designer were practically identical. In the days of sailing vessels of war, many of which were comparatively small craft, the problems to be encountered by their designers differed from those of the yacht-designer in degree, but not in kind. Hence the provision above cited in the by-laws of the New York Yacht Club allowing naval designers, whether members of the club or not, access to information of material value for their purposes.

The problems of the designers of battle-ships and of racing-yachts are to-day essentially and radically different, and full information concerning all the racing-yachts afloat would be of but little value to the designer of a battle-ship. It is true that in each case the saving of weight is of great importance. A yacht-designer wishes to reduce the weight of his structure in order to be able to increase his sail area and his ballast. The battle-ship designer desires also to save as much weight as possible, but in his case it may be devoted to machinery, coal, guns, or armor. In reducing his weights the designer of the modern racing-machine must leave sufficient strength to carry the enormous sail area and the ballast. The battle-ship designer, on the contrary, must provide strength for seaworthiness,—meaning ability to encounter any sort of weather at sea,—and he must have numerous and strong bulkheads to limit damage to as small a portion of his vessel as possible, so that the battle-ship could stand a number of holes below the water-line without danger of capsizing or going down, whereas the racing-yacht is built with but one compartment, and a hole through her anywhere would send her down like a stone. The battle-ship designer must, moreover, provide strength to carry enormous localized weights of armor, and resist the stresses due to firing the guns.

It might be supposed that when it comes to a question of shape for speed the battle-ship and yacht designers could learn from each other. Here again, however, the conditions are entirely different. The yacht-designer must provide a boat which, being driven by sail, is dependent for its driving power upon the fickle breezes. Moreover, he has a boat, say, 90 feet long upon the water-line, and displacing at the most a very few hundred tons. Our present first-class battle-ships are 450 feet long, and displace 16,000 tons and more. With a modern experimental model basin the battle-ship designer is upon sure ground when considering the question of speed. By making models of alternative designs of ships he can determine positively the power required for his boat, and if he provides this power he is certain to obtain the desired definite speed. For the yacht-designer, on the contrary, the model basin is of little value. He could ascertain from it the power necessary to drive his boat upon an even keel in smooth water, but as his boat is very seldom sailing under those conditions, this information is of comparatively little value to him. Of three yachts one may be inferior in a smooth sea and light breeze; the second, in a smooth sea and strong breeze; and the third, in a strong breeze and rough sea. To sum up, the yacht-designer and the battle-ship designer of to-day encounter but few similar problems. The conditions present affecting the solution of these few similar problems are so different in the two cases that the solutions of the yacht-designer are of little or no direct assistance to the battle-ship designer, and *vice versa*.

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IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD

THE BUSINESS WOMAN

BY THEODORA WADSWORTH-BAKER

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT OF THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK



Theodora Wadsworth-Baker

IDEALS may be briefly defined as our mental conceptions of perfect characters. Every woman's ideals are derived partly from her environment and partly from her own mind and heart. Given a woman with certain mental and emotional qualities, and she will develop different ideals under different environments. If she is brought up among the Four Hundred she will develop the ideals of a society woman. If she becomes a college graduate she will develop ideals in which learning will predominate. The woman who devotes herself to music, painting, or art in any form is likely to develop ideals which will consist largely of a devotion to art for art's sake.

In all such groups the girl who is just entering upon life finds that there are ideals which are conventional. She is expected to accept them. By so doing she arouses no criticism of herself or her ideals. She finds herself criticised when she refuses to conform to the conventional standards of the group which she has joined, and particularly if she adopts ideals which are different from the conventional ideals. Her fellow-women condemn her then as the Jewish prophets condemned the Jews who followed after strange gods. Few women have the moral courage to advocate a change of ideals for the group to which they belong. The majority are satisfied to follow well-worn paths. Yet the women who have such moral courage are doing the noblest work which it is possible for any women to do. Women are by nature idealists. They believe in an absolute standard of right. Their greatest contribution to civilization has been their constant insistence, in all ages, upon a high standard of living by all who sought their good-will and approval. Men are by nature politic—that is, they seek ends—practical ends—and more or less regardless of the means necessary to attain them. Women, however, are more loath to seek even the most worthy objects by means which they regard as questionable. By practical ends men usually mean profits. Naturally observing and critical, women see defects, and how things ought to be to secure the happiness of those about them. They idealize, and if their ideas were carried out in business, it would more often increase the expense account than the profits. The difference between men and women is partly a matter of conscience, and that accounts for the well-known fact that women are more faithful to the irksome details of business than men.

The effect of business upon women is partly bad and partly good. It is bad in that it tends to lower their ideals. The business woman is brought so constantly into contact with ideas utterly different from what she has been acquainted with, and in such a way that at first she is regarded by her employer, and must regard herself, as a beginner,—a tyro in business. At such a time she is tempted to adopt the ideals and methods which have satisfied men, and to aim no higher. It is a lamentable fact that many women in business do not resist this tendency.

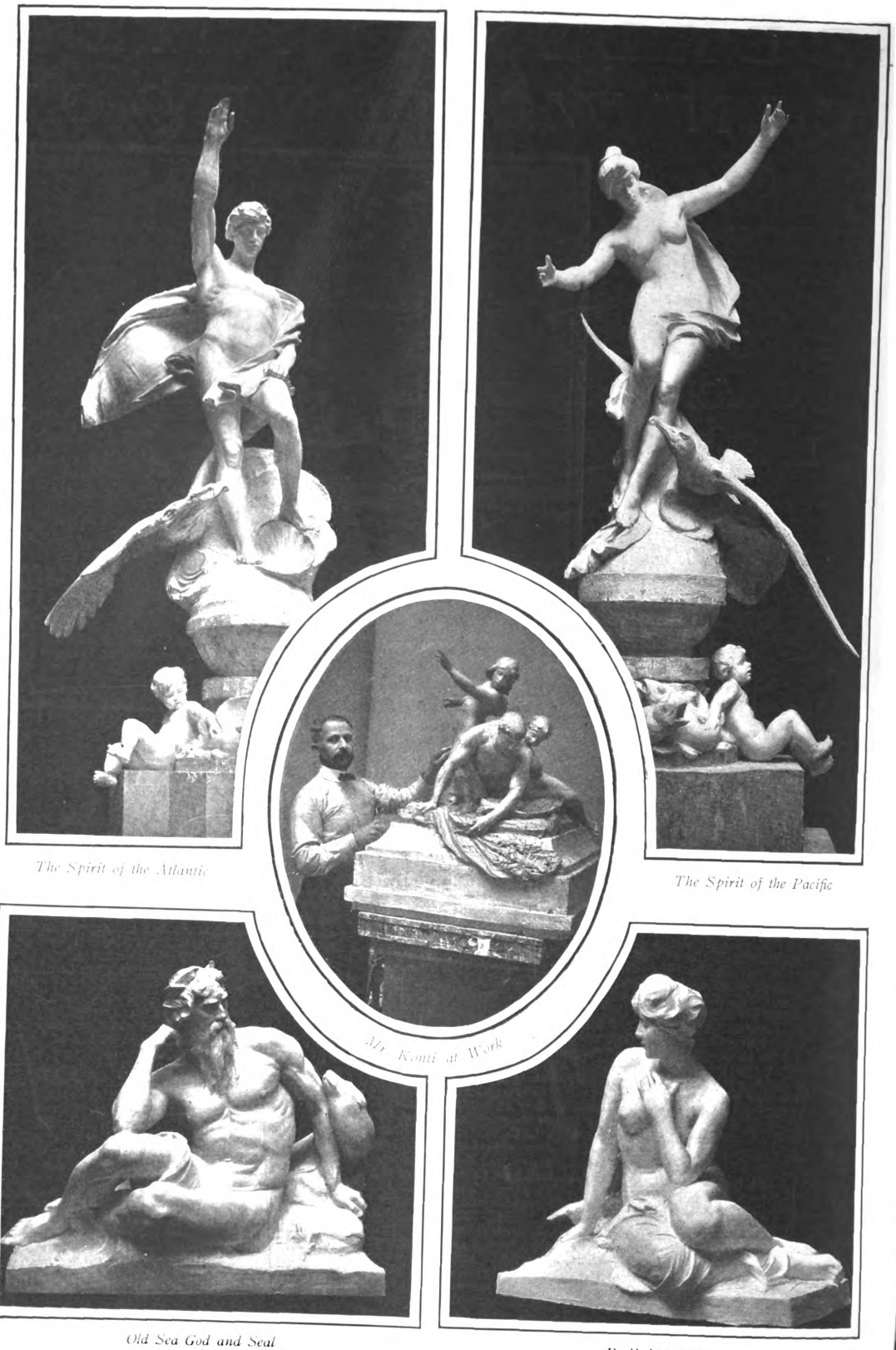
The bad effects of business upon character have been so often dwelt upon by others that it is needless to more than refer to them here. It is generally believed that business tends to make a woman coarse and to rob her of those distinctively feminine characteristics which have constituted her chief charms in society. I believe there is such a tendency, but I think business tends to have the same effect upon men. This tendency can be resisted successfully by giving a little attention to the matter, and it will not produce any serious results when it is offset by a proper environment at home and in society.

The good effect of business upon women is well worth considering. Experience in business broadens a woman's mind and makes her views more practical. It tends to keep her from becoming visionary. It clips the wings of her imagination, so to speak, and compels her to walk upon the earth. She is not so likely to develop ideals which are fanciful and impossible of realization. It may rob her of some of her romance, but the experience which is substituted for it is far more valuable. She will be less of a dreamer, and more of a thinker. Her thinking, too, will be much more to the point, and the plans she formulates can be more easily put into operation.

A business woman's ideals should be distinctively feminine. She should resist the tendency of business to crush out of her the finer instincts of her nature and transform her into a mere cog in some great industrial wheel. Her tact should not be left at home, but used as much in the office as in the drawing-room to make things run smoothly. She should maintain as high a standard of personal conduct as she would in her own home or the ball-room. Her relations with men will be most circumspect. Their attentions will not be encouraged overmuch, or regarded as forerunners of propositions of marriage. While faithful to every detail of her work, the petty things should not be allowed to absorb her attention wholly, but she should try to take a broad view of the relation of her work to that of others around her—that is, she should try to see herself in a true perspective. Her dress will be modest, her speech and conduct unassuming. In short, she will not be "dashing," but at all times a perfect lady. By that I do not mean, of course, what some would understand by the term—merely a woman well versed in the rules of etiquette and social customs—but a woman whose mind and heart are refined and cultured, and who wishes to say and do at all times that which, under the circumstances, is most appropriate and most helpful.

If she will manifest in business the same refinement and nobility of character which she would have to possess to succeed in society, she will find that she will be appreciated just as fully. There will be plenty of demands upon her sympathy, and if she responds to these nobly, she will obtain a heart-culture which most of her fellow-women never secure. She will find plenty of things that need reforming, and all her womanly instincts for making better the conditions of life around her can be exercised to their fullest limit. If she has the physical, mental, and moral power to enter largely and enthusiastically into a business life, she will succeed in making a place for herself correspondingly large in the hearts of her fellows.

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The Spirit of the Atlantic

The Spirit of the Pacific

Mr. Konti at Work

Old Sea God and Seal

Reclining Girl

MR. ISIDORE KONTI AND HIS DECORATIVE WORK FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR

Mr. Konti is executing the largest commission awarded to any single sculptor for decorative work at the St. Louis Exposition The accompanying illustrations show some of the principal figures in his designs symbolizing the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans

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NEVADA

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE MODERN 49'ERS

EARLY discoveries in Nevada gave the people of the world an insight, to a very limited degree, into the great mineral wealth of the State. The decline in the price of silver, the principal product of her earlier mines, and the vast areas of desert served to lock for a long period the State's further wealth, and to keep it still an undiscovered country. The accidental stumbling upon Tonopah and the awakening realization of the true conditions have opened up a new mining era of which the camp at the base of Mt. Oddie is the starting post.

The true story of Tonopah is little known. The popular tale is of a single remarkable discovery, and this tale never gets away from the original location, commonly known as the Mizpah mine.

Directly opposed to this idea, the characteristic features of Tonopah as a camp is, the extent of the mineral zone; the fact that in its outlying sections, such as Ray and Gold Mountain, the former twelve miles and the latter five miles away, are discoveries which would of themselves make famous camps; and the clear indication that it will produce more individual mine successes than any camp the country has yet known.

The situation of Tonopah is near the summit of the San Antone range of mountains, at an elevation of about 6500 feet, sixty miles east and a little to the south of Sodaville, a station upon the Carson and Colorado Railroad, one of the lines of the Southern Pacific system. The location of the camp is in the depression between Mt. Oddie, a prominent peak on the north, the Butler Mountains, a series of peaks on the south, and Mt. Brougher on the west. These names have been given since the founding of the camp.

Tonopah was originally discovered by James L. Butler in May, 1900, his samples being taken from ledges which crop to the surface on the southwestern slope of Mt. Oddie. The trend of these ledges is practically east and west, with a dip toward the north.

Except in the case of these croppings in the original discovery, supposedly laid bare by erosion, the mineral ledges appear to be covered by a porphyry capping, known about Tonopah as the lode porphyry, with an overlying formation of blue porphyry, volcanic ash, and mud, in successive layers according to the depth of the ledges below the surface. The development of the camp indicates a complete gridiron of these ledges, their extent being as yet undetermined. The existence of the ledges, with their porphyry capping, has been determined from a point to the east of Mt. Oddie in a westerly direction for 6500 feet to and beyond Mt. Brougher, and for 5000 feet north and south. The porphyry capping has been encountered even outside these limits.

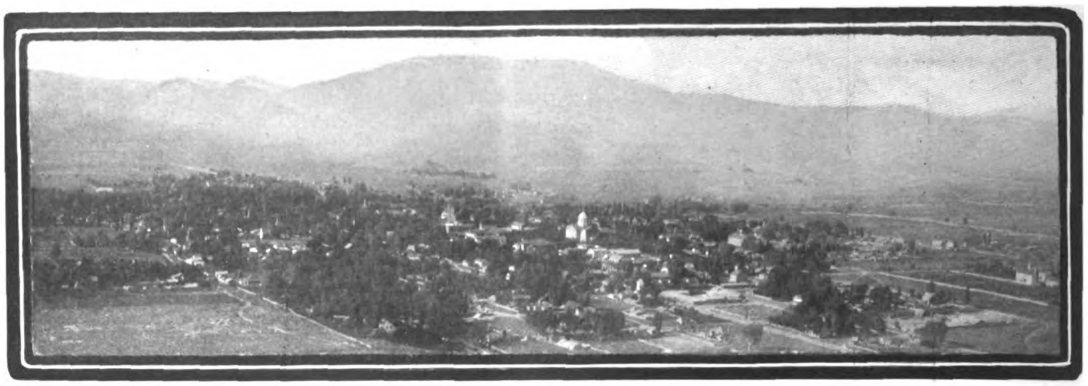
The discovery by Butler was the outcome of a prospecting tour which had its beginning at Belmont, Nevada. Here, Butler, who was a rancher living in Monitor Valley, outfitted in May, 1900, and started for the San Antone range. He had long been impressed with the appearance of these mountains, and prior to his departure he confided to his friend T. L. Oddie, a young lawyer and mining man of Belmont, his belief that they contained rich mineral deposits. At the end of a long day's march Butler, with his pack-train of six burros, camped at a spring called by the Indians "Tonopah," a Shoshone word meaning "water near the surface." While prospecting next day, four miles from his camp, Butler discovered a number of black croppings heavy with mineral, so much so, in fact, that he had little faith in their value. He, however, took samples and passed on to South Klondike, a small mining camp to the southward. Here Butler showed his samples to an assayer named Higgs, offering him an interest in the find in lieu of a fee for assaying, Butler's lack of ready money preventing him dealing otherwise. Higgs, after examining the samples, threw them out of his window as worthless. Later, on his way back to Belmont, Butler procured more samples and turned these over to Oddie and Wilson Brougher. Mr. Oddie sent a portion of the rock to an assayer at Austin, Nevada, who reported that it showed over 1600 ounces in silver and a heavy proportion of gold. Later the Klondike assayer, hearing of the strike, hunted up his discarded samples and found that they ran 100 ounces in gold and equally as rich in silver as those tested at Austin.

Upon the receipt of this news Butler and his wife outfitted a burro train and started to locate the ground. Oddie and Brougher were taken in as partners, and an interest was also given the



Hon. John Sparks
Governor of Nevada

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Carson, Nevada's Capital City

two assayers. The Butlers spent several days in the section, setting up monuments with ore that afterward proved valuable enough to ship away. Butler first located the Desert Queen in his own name, then the Burro in the name of Oddie, after which Mrs. Butler located the Mizpah, and Butler the Valley View, Silver Top, and Buckboard. Upon their return to Belmont, Butler, Oddie, and Brougher outfitted a team and started out to work the property, the trio's total capital of ready money being but twenty-five dollars.

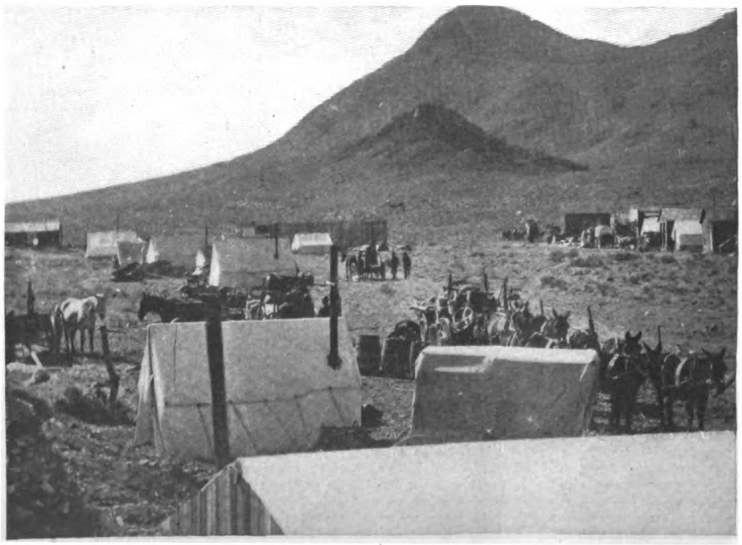
The three arrived in camp in October, 1900, and bunked on the ground, in the open air. There was no feed for the horses, so they were turned out, hobbled, to get what sustenance they could from the scanty bunch grass in the vicinity. Every second day it was necessary for one of the party to travel to the springs, four miles away, for water. The first shaft was sunk on the Mizpah claim by Brougher and Oddie, the hole being fifteen feet deep before a windlass could be secured. The principal articles of diet were beans and bacon. There was no wood for fuel, and Oddie, who generally performed the duties of cook, was obliged to mount from the shaft at very frequent intervals to feed the fire under the bean-pot with the quick-burning sage-brush.

Two loads of sorted ore were finally gotten out by the three men and taken to Belmont. A man was then hired to carry it 100 miles farther, to the railroad. From these two loads, weighing about two tons, $600 was realized. This was the first return from the mine, and with the proceeds two miners were hired and a better equipment of tools secured.

In November, the news reached the outside that a rich strike had been made at Tonopah, the name given by Butler to the camp. During the fall and winter a number of men were attracted to the camp, and the original owners began letting leases along the ledges. The first leases were for 200 feet in length and 25 feet on either side the ledge, but this was finally cut to 100 feet. All leases paid to the owners a royalty of twenty-five per cent. Early in 1901 the first rush into the camp began. There was a big demand for leases, and the leasers were of all professions. The work of looking after these leases devolved upon Oddie, who was recognized as the business man of the combination. A total of 120 leases was made by Butler, all of them without a scrap of writing, although there were as high as thirty partners to a single lease. The trials of Oddie in handling the disputes, differences, and complications arising from this leasing system, to say nothing of a necessary watchfulness to protect royalties, has stamped him as a first-class diplomat and financier. In addition, Oddie carried a large number of the leasers along at a time when it was hard sledding with a majority of them. Practically none of them had money, but loans were made by Oddie, purely upon his faith in their honesty and in the resources of the ground they were working. It was a matter of pride with the original locaters, and particularly with Oddie, that no man should be obliged to leave the camp without a fair show to make a stake, and a matter of a few hundred dollars was not allowed to stand in the way.

In June, 1901, the property originally located was sold to Philadelphia capitalists for $336,000, a part of the purchase price being taken in stock in the new company, known as the Tonopah Mining Company of Nevada. It was insisted by Butler that the leases should be allowed to continue until January 1, 1902, but the twenty-five per cent. royalty went to the new company from the time of the sale in June. In the fall of 1901, the leasers began to make rich strikes, and men were crowded into the holes as thickly as they could work. In all, the leasers took between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000 out of the mine. They actually paid the new company between the time of the sale and the time it took possession more than it paid for the property.

With the expiration of the leases systematic work toward the development of the mine began. Oddie was appointed general manager, and Fred J. Siebert, who came into the camp in November, 1901, superintendent and chief engineer. Siebert's work on the mine will compare with any piece of mining engineering in the country, if not in the world. His skilful planning has been highly complimented by John Hays Hammond, who, upon becoming consulting engineer for the company, advised the retention of Mr. Siebert's services. Under Siebert permanent and systematic development began in January, 1902. The construction of a stone-engine and shaft-house was begun, and a big system laid out which will operate the mine for years to come. In thirteen months three shafts were sunk, the main, or Siebert shaft, to a depth of 750 feet, and the Valley View and Desert Queen to about 700 feet. These shafts are all connected by workings at present somewhat over a mile in extent, the principal tunnels being on the 300-foot level. The formation obviates the necessity of timbering, and no water has been encountered. The ventilation is perfect, and the tunnels, started from three different points and run in sinuous courses, come together without a flaw or a break. Wires are being run for a complete electric-lighting outfit. In running the tunnels vast bodies of ore have been opened up, averaging over $100 a ton in value, and in sinking to lower levels the veins have, if anything, grown richer. It is simply beyond the range of possibility to make anything like an adequate estimate of the wealth of the mine. It can only be said that the Mizpah or original Tonopah group has, in the two years and a half of its existence, produced, in ore shipped and now on the dumps, over $7,000,000, being some $2,000,000 more than the entire Cripple Creek district produced in five years, or the Comstock produced in seven years. The mine is shipping to-



Tonopah, on January 1, 1901

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day more than $100,000 a month in ore that runs better than $100 to the ton, and this ore is obtained solely from the work of running tunnels and sinking shafts, for, since January 1, 1902, the entire work has been merely to develop the extent and character of the property. No stoping has been done, and no attempt has been made to take out ore for the sake of the ore itself. Beyond the original $25 put up by Butler, Oddie, and Brougher, not a dollar has been put into the mine that has not first been taken out of it. There is every reason to believe that a number of other properties in the vicinity will prove of equal or greater wealth when as fully developed. In fact, one or two of these properties have to-day a better showing than did the Mizpah at an equal stage of development.

The story of the development of the camp, and the constant extension of the proven ground, is one of marked import. During the operations under the leases interest wholly centred in the main group of claims, and little or no attempt was made to prove the extension of the ledges. It was, in fact, accepted as conclusive that the entire mineral deposit was included in the immediate vicinity of the original location.

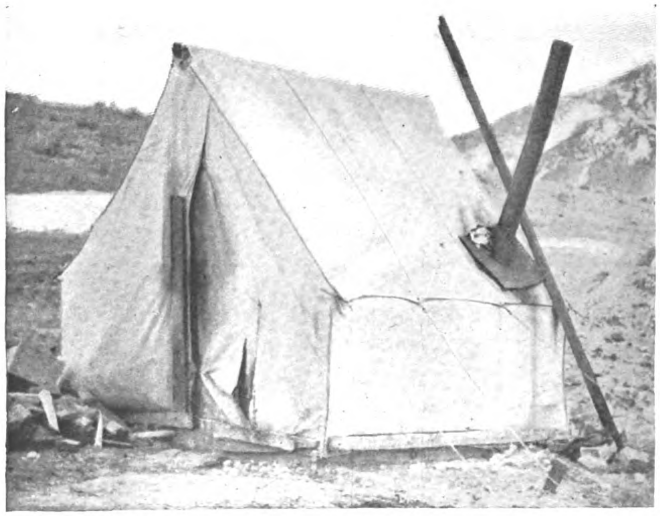
Up to the conclusion of the leases there had not been a single strike, except in the property immediately adjacent to the first location.

Early in 1902 Uri B. Curtis secured possession of several claims situated across the gulch in which the town had been located, and known as the Fraction property. Curtis believed the ledges extended across the gulch and began sinking a shaft in the town itself. He had previously been engaged in sinking oil wells in California, and for a long time after he began work "Curtis's well" and "Curtis's folly" were bywords in the camp. Curtis, however, kept pluckily at work, and on April 22, 1902, at a depth of 320 feet, struck a fine body of mineral in a clearly-defined fissure.

This discovery marked a new epoch in the camp's history. It showed the existence of ledges outside the original location, and started the development of the district in all directions. There began to be a better understanding of the ledge formation, with its capping, and a realization of the fact that in most instances it would be necessary to sink to a considerable depth before encountering ore. Bearing out this idea, strikes were successively made to the east of Mt. Oddie at a depth of 400 feet on August 26, 1902, in Montana-Tonopah, to the north of the Mizpah group, at 352 feet, on December 10, 1902, and to the south of the Fraction property at 158 feet, about December 25, 1902. Since then strikes extending the area of proven ground have been of constant occurrence, one having been recorded in the Molly shaft, some 2500 feet to the southeast of the Mizpah, as late as March 16 of the present year, this being closely followed by the bonanza strike in the Belmont property.

The successful progress of the past year certainly stamps Tonopah as one of the great mineral belts of the world.

The development nearest to and most closely allied with the original company is that taking place in the Belmont group. This includes the Belmont, located in 1901, the Silver State, Occidental, and Favorite, located by Oddie, covering the peak and practically the entire eastern half of Mt. Oddie. The group covers an area directly in line with the extension of the Mizpah, Burro, and Silver Top ledges, this extension being proven, first in the Desert Queen shaft, again by a strike 3000 feet eastward from the Desert Queen, and now by the great strike in the Belmont. The Belmont uses as its main shaft the shaft of the Desert Queen by contract with the Tonopah Company, and also has a shaft on the Belmont claim, over 300 feet in depth, now being timbered, and will be fully equipped with complete hoisting apparatus. The middle of the last month, while cross-cutting on the 614-foot level, an immense body of ore was struck running from $300 to $500 per ton. This strike is one of vast importance, as it proves the existence of great veins under Mt. Oddie, of which the Belmont strike is simply a forerunner. To the east of the great Belmont lies the Mizpah Extension Company's property, in which a big ledge of $30 ore was encountered at a depth of about 400 feet, and at 600 feet in the same shaft a rich strike was made of ore running very high in gold. Adjoining the Mizpah Extension



Tonopah's first Habitation

Company lies the great property of the Tonopah-Albemarle Gold Mining Company, upon the trend of the big ledges to the east and north, and on which extensive operations have recently begun, and development is proceeding rapidly. It is confidently believed, from present indications and the location of the property, that it will prove exceedingly rich in ore of as high a grade as produced by its great rivals on the west and south.

The northern and western slopes of Mt. Oddie are occupied by the five claims and tunnel sites of the North Star group. These are the Ivanpah, Elaine, Pyramid, Fraction, Cross Cut, and Cross Cut Extension, all located in 1901. The seventy acres included in the North Star are bounded on the south by the Belmont and Mizpah groups, and on the west by the Montana-Tonopah. A double-compartment shaft is being sunk on the Ivanpah claim which adjoins the Mizpah, and this shaft is now at a depth of 650 feet. It has recently added to its equipment by the purchase of a 60-horse-power hoist. The property is owned by men who have made their money in the camp, and is an example of the confidence Tonopah men have in the resources of the district. The dump of the shaft is far up on the mountain side above any other workings, and the company expects to go at least 700 feet deep before striking the lode porphyry. It has spent some $40,000 in its workings thus far. Its shaft, however, is directly on the strike of several ledges opened up in Montana-Tonopah. These ledges have been proven to go under Mt. Oddie, having been struck on the other side. It is a general belief in the camp that a very rich body of ore lies under this peak, and if this belief is proven to be well founded, the North Star property will be one of the richest in the entire section. The tunnel site is on the north side of the property, and a tunnel has been opened 600 feet toward a connection with the shaft.

Reference to the Montana-Tonopah calls attention to this group in which the development has been carried farther than any other in the district, excepting only the Mizpah. Montana-Tonopah joins the Mizpah directly on the north, and includes the Lucky Jim, Jack Rabbit, and White Elephant as its principal claims. This group has made a showing even greater than the Mizpah at the same stage of development. A shaft on the Lucky Jim, now at a depth of 650 feet, with several cross-cuts, has cut five distinct ledges varying from four to twelve feet in width. The ledges all assay in high figures, a sampling of the second ledge across its entire width giving an average of $350 per ton. With a double-compartment shaft and complete hoisting-plant the Montana-Tonopah is carrying on a thorough development, following a plan



Twenty-Mule Team used for hauling Lumber into and Ore out of Tonopah

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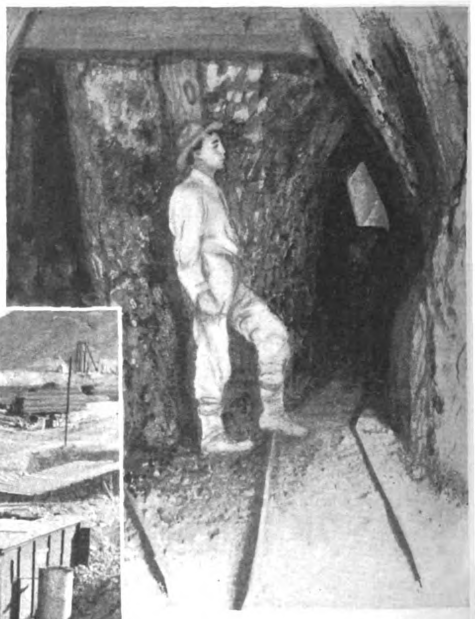
Bird's-eye View of the new Mining District

similar to that used in developing the Desert Queen. In the Desert Queen the shaft was sunk 420 feet before encountering ore, cutting through three distinct formations. In the Rescue the first formation struck was identical with the second formation in the Desert Queen, the blue porphyry of the latter having been eliminated in the Rescue through erosion. The Rescue is some 100 feet lower than the Desert Queen. Following the gray porphyry, which is the second formation in the Desert Queen, the Rescue shaft runs into a like formation as has been encountered in the Desert Queen and other shafts immediately above and capping the mineral-bearing quartz. Stringers of quartz and black manganese have already begun to show in the bottom of the shaft.

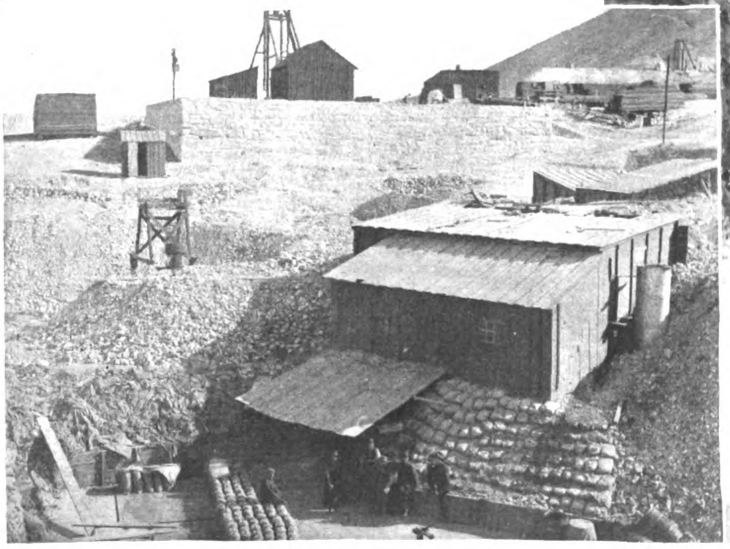
The Midway property, lying at an angle formed by the Tonopah and Montana-Tonopah properties, includes the Midway, Bullwhacker, and Campfire claims, originally located by Oddie and Brougher, and sold to the Midway Mining Company. The Midway has a double-compartment shaft sunk to a depth of 275 feet, equipped with a 25-horse-power steam-hoist. Development was started October 15, 1902, and blue porphyry struck at a depth of 100 feet. Stringers of quartz have been encountered which assay well. The property is directly on the line of the strikes in Montana-Tonopah.

East of the Belmont the development of the district has been undertaken in the Halifax group of which Senator Kearns of Utah, and David Keith, of Salt Lake, are principal owners. The claims are Halifax Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, located November 20, 1901, by G. E. Bradley. The property is on a line with the Burro and Valley View ledges, and a strike to the north has proven the extension of these ledges beyond Mt. Oddie. The Halifax has an unusually fine equipment, including a steam-hoist with a 50-horse-power engine and a 70-horse-power boiler. The shaft, a two-compartment affair, is now at a depth of 375 feet, and it is the plan to go to 500 feet before cross-cutting, unless the formation should warrant such operation at an earlier stage. Croppings on this property assayed from $5 to $9 60 in gold, and $5 20 at the shaft.

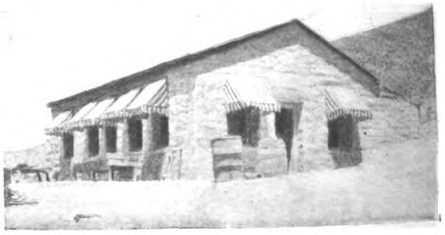
As an illustration of the fact that the extent of the mineral zone of the camp has been undetermined as yet in any direction, the latest recorded strike is in the Molly group to the eastward of any heretofore encountered of the ledges. The Molly group includes twelve claims lying 2500 feet to the southeast of Mt. Oddie, located early in the summer of 1902 by Oddie, Siebert and Donald F. McCarthy, and later sold to Philadelphia parties. The theory of the location was that the ledges lying south of the Desert Queen, Belmont, and Halifax extended eastward through the gap between Mt. Oddie and the Butler Mountains. The property includes an elevation known as the Molly Buttes, conspicuous from the fact that



A Tunnel on the Mizpah Ledge

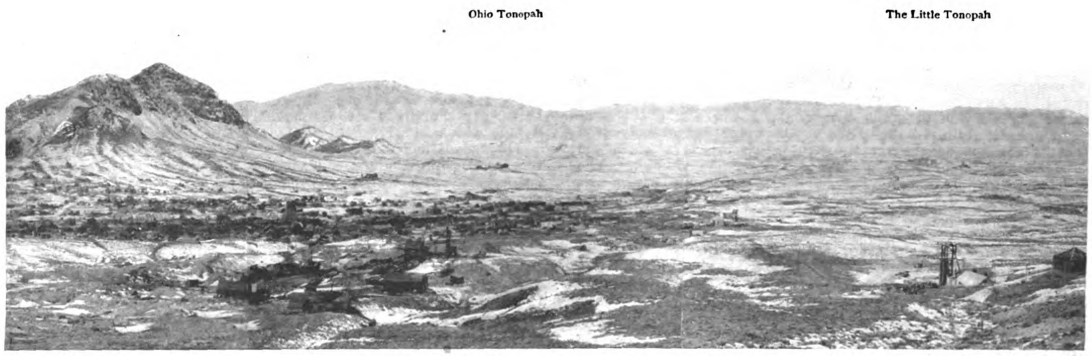


Ore Sorting on the Mizpah Dump



Headquarters at The Mizpah

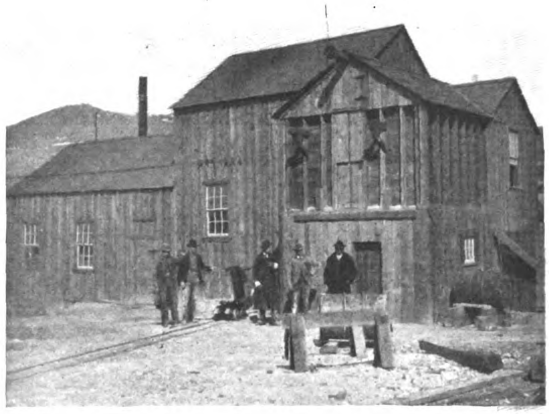
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in the State of Nevada

they are composed exclusively of a silicious material forming the cap rock of the underlying porphyry. Here a double-compartment shaft was sunk, thoroughly timbered and built throughout for permanent use. A temporary hoisting-whim was installed, with the intention of substituting a modern steam-hoist as soon as the shaft had reached a reasonable depth. At something over 125 feet, earlier than was expected, both the lode porphyry and the mineral-bearing quartz were struck. The company will now cross-cut to determine the extent of the ledge and the existence of parallel ledges.

An interesting feature of the camp is a dyke running



The Wedekind Mine

in a westerly direction from the Molly group, known as Crown Point Reef. At the eastern end of this dyke a strike has been made of a horizontal stratum of quartz and porphyry from sixteen inches to eighteen inches thick, carrying high values in spots, lending weight to the theory that the dyke is the source of an extensive and deep-seated ore body. Three groups of claims were originally located on this dyke by Donald F. McCarthy, including the Molly group, and he has retained the central, or what he has termed the Crown Point group, of seven claims, intending during the early summer to



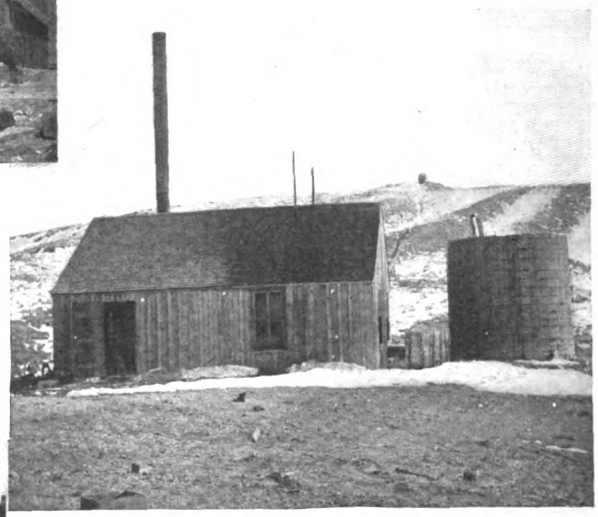
Crown Point Reef, and its First Workings

carry out extensive development work in line with the theory concerning the dyke.

In line with the Montana-Tonopah strikes to the westward strong showing has been made in the Golden Anchor property, consisting of Golden Anchor, Triplet, and Black Mascot claims. The Golden Anchor was located in October, 1900, in the very earliest days of the camp, and adjoins to the northwest the Sand Grass and Red Plume claims of the Tonopah Mining Company. The surface showings consist of three well-defined leads, traced through the property. Numerous open cuts and pits have been made for prospecting purposes. The working shaft is well-timbered throughout, and has been sunk to a depth of 200 feet. It has cut two well-defined leads, nine feet in width and carrying values in both gold and silver. Cross-cuts will be run later to intersect these veins at depth. The bottom of the shaft is now in mineral-bearing porphyry identical with that encountered in the Montana-Tonopah. A 60-horse-power steam-hoist is now being installed.

Just north of the Midway property, 1400 feet north of west from the Tonopah Company's claims and in direct line with the Montana-Tonopah ledges excellent values in both gold and silver have been found on the Tonopah Silver Top property. This claim has a shaft down something over 100 feet, and is pushing its work as rapidly as possible with a whim-hoist. A steam-hoist is soon to be installed. The showing in the shaft is exceedingly flattering, and indicates strongly the striking of the rich Montana-Tonopah ledges.

Farther to the north development is actively going on upon the group known as the Little Tonopah, consisting of twenty-three



Pumping Station which supplies Tonopah with Water

claims and covering 460 acres of ground, beginning within 600 feet of the most westerly claim of the Tonopah Company. A finely timbered double-compartment shaft is being sunk, and has reached a depth of 200 feet, passing through solid porphyry formation highly mineralized. The equipment includes a 12-horse-power engine and hoist.

Extending to the south and westerly from the Fraction property development is going on in line with the theory, already practically demonstrated, that the Gold Hill and adjoining ledges have been diverted to the south by the interposition of Mt. Brougher and pass through the gap between it and the Butler Mountains, both being of a deep-seated basaltic formation. Joining the Frac-

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tion and Gold Hill properties are four claims located by A. J. Crocker, John Salsberry, Cal Brougher, and Leutjens, known as the Tonopah City group. The claims are the Flying Dutchman, Leutjens, Little Tono, and Big Jim Fraction, and they cover a width of 1200 feet in the gap. The Tonopah City has a two-compartment shaft, timbered its entire depth, which has already been sunk 425 feet. A gasoline-hoist, with which the first work was done, is being replaced by a 59-horse-power steam-hoist. The shaft is being sunk on the Flying Dutchman claim at a point where, if they maintain the direction now indicated, the ledges of the Wandering Boy and Gold Hill claims will converge.

On the same line the property of the New York-Tonopah group consists of four full claims abreast, located by Frank J. Davis and John Dopp, and named the Washington, Wyoming, Cape Nome, and 'Frisco. The locations were made December 6, 1901, and development work begun in May, 1902. The shaft is now down to a depth of 575 feet, and at 340 feet went into the lode porphyry, identical with that encountered in the Fraction. The shaft is now in quartz, the ledge being 10 feet wide, but as yet low grade. If the ledges are found, as indicated, the company will have some 2500 running feet in which to work. The shaft is 4×6½ feet in the clear, with a 4×4 hoist and a 4×2½ manway. The equipment includes a 22-horse-power gasoline hoisting-engine.

Between the New York-Tonopah's property and Mt. Brougher lies a group known as the Tonopah Fraction Extension. On this group a 4×4 double-compartment shaft is now at a depth of 115 feet. The nearest shaft of the Fraction Company is within 600 feet of the shaft of the Fraction Extension, and the ledges are directly in line.

Beyond Mt. Brougher, to the north and west, the existence of the ledges has been demonstrated by the Ohio-Tonopah Company, which sunk into the lode porphyry at a depth of 325 feet, and has since passed into the mineral-bearing quartz. The claims of Ohio-Tonopah comprise the California, upon which the shaft is being sunk, the Colorado, Oregon, Arizona, and Utah. The property is in line with the Burro and Mizpah ledges of the Tonopah Company, as they have been indicated thus far. A two-compartment shaft and steam-hoist are in operation.

Two miles to the northwest of the Mizpah lode a group of five claims located by Frank Naughton and John W. Storer are known as the Commodore group. The claims are the Hiu, Troy, and Commodore, and in the 75 feet to which the shaft has already been sunk strong mineralization has been discovered. The shaft is at present being operated by a windlass, which will soon be substituted by a power hoist. Assays taken at the head of the shaft showed $6 in gold and $10 in silver. Later assays showed similar values in gold. These claims have a strong lead pitching toward this ground from the south, and a 10-foot lead, running $10 strong, from the west. It is planned to sink 200 feet, and then cross-cut south. Porphyry thus far encountered has a marked oxydized stain.

This rapid system of development has drawn to Tonopah a population which now numbers over four thousand souls. Among these every profession and craft is represented, and people from every corner of the earth elbow one another on the busy streets. Yet in all this strange mingling of individuals there is a total absence of those characteristics which marked the mining-camp of a generation since. Instead of being "wild and woolly," Tonopah is conservative and orderly, and that too without any decided form of municipal government. The crack of a revolver which so often resounded in the early days of Western mining is an unknown quantity in this community, on the heights of the San Antone range. Violence is an absolute stranger, and in her two years of existence the camp has had but one shooting affray, the victim of that affair being a typical "bad man" who drifted in over the desert, and met his quietus while attempting to develop the gun-fighting industry which had marked the years agone in Western camps.



Head of Main Shaft, Tonopah Union Group

Up to the present time every pound of ore which has been reduced to bullion has been hauled over the sixty miles of desert and shipped to either Salt Lake or San Francisco. Only ore of highest grade could pay the heavy expense, and consequently there are hundreds of thousands of tons now lying on the dumps which in any other camp would be worth millions.

This condition will within a short time be done away with, for plans have been perfected for the construction of reduction works which will handle profitably every ton of ore now in sight.

The question of water was a serious one, which has been completely settled by the discovery of an abundant supply in hidden springs close by the original wells from which Tonopah derived its name.

Early in 1902 the Crystal Water Company was formed for the development of this supply, and on October 28 its pipes carried the first supply to Tonopah's centre. The pumping-station is located close to the original wells, with a capacity of 250,000 gallons per day.

The water is raised to reservoirs ninety feet above the level of the wells, and thence gravitated into camp. Long before the coming summer makes its greatest demands the storage capacity



Hoisting Works at Gold Hill

will equal 100,000 gallons, from which it is easy to figure that Tonopah has water and to spare for even a doubling of her present population. This increase of the water-supply has also solved the question of power, which is an important factor in the camp's development, for, during those times when steam was an impossible quantity, the operation of every piece of machinery had to be carried on by power developed from gasoline engines, the fuel for which became almost worth its weight in the gold it was bringing out of the ground when transportation charges are figured up.

No travel over the deserts of Nevada is pleasant, but the journey to Tonopah has been rendered as comfortable as conditions will permit by the establishing of two well-equipped stage lines between the camp and railway at Sodaville. Each line makes daily runs, and covers the distance of sixty miles in less than eight hours. It will be but a question of a few months when this long stage journey will be eliminated, for a railway line is now under construction over this route, and is estimated will be in operation before next autumn. This will bring Tonopah into direct communication with the outside world by means of the lines of the Southern Pacific system and the Virginia and Truckee Railway. Still another railway is promised running from the south, and is already under survey.

Tonopah can be summed up as not only a mineral phenomenon, but also a model mining-camp.

Hardly a day passes without some new record of the wonderful richness of her mines, and the bonanza days of the Comstock bid fair to be repeated in this Nevada's new Eldorado. Unlike the average mining-camp, the operators about Tonopah do not seek to hide their successes, there being an air of frankness about the whole camp which is refreshing. Jim Butler's famous edict made to the buyers of the original claims, "these leases have got to stick even if there is nary the scratch of a pen to bind them," seems to have set an example for the transaction of all classes of business which but few of Tonopah's people have failed to absorb.

Taking all conditions under consideration Nevada can well be termed a State with a future. The development of her mining industry is certain to give to her millions of wealth, and it is encouraging to notice that her most successful mining men of to-day are using their fortunes to develop some of her boundless resources in the line of agriculture, horticulture, and stock-raising.

Spurred on by the assistance to be rendered by the government under the irrigation law established by the efforts of her junior Senator, Nevada's valleys will bring capital for their development, and her rich acres will furnish homes to thousands whose modesty of capital prevents them becoming land-owners in those centres where values have already risen to exorbitant figures.

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GOLD MOUNTAIN TONOPAH'S SOUTH -ERN OUTPOST



Tom Colehan
A typical prospector and discoverer of the Colehan

IT is one of the best indications of the vast amount of undiscovered mineral wealth in Nevada that whenever a discovery is made further investigation almost invariably brings to light other deposits in the vicinity, of varying richness. As has already been said, there are outlying districts in the Tonopah section, any one of which, had it been discovered before the wonderful Mizpah lode, would have taken an equal place with respect to the interest excited. Particular reference in this connection is made to the Gold Mountain district, nearly five miles south of Tonopah, which has displayed a richness of mineral resource second only to the Butler Camp.

Gold Mountain has its own discoverer and its own unique character. Tom Colehan is the father of the camp, and there is no more interesting personality in the entire district.

Colehan is a typical prospector who, prior to his great find, never possessed a dollar of capital, and whose typical gameness is illustrated by his refusal for his claims of more thousands than he had ever owned dollars, and that, too, when he was in doubt as to whence the next meal was coming. His history is buried under years of prospecting on the desert, though he asserts himself to be an Irish Quaker, saying, in explanation: "We are a peculiar people, known by our strange garb, and habits of silent prayer. You can all see that my dress is peculiar, and no one ever heard me pray."

This rough, uncouth miner, whose wit never fails him, made his discovery through the medium of a pair of ill-fitting boots. He had made a hard day's tramp, suffering from the pangs of new footwear. An empty canteen started him back to camp, and *en route* he stopped to rest. While "cussing" both the boots and his luck he seated himself upon a cropping of rock. During his rest he knocked some pieces from the ledge with his hammer, carrying them to camp. Those bits of rock assayed $168 in gold and $133 in silver, and came from the cropping of what is to-day known as the great Colehan ledge. Prior to this discovery at Gold Mountain by Colehan, C. Runge located a ledge farther up the mountain.

The principal properties of the section include the claims of the Tonopah Gold Mountain group, at the eastern end of the ridge, the Tonopah Union claims adjoining to the west, the Colehan group, and that of the Gold Mountain Consolidated next in order, with the Lucky Tom claims at the western end.

The Tonopah Gold Mountain claims were located in September, 1901, by C. Runge, and are eight in number. A strong ledge crops along the entire eight claims, and in places the vein shows from 40 to 100 feet wide. The pay-streak runs from $160 to $500 a ton, and shows from eighteen inches to two feet wide. A north and south ledge also outcrops on the property, the north ledge running from $10 to $100 and the south ledge from $5 to $5000. Three shipments were made from the croppings, the first netting $193 to the ton, the second $210 to the ton, and the third $159 to the ton. Generally the ledges have the same trend as those of the Tonopah property, but gold values predominate, the proportion being about two-thirds gold to one-third silver.

A tunnel is now being run to strike the vein at depth. This tunnel is 325 feet into the mountain, and it is calculated that it will strike the pay-shoots at 700 feet. At 700 feet air-compressors will be put in and a shaft sunk at that point. No further attempt will be made to ship ore until the pay-shoots are reached.

The Tonopah Union claims are five in number, and were located May 5, 1902, by Colehan. The shaft on the property is now at a depth of 195 feet, and is at present being operated by a whim. A second shaft has been sunk to a depth of 70 feet, and the two shafts will later be connected.

In sinking the main shaft a peculiar condition was discovered. The shaft was run along the incline of the ledge for a distance of 80 feet. The ledge was then cross-cut, showing 12 feet wide at this point, and assaying $63 a ton. From this point the shaft was sunk vertically, and at 132 feet dropped on another ledge, running east and west, as did the first, but there was also discovered at this point a north and south ledge, passing across the corner of the shaft, next the foot-wall of the east and west ledge. Assays of the north and south ledge showed $367 02. More recent assays from east and west ledge taken January 6, 1903, show $43 21, $71 49, and $257 66. Many specimens from this ledge show free gold. It is the intention to carry the shaft to 200 feet, and then cross-cut at this level, at the same time drifting on the ledges above. The mine is equipped with good buildings, and is now installing a power hoist.

The Gold Mountain Consolidated property has upon it an outcropping ledge, fifteen feet wide, from which assays of $30 a ton have been taken. Contracts have been let for a double-compartment shaft, with hoisting equipment, and sinking has already been begun. The company is sinking on ore. It is planned to go 400 feet and then cross-cut, although the character of the ore encountered will definitely determine the depth at which the cross-cut will be started.

On the Colehan property there are two main fissures, with surface croppings on each. The surface assays run from $5 to $400. Two shafts are being sunk on the property, one on the Eliza Jane claim and the other on the Pola. The other claims are the Star of the East, Star of the East No. 2, and the Desert King. The ledges run through the entire length of the claims.

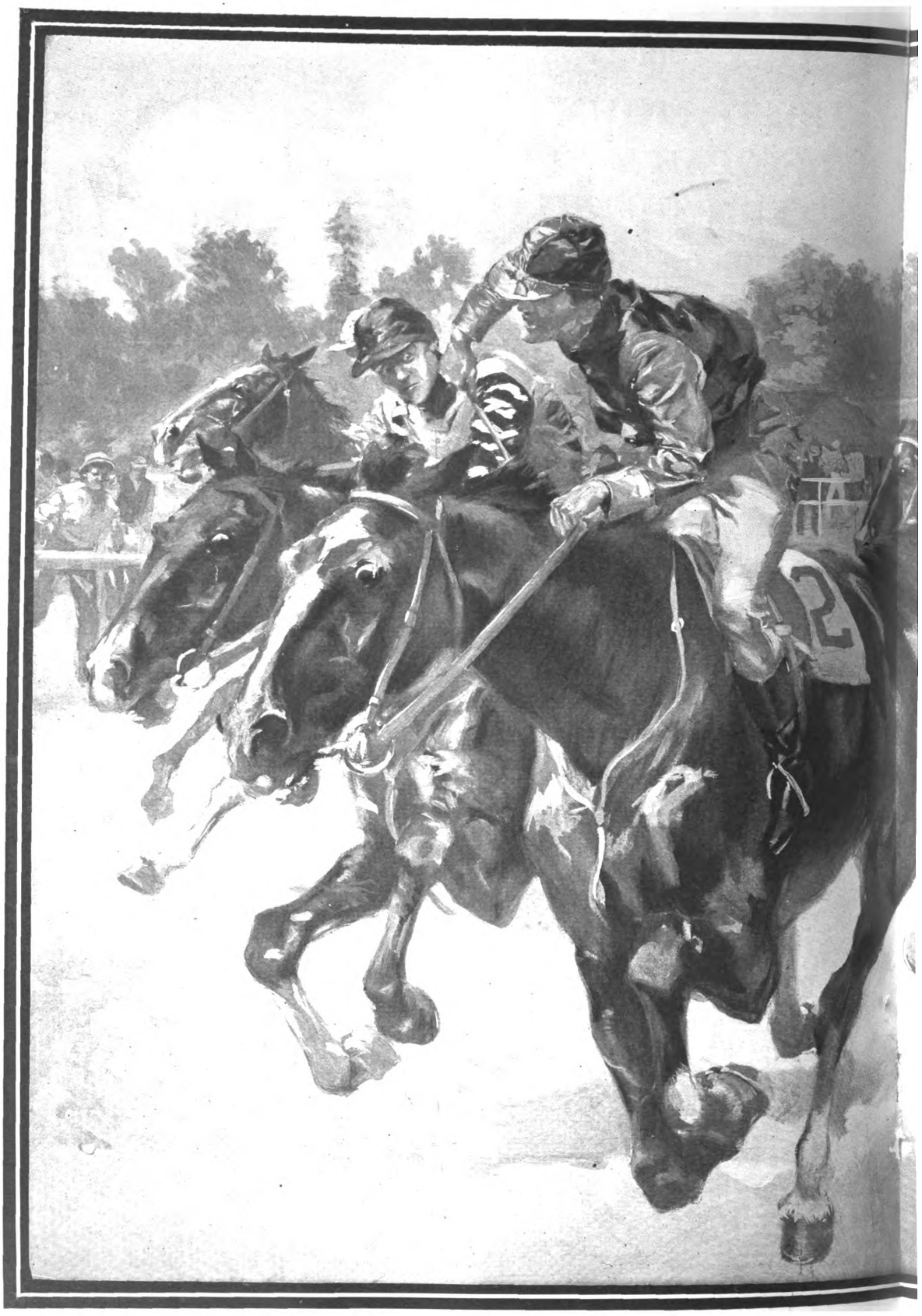


Dump at Mouth of Tunnel
Tonopah Gold Mountain Group

UNITED TONOPAH

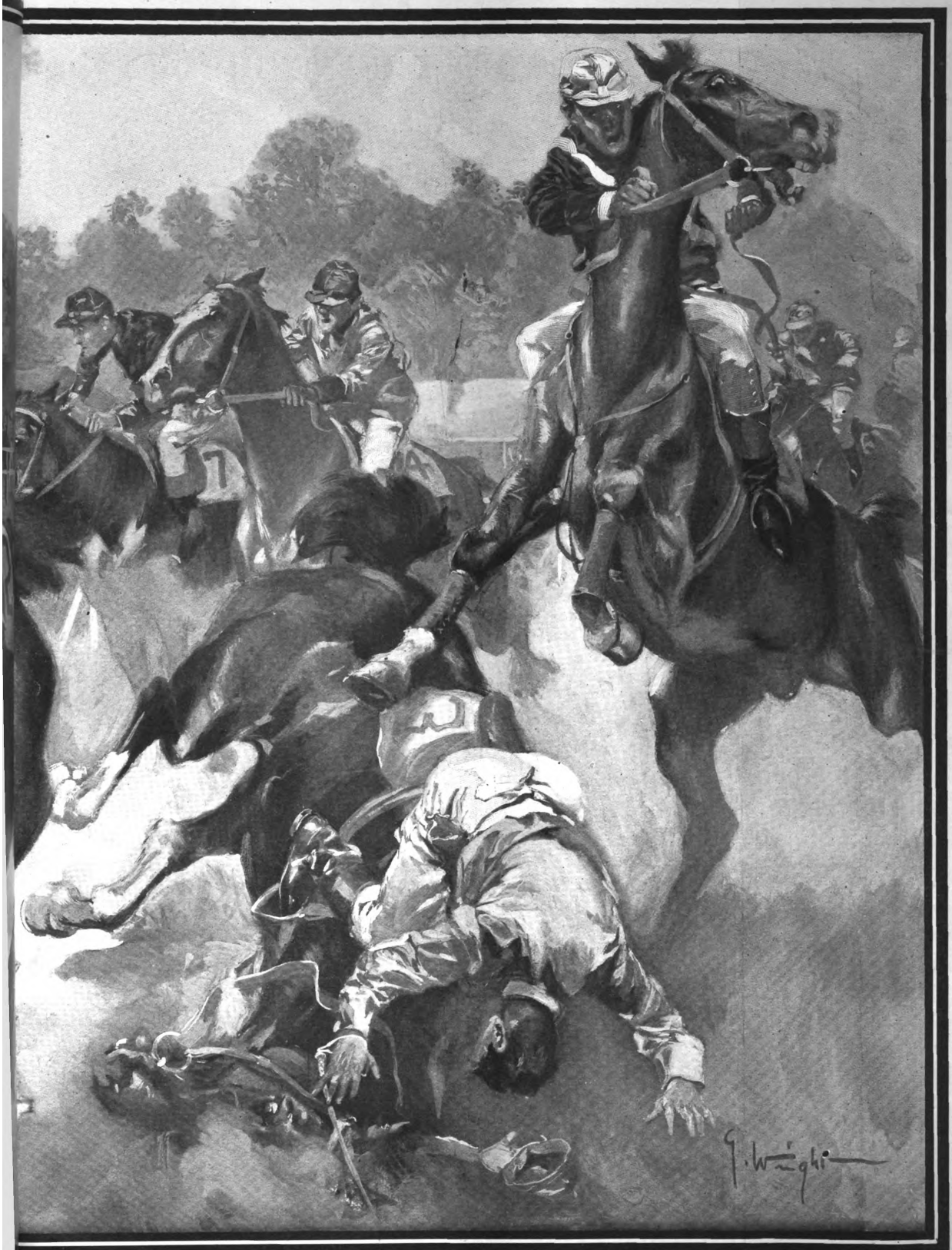
MIDWAY between Tonopah proper and Gold Mountain lies a group of claims which have come into sudden prominence. These claims make up the United Tonopah group, and occupy a little ridge of buttes extending almost north and south. Surface indications led to the development of the property which has been carried on by means of a horse-whim, the shaft being sunk directly on the ledge following its incline. Early in March of the present year, when at a depth of over three hundred feet, a pay-shoot was encountered showing values sufficient to begin the shipment of ore. A complete plant is now being installed, and development-work will be carried on until an accurate estimate of the ore-body can be made. This discovery is an additional proof of the gridiron theory in the formation of the ledges about Tonopah, and is an example of the vastness of the district covered by the mineral bodies.

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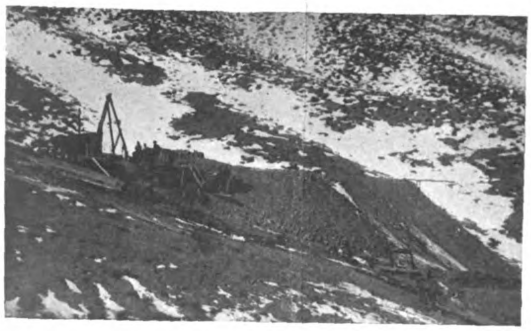
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Drawn by George Wright

RE OFF!"

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Top Workings at the Ray Mine

THE CAMP AT LONE MOUNTAIN

TWENTY miles southwest of Tonopah and ten miles northeast of Silver Peak, is a promising camp, known as Lone Mountain. The Kendall group on the south slope of the peak which gives the location its name, was located December 21, 1902, by Zeb Kendall, W. S. Parker, H. Meade, S. P. Green, and Chris Madison. A ledge has been developed on the property, with six feet of quartz, and with twelve inches on the hanging-wall running from 400 to 2000 ounces in silver, five per cent. in copper, and twenty-five per cent. in lead. From a 40-foot hole, operated by a windlass, about six tons have been taken out of the above values. The ledge crops for 400 feet on the property, and holds to these values throughout. Four claims are included in the group, the Silver King and Silver Quartz on the course of the ledge, north and south, and the Chicago and St. Louis running parallel.

Two ledges also show on the Lucky Tom property, and surface assays show from $8 81 to $27 16. These claims are the Lucky Tom, Happy Hooligan, Star of the West, Lake View, Marie, Queen, and King Edward.

THE LIBERTY DISTRICT

EIGHTEEN miles north of Tonopah, in the San Antone range, in what is known as the old Liberty district, discoveries of rich deposits have been made. The Florence Extension Mine here has developed a ledge 17 feet wide which assays as high as $87 in gold and silver, with a large percentage of lead and copper, on the surface. The mine was located by Thomas Fleming, the claims being the Florence Extension, the Dougherty, Maxwell, Tomblyn, Florence Extension Annex, Fleming, and Waters. Development-work is being pushed rapidly ahead.



Ore Train leaving Ray with the first Shipment from the Mine

RAY, TONOPAH'S NORTHERN NEIGHBOR

ANOTHER camp which has every right to stand upon its own individuality is that of Ray, situated about twelve miles to the north of Tonopah, and discovered by Judge L. O. Ray. The discovery of this camp was made on Christmas-day, 1901, when Ray located the Horn Silver, and Christmas Gift claims. On the following day he located the Teddy Roosevelt, and the Jennie Belle, lying, with the original locations, along the main ledge cropping from the surface, and the Ladysmith, and Boomerang, lying respectively to the north and south of Christmas Gift, and Teddy Roosevelt.

The ledge crops on the first four claims mentioned for a distance of over 4000 feet, and ore-carrying values of from $50 to $300 can be found on any 100 feet of this cropping. The formation is quartzite and lime, the foot-wall being of quartzite and the hanging-wall of lime. For a distance of 3000 feet the ledge has been opened up every 100 feet to test its value. The main workings of the mine are upon the Christmas Gift claim, and consist of a main shaft 300 feet deep, a drift running under the hill at the 160-foot level for 230 feet, an air-shaft 160 feet deep, 80 feet from the main shaft and connected with it by a drift, and a second station at the 230 foot level, with drifts running easterly and westerly 90 feet from the main shaft.

The ledges run in all these drifts, and in the main shaft, which follows its incline, from three to five feet wide. Shoots of ore occur in the various drifts at frequent intervals, running from 10 to 20 feet in length, and carrying values from $150 to $600 a ton. These shoots are characteristic of silver and lead ores. The ore is in the form of lead carbonates. At a distance of 200 feet from the shaft, on the 160-foot level, a shoot was encountered which is now furnishing ore for shipment. After 30 feet of drifting into the shoot it was found to still continue. By stoping two men can take out a carload a week of shipping ore. The shoot runs from three to five feet in width, and carries values for shipment of from $150 to $300 a ton. The first shipment from the mine was made February 18, 1903, the returns being between $225 and $250 a ton. A carload a week of this ore is now being shipped.

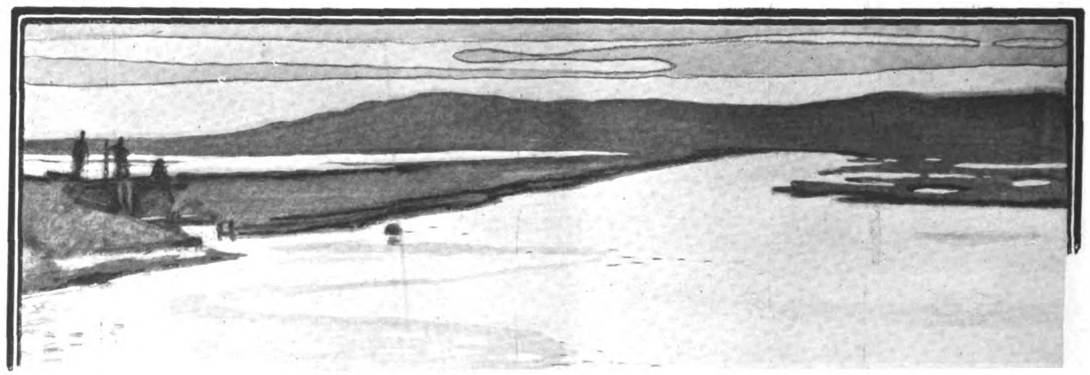


A Miner from the Ray District

From fourteen different places on the Christmas Gift, Teddy Roosevelt, and Jennie Belle claims two and a half tons of ore have been taken that runs $125 in silver, 35 per cent. in lead, and $12 50 in gold. These samplings cover a distance of 1500 feet. It is possible to walk upon the croppings for a distance of 3500 feet. The ledge runs 30 degrees south of east and 32 degrees north of west. The development of the mine has been carried on in an exceedingly economical manner, the workings thus far having cost less than $10,000. The present hoist is a horse-whim, but a steam-plant will soon be substituted.

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RECLAIMING A STATE



Restraining Dam and Head-Gate
Irrigating system of the Lovelock Land and Development Company

NEVADA'S NEW PLAN FOR IRRIGATING 3000000 ACRES OF FARM LANDS

BY far the most important stream in Nevada is the Humboldt River, both from the volume of its water and in the area of agricultural lands commanded by it. The Humboldt rises in the northeastern portion of the State, and flows southwesterly almost to the western border, draining, with its tributaries, over one-eighth of the State's entire area.

This important stream flows through a series of great alluvial valleys, each the site of an ancient lake, following a most tortuous channel, in all its windings over 1000 miles in length.

Over one-third of the lands in the entire Humboldt basin, or about 3,000,000 acres, are subject to irrigation for agricultural purposes, and the fact that upward of 350,000 of these acres are already under successful cultivation is proof positive of the possibilities offered by the remainder of this great area.

The present developed sections of the basin were originally covered with sage-brush, which has now disappeared, and in its stead there appears a diversity of products, consisting of alfalfa, cereals, potatoes, fruits, and vines. This, however, applies to but little more than one-third of the area brought under the present systems of irrigation, the balance being devoted to the cultivation of native grasses.

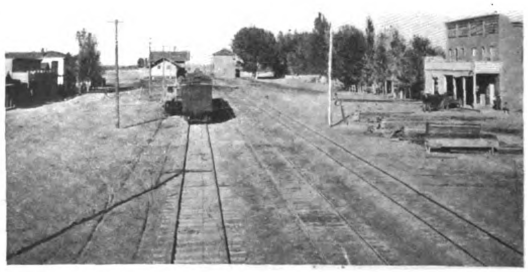
The entire question of the future productiveness of these many thousand acres rests in the successful development of systems for the storing of water with which to flood them at the proper season. That there is ample water if only properly controlled has been absolutely proven, there being much less than ten per cent. of the annual supply now used, and a goodly portion of that is handled in anything but an economical manner.

The future development of these rich valleys along the Humboldt demands that the waters shall be held back near the sources of the river, to be turned down as they are needed during the season when they can be used for the perfecting of crops. Nature not only furnishes the water from the melting snows upon the mountain ranges, but has likewise made lavish provision for its storage. The larger tributaries of the Humboldt each possess one or more ancient lake beds along its course which can be economically converted into reservoirs by damming the narrow gorges through the rocks by which they are drained.

Many of these natural storage-basins are exceedingly large, ranging in size from 320 to 10,000 acres. Sixteen of these prospective locations already surveyed give an aggregate of 35,350 acres of reservoir area, with a total storage capacity of 1,000,000 acre feet. This vast volume of water retained during the flood season, and during that portion of the year when irrigation is not needed, which in reality is fully two-thirds of the time, would, if systematically used during the irrigating season, serve to supply 1,000,000 acres of land beyond that which is already under irrigation.

In all save one or two cases of those above cited, the construction of dams is both simple and economical, there being an abundance of material close by the projected sites and extremely easy of access. From expert reports this water-system would vary in cost from $2 50 to $8 per acre, in accordance with the expense of construction attendant on the installing of the necessary dams and ditches. The lands to be reached by these systems of irrigation can to-day be purchased at from $1 25 to $10 per acre, those at the lower price being held by the government and procurable through the State, and those of higher cost forming a portion of the land grant of the Central Pacific Railway.

Taking the Humboldt basin as an example, it is little wonder that the people of Nevada have turned their every effort toward the establishing of an irrigation system which will furnish means to develop those almost countless acres which have practically, since their creation, only awaited the hand of the husbandman to "blossom as the rose." The government has already turned its attention to a portion of this vast Nevada desert acting under the present irrigation law which not strangely was fostered and became a statute under the guidance of the State's junior Senator. These people who dwell here in the Great Basin between the Rockies and Sierras have long realized the possibilities of a section which has up to the present time attracted no further attention than to be classed as a portion of the great American desert. The change is under way, and not many years hence the traveller will behold instead of the broad stretches of leaden-colored sage, hundreds of farms and ranches bearing every imprint of prosperity. This prospect is not visionary, for at several points in the Great Basin private enterprise has tied the Hum-



The Town of Lovelock, Humboldt Valley
The centre of a most prolific section

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Golconda Hot Springs Hotel

boldt's waters with results which go to prove what can be done with moderate capital and a little enterprise.

The government's action in reference to possible water development has turned the attention of private capital to the possibilities for investment in the irrigation projects of Nevada.

These lands along the Humboldt are noted for their prolific production, and the experimental conditions have long since passed for every section of the great valley. Every fruit, vine, cereal, vegetable, and grass native to the temperate zone finds a nurturing spot at any point along the winding river. Everything included in these classes matures perfectly and in profusion. One vegetable, in particular, has been proven to thrive in these beds of alluvial soil and that too, with so great a measure of quantity and quality as to exceed the same class of production in either California or the Eastern States. This is the sugar-beet which along the Humboldt, and in fact in all the valleys of northern Nevada, can be produced of such a quality as to run 28 per cent. fine in saccarine matter. In none of the States where the beet industry has been taken up can Nevada's record be excelled, and the beet is certain to become a strong factor in the agriculture of the Humboldt basin. The attention of capital is now being directed to these facts regarding the quality of Nevada's sugar-beet



Hon. Francis G. Newlands
Nevada's junior Senator, and father of the Irrigation Law

production which will undoubtedly result in the ultimate establishment of a plant at some point in the Humboldt Valley for the handling of such an output of the saccarine vegetable as can be raised on the irrigated lands along the river. To the soil-tiller this will mean much, for the sugar-beet of this section, with its high percentage of fineness, will be a crop which cannot fail to be productive of large returns.

With the possibilities already shown in the way of production and the certain establishment of several greater or lesser systems of irrigation the future of this valley is assured. Unlike most of the State, its transportation facilities are excellent, the Southern Pacific's principal transcontinental line running through the greater portion of the valley's length, at no point lying more than a few miles from the centre line of the available agricultural lands.

Along this line of railway there have already sprung up several important centres. These were first established as supply points for the great cattle ranges to which eastern and northern Nevada was for years given over before the possibilities of her valley lands were fully understood.

The most easterly of these centres is Elko, county-seat of the county bearing the same name. Elko has for years been a prominent point on the line of overland railway and a centre of the cattle industry. It is a thriving town of about 2000 people, possessing many modern features one would hardly expect in so far away a locality. To the northwest of Elko is located the pioneer storage-system for irrigation. This system has been in successful operation for more than a decade, located in what is known as Squaw Valley. The dam, 225 feet thick at base and 175 feet long, cuts off a cañon at the lower end of one of the ancient lakes. The restrained waters cover 400 acres to a depth of 20 feet, and supply irrigation to 5000 acres of land through twelve miles of canals. The cost of construction was $45,000, including ditches, or $9 per acre. These 5000 acres, formerly devoted only to grazing, became under this water system capable of producing a net revenue of from $20 to $50 per acre per annum. The success of this system has had a marvellous effect upon the future of the entire Humboldt basin.

A little more than a hundred miles west from Elko lies Winnemucca, which, like its eastern neighbor, had its beginning as a cattle centre. This little city is by far the metropolis of the valley. It is the home of over two thousand enterprising Nevadans, is the location of Nevada's only national bank, is equipped with electric lights, has two daily newspapers, and posessses a general mercantile establishment which both in stock carried and elaborate headquarters would do credit to any of the larger centres. Adiacent to Winnemucca lie several of the prolific tributary valleys



Winnemucca, the Central Point of the Humboldt Valley



An Oasis in the Desert
Station at Humboldt on the Southern Pacific Railway

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of the Humboldt, in each of which private individuals have done something toward perfecting an irrigation system. These valleys are all noted for their fruit and cereal productions.

Throughout Nevada there are a great number of mineral springs noted for their waters. But one of several located in the Humboldt Valley has been developed, this being the Hot Springs at Golconda, near Winnemucca, and directly on the line of the Southern Pacific Railway. These springs were first located in 1864. The flow is 40 miners' inches of water, at a temperature of 198 degrees. Comparative analysis shows that the springs have practically the same mineral and medicinal properties as the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas. Connected with them are mud-baths, which have proven of great efficacy in the treatment of rheumatic disorders.

The springs were purchased in 1900 by Louis Dutertre, who expended a large amount of money in the erection of a commodious hotel and bath-houses.

Between Golconda and Winnemucca lies one of the choicest areas of bottom land in the entire valley, comprising upward of 100,000 acres, only a small fraction of which has been developed. These lands will be brought under the future irrigation system at the mouth of Rock Creek, one of those mentioned earlier in this article. Surveys have been finished on this system, and it is only a question of a short time when its completion will be accomplished, and this will give productiveness to an area capable of establishing no less than a thousand comfortable and profitable homes at a cost which the products of the land will return in a single season.

Another irrigation system of almost equal importance to that of Golconda is planned at Humboldt in the very centre of the arid country. Here nature has placed perfect foundations for the construction of a restraining dam in the midst of a most prolific area of almost level mesa.

At the extreme western end of the Humboldt Valley lies the town of Lovelock, with its fifteen hundred population and a surrounding country brilliant in examples of what can be done with Nevada lands under sensible irrigation systems. Fully fifteen thousand acres directly adjacent to the town are in the highest state of cultivation, a goodly portion being in wheat, which is consumed by the roller-mills located at Lovelock, the only plant of the kind in the valley. These mills have been in operation for seven years, running to their full capacity of sixty barrels per day. Lovelock wheat is noted for its quality, the gold medal at Chicago's exposition having been awarded to the wheat product of this section of the valley. Of this cereal Lovelock lands produce an average of thirty-three bushels per acre, with a record as high as sixty bushels.

The area of Lovelock's productive lands is this year increased by the placing in operation of the irrigation system installed by the Lovelock Land and Development Company. The system's location is at the very end of the valley, close to where the Humboldt River empties its waters into Carson Lake. It is by far the largest attempt at irrigation by private enterprise in the State and when complete will bring under its ditches from fifteen to twenty thousand acres. At present the reservoir capacity is 4000 acre feet, restrained by a simple dam on an area of 1000 acres. This supply will irrigate 4000 acres, which are now planted to alfalfa and wheat, and will for the first time produce crops during the present summer. There can be no question of the success of this system, the simplicity of which is such as to render but a single crop necessary to repay the investment both in the land purchased together with the construction of a dam and fifty miles of ditches. Under these conditions it seems almost strange that the system has remained so long unconstructed.

Lovelock's example will soon be followed by others, since a series of active operations are in prospect for developing the prolific lands along the Humboldt, and before many years have passed the sea of sage-brush will be transformed into practical and productive homes peopled by men who will make of the desert a blossoming field.

THE GROWTH OF NEVADA'S CATTLE INDUSTRY

ALMOST coincident with the first settling of Nevada the northern and eastern portions of the State became famous as cattle ranges. Here upon the slopes of the foot-hills grew in abundance the succulent native grasses which furnish fattening feed for the great herds which roamed from Texas to the British border.

In cattle, as in everything else, Nevada has advanced, her largest breeders departing from a sole attention to range cattle, and turning their resources toward the building up of registered herds. Of course there are still the great herds among the hills and valleys of the east represented to-day by those of Miller & Lux, the Sparks-Herrell Company, and the firm of Hardin & Sons. The latter of these herds make headquarters in Humboldt County, and numbers from fifteen to twenty thousand head, branding from three to five thousand calves per year.



Perfection II.

The movement to better the quality of Nevada's cattle has been a decided one, and its success is specially illustrated by the herd of Herefords maintained by John Sparks, Nevada's present Governor, at his "Alamo" ranch near Reno. Here in the past ten years has been gathered the best herd of registered Herefords on the Pacific slope, probably the best single herd of this particular breed in the United States, and one of the best in the world. Both by example and the introduction of blooded stock into other herds of the State, has the "Alamo" been a powerful factor in raising the standard of the range cattle in Nevada.

Governor Sparks has an experience as a cattleman and breeder extending over nearly every State from Texas to Wyoming, and his devotion to the Hereford breed is based upon that experience. At present he is devoted entirely to raising registered stock. He has been breeding and handling Herefords for twenty-eight years, but started his present registered herd ten years ago. His experience and convictions are best told in his own words. He said recently:

"In 1889 and 1890 Mr. John Tinnin and myself were ranging in Elko County, Nevada, and Cassia County, Idaho, having about 65,000 head of cattle running about, half Durham and half Herefords, cross-bred. We lost that winter, which was a very severe one, 35,000 head of cattle, and when we rounded up our cattle the following spring, 90 per cent. of those we found had white faces, characteristic of the Hereford. The Hereford had lived where the Durham had died. We had at times thought, a few years before, that we possibly had made a mistake in sticking so close to the Hereford blood, but the experience of this phenomenally hard winter showed us conclusively that our course was justified. I consider the Hereford by all odds the best beef breed. The cattle are prolific, early maturers, and wonderfully hardy. The infusion of the pure Hereford blood into the ranges of the State has already had great effect, and this effect will be even more notable in a few years. I regard Nevada to-day the best live-stock State in the Union."

The Alamo ranch is one of the most charming spots in the State, and is a striking example of what can be done in developing the State's natural resources. It is situated on the most attractive drive out of Reno, the old Virginia City turnpike, and takes its name from a fine grove of cottonwood adjoining the mansion, the name Alamo meaning cottonwood. The name has a particular significance for Governor Sparks and Mrs. Sparks, both being Texans, and from a section where "The Alamo" is a name to conjure with. As a stock-farm the place is a model, and as a country home, it is ideal. In the general cleanliness, arrangement, and equipment of its barns and corrals, with its complement

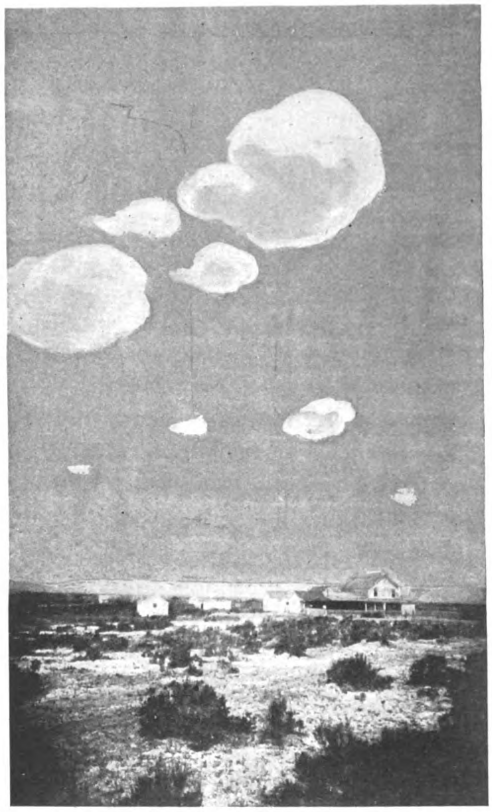
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of great, round-eyed, white-faced thoroughbred cattle, it presents an attractiveness to stockmen that has drawn visitors from all over the country. In addition to his cattle, Governor Sparks has on the place a herd of elk, the only buffalo now in existence in Nevada, Shetland ponies, and other rare specimens. He has developed on the place an artesian well of hot water, with a volume of 112 gallons a minute, capable of being increased twenty-five per cent. in capacity. This well is, in fact, two wells, one pipe being encased in a second of larger diameter. One takes its water from a stratum 240 feet below the surface, and the other penetrates to a depth of 560 feet. Each flows independently. The well has been attached to a large swimming tank for the convenience and entertainment of the Governor and his guests, and arrangements are being made to heat the house entirely from it.

Connected with the Alamo is a second ranch, the Mayberry, located on the Truckee River at about an equal distance from Reno, and scarcely less delightful in surroundings. There are about 2040 acres in the two, and the herd includes at the present time some 400 head of registered Herefords. The father of the herd was the Columbian Exposition prize-winner, Earl of Shadeland 30th, 30,725. Since 1893, Governor Sparks has constantly imported from Herefordshire the best stock that could be bought. Royal winners from England and sires from the best herds in this country have been added from year to year. The herd is now headed by Perfection II., 102,632, and Lelax, 102,631, two noted sons of the $10,000 Dale, 66,481. Both these bulls have been sweepstakes-winners wherever shown, and their produce shows them to be truly great sires. The blood of The Grove III., Lord Wilton, and Anxiety predominates in the herd.

Governor Sparks sent out the first blooded Herefords ever shipped to Honolulu, and has had much to do with improving the stock in the islands. He has also shipped all over America and abroad.

He has been closely identified with the cattle interests of the State for many years. His first cattle experience was at the close of the civil war, when he began buying cattle in Texas, and driving them across the plains, often reaching Oregon and the Northwest before finding a suitable market. He then started breeding range cattle, and located in eastern Nevada and Idaho in 1881. He still has large landholdings in Texas. He at one time had, with his partner, 75,000 head of cattle in Elko County, Nevada, and Cassia County, Idaho, and branded 16,000 calves a year. The shoesole and wineglass brand, still in existence and owned by the Sparks-Harrell Company, was famous throughout the cattle-dealing country.



Ranch of Hardin & Sons
Headquarters of the Hardin herds in Humboldt County

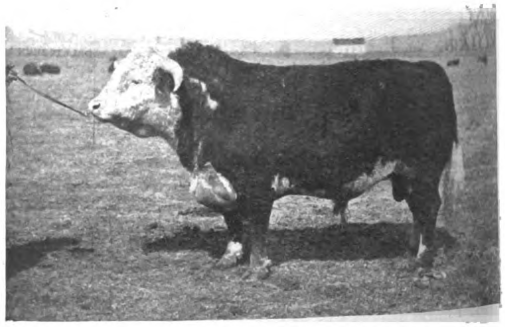


Cattlemen

Another breeder who is using every endeavor to improve Nevada's cattle is T. L. Oddie, of Tonopah, who has lately purchased the Pine Creek Ranch, a tract consisting of 3000 acres in Monitor Valley, Nye County.

Pine Creek Ranch is located at an elevation of about 8000 feet in one of the highest, as well as one of the most picturesque, valleys in the United States. The ranch is intended for the breeding of blooded stock, with particular attention to Herefords and thoroughbred horses. This latter venture is largely an experiment in Nevada. The qualities of the country in producing fine stock has been shown in the lower altitudes, but it is the idea of the owner of the ranch that thoroughbred horses which are given an opportunity to run over the hills in the highlands, together with the advantage of the fine quality of feed found in that section, will develop great staying qualities as well as speed. The valley has a range of 300 miles, and there is a raise in the Pine Creek cañon of from 8000 to 13,000 feet in less than eight miles. There are now at the ranch over 100 head of registered Herefords, from the three best families of this famous breed. It would be hard to find a more beautiful spot. Pine Creek running past the ranch-house, offers unexcelled fishing, and the hills afford the best of hunting. Mt. Jefferson overlooks the valley, and there is an abundance of wood, including balm of Gilead, birch, poplar, etc. Alfalfa grows in abundance.

Far down in the centre of the State in what is known as the



Lelax

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White Pine country at the Cleveland ranch is still another collection of magnificent bred animals which has made an enviable reputation for its owner.

These are only a few of the examples to be cited among the great herds of Nevada. Every one is leaving a constant impression on the range herds of the State, and the result is the perfecting of Nevada's cattle to an extent that has no parallel in America. From the very first Nevada has possessed a reputation for its high quality of beef, but by the infusion of thoroughbred blood it is in reality outreaching itself.



A Group of Youngsters at the Alamo Ranch

THE GATEWAY TO NEVADA

EVERY State possesses some city which by special location gains commercial and industrial prominence. Such a city is Reno, the most important of all centres in Nevada.

Beginning as a little stage station on the Virginia turnpike, Reno saw the travel of the old staging days drift by its doors toward the bonanza land of the Comstock, but by and by there came the opening of the transcontinental railway, quickly followed by the construction of the Virginia and Truckee Railway, which wound its way to the location of Virginia City and Gold Hill. Then Reno began to gain in importance, for she was located at the junction of the two lines. Later a narrow-gauge line of railway intended to reach northward into Oregon found its beginning at Reno, and the little city assumed the position of a distributing centre for the whole of western and southern Nevada.

There has been nothing phenomenal about Reno's progression. She has simply advanced by her unquestioned rights of position until now her prosperity is unquestioned, and she is recognized as the foremost city in the Sage-Brush State. Here Nevada has located her principal institution of learning, the State University, and about its doors is clustered the literary and artistic talent of this Western commonwealth. More than three hundred students are in constant attendance, and from Reno there have gone out many university graduates bearing a store of knowledge which has distinguished them in every corner of the world.

If Reno's progress has been certain in the past, it will beyond question be rapid to the same extent in the years to come. Her commercial houses are all prosperous, and her financial institutions apparently sound. In all the vast industries of Nevada there is prosperity for this city by the Sierras. No matter whether the success is made in the mines at Tonopah, among the cattle herds of the eastern counties, or in the lumber districts of the high Sierra, some portion of it must drift to Reno as a central commercial point.

The last year has brought a wave of prosperity which if maintained will quickly transform Reno from a frontier town into a metropolitan city. It may be seen in the construction of modern buildings upon every street, in the municipal improvements which are under way, in the crowded condition of her really excellent hotels, and in the general bustle and activity of her markets.

The Truckee River, with its wonderful fall from the mountain slopes, runs directly through the city. This river will ere long become a great factor in Reno's prosperity, for its powerful stream will be chained by modern methods, and its force directed toward the operating of industrial plants, some or all of which will certainly find a location within Reno's limits.

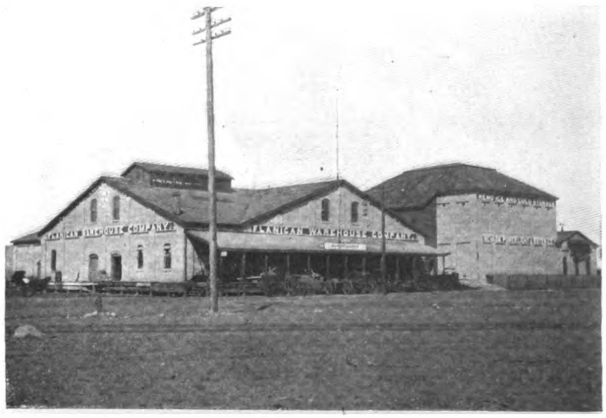
A notable addition to Reno's industries has come within the last six months in the plant of the Reno Engineering Works, which covers four acres of ground at the eastern edge of the city, adjoining the lines of the Southern Pacific Railway. These works, consisting of large foundries, forging, boiler, and machine-shops, employ a large number of skilled mechanics, and are equipped to construct all classes of mining and milling machinery.



One of Reno's Pioneers

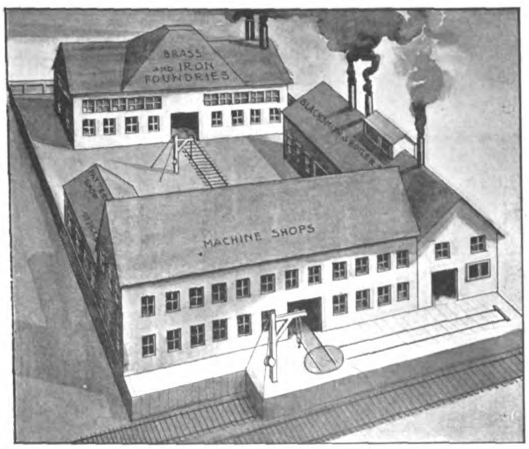
In these works Reno possesses the largest plant of this character between San Francisco and Denver. Its equipment is modern in every respect, the very best and most recently invented machinery having been installed—this machinery on the whole, being designed to reduce labor and time to a minimum, and to produce an absolute uniformity of work. For fuel, melting, and forging purposes crude petroleum alone is used. Pneumatic riveters and tools for boiler construction form an important portion of the plant. As this institution intends to devote its principal effort to the construction of all classes of mining and milling machinery, location was a principal factor, which Reno fortunately supplied, and from the extent of its works Reno can be turned to for the supplying of any class of engineering equipment which can be secured in the largest Eastern manufacturing centres, and can supply not alone Nevada, but any section of the Pacific coast as well.

The scope of this engineering plant also includes the equipment of electric lines and lighting plants of every size and class. The description of this plant gives an idea of its importance to Reno, providing, as it does, not only an important industrial advance for the city, but also permitting the mining and manufacturing interests of Nevada to secure their equipment at first hands and



Abattoir, Ice, and Electric Plant at Reno

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Plant of the Reno Engineering Works

with the least loss of time and expense. Another of Reno's newer industries is the establishing of a most perfect system of abattoirs for the handling of all classes of meats. This establishment centres the meat trade of nearly the whole State at Reno, and maintains, in addition, an ice plant, and an electric-lighting plant, from which the city is supplied.

From a mining standpoint Reno possesses several distinct characteristics. Both to the north and south are located paying properties, while but four miles from her centre lies one of Nevada's great producers. This consists of the Wedekind mine, discovered but two years ago within sight of the city and upon ground that had been tramped and herded over for years. It was located by George Wedekind, and is now the property of Governor Sparks. Wedekind was an old piano-tuner with an ambition to discover a mine where he spent the money he earned tuning pianos in prospecting. He finally located three claims, the Reno Star, the Safeguard, and the Eagle, now composing the Wedekind group, from which there has already been taken out over $200,000. Great blocks of ore have been found in the shaft on the Reno Star claim, running over $3000 to the ton, and Wedekind found ore running over $500 to the ton in the wagon road across the claim, over which there had been travel for forty years.

The discovery of the Wedekind resulted in the location of the Desert King adjoining, sixty-three per cent. of which is also owned by Governor Sparks. The Wedekind shaft is now down 220 feet, and a station was established at 100 feet, from which cross-cutting was begun. Out of this shaft alone $150,000 has been taken in less than two years. The Desert King shaft is down 150 feet, and goes through forty feet of solid ore. Connected with the Wedekind there has been built a leaching plant with a capacity of twenty tons a day, and costing $25,000. The present showing of the mine is that it will prove one of the biggest producers ever opened up in the State. The Wedekind has a complete electric hoisting-plant, with a shaft-house covering the entire top equipment. The Desert King has a steam-hoist, also housed with the gallows frame.

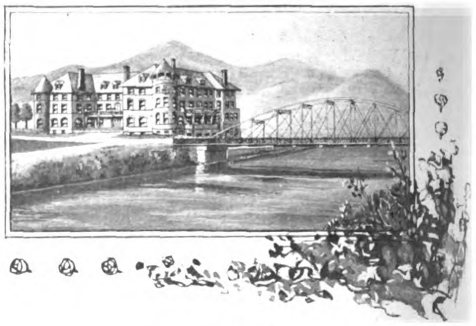
Just to the north of Reno lies still another extremely prosperous mineral district of which the centre is the Pyramid mine. So great is the output of this group that a railway is now under construction toward its location which will not only find plenty of carrying-trade from these mines, but will open up a section hitherto without transportation facilities, and bring Reno in touch with a still greater area of territory.

Reno is to-day recognized as a distributing centre for all of the ores shipped from the various mines located both north and south. Within her limits have been established the only sampling works in the State, and the railroads have of late granted the concession of a stoppage at Reno, for sampling, of any cars shipped through to the smelters of Salt Lake City, San Francisco, or the East. This renders Reno at once the principal ore-market for all the mines which are not reducing their own ores, and will eventually result in the establishment of an exchange for the handling of the output of these properties.

These are some of the industrial advantages possessed by this city which has in but a few years grown from a stage-station to its present condition of importance. With the harnessing of the powerful waters of the Truckee, Reno will certainly add to her manufacturing advantages, and there will be powerful additions to her already more than infant industries.

The lumber industry is another prominent factor in Reno's present and future prosperity. From the great forests of the eastern slopes of the Sierras lying to the northwest of this point, more than half the output finds its way to or through Reno, *en route* to the various markets of the world. In this line there is and will continue to be extreme activity, several new and important camps having been lately established in the northern forests, every one of which forms a portion of Reno's tributary country. With the increasing demand in Eastern markets for Sierra lumber, there can only be an increase in the magnitude of these operations, all of which is certain to find its way through Reno as a distributing point.

As a city of homes Reno is no less important than in her commercial features. Her location is one of the most attractive in the whole mountain country, her area covering a series of gently rolling hills with the blue Sierras as a background, and the crystal waters of the Truckee tumbling through her very centre. Her people have had an eye to the picturesque, and her more modern homes have been constructed so as to blend into the picture, forming a part rather than a contrast to the beauties Nature has showered upon the city's location.



The Riverside Hotel, Reno

In addition to Reno's attractiveness as a city of homes, there are her educational advantages to be considered, her schools following close upon her university in ability of instructors and thoroughness of system. These very facts have held many residents in their own home when the education of a rising generation would otherwise have attracted them to some other location had Reno been less favorably equipped.

Round about the city lie the verdant lands of the famous Washoe Valley, noted for its wonderful productiveness. From hill to hill across the whole valley there is a succession of beautiful farms under the very highest condition of cultivation, denoting the prosperity which has come to this section of the State.



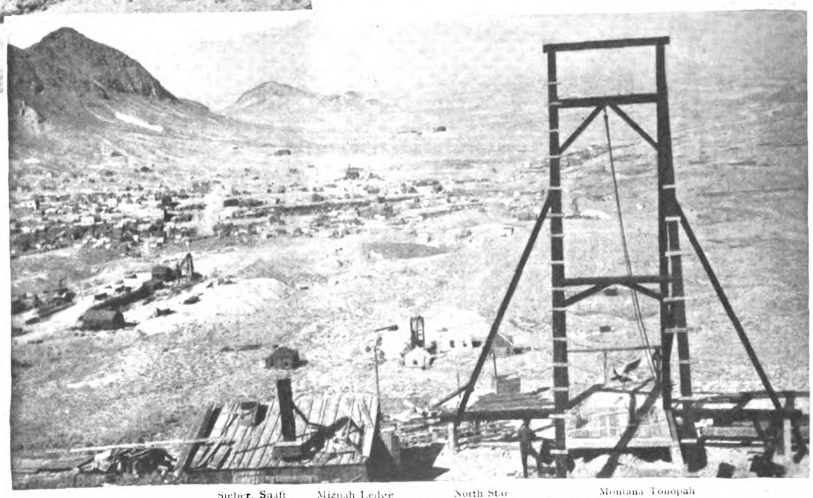
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The Mizpah mine is now blocking out its ore bodies and refraining from taking out ore save as required in development. This system will be followed until a depth of 1000 feet is reached. Montana-Tonopah ore closely resembles that found on the 1000-foot level of the historic Con-Virginia, but actually runs higher in grade. The ledges of the Montana-Tonopah, while parallel to those of the Mizpah, are evidently distinctly separate fissures, and prove the wonderful deposits of the district.

The Gold Hill property, directly south of the Tonopah Company's claims, is the pet of the original locaters of the camp. The claims were located by Butler, Oddie, and Brougher, directly after the location of the main group, as their particular property, and it is stated by Mr. Oddie that the main group was sold in order to secure money with which to develop Gold Hill. Upon the six claims five distinct ledges are defined from which leasers took fifteen thousand dollars in 1901. This is the only group in the district where the lode porphyry crops to the surface. Gold Hill has a fine hoisting works, with



Hoisting Works at Little Tonopah Shaft



Looking West from the North Star Shaft



Hoisting Works at the New York Tonopah Mine



First Shaft at the Tonopah Silver Top



Principal Shaft at the Golden Anchor Mine



Head of Shaft at the United Tonopah *First Development on the Commodore Group*

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a double-compartment shaft now sunk 450 feet. At 500 feet the plans call for cross-cutting, and include a thorough development of the property.

Adjoining Gold Hill on the south lies the Rescue claim. The Rescue is located directly on the strike of the Gold Hill and Valley View ledges, and but 600 feet from the developed portion of the former. It also lies within 600 feet of the Desert Queen shaft, and high values have been developed in the Gold Hill ledges within 500 feet of the Rescue shaft. Development was started in December, 1902, with a two-compartment shaft, timbered and now sunk to a depth of 200 feet. It is expected that a station will be established at 300 feet, but this will be determined by the formation. There is now being installed a steam hoisting-plant, one of the most complete in camp. It includes a 60-horse-power boiler, with a 45-horse-power engine, safety cage, and all appliances capable of handling the output of the mine to a depth of 1000 feet. The formation in the Rescue shaft follows closely the general formation where ore has been discovered.



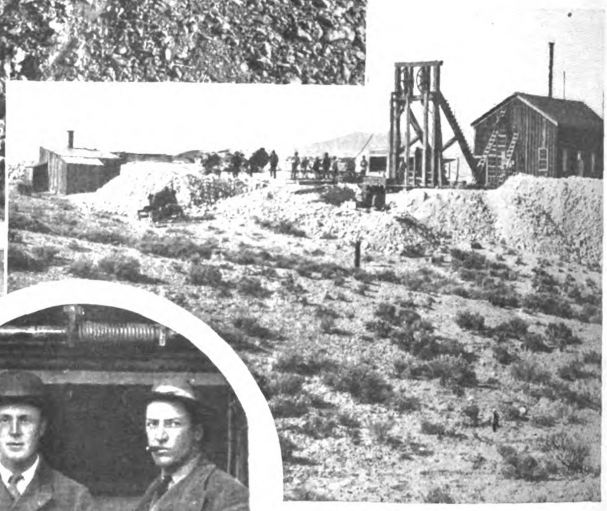
Shaft of the Tonopah Fraction Extension



Development Plant at the Tonopah City Group

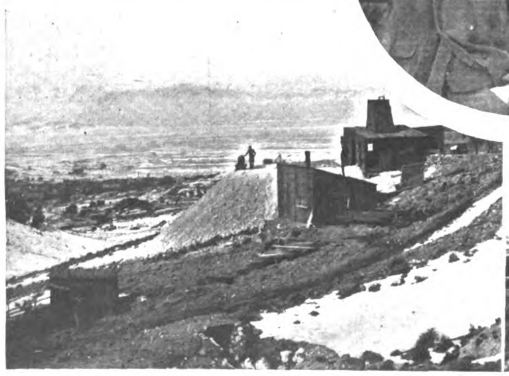


Great Ore Dumps at The Mizpah



Power Plant and Hoist at the Ohio Tonopah





Head of the Shaft on the Molly Group

Cage at the Siebert Shaft, Mizpah Ledge
General-Manager Oddie and Chief-Engineer Siebert



Power Plant and Hoist at The Halifax

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Music at the World's Fair

PREPARATIONS upon a large scale are being made for the music which is to be made a feature of the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. There are to be indoor orchestral concerts and organ recitals, open-air band concerts,—for which there will be no admission charge,—and performances of choral music on a large scale. The idea of the committee in charge of the musical arrangements is to aim at appealing rather to the popular taste than to the more limited demand for music of the highest class, although there will be no sacrifice of dignity in the programmes. Considerable attention will be paid to works by American composers, which, it is hoped, will give a decided impetus to the best creative endeavor in native music. Competent conductors are to be engaged for the orchestral concerts, among whom, it is expected, will be one of the celebrated "bâton prima donnas," as they are called abroad, of Europe. For the organ recitals, in which the most eminent American and foreign organists will take part, a special instrument will be constructed: it is to contain nearly 150 stops, and will be, it is said, the largest organ in the world. The orchestral and organ concerts are to be held in Festival Hall, the centre of the main group of buildings.

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THE OUTLAW

BY

HAMLIN GARLAND



A Story in Two Parts.—Part II.

INSTANTLY the street became a place of savage outcry.

"Kill him! Kill him!" the white men all shouted.

Like a bear at bay Hakonuse faced his hereditary enemies, and jerking from his pocket his white paper he held it high.

"See, this is true, read it!" he said.

This action saved his life, for all were curious to see what this long official envelope contained.

One of the men took the envelope and opened the paper and read it. A burst of derisive laughter followed the reading. Then the sheriff came and took Hakonuse, who went willingly, for he feared for his life in the midst of the crowd in the street, which grew greater each moment.

He recoiled sharply as they came to the door of the jail. "I will not go!" he said. "Why do you put me in there? I have done nothing."

The sheriff, ready to make capital for himself in the eyes of the mob which had followed him, put his revolver to his captive's head, and said, brutally, "Git in there, or I'll blow your head off."

Hakonuse understood the man's action, and submitted to be pushed into the cell, and was locked in, still holding in his hand the paper on which he had put his new resolution to be friendly with the white man.

Ordering my team I drove away to town, a long, hard, dusty road, but reaching the hotel too late to call on the sheriff, I was forced to wait till morning. The little rag of a daily paper had used the shooting as a text for its well-worn discourse. "Sweep these marauding hell-hounds out of the State or off the face of the earth," it said editorially. "Get 'em out of the path of civilization. Scenes of disorder like that of yesterday are sure to be repeated so long as these red pets of the government are allowed to cumber the earth. The State ought to slaughter 'em like wolves."

I was quite familiar with such articles, but I went to bed that night feeling more keenly than ever in my life the difficult position I was called upon to fill. To race hatred these people had added greed for the Shi-an-nay lands. In this editorial was vented the savage hate of thousands of white men. There could be no doubt of it—and were it not for a fear of the general government, the terms of its hatred would have been carried out long ago.

In the early morning I hurried to the jail.

The sheriff met me suavely. "Oh—certainly, Major—you can see him," he said, but his tone was insulting.

As I entered his cell Hakonuse looked up with a low word of pleasure. He shook my hand, then slowly signed:

"My friend, take me away from here. I cannot bear to be locked up. I have done nothing. When I showed my paper the cattlemen laughed. When I reached my hand in friendship they spat upon it. This made my heart very bitter, but I did not fight."

I said, "Do not worry, I will see that you are protected."

I turned to the sheriff. "What are you holding this man for?"

"For shooting with intent to kill."

"But he didn't shoot. He had no weapon. It is absurd."

"How do *you* know he didn't?"

"Because all his companions say so; he says so."

"Oh! You'd take his word, would you?"

"Yes, in a thing of that kind. Did you find a gun on him?"

"No—but—"

"What chance did he have for concealing it? Were you there when the shooting took place?"

"No—but credible witnesses—"

"As a matter of fact, you know the saloon-keeper was struck by a bullet aimed at Hakonuse by a cowboy. Where is that cowboy? Why has he not been arrested?"

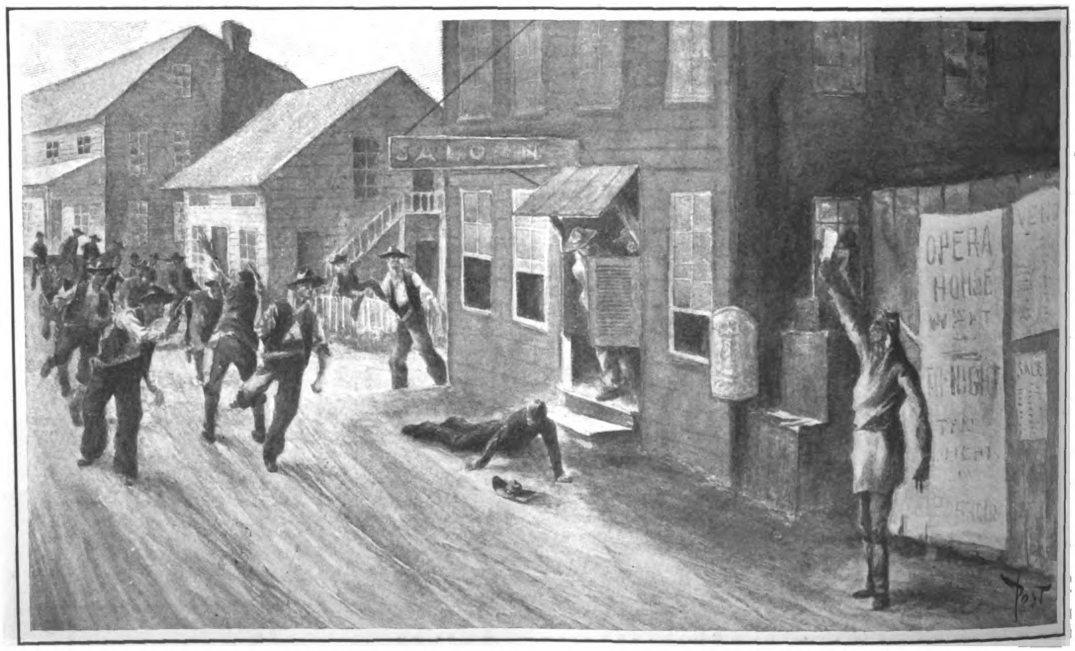
"I don't believe it."

"It's not your business to believe or disbelieve. Did you have a warrant to arrest this man?"

"No matter whether I did or not," he replied, insolently, "he's here, and you can't take him away. You can protect your thieves and murderers on the reservation, but when they come in here and go howling around you'll find the case different." In this tone he blustered.

I was in fighting line now and he saw it. "I believe Hakonuse to be entirely innocent, and I'll see justice done. I'm going to see the judge, and secure an order for his release."

The visit to the judge was still more disheartening. He too was suave and patient, but it was plain he intended to do nothing to help me. "It may be that a mistake has occurred, but if so the trial will clear your man. As it is, the Indian was arrested in a



"See, this is true, read it!" he said

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street brawl in which a man is shot. The Indian is arrested, I may add, in due course of law, and must stand trial."

"Very well, we'll go to trial—but meanwhile release my man on parole. I'll answer for him."

The judge had been expecting this, but professed to ponder. "I don't think that would be wise. We've had great difficulty in apprehending offenders. We might find this man hard to reapprehend. I appreciate your desire to—"

"Judge Bray, you are mistaken," I replied with heat, for I understood his covert insult. "You have never failed of getting your man but once, and then, as you know, it was the fault of your sheriff."

The judge was obdurate. "The citizens are incensed at the frequent depredations of your charges," he said, "and they will not submit longer to any laxity. I cannot help you."

"Very well," I said, as I rose to go, "I'll see justice done this man if I have to bring the whole power of the national government to bear on you. I will enlist the aid of every lover of justice in the land. Hakonuse has been grossly abused. So far from shooting he came in here as my messenger, unarmed and peaceful. Your drunken citizens assaulted him. I do not wonder that my people say you have the hearts of coyotes."

As I drove away out of the squalid town I grew sick at heart, feeling the pressure of the cruel, leering, racial hate of the cattle-men to whom the red man was a sort of big game. It seemed that among all these thousands of American citizens not one had the heart to stand out and say, "I'll help you secure justice."

My anger made me momentarily unjust, for there were many worthy souls who would have joined me could they have been rightly informed of the case, but at the moment I felt the helpless dismay of the red man when enmeshed by the laws of the whites.

But as I rode I planned a campaign which should secure justice for Hakonuse. My meeting with the half-frenzied wife of the captive only added new vigor to my resolution. With face haggard with suffering the poor woman cried out to me, "Where is he—my husband?"

I gave her such comfort as I could, and drove on, mentally composing letters to the Eastern press which should make the townsmen writhe with shame of their inhumanity.

Court did not sit for many weeks, but Hakonuse knew nothing of that. He lived in daily hope of being released. He fed his heart on the words of his friend the agent. He brooded over his wrongs like a wounded wolf in his den, till his heart became like lead in his bosom. The glow of his new-found love of the white man had died out—smothered by the cold gloom of his prison. He remembered only one white face with pleasure—that of his agent—all others were grinning or hateful or menacing.

He would have gone mad only for the visit of his wife and children, who came to see him, and were allowed to approach the bars of his cell so that he might lay his hands on the head of his little son. These brief visits comforted him—for the sake of his wife and children he lived.

In a week or two the people of Big Snake had quite forgotten Hakonuse. If any word recalled him to their minds they merely said: "Do him good to feel the inside of a stone wall. It'll take the fight out of him. He'll be good Injun when he gets out. He's in luck to escape being strung up."

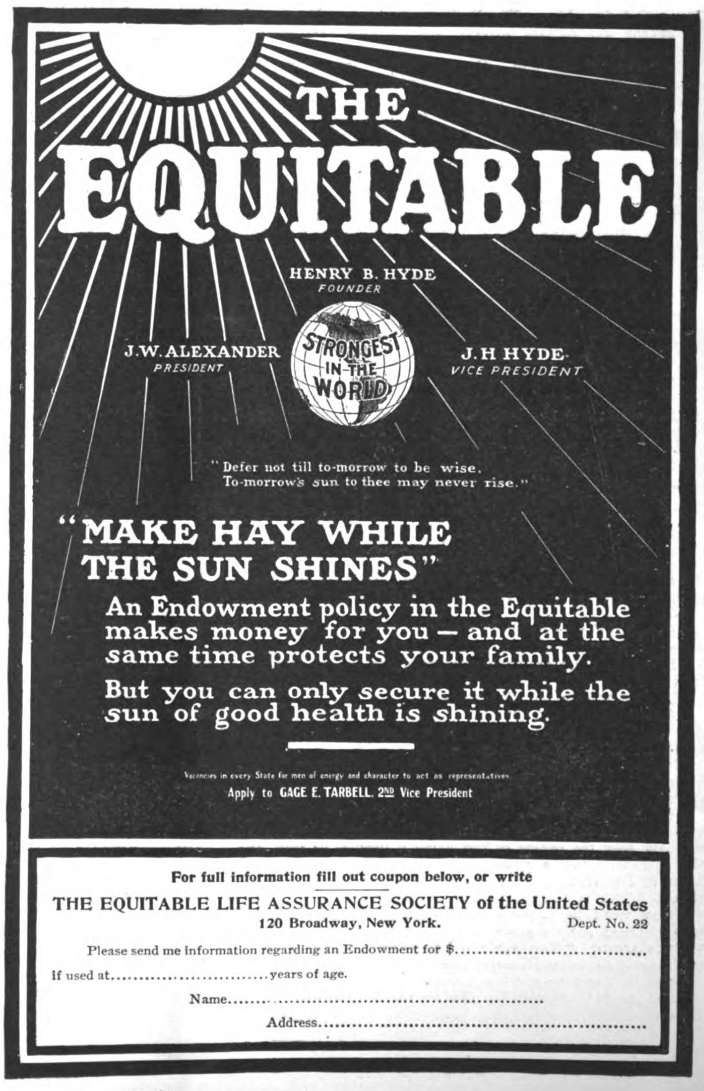
Now the town possessed a baseball team that had defeated every other club in the State, excepting one. The Falls had proved a Waterloo to Big Snake on the Fourth of July, and so its citizens fairly ached for a chance to "do the Falls up," and win back some of the money they had lost.

One morning about two weeks after his imprisonment Hakonuse heard the sound of far-off drums, and thought the soldiers were coming at last to release him. His heart leaped with joy, and he sprang to his window and there listened long. He could hear plainly the voice of the bugle, and he fancied he could detect the marching of columned feet. His friend, the agent, was surely coming to punish his captors.

He was not afraid of the soldier chiefs,



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for they fought honorably. They did not shut their enemies up in cells and take their arms away. They made war in the open air and on the hills. A shout of joy was about to break from his lips when the jailer entered the corridor much excited. He made a great many signs to his captive, but Hakonuse only understood one or two of them. "Come with me," and "I'll kill you."

He drew his blanket round him and thought. "I will go. I will at least escape these walls. If I die I will die under the sky where the sun can see me."

He quietly followed the sheriff outside, but when he saw the open handcuffs he rebelled and shook his head.

The sheriff made bungling signs again and threatened him.

Hakonuse comprehended nothing of all this save the motion toward the gun which he took to mean that he was to be killed. The excitement of his captor, the mystery of all he did, his menacing fists were convincing. But Hakonuse was a chief. He had never flinched in battle, and as he felt the wind of the wide sky on his face he lifted his eyes and said, "I am ready—but I will die fighting."

The sheriff motioned him to get into his buggy, and he obeyed—for the hand of the sheriff was ever on his revolver—and so they rode through the town, which was almost deserted. Far up the street Hakonuse could hear the noise of the drum, and his heart swelled big with a sense of coming trouble. Was he being led out to be tortured? Perhaps he would be permitted to fight his way to death?

A man at the door of the drug-store called out, jovially, "Where are you going, Mr. Sheriff?"

"Out to see the ball game. I happened to have only this one prisoner, so I thought I'd take him along. Damned if I'm going to miss the game for a greasy buck Injun."

"Look out he don't give you the slip."

The sheriff winked meaningly. "There'll be a right lively fox-hunt if he does. The boys would like nothing better than to rope an Injun to-day. It would draw better than a bull-fight."

They both laughed at this notion, and Hakonuse again understood only the menace in the sheriff's voice. As they neared the grand stand the noise of the great crowd reached across the quiet fields, and Hakonuse could see hundreds of people streaming along the road before him. His limbs grew tense. It was plain that his captor was driving directly toward this vast throng of savage white people, there to torture him.

He looked round him. On either side were rows of growing corn, and beyond the field on the right rose a grove of tall trees marking the course of the river. As he remembered this his final resolution came. "If I am to die I will die now," and he sprang from his seat to the ground and dived beneath the fence. He heard the sheriff's gun crack twice and thrice, but he rose unhurt, and with a wild exultation in his heart ran straight across the tender corn toward the river. Again the sheriff fired, his big revolver sounding loud on the windless air.

Then, as if his shooting were a signal, a squad of cowboys rose out of a gully before the fugitive and with wild whoopings swept toward him. They came with lariats swinging high above their heads, and Hakonuse, knowing well their pitiless ferocity, turned and ran straight toward the sheriff, who stood loading his gun on the inner side of the fence. As he ran, Hakonuse could see great ranks of yelling people rushing over the field toward him. He fled now to escape being dragged to death by the cowboys, hoping the sheriff might shoot him through the heart as he came near.

The sheriff fired twice at long range, but missed, and as the panting fugitive ran straight toward him, the white man fell to the earth as if shot, and crawled under the fence, leaving Hakonuse to face a squad of twenty infuriated mounted hoboes and a thousand citizens clamoring for blood. With the light of hell on their faces they shot down the defenceless red man, and with brutal heels stamped on his face as if he were a rattlesnake. When he no longer breathed they stabbed the inert body a hundred times and shot it full of bullets. They fought for a chance to kick it. They lost all semblance to men. Wolves fighting over the flesh of their own kind could not have been more heartlessly malevolent, more appalling in their demoniac frenzy.

And then above the clamor of their breathless cursing and cries of hate a strong clear voice made itself heard, a vibrant manly voice:

"Stop in the name o' Christ!" and through the crowd a tall young man in the garb of a Catholic priest forced his way. His big broad face was set with resolution and his white brow gleamed in the midst of the tumbling mass of bronzed, weather-beaten border-men with a singular paleness.

"*Stand back!* Are you fiends of hell? Where is your shame? A thousand to one! Is this your American chivalry- Oh, you devils!"

He stood astride the fallen man like a lion over the body of his mate. His body quivered with the sense of his horror and his splendid wrath.

"God's curse on ye—if you touch this man again." The crowd was silent now, and he went on, and his voice cut like a sabre: "I have seen the beasts of the African jungles at war, and I know the habits of the serpents of Nicaragua—I know your American bears and wolves—but I have never seen any malevolency to equal this."

Every word he spoke could be heard by the mob; every man who listened looked aside, helpless under the edge of the young priest's scorn. "You are the brave boys of which we read," he said, turning to the cowboys. "You are 'the Knights' of the plains—" Then his righteous wrath flamed forth again. "Knights of the plains! Mother of God! The grave-yard jackals would turn to lambs in ye're presence. Brave men ye are to rope and drag a defenceless man—and you!"—he turned to the slinking sheriff—"you are of my church—I know you. The malediction of Heaven hangs over *you* for this day's work. Take up the body of this man. He is dead, but his blood will yet make this town a stench in the nostrils of the world. You cannot do these things-to-day and not be accursed of all Christian peoples."

With a contemptuous wave of his hand he dismissed the mob. "Go home! Go back to your wives and children and boast of your great deed. Leave the body of the dead with me. His soul is with his Maker."

The crowd slunk away, leaving the sheriff, the priest, and a doctor who had volunteered his services to examine the mass of bloody flesh that had once been a tall and powerful commander of men.

"The man is alive!" said the doctor in a tone of awe. "Life is not extinct."

"Save him—for the love of Christ!" exclaimed the priest as he dropped on his knees beside the torn and trampled red man. "It would be a blessed miracle of Christ if he withstood such punishment. It is impossible!"

"His heart is beating—and I think it grows stronger," repeated the doctor as he fell to work with deft energy.

"What is this?" asked the priest as he picked up a bloody and crumpled paper. He opened it and read aloud: "I am Hakonuse. Long I hated the white man. But now I am changed. I want to be friends with the white man." As he finished, he prayed silently with a sort of breathless intensity while the tears ran down his cheeks:

"Lord Jesus, grant me humbleness and patience with these people. Let my heart not harden with hate of this injustice."

Then looking at the poor bruised body of Hakonuse, he said:

"O God! the pity of it! The pathos of it! His heart was good toward all men. I do not know when or where this was given, but it breaks my heart!"

They took Hakonuse up, the priest received him in his house, and cared for him, and he lived, but so battered, so misshapen that his own wife did not know him.

The cloud of his hate and despair never lifted. He spoke no word to any white man save to the good priest and to me, and when he died neither of us knew of it.

What did I do about it? Nothing. What could I do—except tell the story.

Decorative Art at the World's Fair

See Page 1016

HOWEVER the Louisiana Purchase Exposition may in future be compared, favorably or otherwise, with previous great events of the kind, it will without question far surpass all others in one important feature at least—the grandeur and originality of the sculpture which will adorn its grounds and ornament its buildings. A few of the chief features only can be touched upon.

Passing through the principal entrance to the grounds, the visitor will behold a great monumental feature which Mr. Bitter has named "The Apotheosis of St. Louis," and the execution of which has been intrusted to Mr. Charles H. Niehaus. In the centre of a vast plaza, surmounted upon a massive architectural base, will rise an equestrian statue of Louis IX., for whom the city of St. Louis was named. The city itself will be symbolized by a female figure sitting with outstretched arms in front of this monument, at the foot of the base. The winged figure of Fame is whispering in her ear the names of those who have made her great, while through her hands passes an endless scroll of the famous deeds of her children. The carving in relief about the base of the equestrian statue and various other figures grouped about it tell the story of the city's birth and growth.

This wonderful monument, and two notable equestrian statues of Joliet and De Soto, will form the chief features of what will be known as "Monument Court." Looking up from "Monument Court," one will behold the waters of the three great cascades tumbling from an elevation into the grand basin. At the northern end of this basin, in the broad boulevard which bisects the main group of Exposition palaces, will stand the Louisiana Purchase Monument, designed by Emanuel L. Masqueray, and all the sculpture upon and surrounding which is the work of Mr. Bitter. This monument, rising one hundred feet in height, is a very beautiful piece of work, consisting of a graceful shaft crowned by the figure of Peace, calling the nations of the world together in friendly competition.

It is hard to conceive greater possibilities for magnificence and monumental effect than that which lies in the hands of the artists who have been intrusted with the designing of the three great cascades, which, extending for over two city blocks in length, pour their waters into the grand basin, from which they are distributed to all the lagoons throughout the park. The central cascade, surrounded by twelve massive groups, will be the work of Mr. H. A. MacNeil, and is to be known as the Fountain of Liberty. The two side cascades are being executed by Mr. Isidore Konti, and will be symbolic of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The three cascades, taken as a whole, give expression to the sway of liberty from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

About the Fine Arts Palaces the most eminent sculptural efforts of the Exposition will be gathered, for these palaces and their decorations are to be permanent. Mr. D. C. French and Mr. Louis St.-Gaudens will execute the two great groups representing Sculpture and Painting, which will ornament the entrance.

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The Presentation of a Minister

By A. Maurice Low

See front page

THE formal presentation to the President of the United States of the latest member of the diplomatic corps is always an interesting and picturesque ceremony. It is a relic of tradition, and a suggestion of that side of diplomacy which resorts to honeyed phrases but means nothing. When an ambassador or a minister is presented to the President he reads to him a speech in which he expresses the profound joy which it gives his august sovereign to appoint an envoy to reside near the person of the President, the eagerness with which he avails himself of the opportunity to recall the traditional friendship which has always existed between the two countries, and the intense admiration which they have for each other. Now all this sounds and reads very well, but as a matter of fact a copy of the new envoy's speech has been previously submitted to the State Department, and there carefully read by the Secretary of State to see that no expression is used to which offence could be taken. Usually these presentation speeches do not require revision, but occasionally it has happened that a word or a phrase has been used which diplomacy considers might just as well be omitted, and in that case it falls to the lot of the Secretary of State to intimate in the most delicate language possible the wisdom of making the change, and of course the change is always made.

The Etiquette of It

The rule for the presentation of an ambassador or minister is quite simple. President Roosevelt has set the fashion in the case of the presentation of an ambassador to send his private carriage to the embassy, and from there to have the ambassador escorted by his military aide to the White House. This, however, is only done for ambassadors, following the European custom, and ministers observe the precedent which has always prevailed with this government, of going to the State Department and from there being escorted to the White House by the Secretary of State. When Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, K.C.M.G., the new Chinese minister, was presented to the President he went to the State Department accompanied by Mr. Chow Tszchi, the first secretary, Mr. Chang Chuan, the second secretary, Mr. Sun Sze-yee, third secretary, and Mr. Li Kwoh-Cheng, one of the attachés, all of them attired in very dazzling Oriental costumes, and under the guidance of Secretary Hay they drove to the White House, where the President and his secretary, Mr. Loeb, were waiting for them.

The Ceremony

The East and the West met in typical fashion in the White House. The President and Sir Chentung shook hands. The President, the Secretary of State, and Mr. Loeb were attired in conventional black frock-coats and were of course uncovered. The minister and the members of his suite were gorgeous in their gayly colored diplomatic uniforms, and wore as custom prescribes their circular head-dress. It was not a long ceremony. The minister read his speech, the President replied to it, a copy of which is furnished to the minister for transmission to his government; the secretaries were presented to the President, a brief informal conversation took place between the minister and the President, the President once more shook hands with Sir Chentung and the members of his suite, and the ceremony was at an end.

Cuba's Last Buccaneers

As late as the year 1825 the waters adjacent to Porto Rico were infested by a bloodthirsty band of pirates, led by a Spaniard named Confrecinas. It was the proud boast of the buccaneer chief that he neither gave nor asked quarter. In March of the year mentioned Captain John Drake Sloat, who twenty-one years later raised the American flag over California, was placed in command of the sloop-of-war *Grampus*, with orders to proceed to the West Indies and wipe the pirates off the ocean. The *Grampus* cruised

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for some weeks without catching sight of any pirate vessel. One morning, while the sloop was lying at anchor in the harbor of San Juan, a man who had swum ashore from a merchant vessel captured by Confrecinas, reported that the pirate brig was anchored in the Boca de Inferno (Mouth of Hell), an obscure harbor some miles up the coast, waiting to attack a heavily laden schooner which was to sail from San Juan that very day.

Confrecinas knew the *Grampus* well, so to make sure of his prey, Captain Sloat placed a heavily armed crew and cannon loaded with grape on board the schooner, and sallied forth. The pirates, unsuspecting any resistance, bore down on the disguised vessel, with the black flag and skull and crossbones at the brig's masthead. Not a move was made by Sloat and his crew until the vessels were almost alongside, when the marines arose from the deck and poured a deadly fire into the brig. Confrecinas rallied his men, and for some time kept up a running fight, showing great skill in manipulating his crippled vessel. He was finally forced to run his brig ashore. Forty of the crew, with the buccaneer chief, were captured by waiting soldiers. They were taken to San Juan, court-martialed the next day, and shot. Confrecinas was the last to die. When they attempted to bind his eyes he threw the men aside, ridiculed the priest, and exclaimed in a loud voice:

"I have slain hundreds with my own hands, and I know how to die. Fire!" He fell pierced by many bullets, the last and most bloodthirsty of the buccaneers of that region.

What makes an Explosion

HYDROGEN forms a part of nearly all organic substances. In the greater number of plants hydrogen is associated with carbon. The growing plant is provided with roots spread out in the moist earth, while the part which is aboveground is provided with leaves that come in contact with a great quantity of air. By some mysterious influence that we do not understand the heat and light energy derived from the sun operating in connection with plant life decomposes the water in the earth, and also the carbonic-acid gas which forms a small percentage of the atmosphere. The roots take up water, and it flows up through the trunk of the tree, while at the same time the carbonic-acid gas of the atmosphere is decomposed, the oxygen set free, and the carbon combined with the hydrogen of the water. It will therefore be seen that in both cases oxygen is set free, and the hydrogen of the water is combined with the carbon of the atmosphere, forming a true hydrocarbon, which in many cases constitutes the greater part of the weight of the plant.

The Nature of Guncotton

The fibrous material so formed is generally known as cellulose. Pure cotton, and paper pulp made from wood, are examples of pure cellulose. If cellulose is plunged into strong nitric acid the hydrogen is displaced by what are known as "nitrogen groups"—that is, oxygen in chemical combination with nitrogen enters the substance, decomposing it, and driving out the hydrogen and supplanting it. The action of the nitric acid upon the cellulose produces water, which reduces the strength of the acid, and to avoid this a considerable quantity of very strong sulphuric acid is mixed with the nitric acid. This absorbs the water as fast as it is formed, keeping the nitric acid, as one might say, in a dry state. When cotton has been nitrated in this way, and then very carefully washed for many hours to deprive it of every trace of its acid, and dried, it becomes guncotton, chemically known as tri-nitrocellulose. If, however, the acids are weak, then collodion cotton is produced, which is known to chemistry as di-nitrocellulose. It is

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only tri-nitrocellulose, however, that is employed in the manufacture of high explosives.

But cellulose is by no means the only material that can be nitrated. There are, in fact, hundreds of materials which may be thus converted into explosives, and all are nitrated in practically the same manner—namely, by being dropped into strong nitric acid. When glycerine, which is the sugar of fat, is nitrated, it is known as nitro-glycerine, one of the strongest and best known of explosives. Nitroglycerine and guncotton form the basis of a great number of smokeless powders.

A Freakish Force

When carbonic acid (phenol) is nitrated, it is called tri-nitrophenol, or picric acid. But picric acid was made more than one hundred years ago from indigo. It crystallizes in brilliant yellow scales, and it dyes all animal tissue an intensely brilliant yellow. It was used many years in the arts as a dyeing agent before its true character as an explosive was known. Picric acid is, indeed, a very peculiar substance. Although one of the most violent explosives known, it is one of the safest. If thrown into a white-hot furnace it burns away like pitch. If set on fire in the open air it burns with a yellow smoky flame. It cannot be exploded in the open air, but if confined in a strong receptacle, and ignited by a strong fulminating charge, it detonates with terrific violence, reducing the receptacle into fine fragments.

Making Iron into Lampblack

If exploded in a cast-iron shell the iron becomes atomized to such an extent that it has the appearance of lampblack. This material is used in its pure state in England for charging large shells under the name of lyddite. In France it is known as melinite and is employed for the same purpose, but the French mix about four per cent. of thick viscid petroleum oil with their picric acid, and then compress it into the shells. In this condition it is very insensitive to shock, and may be shot through thick armor plates without exploding. Picric acid may be mixed with a great variety of other materials, and is the basis of a great number of the "ites" that are employed for various purposes.

Phenol, the basis of picric acid, is manufactured from coal-tar, but it is by no means the only explosive which is made from coal-tar products. Tri-nitrotoluene and tri-nitrocresol may be given as examples. They have the same explosive properties as picric acid, and are employed to some extent in place of picric acid in the manufacture of various explosives.

Manufacturing Explosives

Professor Mowbray of North Adams, Massachusetts, made a very violent explosive of tri-nitrotoluene and nitroglycerine, which was said to be extremely safe to handle. Then we have di-nitrobenzol, nitrobenzol (which has the smell of bitter-almonds, and is used for perfuming soaps), tri-nitronaphthalene, and many other similar substances, all of which may be employed in the manufacture of explosives. When two or more nitro explosives are mixed together their sensitiveness to go off by shock is considerably diminished. This is particularly the case with nitroglycerine and tri-nitrotoluene. But their sensitiveness to go off by shock may be diminished to any extent by the addition of a minute quantity of thick mineral oil, of which vaseline may be considered as an example.

A mixture consisting of 88 parts of picric acid, 8 parts of di-nitrobenzol, and 4 parts of vaseline, makes a very powerful and safe explosive, which melts at a very low temperature, and is sufficiently insensitive to be shot through thick armor plates without exploding.



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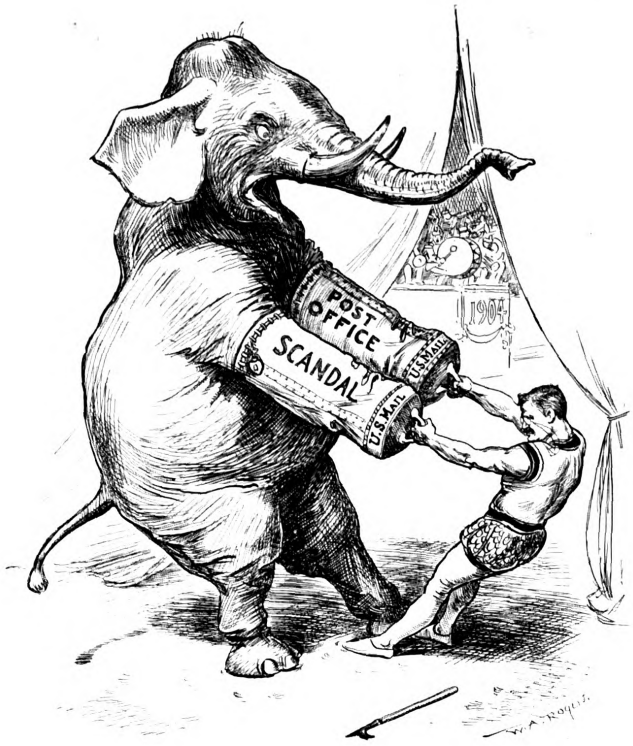
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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COMMENT

As we expected, the return of President Roosevelt to Washington has been followed by an announcement that the investigation of the post-office scandals will be ruthless and drastic. A disappointment has awaited those who hoped that First Assistant Postmaster-General Wynne would be rebuked for assisting the newspapers to expose the disgraceful state of things in the department, and that Fourth Assistant Postmaster Bristow would be disciplined for assuming that an investigator's business is to investigate. Whether Mr. Roosevelt possesses a lively sense of humor we do not know; if he does, he must have been amused by Postmaster-General Payne's discovery that he should be credited with the revelation of the frauds of which his department has been the victim. After doing everything in his power to prevent the disclosure of malfeasance, after denying or belittling the accusations brought against the postal service, and attacking the character of the accusers, he now asserts that the whole inquiry is due to his initiative. His predecessor, ex-Postmaster-General Smith, after repudiating the notion that there could have been any wrong-doing on the part of his subordinates, now vies with Mr. Payne in vociferous demands for a clean sweep of the rogues in office. If there is now good reason to believe that a clean sweep will be made, our thanks are due to Mr. Wynne and Mr. Bristow, who, convinced from the outset that they would have the President's support, have paid little heed to the fact that bribe-takers might have influential political backers. These are dark days for the "new crowd," the collective name applied to themselves by the rascals who invaded the Post-office Department after March 4, 1897. To their dismay, Mr. Roosevelt, while keeping his promise to carry out Mr. McKinley's policies, declines to hold himself responsible for Mr. McKinley's appointees.

When we recall how long the charges of malfeasance were pooh-poohed by Postmaster-General Payne as "hot air," the amount of progress already made by Mr. Bristow is surprising. The Assistant Attorney-General for the Post-office Department has been dismissed. The head of the Salary and Allowance Division has resigned his place, and it remains to be seen whether he did not habitually accept bribes from postal officials whose salaries were improperly increased. As almost all of the additions made to salaries under his régime have been abolished, the bribe-givers, if any, are now likely to divulge the truth. As for Machen, the former head of the free-delivery service, he has been indicted for accepting $23,000 from the owners of a patent device which he caused the department to adopt, and Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow seems to have no doubt of his ability to prove that for some years Machen has been receiving a large percentage of the payments made by the department to the owners of the patent. Still more recently two other postal officials have been arrested; and still the good work goes on.

Senator Hanna, having made up his mind not to oppose the endorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy for the Presidency by the Ohio State convention, displayed the enthusiasm characteristic of converts, and eulogized the President in somewhat exaggerated terms. He twice referred to Mr. Roosevelt as that *heroic young man.* There is scarcely a stronger adjective in the English language than *heroic,* and if the President has earned the epithet by his martial achievements at San Juan, what is left for the worthies of the civil war? But nobody expects Senator Hanna to be nice in the choice of words. He does the best he can with a limited vocabulary, and manages to make his meaning perfectly clear to his henchmen. Only one construction has been put upon his speech at the convention—the intention of organizing opposition to the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt in 1904 has been renounced. Senator Fairbanks of Indiana has followed Senator Hanna into the Roosevelt camp, although it was only the other day that the chairman of the State Republican Committee announced that Indiana would inflexibly demand the nomination of Mr. Fairbanks for the Presidency. As Mr. Fairbanks has an even firmer hold upon the party machinery in Indiana than Mr. Hanna has in Ohio, the former's announcement will be looked upon by wire-pullers as decisive, and we may now expect to see Mr. Roosevelt nominated by acclamation, unless, of course, he should do or say something within the coming twelvemonth that would destroy his popularity.

When one considers the circumstances under which Mr. Roosevelt became Chief Magistrate, the shortness of the period during which he has occupied the office, and the obstacles to be surmounted, the completeness of the ascendency established by him over his party is without a parallel in political history. He would have been laughed at who should have prophesied, when Mr. Roosevelt became President, that a relatively youthful and untrained politician, who could not have secured a renomination for the Governorship in his own State, would within eighteen months gain absolute control of the party machine throughout the nation, compelling such veteran machinists as Hanna, Fairbanks, Allison, Platt of New York, and Quay—in a word, all the "favorite sons"—to do his bidding. Such is the astonishing fact, however. Mr. Roosevelt at this moment has a far stronger grip upon the party machinery than Lincoln had in 1864 or Grant in 1872. Not a few Republican leaders avowedly preferred Frémont to Lincoln in the former year, and Greeley to Grant in the latter. Now, on the other hand, there is not a single Republican politician of any eminence or weight who dares to raise his voice against Mr. Hanna's "heroic young man."

When we turn to the reasons assigned by Mr. Hanna for his eleventh-hour approval of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy, we observe that, outside of the admiration professed for the heroism displayed at San Juan, the Senator from Ohio seems to be mainly influenced by the kind of gratitude that has been described as a lively sense of favors to come. He insists that the nation's actual prosperity is chiefly due to the Dingley

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tariff, that of this tariff Mr. McKinley was an unflinching upholder, and that Mr. Roosevelt's principal title to praise is the fidelity with which he has carried out his predecessor's policy. In Mr. Hanna's eyes the Dingley tariff is sacred; it is the Ark of the Covenant. The President must not lay hands upon it. Reminding his auditors that he said in 1900, "Let well enough alone," the Senator from Ohio at present adds, "For God's sake, keep letting it alone." Now there is no doubt that Mr. McKinley himself, in the last speech he ever made—the memorable speech at Buffalo—took a very different view of the Dingley tariff than that which Mr. Hanna at present proclaims. Mr. McKinley made it plain that, in his judgment, the reciprocity clauses in the Dingley act were not intended to remain in innocuous desuetude, and the inference was naturally drawn that he meant to call upon the Senate to ratify some, if not all, of the reciprocity treaties that had been negotiated in pursuance of those clauses. That was the latest indication of his policy that Mr. McKinley gave, and last year Mr. Roosevelt allowed it to be understood that he took a similar view of the way in which the Dingley act should be interpreted. He was at that time disposed to look favorably on the so-called "Iowa idea," which simply asserts that a tariff should not be inflexible, but adjustable to the ever-changing conditions of industry and trade.

For the last six months, however, we have heard nothing from Mr. Roosevelt about reciprocity, except in the single case of Cuba. It is his silence upon this subject that especially commends the President to Mr. Hanna, and the hope that he will continue silent was unmistakably disclosed in the Senator's speech to the Ohio convention. He had not a word of approval for Mr. Roosevelt's interposition in the anthracite-coal strike, nor for the President's campaign against the trusts. What he held up for approbation was Mr. Roosevelt's present disposition to leave the Dingley tariff intact. It was distinctly on this ground that Ohio's endorsement was given, and it follows that if, during the next twelvemonth, Mr. Roosevelt should favor a readjustment of the tariff in important schedules, Mr. Hanna might decline to hold himself bound by a promise made, as he might say, under a mistaken impression of the President's intentions. There is no doubt that Mr. Hanna is the mouthpiece of the manufacturers, and his speech, read between the lines, signifies that the manufacturers have decided to accept Mr. Roosevelt, *provided* he discards the "Iowa idea."

Under the circumstances, it seems inevitable that the next Presidential election should turn on the tariff issue. Shall the Dingley tariff be upheld in every particular, or shall it be readjusted? There seems to be no longer any doubt as to the position the Republican party will take. It is the weakest position which that party could occupy, and the Democracy should be able to assail it with success. The tariff issue will unite Democrats more thoroughly than any other. Gold Democrats and Bryanites can join hands against the Dingley act, and they are likely to secure considerable accessions of strength from the Republicans. That is evident from the drift of sentiment within the Republican party, not only in Iowa, but in Michigan, Wisconsin, and other States of the central West. With the lines sharply drawn upon the tariff issue in the form which Senator Hanna gives it when he proclaims the Dingley act inviolable, it should be possible for the Democracy to repeat the triumphs achieved by Mr. Cleveland in 1892, when he carried not only Illinois and Wisconsin, but secured part of the electoral votes of Michigan. We add that, from the moment the Dingley tariff is recognized as the pivotal issue, the expediency of putting forward Mr. Cleveland is emphasized. He personifies as does no other man the advocacy of a reasonable tariff adapted to the interests, not of a class, but of the people as a whole. He also personifies the demand for an income tax, a demand in which many Republicans concur, and which could be satisfied either by a constitutional amendment or by a reversal of the decision of the United States Supreme Court, which was rendered, it will be recalled, by only five judges against four. That Mr. Cleveland could be trusted to use all the powers of supervision and control that might be vested in him by anti-trust legislation nobody doubts. It is also certain that malfeasance in office, such as has been committed in the Postal Department, would never be hidden or condoned under a Cleveland administration. Yet, although events seem tending to force the issues which Mr. Cleveland represents into the foreground, neither he nor any one authorized to speak for him has intimated that he desires, or would accept, a nomination for a third term. If the nomination comes, it will have to come unsolicited, in response to an overwhelming and irresistible popular demand. Meanwhile the discussion of Mr. Cleveland's candidacy has had an invigorating effect on the Democratic party. Men who have twice marched to victory with him recover courage at the mention of his name. They feel that, under his expert leadership, their broken columns might be reformed and reinspired, and that they would have a fair chance of carrying the five pivotal States of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, and Indiana and West Virginia, and would not be without the hope of winning Rhode Island, Delaware, and Wisconsin.

Allen W. Thurman, son of the late Senator Thurman, and a man of mark among Ohio Democrats, advocates the selection of Arthur P. Gorman as the Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1904. He advocates him for the very reason that the Maryland Senator would not be entirely acceptable either to the friends of Bryan or to the friends of Cleveland. Mr. Gorman is believed not to have approved of the silver plank in the platform framed at Chicago in 1896, and upheld at Kansas City in 1900, but in both years he voted for Bryan as being the nominee of the Democracy. These are precisely the conditions which, according to Mr. Thurman, must be satisfied if a candidate is to bring about the reunion of the factions into which the Democratic party has for some seven years been split. Could Gorman carry the State of New York? Mr. Thurman thinks that he can, and we may be sure that if he thought otherwise he would at once reject the Maryland Senator as unavailable. We are not prepared to assert that Mr. Gorman could not carry New York, but we are certain that he would bring out a smaller Democratic vote in that State than would Chief-Judge Parker, and we are also certain that he would draw fewer votes from the Republican party than would Mr. Cleveland. There is this also to be considered: To carry New York would not suffice. New Jersey, Connecticut, Indiana, and West Virginia must also be regained from the Republicans. It is now far more difficult for a Democrat to secure the electoral votes of New Jersey and Connecticut than it was before those States gave Mr. McKinley phenomenal pluralities. The fact must not be lost sight of that in 1896 McKinley's plurality in New Jersey was nearly 90,000, and that it was nearly 60,000 in 1900; in Connecticut it was nearly 54,000 in 1896, and upwards of 28,000 four years later.

We must recognize that the Democratic candidate will have to sweep the State of New York like a tidal wave, and will need the support of a large and powerful section of the business community of New York city in order to make sure of carrying Connecticut and New Jersey also. That Mr. Cleveland would carry New Jersey we may take for granted, because he is a native of that State. He would also be more acceptable to the business community in New York city than would Mr. Gorman, and therefore would be more likely to carry Connecticut. The same thing may be said of Judge Parker and Judge Gray. That Mr. Gorman would run well in West Virginia is probable, but Mr. Thurman is more qualified than we are to say how he would run in Indiana. That Western State must be carried by the Democratic nominee if he would escape defeat, and it will prove a difficult job, for in Indiana McKinley's majority was nearly fifty per cent. greater in 1900 than it was in 1896, whereas in the three pivotal States that largely take their cue from New York city it was signally cut down.

We discuss elsewhere some of the attempts to explain the genesis of the new negro crime. It is not only in the Southern States that the relations of the white and black races have been changed for the worse since the civil war. Nor is it only one particular crime that provokes an outbreak of mob violence on the part of the whites. Of this fact we have just had startling evidence. On June 7, at Belleville, Illinois, a negro who had shot a school superintendent because the latter had refused to renew his teacher's certificate, was taken

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from the jail by a mob and lynched. After he had been beaten to death, his body was dragged through the streets to a public square, strung up to a telegraph pole, then cut down, saturated with kerosene, and burned to a crisp. This in the State of Abraham Lincoln, the author of the Emancipation Proclamation! No such atrocity would have been committed in Lincoln's lifetime. The only crime which at that period would have been held to justify lynching is the violation of a white woman by a negro, and there is no record of such a crime in Illinois before the civil war. The negro schoolteacher at Belleville unquestionably supposed himself to have been wronged by the school superintendent. He believed, no doubt, that the certificate authorizing him to teach had been withheld, not on the ground of moral or intellectual incompetence—he had previously held it—but because he was a black. Exasperated by what he assumed to be an exhibition of racial prejudice, he mortally wounded the man who had prevented him from following his vocation, and who had held him up to obloquy. Had a homicide been committed under precisely similar circumstances by a white man, the chances are two to one that a jury would not have convicted him of murder in the first degree. Public opinion would probably have sanctioned a verdict of manslaughter. Yet at Belleville, because the manslayer was a negro and his victim a white man, public opinion seems to have demanded the repudiation of the machinery of justice, and to have sanctioned the fiendish savagery with which the homicide was avenged. We have here a most striking proof of the extent to which race hatred has been developed since the war, even in a Northern community. It is inevitable that negroes, when they read of the horrible cruelty with which an educated representative of their race is treated, should be wrought to a hatred of the whites that they never felt in the days of slavery. What was once, at worst, a prejudice is tending to become a ferocious enmity, which degrades and barbarizes whites as well as blacks. An enormity like this, which has disgraced the State of Abraham Lincoln, may well lead pessimists to think that the negro problem is growing less and less solvable with every year.

As this newspaper did not approve of the appointment of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, believing that the President had no constitutional right to appoint it, we shall scarcely be suspected of leaning toward the United Mine-Workers when we urge the mine owners and operators to recede from the position which they have taken with reference to the conciliation board. The award provided, it will be remembered, that all questions of interpretation should be referred to a conciliation board of six members, half of whom were to represent the operators, and half the miners. If, in any particular dispute, four out of the six members of the board should be unable to agree upon a decision, the dispute was to be referred to an umpire. Now Messrs. Connell, Luther, and Warriner, representing the operators in the Scranton, Pottsville, and Wilkesbarre districts, have refused to recognize Messrs. Nichols, Dettrey, and Fahy, the representatives of the miners, on the ground that they have not been *elected* by a majority of the mine-workers in their respective districts, but have been appointed by the executive committees of their labor unions. Now we have before us the text of the award, and we cannot find in it any warrant for the assumption that the representatives of the miners must, in all cases, be *elected*. On the contrary, the award expressly says that where in a given district a labor organization represents a majority of the mine-workers, the representative of the miners in that district on a board of conciliation may be *appointed* by such organization. In view of this provision, we could only justify the position taken by the operators if they denied that the labor organization in a given district contained a majority of the miners therein. No such denial has been made, so far as we know. Indeed, it seems to be notorious that in each of the three districts named the labor union comprises a large majority of the mine-workers. Under the circumstances, public opinion will not support the operators in their demand that Messrs. Nichols, Dettrey, and Fahy shall be *elected*. If the mine-workers are driven to strike because the qualification of their representatives to sit on a board of conciliation is disputed for any reason other than that which we have named, they will have the sympathy of the community. It ought not to be necessary to resort to a strike, however. Let the leaders of the United Mine-Workers announce their willingness to accept Judge Gray as umpire, and to let him decide whether the construction put upon the award by the operators is correct. If the operators refuse to accept the umpireship of Judge Gray, and insist upon interpreting the terms of the award to suit themselves, they will have no right to complain if they are suspected of bad faith. In what we have here said we have proceeded, we repeat, on the assumption that in each of the three districts named the labor union constitutes a majority of the miners employed. If this be untrue, or even doubtful in any district, the miners ought to elect their representative on the conciliation board.

The radical element of the Massachusetts Legislature started the session in January with the intent to make the coal strike and the resultant inconvenience tell for law-making which would go a long way on the socialistic road. Now when account is taken near the close of the session it is discovered that common sense has power left yet. The Committee on Federal Relations brought forth a resolution committing the State to the ownership of the coal-mines by the national government, but the Legislature could be induced to go no farther than to vaguely endorse the idea of a possible national supervision. A special committee went up and down the State in search of information concerning the retail coal trade, and after taking immense quantities of testimony, evolved two bills. One was for the establishment of municipal fuel-yards, a measure which was killed when the Supreme Court of the State, in response to the inquiry of the Legislature, pronounced it unconstitutional. The other was a bill which aimed to prevent combinations intended to enhance the price of the necessaries of life. This bill was meant to break up the so-called "coal clubs," which exist in most Massachusetts cities, and which have sufficient vitality to regulate the retail price of coal, but not enough vitality to choose officers or keep records. In order to avert certain constitutional objections, the bill was not specifically limited in its operation to coal-dealers, and in order to win the votes of the country members, agricultural products were not included. Though the measure was clearly unconstitutional on account of the discrimination in favor of the farmers, the House of Representatives dallied with it through several sessions, and at the end killed it by only a small plurality. A feature of the debate, highly suggestive of the mental range and moral calibre of the measure's champions, was the frank admission that the bill was unconstitutional, coupled with the vigorous urging to pass it, nevertheless. However, after all the agitation and not a little really earnest work, the State of Massachusetts comes out, at the end of the first session of the Legislature after the serious coal famine, without a line of the legislation which that famine was confidently expected to produce. Very conservative men were certain that the general indignation with the coal-dealers would stimulate radical law-making, but this speculation has been wholly and, on the whole, satisfactorily disappointed. Perhaps a contemplation of the difficulties involved in such laws as were proposed staggered the legislators; but we incline to the belief that the sober second thought of the commonwealth was effectively, if quietly, assertive.

We look forward to a decision in our favor on the part of the commissioners who will presently meet in London for the purpose of defining the boundary of Alaska. That is to say, we believe that one of the British commissioners will side with the American members of the body, and thus help to constitute the necessary majority. As we have previously pointed out, the treaty of 1825 by which Russian America and British America were delimited was for some seventy years assumed to give Russia full control of all the sounds, channels, and inland seas of the broken Alaskan coast. Whatever Russia possessed in that quarter we acquired when we purchased Alaska, and our right to occupy the heads of all the inlets was not disputed by the Canadians until the discovery of gold in the Klondike made direct access to the sea a matter of obvious importance to the inhabitants of the northwestern section of British North America.

With traditional impartiality, the *North American Review* has opened its columns to the advocates of Canada's claim that,

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in many instances, the heads of the Alaska inlets belong, under a right construction of the treaty of 1825, to British North America. A most decisive refutation of that claim appears in the June number of that periodical. The author, Mr. R. W. Parker, of New Jersey, examines the boundary treaty of 1825, and also the interpretations put upon it, down to 1897, by British subjects, including Canadians, as well as by Russians and Americans. It seems to us that no fair-minded man can follow his analysis of the evidence, and reject the conclusion that, from the terms of the treaty, the whole shore, including the gulfs, bays, and inland seas, was to belong to Russia, down to latitude 54 degrees 40 minutes, and that south of that line they were to belong to England; that the word "ocean" included all tidal estuaries, and that the interior boundary was to be a range of mountains on the continent inside of the "sinuosities of the shore," unless the range of mountains should be more than ten leagues therefrom, in which event a line at that distance from these sinuosities was to be the boundary. Mr. Parker demonstrates not only that this is the plain purport of the treaty, but also that such a construction of it is so thoroughly confirmed by admissions of ownership made at various times before 1897 that no dispute is possible concerning the meaning of the instrument. But for the fact that one of the highest judicial authorities in Great Britain is to serve on the commission, we might apprehend that the members of the board would be evenly divided, but, as it is, we cannot doubt that the case will be decided on its merits.

There now seems to be no prospect of a reassembling of the Joint High Commission appointed for the purpose of settling certain controversies between the United States and Canada. If the commissioners could have agreed four years ago upon a reciprocity treaty, the other matters in dispute might have been speedily adjusted. But, with the exception of our millers, who would like to grind Canadian wheat, very few American citizens have desired reciprocity with Canada, and now the Canadians themselves have lost their eagerness for reciprocal tariff concessions, believing that Mr. Chamberlain's project for an imperial zollverein will assure to colonial breadstuffs a preference in the British market. That preference they hope to turn eventually into a monopoly. It is doubtful, however, whether the Dominion can grant to British manufactures any further preference than they already give—33 1-3 per cent. in certain schedules—without destroying the Canadian manufactures, which of late years have been sedulously fostered. Neither does it follow, because Mr. Chamberlain's plan has been endorsed by Premier Balfour, that it will be carried out. It is even uncertain whether a majority of the present House of Commons would support the scheme, which is to be denounced, it seems, not only by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Mr. Goschen, both of whom have been Chancellors of the Exchequer in Unionist governments, but also by Mr. Ritchie, their successor in office, and by three other members of the present cabinet, to wit, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lansdowne, the Foreign Secretary, and Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty. If opposition so extensive and influential confronts Mr. Chamberlain within the ranks of his own party, how can he expect to secure from the majority of the voters authority to revert to a protective tariff? Long ere this the proposed renunciation of free trade by Great Britain would have excited the liveliest interest in the United States, and especially among our grain-producers, but for the fact that the rejection of Mr. Chamberlain's proposal at the ballot-box is taken for granted. Mr. Chamberlain intends, we are told, to conduct a campaign of education, and to hold up the prosperity of the United States as a proof of the benefits accruing from protection. What possible analogy is there between the United Kingdom, which does not produce half of the food staples it consumes, and the United States, which not only are able to feed themselves, but have a vast surplus of food products available for export? The only British subjects that would benefit by the imposition of considerable duties on breadstuffs would be the landowners, and, of course, they are all enthusiastic advocates of Mr. Chamberlain's plan.

Mr. Michael Davitt's investigations on the spot have abundantly supported the view we took of the Kishinef massacres, that they were a local outbreak of anti-Semitic fury, on the part of a population almost wholly non-Russian, being largely Rumanian, Moldavian, and Wallachian, and substantially the same as that of the neighboring regions of Turkey. "The Jews are convinced from every evidence," says Mr. Davitt, "that the outbreak was a plan of the local anti-Semitic leaders to punish and terrorize the Jews for their supposed propaganda of socialism in conjunction with the leaders of the socialists in western Europe." It should be remembered that the word socialist means, in Russia, a nihilist or anarchist of the type of Czolgosz, and that a very large proportion of those terrorists who, at different times, attempted the assassination of Alexander II. were Jews, like Hesse Helfman and Goldenberg. Further, we must remember that there is ample evidence to show that the propagandists of anarchy lose no opportunity of working mischief in Russia; whenever there is a strike riot, students' revolt, military outbreak, or other disorder, it is found that the way has been paved by a lavish distribution of anarchist leaflets, and the propangandists have even gone so far as to don stolen uniforms, and, posing as government officials, to assure the populace that the Emperor orders this or that act of violence. We may be certain, therefore, that the hand of the anarchist was busy in preparing the Kishinef massacre, as a blow, not against the Jews, but through the Jews at the Russian government.

This persecution to which the Jews are subjected in Russia and Rumania is avowedly intended to drive them out of those countries, and a sweeping exodus of the race would undoubtedly take place if the majority of the Russian and Rumanian Jews were not too poor to emigrate. Even as it is, more Jews have come from eastern Europe to the United States within the last five years than left Spain when Ferdinand and Isabella issued their decree of banishment. The Kishinef horror, and the apparently well-grounded fear that it may be repeated in Kieff, Wilna, Warsaw, and other cities in the zone within which Russian Jews are confined, are likely to give a great impetus to emigration, and the advocates of the Zionist movement desire to direct the stream of emigrants to Palestine. It is extremely improbable, however, that the Jews will ever regain Jerusalem. We have no doubt that Jewish financiers would provide money for the purpose, and there are few things which the Ottoman Sultan might not be prevailed upon to sell. One of those few things, however, is Jerusalem, which the Zionists apparently forget is one of the sacred cities of Islam. Were Jerusalem taken from him by force, Moslem public opinion would compel Abdul Hamid II. to proclaim a *jehad*, or holy war, for its recovery. He would no more dare to sell it than he would Medina or Mecca.

As for taking the city by force, Russian public opinion would never permit it to fall into the hands of Catholics or Protestants, much less into the hands of the Jews. When the long-expected but constantly deferred collapse of the Ottoman Empire takes place, the most practicable solution of the Jerusalem problem will be to neutralize the town, and place it under an international commission, in which the Greek Church, the Catholic Church, and Protestantism are represented. Neither Islam nor Christendom will voluntarily surrender Jerusalem to the Jews. Nor is it altogether clear why the Jews should care for a place in which scarcely a vestige of the city annihilated by Hadrian is believed by archæologists to exist. Whether any of the identifications dear to Christian or to Jewish piety are trustworthy is doubtful. When the Empress Irene, centuries after Hadrian's time, tried to find the site of the Holy Sepulchre, she had at her disposal no experts in the art of excavation and identification. No such art, indeed, then existed. Whether the wish of the Jews to regain Jerusalem be reasonable or not, however, it will never be gratified. There is, on the other hand, no reason why they should not secure a district well suited to colonization in the comparatively fertile country east of the Jordan. But we opine that the Zionist movement is foredoomed to failure, because an increasing majority of the Jews are inclined to find the Promised Land in the United States.

The Macedonian agitation is evidently dying out, as it has always done, with the approach of the summer months. Let us hope that the outbreaks of this spring are the last that will afflict that much-suffering country. These insurrectionary

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movements, which we have chronicled week by week, were foretold, and even prepared, last autumn. They had already acquired a certain momentum when the Lamsdorff-Goluchowski agreement brought the joint interposition of Austria and Russia, with its new message of hope for the Balkans. It was too late then to stem the rising tide, and the disturbed condition of things gave small hope for the introduction of peaceful reforms by the Sultan. At present, however, the coast is clear, and Austria and Russia will press their policy upon Turkey, with results certain to be beneficent.

This valued concession to Poland will be acclaimed all over the world, and comparisons will inevitably be drawn between the humane and liberal policy of the Tsar and the avowed policy of the Kaiser, who is determined to make good Germans, and even good Prussians, out of the Poles in his dominions. The Tsar's action in this matter is the logical fruit of his general policy of humanity and liberalism, the first notable act of which was the Peace Conference at The Hague with its affirmation of the principle of arbitration, which is gradually asserting itself in all international disputes. The recent ukase, with its assertion of more perfect liberty of worship, its affirmation of the principle of greater local self-government and local responsibility, its recognition of higher individual freedom, is a sign of the same humane quality, a further indication that Russia is entering on a new stage of national life, a stage which will be pregnant of great good not only for Russia, but for all lands which are affected by Russia's policy. A recognition of these genuine currents in Russian life will shortly take the place of the prejudice and injustice towards Russia which are the legacy of Beaconsfield and Bismarck, and which are fanned into flames by interested agitators whenever an opportunity offers.

The visit of President Loubet to Rome, where he will pay his respects both to the Vatican and the Quirinal, has raised a number of interesting points in Ultramontane diplomacy. Since the fall of the temporal power it has been a point of honor with the Vatican that no Catholic sovereign shall visit Rome, and a certain party there has sought to extend this to President Loubet, as the head of Catholic France. But the wiser heads point out that the head of a Catholic republic is not necessarily a Catholic, and therefore comes under another category; so that it is fairly certain that when President Loubet knocks at the door of the Vatican, the door will promptly open. A friendly meeting between the Pope and the French President will go far to restore a healthier state of things in France, where the bitterness of the congregation controversy is evidently past. President Loubet will create another precedent by returning the visit of King Edward, as he will thus be the first French President to enter England. The visit of King Victor Emmanuel II. in the autumn, first to Paris and then to London, is undoubtedly a direct result of the diplomacy of the English King, a diplomacy which is, as we have said, more of the heart than of the head, and therefore far more potent and influential. To add to the benign doings of royalty, we have the recent autograph letter of the Tsar permitting the teaching of the Catholic Church, in the Polish language, in all Polish middle-class schools, while formerly such instruction was limited to six schools only.

Colombian advices continue to show better prospects for the canal treaty. Señor Herran, the *chargé d'affaires* at Washington, has recently received a cable announcing that complete peace now reigns in the republic, and he has pointed out that this means the absolute suspension of martial law, the subordination of the military to the civil authorities, the relinquishment of dictatorial power by the President, and, probably, the discontinuance of the issue of paper money, which disturbed all normal financial and commercial conditions in Colombia, and wrought havoc in the international exchange. All barriers to the assembling of the Colombian Congress are now removed, and it only remains to be seen whether the Colombian deputies and their constituents will prefer solid pudding to empty praise. These assurances of restored health are supported by our own representative in Colombia, Mr. Beaupré, who cables that public order has been restored throughout the nation. An additional element of assurance is drawn from the fact that, while martial law continued, the President had the power to ratify the canal treaty as Dictator, without assembling Congress; his voluntary relinquishment of this opportunity is taken to mean that he is confident that the ratification will be made by Congress in the regular way; so that all indications point to an early settlement of this much-delayed bargain.

An interesting commentary on the Panama enterprise is furnished by the returns of the Suez Canal trade, which have just been published. The total receipts for the year are over a hundred million francs, or $20,000,000, as against $12,000,000 twenty years ago. Of the total tonnage of over eight million tons passing through the canal, seventy-two per cent. belonged to Great Britain, which owned 1906 of the 2733 vessels that passed through the canal during the year. It is worth noting that Germany's share in the trade of the Orient seems to be decreasing, as she was represented by only 332 ships, or thirteen per cent. of the total tonnage, a decrease of nine per cent. as compared with last year. On the whole, the returns make a showing very favorable to England; and it should be noted that the large body of trade here involved would not be involved in the plan of Secretary Chamberlain, since it goes chiefly to countries which have no tariff, like India, or whose tariff would not be affected by the fiscal union, like China. The Colombians should take these figures to heart, and make hay while the sun shines.

An interesting light is shed on commercial conditions in Korea by the announcement that the Korean government admits the claim of the American Electrical Company for $1,600,000 for electric-light installations and tramway construction within the confines of the Hermit Kingdom. There is also a question of constructing water-works by the same company. The American merchants will, however, presently find themselves crowded by the Japanese, who consider that they have a first claim on Korea, owing to the occupation during the Chino-Japanese war. The Japanese are already starting a steamboat line on the Tai Don Kang river, which separates the two most flourishing Korean provinces of Huang-hai and Ping-yang, the most prosperous agricultural and mining regions in the kingdom. The Japanese will, of course, build a series of landings along the river, and each of these will become the centre and nucleus of a rapidly growing Japanese colony, which will spread its roots through the life of the slower, duller, and less enterprising Korean natives. The Japanese money-lender has already arrived in Korea, and holds mortgages on many of the dwellings of improvident and spendthrift Korean natives. The inevitable foreclosure will put the Japanese in possession, and give them yet another basis of action for their contemplated Korean invasion.

A man who is part owner of a large paper-mill in Maine was talking about mill-hands and mill villages. "Twenty years ago," said his interlocutor, "you had a very good lot of people in your mill, a large proportion of them American born. Haven't you got them still?" "Some of them," he said; "but you know a mill town doesn't reproduce its population. Our mill family is constantly changing, and is recruited now by French Canadians and again by Scandinavians." "What ails your own Maine mill people? Don't they have children?" "Not enough. They have to be urged. From time to time the minister will preach fervently on race suicide, and in due time there will come along quite a crop of children. But year in and year out, the native population doesn't perpetuate itself, and, as I say, the mill keeps getting in new people."

That is the casual observer's story. In the June number of the *Popular Science Monthly* it is backed up by an article by Dr. George Engelman, of Boston, who discusses the much-advertised inaptitude of American college graduates to raise families. Dr. Engelman says the college graduate is no worse than the other Americans, but, indeed, somewhat better. Seventy-five per cent. of the male graduates marry, but of native American males in general only sixty-eight per cent. marry. Two hundred native-born parents in Massachusetts leave 198 surviving children. That means that even the married people do not reproduce their own numbers. The birth-rate in Massachusetts among the native-born is 17 per thousand, and among the foreign-born in the same State it

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is 58 per thousand. In France, the country most berated for neglect of reproduction, the birth-rate is 22.4 per thousand; bigger, that is, than the birth-rate among the Massachusetts Yankees. Dr. Engelman points out that Malthus's theory that population tends to increase faster than subsistence had utterly broken down in this country, where the birth-rate keeps falling in the face of increasing means of subsistence. He finds that the average number of children in an American family in 1800 was 6.1; in 1830, 4.6; in 1860, 3.3; in 1872, 2.45; in 1900, among the upper classes of Boston, 1.8. That is a seriously bad showing; how bad we should realize if it were not for immigration, which has greatly swelled the general population in almost all the States in spite of the unfruitfulness of the native-born.

The exceptional native American who would like to raise a family if he could afford it will find some basis for encouragement in another article in this same number of the magazine we have been quoting. Professor Chittenden, director of Yale's Sheffield Scientific School, thinks it likely that we might do a great deal better on very much less food than we are used to consume. Professor Atwater of Wesleyan University and Professor Voit of Munich have taken careful note of what average people seem to need in the way of food, and have estimated our daily requirement to be about 120 grams of proteids, together with carbohydrates of a total fuel value of more than 3000 heat-units. But somewhere within reach of Yale there is a gentleman named Fletcher who is interested in the subject of nutrition, and for some years past has been experimenting personally with the food habit. Him Professor Chittenden has studied, and has discovered that he keeps fit and hearty on a daily diet of about 45 grams of proteids and 1600 heat-units' worth of carbohydrates. He eats little meat, and during one of the weeks when Professor Chittenden had him under close observation he lived for seven days on breakfast foods and maple sugar, at a total cost of seventy-seven cents. During this period Dr. Anderson of the Yale gymnasium worked him hard every day on the exercises given to the Yale university crew, and reported that he did the work more easily and with fewer noticeable bad results than any man of his age and condition he had ever worked with. Professor Chittenden does not draw rash conclusions from the fact that Mr. Fletcher is such an easy-keeper, but that case is one of many facts that make him feel that it is at least disputable whether most of us really know how much food we need. He misdoubts that Professor Atwater's allowances, based on observation of the habits of food-consumers, are very much more liberal than is necessary. Possibly that is true. Eating is the greatest of all our standard amusements. A great number of people obviously eat a great deal more than they need, and it is entirely credible that a large proportion of the moderate eaters might thrive as well, and look as handsome, and work as hard, and live as long on a very much restricted diet. But would the joy of life continue unimpaired for them? The native-born might raise plenty of children if they could subsist for eleven cents a day, but would they think life was worth living on eleven cents' worth of food a day? No, they wouldn't. That is one thing that ails them.

Some remarkable statistics have recently been published with regard to the percentage of native whites of native parentage in the population of American cities. It appears that the percentage is lowest in the city of Fall River, where it is 13.6; next comes the Borough of Manhattan with 16.9. In the five boroughs composing the city of New York the percentage is somewhat higher, namely, 21.5, which is slightly in excess of Chicago's 20.8. In Cleveland the percentage of native whites born of native parents is 22.9; in San Francisco, 24.4; in Buffalo, 25.6; and in Boston, 26 per cent. In Baltimore and Philadelphia, the proportion of native whites born of native parents was relatively large, the percentages being, respectively, 46.4 and 40.3. Let us look at the statistics in another way. In the whole of New York city there were 737,477 native whites of native parentage. Of course, many of the native parents were children of immigrants—that is to say, the number of native whites in New York who have not only native parents, but native grandparents, would be considerably smaller than the figure just named. Confining ourselves to that figure, we observe that, of the foreign-born, and those of foreign parentage, in the city of New York, Germany is responsible for 786,425, Ireland for 725,541, Russia for 245,525, and Italy for 218,918. Roughly speaking, we may say that all those who themselves were born, or whose parents were born, in Russia are Jews, and that many also of those who are credited to Germany belong to the same race. There is, we believe, no doubt that in New York there are more Jews than can be found in any other urban centre on the earth. Moreover, this element of the population of New York city seems destined to grow with phenomenal rapidity by immigration, as well as by natural increase. The birth-rate of Jews is enormously high: in Poland it is four times the rate of the Russians, who themselves are remarkably prolific. Moreover, the death-rate of this element is exceptionally low. Dr. F. A. Bushee, who has made a careful study of the Boston Jews, finds that, in the matter of food, even the poor Israelites have a much higher standard of living than have the Italians, that deaths among them are very seldom due to consumption, and that the rearing of children is much more efficiently conducted. It is also pointed out by him that unchastity is rare among Jewish women, though not altogether unknown. In the almshouses Jews are never met with, and they are very seldom criminals. They do not commit serious assaults, and, although they are not prohibitionists, they are not drunkards. They are law-abiding, and in politics think for themselves, and are, therefore, not easily handled by wire-pullers. The figures which we have here quoted show that, since emigration from Ireland has signally fallen off, New York seems destined to become, as regards the origin of most of its inhabitants, a German, a Jewish, and an Italian city. Of course, however, English will continue to be the vernacular, owing to our system of public education.

The question of the eligibility of women to serve on vestries is a good deal discussed nowadays in the councils and conventions of the Episcopal Church. The vestrymen are the civil officers of their churches, and, unlike the wardens, do not necessarily incur the imputation of piety by holding office. Their most important duty is to see to it, with the wardens' help, that the temporal affairs of the church are prudently conducted and the bills paid. Strong churches, in cities, commonly have no trouble in getting suitable vestrymen, but weak churches are often hard put to it to fill out decently their tale of officers, because while they may have fit women enough to manage their concerns, there are sometimes not enough men who are decently available even as figureheads. It is not a question who shall have the power, for that is commonly determined not by office, but by force of position, energy, and character. Women have voice enough in churches. It is only a question whether they shall act directly or indirectly. In most of the older churches tradition and conservative sentiment favor the employment of men to pass the plate and perform the other official acts, but in the newest church of all—that of the Christian Scientists—the power and the glory seem to have gravitated so overwhelmingly to womenkind that it may be no need is felt to prefer men as the representatives of church government. The question is curious rather than important, and, however the church authorities settle it, the indispensable support of pious women will not fail them, nor will the wishes of the churches' indispensable supporters fail to be respected.

The murder of the King and Queen of Servia adds a new page of tragedy to the red record of the Balkans. The death of King Alexander Obrenovitch is something more than a political assassination; it is an act of retaliation, the last scene of a vendetta begun nearly a hundred years ago. The dissolute and scandalous life of King Milan Obrenovitch made him notorious through the whole world, and his Queen, Natalie, gained a reputation hardly better than that of her lord and master, the discrowned and divorced King. Their son Alexander, a mere boy at his accession, scandalized Europe by obstinately proclaiming his infatuation for a former lady-in-waiting at Natalie's court, finally making her his wife and Queen of Servia, in the face of an unanimous national outcry. Their marital life has been marred by scandals, and the last straw was added when King Alexander announced his intention to make his wife's brother, a lieutenant in the army, heir to the Servian throne. Then the vengeance of the party of Georgé Petrovitch at last fell.

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Blaine's Ideas in England

MR. W. D. KELLEY, who for very many years represented a Pennsylvania district in the House of Representatives, and who for a time was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, made a tour in Europe, and on his return boasted that he had converted a number of statesmen in Germany and France to a protectionist policy. It seems never to have occurred to him that our producers of food staples had no reason to be grateful for his achievement. We need not say that our grain and meats could at that time enter the German Empire on terms much more favorable than those which are now granted. Remembering the outcome of Mr. Kelley's performance, we are unable to share the enthusiasm with which some American protectionists acclaim the adoption of what they call Mr. Blaine's ideas by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. It is perfectly true that for the revolutionary fiscal programme which he now commends to the British people Mr. Chamberlain cites American precept and example. It is true, also, that his policy is a qualified reproduction of James G. Blaine's. Mr. Blaine believed in a high tariff for two reasons: first, in order to assure a close approach to a monopoly of the home market to American producers; secondly, in order that reductions might be practicable on behalf of certain favored foreign countries, which, in return, should make equivalent concessions to American products. He aimed, however, so to adjust his scheme of reciprocity as to admit on encouraging terms only or mainly those commodities the like of which were not produced in the United States, and to secure in return a foreign market for our raw materials, such as cotton, and for our surplus food staples, vegetable and animal. Now the tariff projected by Mr. Chamberlain, while it may have been suggested by Mr. Blaine's ideas, as our contemporary, the Boston *Advertiser*, seems to think, differs in a material particular. On the one hand, he proposes to levy so considerable duties upon imports as will signally stimulate the agricultural interest in the British Islands; but, on the other hand, he does not contemplate making any reductions of duties in return for equivalent concessions by foreign countries, and limits his programme of reciprocity exclusively to the British self-governing colonies. Why, then, should Americans applaud his project on the ground that it is inspired by Blaine's ideas?

Let us admit, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Chamberlain may succeed in embodying his fiscal purposes in law; that he may prevent any material departure from his programme during his lifetime, and that he will live for a quarter of a century. At the outset of the new fiscal epoch, the Dominion of Canada would not be a formidable rival, considered as an exporter of breadstuffs, but with every year a larger and larger area of soil would be put under the plough in the Northwest provinces, until, at the end of a couple of decades, we might find ourselves completely ousted from the British market for grain and flour. Would, at that time, our Western farmers, finding themselves deprived of their principal customer, see any reason to applaud Mr. Chamberlain's application of Blaine's ideas to the British Empire? Where would our surplus grain and flour find a substitute for the market from which they had been shut out? Would they find it in Russia, Rumania, or Hungary, which themselves are exporters of breadstuffs? Would they find it in Germany, France, or Italy, which themselves produce about all that they consume? They certainly would not find it in any part of Central or South America, or in Africa, or in India, or in China, or in Japan. In a word, if Mr. Chamberlain's hopes should ever attain complete fruition, our surplus breadstuffs, which may be expected greatly to increase when artificial irrigation has been applied to our arid areas, would find no purchasers on the surface of the earth. They would be left upon our hands, and the effect on prices would for our farmers spell catastrophe. Is this a consummation devoutly to be wished by Americans? If not, was not Mr. Kelley guilty of stupendous folly when he prided himself upon converting European statesmen to a protectionist policy? And are not some of our newspaper contemporaries wofully short-sighted when they exult in the partial adoption of Blaine's ideas by Mr. Chamberlain?

So far we have argued on an assumption which we do not believe well founded. We do not expect to see Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of a protectionist tariff modified by a preference to the colonies adopted, even tentatively and briefly, in Great Britain. Even if a preferential tariff were established by way of experiment, an early repeal of it would be inevitable. Not only would the repeal be demanded by the wage-earners and the manufacturers, but the grain-growers of the Dominion would presently discover that in welcoming Mr. Chamberlain's plan the landowners of Great Britain were speaking one word for the colonies and two for themselves. Let the principle of protection be once established, and the British landowners would point out that the area of British soil under the plough might be doubled, and that more fiscal encouragement should be given to natives of the United Kingdom than to their fellow subjects beyond sea. They would express a willingness to admit Canadian grain and flour on terms more favorable than those accorded to American breadstuffs, but they would insist that even Canadian food staples should pay a considerable duty, in order that British agriculturists might retain the largest possible share of the home market. In fine, the principal beneficiary by a protectionist policy, if it be ever revived in Great Britain, will, soon or late, be the British landowner.

That non-agriculturists, however, constitute a majority of Great Britain's population nobody disputes, and it is equally certain that, while the small registration fee lately levied on grain and flour had no appreciable effect on prices, the imposition of a considerable duty on such imports would forthwith raise the price of bread. Now the addition of two cents, or even a cent, to the cost of a loaf of bread would pinch almost every operative and miner in Great Britain, and to the considerable fraction of England's proletariat, which stands even now on the verge of starvation, it would signify disaster. Mr. Chamberlain says that the augmented cost of food would be counterbalanced by an increase in wages; but it is obvious that such an increase would compel British manufacturers to exact higher prices for their exports, in which event they would be even less able to meet competition than they are now. That, however, is not the only fatal objection to Mr. Chamberlain's plan from the view-point of the manufacturer. The United States now constitute one of the customers upon which the British manufacturers mainly depend. We scarcely need point out, however, that for the British manufactures imported into this country we do not pay with gold, but with the food staples which we export in return. Let our export of food staples be cut off, and our importation of British manufactures would shrink almost to nothing. Would the loss be counterbalanced by the market which Canada would offer to British exports? We must, of course, answer the question in the negative, having regard to the fact that the Dominion's population is now, and will always remain, insignificant, compared with that of the United States. For the British manufacturer to lose the American market in the hope of monopolizing the Canadian would be to drop the substance in grasping at the shadow.

For the reasons here set forth, we look upon Mr. Chamberlain's project as doomed from its inception; but, even were it temporarily tried, we are sure that it quickly would be abandoned. The adoption of his fiscal policy for even a single year would be an injury to our Western farmers, and the permanent enforcement of it—were such a thing conceivable—would be the worst blow that they have ever suffered since Jefferson laid an embargo on exports from the United States. Far from viewing with elation Mr. Chamberlain's adoption of Mr. Blaine's ideas, American producers of food staples would have cause to regard the triumph of those ideas in England as a grave calamity.

The trade of the United States is worth more to Great Britain, now and prospectively, than the trade of all her self-governing colonies. We add that American goodwill is of incomparably greater value than is colonial loyalty, and it would be an act of folly, if not of national suicide, to seek to enhance the one at the risk of forfeiting the other.

Is the Labor Problem Likely to Work Itself Out?

THIS question is of much more than passing importance, and it is of practical rather than of psychological interest, for if capital and labor do not settle their difficulties the politicians will keep alive the issues for their own purposes, and, in the end, we shall have governmental regulation, or State socialism. Such interference would be necessarily disturbing and unjust, for the settlement would rest upon considerations other than those of the industrial and economic merits of the controversy. All adjustments made by government — in other words, by politicians who are dependent upon the votes of the parties to the disputes —must, in the nature of existing conditions, be temporary. The anthracite-coal strike, for example, was nominally settled, if we are to be governed by the President's purpose as expressed in his letter of appointment to the commissioners, "to establish the relations between the employers and the wage-workers in the anthracite fields on a just and permanent basis, and, as far as possible, to do away with any causes for the recurrence of such difficulties." As a matter of fact, it was really brought to a conclusion for the moment, in order to mitigate the distress of those who were suffering from the lack of coal, and, further, to prevent threatened disaster to the party in power at the approaching elections. Moreover, although the commission, called by consent of the two parties given ostensibly in response to the request of Theodore Roosevelt as a private citizen, speaks of its "authority," on page 14 of the published report, it had no authority whatever,—no authority to compel the attendance of witnesses, no authority to enforce its findings, only an unusual opportunity, for private citizens acting without authority of law, to gain information as a basis for recommendations. These recommendations do not constitute a decree, however, and the operators or the strikers may refuse to continue to obey them whenever they see fit. Indeed, a renewal of the strike has been appre-

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hended almost from the moment of the return of the men to work. If it should occur, the government which intervened, although in the name of a private citizen, will simply have demonstrated its weakness, and will have brought contempt upon its authority. If it should not occur, the happy result will be due to the conduct, directed by self-interest, of the parties themselves, and not at all to the authority of the government.

The situation in the anthracite region illustrates, perhaps it may be said to demonstrate, the incapacity of the government to deal with the labor problem. Not only are the politicians who may, for the time, be in control of the government, almost inevitably bound to consider the relative voting powers of the controversialists, but they must interfere with the right of contract, the freedom of the individual, and they must enter with restraining and directing power into the domain of private business. Moreover, if the politicians are to bring labor controversies to a close, government must be clothed with authority to enforce its decrees, or, rather, to inflict punishment, or to impose penalties for disobedience. An order that the anthracite miners go to work for three years on the terms imposed is absurd, and the power which makes the order cannot punish for contempt of it, nor can it inflict a penalty for disobedience.

If the labor unions were incorporated, a penalty might indeed be collected, but the government which should undertake to enforce its labor decrees under present conditions, even if it ought to be entrusted with the delicate duty of making such decrees, must often have its labor for its pains. It can depend only upon the good-will of the parties, of capital and of labor; in other words — obedience to a government recommendation is and must remain merely the keeping of an agreement. If, to return to the anthracite illustration, the operators and the miners go on peaceably, it will be because each side keeps its agreement, and an agreement between the two may be reached without involving the government, involution of government being dangerous to it, because it always implies a possible disregard or disobedience of judgments or of recommendations. The concentration of interested public opinion in the issue of responsibility for a strike is a different question.

The conclusion which we reach is that as between strikers and their employers, the President's recent intervention has not changed the fact that capital and labor must adjust their grievances by mutual agreement. If the operators and miners have really come together—of which there is some doubt—it is because of the preliminary agreement to abide by the findings of the commission. Not only has the commission's report been disregarded by all labor unions other than the United Mine Workers, but Mr. Mitchell's organization has betrayed unmistakable signs of ignoring all the criticisms of its own methods. The methods of the modern strike were severely condemned by the commission, and yet, since the decision, there has been an epidemic of strikes, and, in many instances, resort has been had to the methods condemned. The conclusion to be drawn from this is one not to be escaped. The so-called settlement of the anthracite-coal strike has not affected the general relations between capital and labor. Union men in the anthracite regions refused to go to work at the time agreed upon. Members of building trades have struck because of the employment of non-union men. The carpenters of one union in the city of New York struck, without a direct or personal grievance, for the purpose of driving a rival union out of the city. The motormen of Waterbury marked their strike by violence, riot, and murder. The question has been raised by organized labor as to its relations to government, and, in more than one instance, it has been decided that a union man, in a conflict with the law, must be disloyal to the State—a malefactor, in short—if he is to remain loyal to the union. The spinners of Lowell went on strike for higher wages after an authoritative announcement by impartial investigators that the mills could not afford to pay the advance demanded. The unions in many places, in widely different parts of the country, have insisted on the boycott, on the payment of the same wages to the inefficient as to the efficient, on the sympathetic strike, and on interference with the business of the employers. Against all these evil practices, so far as they obtained in the anthracite-coal strike, the commission remonstrated, but with no effect; the government report made no impression upon the minds of wage-earners except those whose pay was increased by way of compromise. The wrongdoing which was condemned continued, because those who had obtained confrol of the unions held that methods of violence were essential in what they called the war between capital and labor.

While the government, acting through a powerless commission, has demonstrated its inability to solve the labor problem, the problem shows signs of working itself out, in the building trades in the East, in the bituminous fields of the West. Among all employers of labor in the West, employers' unions have been formed for the purpose of bringing matters to a settlement, for the purpose, in other words, of putting an end to war and of establishing peace. The first object is to eliminate from the controversy those excessive demands of organized labor which are the inventions of the radical and irresponsible persons who have come to the front during the "state of war." Employers are ready to deal with the organizations of their own trades or businesses, and when labor unions accept this principle it is because the reasonable and better men are coming to the front. Whenever we see strikers hesitating in the present struggle, it is a sign that the efficient working-men have grown weary of the rule of the inefficient, of the extreme, the irresponsible men. The Lowell mills have started up, while the strike officially goes on. The New York builders have produced a plan for arbitration which has been respectfully considered. The voice of the good man who does not love his enforced idleness will be heard; and when employer and the employed get together, by agreement between the one and the real leaders of the other—the sober, industrious, judicious American workingman, good citizen and good family head as he is—the controversy will be settled for good, and there will be an end at last of violence, of law-breaking, and of interference with the right of each man to labor for whom and for what price he will. The excesses of modern union methods seem to be working out the labor problem and in the right way, for if the reasonable and conservative men of both parties to the conflict come together, it will soon be seen that conflict is the unnatural and union the natural thing; that it is not for the interests of capital to be oppressive, nor is it for the interest of labor to be unjust or violent. Affairs seem to be moving in this direction, which is the right direction, for it assumes that capital and labor have common interests, while interference by government assumes, and must continue to assume, that a state of war exists between the two.

The Negro Problem and the New Negro Crime

A WELL-KNOWN and well-informed member of the Federal House of Representatives from Alabama, Mr. Bankhead, recently asserted that since the State Constitution by which negroes are disfranchised became operative in Mississippi, there has not occurred in that State a single instance of the so-called "new" negro crime, by which is meant the crime against white women. The Representative went on to say that, if this crime should become unknown in his section of the country, there would be no "negro problem," so far as the South is concerned. The alleged fact in Mississippi was cited by way of proof that the crime to which we have referred should be attributed to the notions of political and social equality with which the generation of blacks then growing up became imbued during the reconstruction period. The inference drawn was that, with the practical collapse of the reconstruction legislation and the consequent vanishing of notions of political and social equality, the crime would become extinct. In further support of this theory of the origin of the crime, and of the remedy therefor, it is pointed out that this particular atrocity which is the curse of the South, and has compelled the families of white planters in the black belt to migrate from the rural districts into the towns, was entirely unknown before the civil war, and remained unknown for some years thereafter, so long as the ideas and habits acquired under the slavery régime remained dominant in the negro element of the Southern population.

Before accepting this theory, to which Mr. Bankhead is a convert, we should mention that an entirely different cause is assigned to the crime by other men, who also have made a careful study of the subject. Keeping in view the dates at which and the localities in which the outrages have been perpetrated, and marking also the personal history of the criminals, they have arrived at the conclusion that such outrages are sporadic indications of a lapse of the Southern negro into a state of barbarism or savagery, in which the gratification of the brutish instincts is no longer subjected to the restraints of civilization. They point to the condition of things in Haiti as furnishing corroborative proof that a disregard for sexual restraints is characteristic of a community which has undergone social degeneration. This is a plausible hypothesis, and it has been accepted by many persons who have observed, or think they have observed, that the generation of Southern negroes which has grown up since the civil war is morally and intellectually inferior to the preceding generation which was the product of the slavery régime. It is generally acknowledged, we believe, that the new negro at the South is less industrious, less thrifty, less trustworthy, and less self-controlled than was his father or his grandfather. Nevertheless, the theory which imputes the emergence of a new crime to a tendency of the Southern blacks to relapse into savagery cannot be easily reconciled with another class of facts. We refer to the frequent occurrence of the new crime in the Northern States, where the negro cannot be supposed to be lapsing into barbarism, because he is surrounded by the civilizing influences of a white race vastly preponderant in numbers. Exact statistical data are not yet forthcoming, but those who have investigated the matter express the opinion that the particular crime in question is committed even more frequently by negroes at the North than at the South, if the small numerical proportion which they bear to the environing white population in the former

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section be kept in view. Moreover, at the North, as at the South, the phenomenon is a novel one: there was in the Northern States, we believe, no instance of the crime which we are now discussing before the civil war. It would be absurd to contend, however, that the negroes in the Northern States are not at the present time as civilized as they were forty-odd years ago. In their case, therefore, we must reject the explanation which ascribes the new negro crime to a lapse into savagery.

On the whole, we are inclined to think that there is some basis for the hypothesis which makes the reconstruction legislation and the ideas generated by it responsible for the evolution of the new negro crime.

This hypothesis fits all the facts, being as applicable to the phenomena reported in the Northern as to those observed in the Southern States. In the Northern States the negro not only possesses the franchise, but is encouraged to exercise it. Neither is the encouragement confined to one of the great political parties, for it is well understood that in certain States of the East and central West the negro vote may turn the scale at closely contested elections. Nor is there any doubt that the negro enjoys more social equality at the North than at the South.

It is true that in our Northern cities black men are debarred by custom, though not by law, from many theatres, hotels, and restaurants; but they are not forced to occupy separate cars on railways and tramways: In Washington for many years negro officials of the District of Columbia have been permitted to attend one of the President's receptions, although Mr. Booker Washington is, so far as we can now recall, the only colored man that has been invited to dine at the White House. There is, in a word, no doubt that at the North the black man has attained not only complete political equality, but a closer approach to social equality, than he is ever likely to attain at the South. It would be difficult not to associate the phenomena as cause and effect, if, upon thorough investigation, it should prove true that the new negro crime is actually more frequent, proportionally to numbers, at the North than it is at the South.

Will the experience of Mississippi, with regard to the extinction of the crime, be repeated in the other Southern States, which have virtually set at naught the reconstruction legislation, by disfranchising the negroes? It is too early to expect an answer to this question, for their new State Constitutions have not been operative for a sufficiently long period. It is said, however, that already in Alabama the number of outrages has noticeably decreased. It would be superfluous to point out the tremendous importance of the matter, not only to the Southern whites, but to the Southern blacks themselves. If the new negro crime became extinct in the Gulf States, the old plantation life might be resumed, and the black laborers would again be brought under civilizing influences, instead of being left to drift into isolated communities. The whole attitude of the Southern white toward his black neighbor would be revolutionized, and the two races would be brought into economic relations that would prove mutually beneficial. Should this prove to be the effect of the new State Constitutions, the American people may have cause to bless the refusal of the United States Supreme Court to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment.

In every Southern community where the new negro crime has been prevalent, there has been engendered a tendency to race aloofness and race hatred; nor can we doubt that the extinction of the crime is the indispensable condition of a revival of the old pacific, trustful, and friendly inter-relations. We sincerely hope that the facts with regard to Mississippi are correctly stated by Mr. Bankhead. If they are, we are inclined to adopt his interpretation of their significance.

Kishinef and the Russian Jews

A GIRL'S VIEW OF RUSSIAN CONDITIONS

(From a private letter)

ODESSA, *May 22, 1903.*

Brother did not come, after all; but his little Armenian friend is passing the state examinations, and is in a great state about it. He was here a moment ago, to share with us his fears and perturbations about getting his university certificate. We share his fears, and sympathize greatly with the poor fellow, for it is fine to find him working hard and studying; with his wealth, he might very well simply have a good time and not trouble about anything, as most people without self-respect do in his position.

Generally speaking, Lena and I are greatly perturbed; events in Russia fill me with despondency. I am awfully sorry for the Emperor. All kinds of horrible things take place. Every morning I am afraid to open the newspapers. Strikes, outbreaks, murders, anarchical proclamations. The Kishinef attack on the Jews is terrible, but its consequences are still worse: no work, starvation. . . . They say that the Jews really did kill a child, and that the whole trouble arose from that. Others say that this is a lie; but that after the outbreak the Jews crucified a Russian boy in revenge, sewing his eyelids and lips together as a precaution. It is impossible to keep silence about this. It should be either officially disproved or confirmed; otherwise the trouble will continue to grow. The police shielded the rich Jew merchants, for money; but no one did anything for the poor, who were not to blame for anything.

Now every one is over-full of sympathy, and collections are being taken up everywhere; but I am certain that none of the money will reach the poorer Jews who were attacked. Fine arrangements will be made among private persons, or the money will find its way into the anarchists' treasury.

It is certain that two hundred pounds weight of anarchist proclamations were found in the Jews' possession, and that the Jewish students are nearly all for disorder and destruction, that European anarchy has found its way into Bessarabia from Rumania, and is acting adroitly so as to arouse trouble. There was far more political lining to this outbreak . . . trying to evoke passion, discord, and general irritation . . . to fish in troubled waters later on.

And what has been going on in our factories all winter? Three days ago they killed Bogdanovich, the governor of Ufa, with nine shots,—on the Emperor's birthday. Every one loved and spoke well of Bogdanovich. During Lent he ended a strike of the workmen by the most energetic means and acted like a hero, and now they have killed him,—the same strikers, of course. But the worst of all is that we have no men. . . .

And our literature. . . . I shall try to send you all the works of Gorki, Andreëff, and the rest of them. Read them, and find out for yourself. They are all signs of the times. Gorki is a clever and gifted schemer, who has adroitly caught the tone of our present tendencies, with selfish aims of his own. A general awakening has taken place; our consciences are stirring towards the miserable and downtrodden, and the clever Gorki has seized the opportunity to turn an honest penny by his barefoot literature. They will soon find Gorki out, and sweep him aside, but all the same it is true that all Russia has made a great step forward, and has learned to listen to the cries and groans of the people. It is true that people's consciences have awakened, but it is also true that it was not Gorki who awakened them. This has been preparing for whole decades. Dostoyevsky and Tolstoi only carried on a work already begun, and now the moment has come, and we are passing through a troubled and clouded period, because, though the feeling itself is luminous and beneficent, yet it will give birth to many sacrifices and dark doings, and is already giving birth to them. This is why I say that I am awfully sorry for the Emperor. If I sometimes lie awake all night, in a cold sweat, thinking of it all, how is he to find his way through the labyrinths of all these troubles?

And Macedonia and the murders and horrors in Albania, what does it all mean? How sorry I am for that fine man Scherbina, our consul, murdered by the Albanians! Do you know, when he was going back to his duties the last time, he passed through Odessa, and stopped at the Hotel St. Petersburg,—he had the same room that our little Armenian now has. And imagine! he had a premonition that he would die, so that he even said to Franz the waiter, "It is no good that I am going to; I won't come out of it alive!"

But let me come back to our literature. Andreëff is, in my opinion, higher than Gorki, as far as psychology goes. He describes the awful sores of humanity, but he describes true things, which must be faced. He is interesting not only for Russia. He is still young, and if he does not go crazy he will be a great writer. But my delight and joy, a real moral oasis for me, is Chekhoff.

He is a great national Russian writer, and the more I read him, the more I see his plays, the stronger grow my admiration and love for him. For him, not only the barefooted are worthy of attention; he scourges sins, but finds splendid people, and unhappy and lovable sufferers among the gymnasists, soldiers, officers, the clergy, the higher classes. He knows and loves Russia, and writes from the heart, not like Gorki the self-advertiser! And how mad I get at the flocks of silly sheep who cannot distinguish between advertisement and truth.

Gorki reminds me of the young Jewish swells, with Derby hats on the backs of their heads, fashionable overcoats, walking-canes, and an arm in a sling or a bandaged eye, who have flooded Odessa, and especially the Promenade and Boulevard cafés, since the Kishinef outbreak. What a splendid advertisement! What suffering heroes! Gorki produces exactly the same impression of insincerity on me. Time will show whether I am right; let us wait; if we live, we shall be able to give an account of all these feelings of ours.

I am sore at heart for the poor tattered Jews; our old fruit-seller, our toiling seamstress. I know that I may be killed myself by the mad mob for protecting them, if they make an attack on the Jews in Odessa. But for the knaves whose pockets are bulging with money and proclamations against the Emperor, . . . do you know, I feel like beating them myself! All these days my heart is heavy and sore. . . .

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The Four Hundred in America

By Lazare Weiller

Member of the Legion of Honor and Special Emissary of the French Government, in 1902, to study the Economic and Social Conditions in the United States

WHAT astonishes the foreigner upon entering into American society is to find it like that of the Old World, divided into carefully sifted clans. In Paris we have the Faubourg St.-Germain, or, as we usually call it, le Faubourg. It is a coterie formed mostly of titled families who keep to themselves and allow no "bourgeois" intrusion. Yet it is possible to enter the Faubourg without belonging to it. A foreigner, a politician, a prominent man of any kind, may be received if he champions the Faubourg's news and ideals. As these adoptions, which have always been rare, are becoming still more so, one may say the world at large does not count for the Faubourg. If, through some peculiar circumstances, a few atoms of the outside world are admitted into the noble institution, they are accepted as curiosities, as phenomenons or distractions.

However, the Faubourg is not wholly what it used to be. It has sustained the damages resulting from new times and new habits. It has partly left "la rive gauche" of the Seine, where it used to dwell, and has scattered itself in the new quarters—Champs Elysées, Place Monceau. Aristocratic families do not all live in private houses any longer; they sometimes know the promiscuity of a neighboring "bourgeois" flat. The Faubourg owes most of its dilapidation, as many other things do, to the last twenty years of the Second Empire. Several of its representative members, discovering the régime was holding on, consented to appear at the Tuileries and to exhibit their wives' new gowns in the imperial drawing-rooms. They were perhaps the great-uncles of those who joined the republican party at the time of its last resurrection, and who now are flirting with the Republic, so that possible voters will not "leave them on the shelf."

On the other hand, people have begun to make fortunes through manufactories, trade, or speculation—fortunes which are much larger than those of landowners or state bondholders, as the income paid by the state is decreasing every day.

Under the threat of misery, those of the Faubourg have had to take into consideration the new economic conditions surrounding them. In all times the sons of the noble have married a plebeian "dot"; if we denied that fact we would have to do away with a large part of our history and of our literature. But these bargains, which one condemns and at the same time envies, have never been as frequent as in the last and present generations. It seems as though an irresistible current were established between money and position. It is useless to try to find out if money seeks position or position money. They both go towards each other with equal eagerness because they complete each other so well. "The craving for luxuries," said Monsieur de Tocqueville, "is a desire which increases through being gratified." So the Faubourg St.-Germain has been invaded not only by manufacturers' daughters marrying young noblemen, but even by manufacturers who have been clever enough to win aristocratic young girls. Most of these last ones have appealed to the Pope, begging permission to add a title to their plebeian name, and their request being granted, they have distinguished themselves by being more exclusive than the oldest families. The "bourgeois" forgive them and smile. Their servants bow in uttering the title, the Faubourg alone objects and delays receiving them!

However, each new year brings into circulation nearly two billions of new gold, which makes prices go up, for as long as money is on a gold basis the increase of gold increases the price of things. We can no more neglect this economic problem than exclude people who directly or indirectly own this new element of civilization. So for them the Faubourg St.-Germain has opened its doors! This explains international marriages; this explains, too, the marriages which have united some of the most renowned titles to Jewish families. No human being capable of thinking a little differently from what he reads in his daily paper can blame these combinations which are brought about by circumstances. In accepting them—what am I saying?—in helping, in eagerly seeking them, the Faubourg displays a perspicacity which it has long lacked, and for which it deserves praise. These marriages with foreigners have regenerated the Faubourg. Unfortunately, that which has regenerated it has killed it, and its pretensions, be it said, are no longer resting on any law of natural selection.

Indeed, some families still exist who shudder at the idea of a mesalliance. But the ancestors of those who accept a mesalliance would probably have shuddered too, and the rebels of to-day will see their children outgrow the tradition of principles and accept the marriages to which their fathers objected. And thus on we go towards the union of races and that of nations!

In New York the Faubourg is represented by a group of American families constituting the aristocracy and called the Four Hundred. The Four Hundred are very exclusive. One belongs to the Four Hundred as one belongs to the Eleven Hundred of the Stock Exchange, except that one neither needs to buy his entrance nor wait for some one to step out in order to take his place. Some are born Four Hundred, some achieve Four Hundred, some (those are many) have Four Hundred thrust upon them! The number of members is not limited.

It is a pity that events have prevented the ancestors of the Four Hundred from making a glorious name for their descendants, but ancestors have not all had sufficient leisure to protect their grandsons against physical degeneration and mediocrity! It is precisely because theirs is a new-born nobility that the Four Hundred are obliged to keep it alive by culture and fortune. Most of the Four Hundred are well qualified to play an ancestral part, with the exception that they are exclusive enough to be their own great-grandchildren. They have not yet the vices of the old and worn aristocracies, and if they succeed in avoiding them, there is no reason why they should not succeed in creating a *corps d'élite*. It is the privilege of those who are sincerely attached to American people to warn them against the regrettable tendencies which draw them toward the older races; although we well know that their fondness for ancient tradition will never predominate over their practical sense. I will never be the one to reproach them for marrying into our nobility, especially now when experience is teaching them to be more circumspect. But they sometimes go too far in their enthusiasm over a famous name.

I well remember the excitement caused by the arrival of Prince Henry, the brother of Emperor William. Most of the Four Hundred looked upon his coming more as a social event than as a matter of international politics. I have not forgotten, either, the exclamation of a very plump, middle-aged lady seated next to me at dinner: "Oh, my dear sir, I cannot tell you how fond I am of nobility!" I smiled at the candor of this remark, which, after all, expresses the public feeling of a country where the opinion of women, even though they are very plump and middle-aged, is always taken into consideration. To be just it is necessary to say that Prince Henry's simplicity of manners astonished Americans and also surprised those who chanced to cross the ocean with him. He told me himself, when we were together on board the *Deutschland*, that before going to the States he made up his mind to forego all etiquette, and accordingly he welcomed most graciously the numerous "hand-shakes" and "very glad to meet you" by which he was assailed during the course of his visit.

Financial Conditions in Cuba To-Day

By Rafael Montoro

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Cuba in Great Britain

ON May 20, 1902, my country was suffering from an economic crisis which it had vainly attempted to exorcise. Vain had been our efforts in behalf of our principal industries, for which tariff concessions were requested at the hands of the government of the United States. Fears were entertained lest uncertainty in regard to the future, and the difficulties attendant upon the installation of the new régime, should finally paralyze all industries and commerce, and the full extent of our misfortunes should be revealed by a politico-social apocalypse, as in 1895.

The situation was indeed difficult, but not desperate. To confront it we needed then, as we now need, only prudence and serenity on the part of those who govern: on the part of those who are governed, tranquillity, and respect for the rights of others and the principle of authority. On his memorable journey from Gibara, the President of the republic had made frank and thoughtful declarations which restored confidence. The echo of his words resounded throughout the country, and their salutary effect was soon observed. The elevated, conciliatory, and at the same time resolute and energetic, policy formulated by the President made fair-minded people believe that good order would be maintained, the laws faithfully administered, and vested interests safeguarded.

In the issue of the *Gaceta Oficial* dated May 6, 1903, is the following statement relating to funds in the national treasury: On hand, April 1, $2,038,536 33; revenue for April, $1,372,005 94; expenditures during April, $1,311,470 72; balance on hand, May 1, $2,699,071 55. From this it is seen that in eleven months, after meeting all expenses, the surplus of $698,191 02 received from the Government of Intervention has been nearly quadrupled. Receipts during the first six months amounted to $8,774,462 35. At that rate they would be, for the entire year, $17,548,924 70, as against $17,353,605 30 in 1899–1900, $17,154,929 28 in 1900–1901, and $18,791,473 in 1901–1902. Expenditures for the entire year are estimated at $15,389,901 28, and a substantial surplus is thus indicated.

With respect to the national government, therefore, the financial situation would be exceedingly satisfactory if it were certain that the tendency toward larger expenditures could be restrained by the repeated recommendations of the Executive. It is thought that the loan authorized by Congress for the payment of the revolutionary army and for the encouragement of agriculture will soon be placed. Even assuming, as we have good reason to hope, that this vast operation can be realized on relatively advan-

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tageous conditions, it will occur at nearly the same time with the municipal loan of $15,000,000, and the sum of the two loans will be $50,000,000. This amount is so large, for a country of scant population like ours, that it must exert a marked influence. The Executive has wisely resolved to deliberate with representatives of the producing classes, and to learn from actual observation how much revenue will be produced by the special taxes designed to provide for the interest and sinking-fund of the debt, before negotiating the loan. In truth, the reasonable protests which the said taxes have called forth admonish the government to be circumspect.

A sad contrast with the financial conditions of the national government is presented by those of the municipalities. "The immense majority of the municipalities are going through an experience that is painful in the extreme," said President Palma in his message of April 6, "because they cannot provide for necessities of a strictly local character, many of which are urgent and unavoidable. They find themselves, therefore, obliged to ask aid from the general government, which, in many cases, does not feel authorized to accede to their requests; especially in view of the fact that it pays the entire cost of public schools, prisons, and other purely municipal services, and aids the principal city governments with monthly contributions ranging from $1500 to $3000, so that they may attend to their duties in the matter of sanitation. In spite of this great assistance, the economic conditions of these corporations grow worse."

The Ayuntamiento of Havana increases its budget to $2,815,740 10, a figure nearly equal to the highest under the old régime, although the national government maintains important branches of the public service. When the debt of $15,000,000 shall have been contracted, and the new exactions imposed to meet the interest and make provision for the sinking-fund, the budget of our capital will be like that of the richest and most populous cities of the civilized world. It is not strange, therefore, that the taxpayers have organized a league which has for its object the improvement of city government, and in its methods resembles the reform clubs of the United States.

The conflict aroused by the installation of the provincial councils and the imposition of new taxes to nourish their budgets draws near to its conclusion. The councilmen, being obliged to respect the national and municipal revenue systems, have created unequal and anomalous taxes which have provoked a general resistance. But this struggle does not seem likely to assume very serious proportions. The councilmen appear destined soon to resume a modest rôle and to reduce their expenses.

While these conflicts are going on, the producing classes are striving zealously to overcome adverse conditions of the market. The output of sugar reached 713,187 tons in April, as against 652,496 tons in 1902. In a little more than three years since peace was established the sugar crop may be said to be approaching the maximum attained before the war, though prices have not been remunerative, nor has the season been favorable. Exportation of tobacco has not fallen off. Throughout the country there prevails an earnest purpose to reconquer wealth, despite all these unpropitious conditions; new scientific methods in the cultivation and manufacture of Cuba's chief products lending their aid to this end. Foreign capital continues to flow in. Immigration from Spain has not diminished. The Central Railway, completed in the course of this fiscal year, has already begun to accomplish excellent results by opening new fields for capital and labor.

A Début in American Scholarship

By John Paul Bocock

Henry Cabot Lodge, the classicist of this administration; John D. Long, who sustained the same relation to the last; that learned ambassador, Whitelaw Reid; and a half dozen hitherto unsuspected fellow-citizens—have suddenly made their début as Horatian scholars and critics. The event is no less notable in statesmanship than in scholarship. Here we have Americans who do not hesitate to range themselves alongside Gladstone, Bulwer, the Earl of Derby, Lord Ravensworth, Addison, Warren Hastings, Voltaire, Pitt, and Frederick the Great.

Horace has been "an honorary member of the British Constitution" for two hundred years. British statesmen, in and out of office, have been formed by a course of Horatian study which lasted through life. British orators — Pitt, Fox, Burke, Lord North, Lord Plunket, Sir Robert Peel—have enriched panegyric and pointed invective from their stores of Horatian learning. If Mr. Lodge and Mr. Reid can secure the same privileges for Horace in the Senate and in the diplomatic corps of the United States, they will win a new hold upon the gratitude of their countrymen.

Garfield was an admirer of the Bard of the Sabine Farm, and loved in early manhood to turn his lyrics into English. But did Garfield ever quote Horace in debate in the House? Will Mr. Lodge in his next speech in the Senate in defence of the administration quote Horatius Flaccus on Octavianus and remind us that this is the Augustan Age of the United States? Will Mr. Lodge's newly undertaken activities in the arbitration of the Alaskan boundary not give him the very opportunity he has been looking for to wear publicly the laurels he has won as critic and commentator of the 15th Ode of the Fourth Book in the Bibliophile Society's Bostonian edition of Horace, "to the preparation of which," according to Archbishop Ireland, "the learning and artistic skill of the country have been convoked?"

The editors of this new edition of the Fourth Book of the Odes are therefore before their Horatian peers. "To understand critically the delicacies of Horace," said Dryden, "is a height to which few of our noblemen arrived." Dryden was a judge of noblemen and of Horace, and enjoys to this day the unique honor of having had one of the Odes chanted at his funeral. "It is no disgrace to a gentleman who has been engaged nearly thirty years in political life," said Macaulay, "that he has forgotten his Greek and Latin." Neither by these nor by any other pleas do Messrs. Long, Reid, and Lodge—noblemen indeed in the political life of our time—seek to avoid one whit of the responsibility they deliberately assumed when they charged into the lists of Horatian scholarship. Their fellow-critics of Great Britain and Germany, not to speak of the noble band of American college professors who have edited Horace with the distinguished success of Shorey and Smith and Trent and Moore and Barbour and Bennett, are not asked to have any mercy on Lodge and Long and Reid, and the rest of the Horatian statesmen of Boston. The chances are they will not.

The critics of the Old World have never yet had a chance to see what "the learning and artistic skill of the United States" could do, when they tried. Just as like as not the reference dictionaries of a hundred or two hundred years from now will mention Long as Secretary of the American fleet in which Horatian Scholarship and Statesmanship were two of the heaviest armored craft.

No suggestion of heaviness must be understood, however, to apply to Mr. Long's notes and comments on Horace's poem to Liguri-nus, Lib. IV., Ode X. The ex-Secretary of the American navy sits down to his essay in his lightest vein. "Wrangham," says he, "transforms Ligurinus into Glycerine, which makes one wonder a little whether if he were making a translation to-day he would not say Kerosene or Listerine!"

Whitelaw Reid—we can see him stealing away from the gilded observances of the special Coronation mission to spend hours with Horace in the British Museum—devotes himself to the famous Ode to Melpomene, which the commonplace books assure us Julius Cæsar Scaliger said he would rather have written than be king of Arragon. Mr. Reid regrets that Pope, Dryden, and Milton left us no translation, and quotes from the same commonplace books the aphorism that Horace is the poet of statesmen and statesman of poets, a statement which the bibliophiles reiterate. Melpomene, Mr. Reid comments, could confer musical powers "on a fish." Can anybody doubt that Mr. Long would have alluded here to the song of the "Cape Cod turkey"? Or that Mr. Lodge, who is a gastronomer as well as a bibliographer, would have delighted to recall the low musical complainings of that best of panfish, the croaker or grunter *(prionotus triglidæ)* — so dearly prized on the middle Atlantic coast—when it is dragged from its salty haunts into the fisherman's boat?

With the severer aspects of the Odes assigned to them, by lot—or was it by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, the friend of both Omar and Orace—the bibliophile statesmen could not be supposed to concern themselves. Why does Horace return thanks to Melpomene, the Lady of Sorrows, for his "established fame." Why in the epilogue to this same Muse of Tragedy, of the first part of the Odes, did Horace show that he regarded pathos as "the dominant note" of the first three books?

An explanation must have been inevitable in the bibliophile comment on Ode VI. of this book, to Apollo, the slayer of Achilles —had not General Patrick Collins's copy been received too late for publication in this edition. The name of Boston's admirable mayor does not appear on the bibliophile editors' list, but the writer has personal knowledge of the great Bay State Democrat's love for the poet philosopher of Rome. Collins's comments on the Apollo Ode would have cleared up the Melpomene mystery, and indicated the pervading shadow of the tragedy of Muræna. It is a grave pity that General Collins's commentaries have not been included.

Of Mr. Lodge's critique on "the one lyric in which the poet brings his real self and the real Cæsar into personal communion," it is to be said that it is thoughtful and dignified. The essay of the Massachusetts statesman on "*Phœbus volentem prœlia me loqui*" is worthy of the author of *Certain Accepted Heroes and Other Essays*. The bibliophile editor remorselessly tacked on a little cheap erudition to Mr. Lodge's copy, but the effect of the Senator's virile English is unspoiled.

John Morley said, "I have strayed from literature into the region of politics, and I am not at all sure that such a journey conduces to the aptness of one's judgment on literary subjects." The bibliophile statesmen have not strayed from politics into the region of literature; they evidently divide their time between the two regions. If in the next Senate debates there is not immediate improvement over the repartee of fisticuffs and the wit of slang, it ought not to be the fault of Senator Lodge, or of his fellow-bibliophile, Senator Perkins. And shall we not all welcome Horace to an honorary membership in the American Constitution?

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Is England a Democracy?

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *June 6, 1903.*

THERE have been many names given to the British form of government. As a rule, people speak of it as a "constitutional monarchy." Some have called it a "veiled republic"; others, a "kingly commonwealth"; and at least one not undistinguished writer has made so bold as to describe it as an "elective monarchy"—on the doubtful ground that "the Act of Settlement itself would scarcely avail to secure the undisputed succession of a thoroughly unpopular and distrusted prince." There is something to be said for all these definitions, but I have long thought a more accurate one might be found. If I were asked to sum up the British system in a sentence, it would run something like this: "England is a democracy, presided over by a monarchy, and governed by an oligarchy." That sounds a paradox, but it is, I believe, a fact, and a fact that can be proved. "Governed by an oligarchy." Few Englishmen realize this. You will not find it in any of the constitutional text-books. It is not a part of the theory of the British frame-work. Those who are better acquainted with the theory than with the daily working realities of the English Constitution will probably deny that an oligarchy finds any place in it. But the point may easily be made good. Leaving out the House of Lords, which is patently and of set purpose oligarchical, let us look at the House of Commons. It consists of six hundred and seventy members. There is one feature which nearly all these members, except the Irish Nationalists, have in common. They are rich men. It has often been said there is no place where a poor man feels so isolated as in the English House of Commons. No legislature in the world can show so overwhelming a majority of wealthy members as the British Parliament. In theory, there is nothing to prevent any Englishman from being elected to the national assembly and rising to the premiership. But in practice it would be easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. Englishmen are rather suspicious of the poor man in politics. The Irish demand for home rule would have found a far readier hearing had the men behind it been men of means and established position. There are a few M. P.'s who have been sent to Westminster to represent special causes, and whose election expenses are paid for them by interested societies. Practically they are salaried delegates. The Independent Labor party has at least one such representative in the House; the teachers in the Board Schools have another. There is nothing dishonorable in their position; many of the M. P.'s who have found their way into the legislature by these means have proved themselves valuable and efficient members. Nevertheless, they stand in a class apart from their colleagues; very few constituencies can be found to return them; and the country, as a whole, rather looks down on them than otherwise, fights suspiciously shy of them, and would never dream of accepting a leader from their ranks. The sort of candidate that the average Englishman likes to vote for must first of all be "a gentleman," in the technical, if in no other sense. That is to say, he must have money, and be ready to spend it; he must have position, both social and commercial; and he must have received the imprimatur of one of the great public schools, like Eton or Rugby, or, at any rate, of Oxford or Cambridge. If in addition there stands to his credit a useful record of municipal service, if he is known as a generous employer of labor or as a large landowner or as the relative of a peer; above all, if he is a sportsman and plays cricket, or better still, races and hunts—then there is no constituency in the land that will not be glad to get him as its representative. Unlike the American, the average Englishman does not believe that his next-door neighbor is only a little less qualified than himself to govern the nation. The candidate that most appeals to him is not a member of his own but of a higher standing—the great merchant, the aristocrat, the son of the old country family, the famous lawyer, the business man who has made his pile. This attitude, a relic, of course, of the old feudalism, is stronger, possibly, in the country than in the towns; but it is still immensely strong in the towns, and until Englishmen get rid of all that makes them so English, seems likely to remain so. One result of it is that practically it is only the wealthy and successful, the men of birth and the men of leisure who get into Parliament.

This, to begin with, if it does not absolutely spell oligarchy, shows at least a pretty obvious tendency that way. But the House of Commons is not the real governing factor of England. It is ruled in its turn by the cabinet. Every student of English politics knows that year by year the power of the cabinet grows greater and more irresponsible, and that Parliament's control over it is continually dwindling. So long as he keeps his majority and avoids wounding too violently the feelings of his followers, an English premier may do pretty much as he pleases. If, therefore, England is really governed by an oligarchy, the proof of it must be looked for in the composition of the cabinet. Now, how is the cabinet composed? What qualifies a man for admission into the sacred circle? Theoretically, any Englishman may become a cabinet minister, just as any American may rise to the Presidency; but actually the door is open to very few of the multitude who knocks. In the first place, a custom which has now pretty much the force of law—at any rate, it is never violated—prescribes that only members of Parliament, members, that is, of the House of Lords and of the House of Commons, shall be eligible to the cabinet. That narrows the choice at once. Secondly, a would-be cabinet minister must belong to the "governing class." What is this "governing class"? One of the ablest and most careful of English publicists, Mr. Sidney Low, has described it with precision. "It consists, roughly speaking, of the peerage and its off-shoots, the great landowners, and country families, and the comparatively limited number of wealthy persons of the mercantile, manufacturing, and professional classes, who are admitted to what is called 'society.' In fact, society, in this sense of the word, is almost coterminous with the governing class. It would be difficult to say what constitutes exactly the qualification for membership of this select body. Birth, wealth, leisure, are no doubt the main requisites. Without at least one, and preferably more than one, of the three, it is difficult to enter the circle." Again, "It is rare, and always has been rare, for a man, not a member of one of the aristocratic or territorial families, nor closely associated by wealth, education, and social connections with the circle that includes those families, to enter the cabinet of Great Britain." Let me guard against one misapprehension. The governing order is not a caste. It is mainly aristocratic in ideas and instincts, but only partially so by origin. It is continually being recruited from below. The wealthy manufacturer, say of the second or third generation, marries into one of the territorial families, enters Parliament, and becomes forthwith assimilated to the governing class. Some men, like Disraeli, have forced their way into it by sheer weight of genius. Others, like John Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, have won a foothold by impressing their personality upon the masses of their fellow-citizens. But all these cases were those of rich men, who, before they entered the cabinet, had been distinctly accepted by society. What you will never come across in England is a poor man in a high political position, without influential connections and without the backing of society. The governing centre of the British Empire is the West End of London.

You have, then, these few thousand noblemen, landowners, capitalists, merchants, and successful professional men, who make up the governing class—a class, as I have said, that is neither an aristocracy nor a plutocracy, nor merely "society," but a mixture of all three. It is from them, or, at least, from such of them as belong to the Lords or Commons, that the Prime Minister inevitably chooses his colleagues. Inevitably, because whether he be a great nobleman, like Lord Salisbury, or the Duke of Devonshire, or a distinguished commoner, like Mr. Asquith, he is certain to have passed most of his life in the innermost recesses of London society, and to be closely connected, if not by ties of blood or marriage, at least by long and intimate association with the most exclusive sets in the capital. It is difficult, almost impossible, for him to break away from the circle. His opportunities do not allow him to consort much with people who are poor, unknown, and obscure. When he has to make up his ministry, he naturally consults his own little court of friends, followers, and allies; and *they*, as naturally, press the claims of their own associates—the men whom they meet at London luncheons and dinners and fashionable country-house parties, who call each other by their Christian names, who have been educated at the same little group of public schools and colleges, and have pretty freely intermarried with each other's relatives. The system leads at times to curious results, but on the whole it works fairly well. The country finds its affairs always honestly and usually efficiently administered, with men of good breeding, upright character, and a certain impressive stateliness at the helm. Perhaps it does not altogether realize how much favoritism and private influence and the accident of being known in the right quarters have to do with their selection. Perhaps, too, it would not be greatly perturbed even if it did. The process is not one of jobbery; for it does not happen that bad or incapable men are corruptly given posts for which they are unfit; but oligarchical, in its essence, it certainly is.

The system has its good as well as its bad side. "Its strong point," says the writer I have already quoted, "is that it provides a class of public men who, taken altogether, are very adequately equipped for their business. Their wealth and standing place them beyond all suspicion of the coarser kind of corruption; they are sufficiently above the need of earning a livelihood to be able to enter active politics in the prime of life; and from their position in society they grow early accustomed to deal with affairs in the spirit of men of the world. . . . The difficulty of a democracy lies in inducing a sufficient number of fairly honest and fairly capable men to undertake public duties without the temptation or the hope of unlimited spoils. The English system at least goes some way toward overcoming this difficulty." That is true. On the other hand, this oligarchical way of doing things takes the seriousness out of politics, and seems at times to reduce it to "an affair of friends," a game of wealthy amateurs, a field for the display of charming manners and the small arts of condescension

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Diversions of the Higher Journalist

By William Dean Howells

World-Power Weather

At the height of the late untimely heat the Applied Psychologist came in mopping his forehead, and said to the Higher Journalist, who was mopping *his* forehead, "Do you see that tens of thousands of young lambs have lost their lives in the blizzard which is still raging in Montana?"

The higher journalist explored his consciousness for an antithetical pleasantry, but could not get into form a joke about young lambs perishing by hundreds in Wall Street from sunstroke at the same moment. The best he could do was to allow that he had seen the report, and to add, "I should like to see a few feet of snow in New York. Why should it all be wasted on Montana, where they don't want it?"

"Well," the applied psychologist returned, "you may, before you get this conversation under the eye of your readers. Thunder-storms are promised this afternoon, and there is no telling how soon snow-storms may follow. I have been studying this matter of the weather, and I am prepared to make you observe some very curious facts concerning it. One is that our weather, which we now export to all the European countries, is becoming more and more aggressive."

"Is that one of your facts?"

"Well, call it a conviction. You must have noticed that ever since the triumphant close of the Cuban war, and the assimilation of the Philippines, our thermometer has been behaving with unbearable arrogance. The changes have been more violent and precipitate than ever before, and the West, which has long preponderated politically, has asserted its meteorological primacy in weather which the East has had to submit to almost as tamely as Europe. The West has a monopoly of weather-breeding, and while sending abroad only such varieties as it chooses, it compels the seaboard to accept hot, cold, wet, and dry weather of any quality it pleases. In fact, it often seems to lay down a better article of weather in Europe than it gives the Eastern States, and we have no recourse. There have been large areas of rain in the further Middle West and in Europe, but we have not had a drop for the last five weeks. I note the fact, or the conviction, if you prefer to call it so, and I am not proposing any uprising against the dominant meteorological section. If it will, it can cut off our weather altogether, and as we have no weather-breeding plant of our own, it could reduce us to submission in forty-eight hours, just as it could bring us to terms by withholding our supplies of meats and breadstuffs."

"There is something in what you say," the higher journalist assented.

"There is a great deal more in what I am going to say," the applied psychologist resumed. "The fact that I have noted, or the conviction, if you still insist, is by no means so interesting as something which I will now bring to your attention, and that is that Western weather is of late entirely dominated by the spirit of Western humor. This humor, which has got itself called American humor, because the Eastern sources have been exhausted, is, as you will know if you have studied the English analysis of it, characterized by a wild exaggeration. The unexpected on a colossal scale, the grotesque in mammoth proportions, the extravagant of gigantic stature, are its unfailing traits. When the spirit of Western humor began to make its way over the first transcontinental railroads, into the great weather-breeding areas of the Middle West, that section played a joke on the Pacific slope by sending it thunder-storms of the most destructive character, and a region which had been practically free from lightning before had to begin putting up rods everywhere. Of course, an isolated instance of humor like this could not hold the public attention long, but I remember that it was very much remarked at the time, and in the East we were in some dread lest the weather-breeding sections should import the earthquakes so abundant in California, and send them to us in exchange for our thunder-storms."

"This is all very remarkable," the higher journalist said, taking up the only fan in the place. "Go on."

"Thank you," the psychologist answered, reaching for the fan, "I *will* take it, if you please. That," he continued, "would have been a tremendous joke on us, but earthquakes are not, strictly speaking, weather; and the notion, if it ever was entertained, was relinquished. Still, the Western weather has become more and more imbued with the spirit of Western humor. Take the weather of the actual year, for example. January was so mild that we all went about saying the back of the winter was broken, and we should have no more cold till next Christmas. Then the Western humorists sprung the nastiest, snowiest, meanest February on us that I can remember; and then just as we had resigned ourselves to the inevitable, March came in as like a lamb as any of those now perishing in Montana by the thousands—if they are; I doubt it, in the face of your thermometer. It was so soft and warm that I went to Atlantic City to enjoy the cooling sea breezes, and all the way down we ran past pear-orchards in bloom. What was April? March went out, roaring and romping, and April was one half the wettest and coldest, and one half the dryest and coldest April I ever saw. May—but you know what May has been: a May that kept us in winter flannels till a week ago, and now makes us long for gossamer underwear and no overwear."

"That is true," the higher journalist said, trying to possess himself of the fan, which the applied psychologist had unwarily put down.

But the applied psychologist was too quick for him, and he continued, as he caught up the fan, "I call that sort of thing no weather at all, or weather imbued with the spirit of Western humor, which is apt to enjoy itself, as often as not, at the expense of the witness."

"And what do you propose to do about it?" the higher journalist asked. "You have acknowledged that we have no facilities for weather-breeding here, and you have said that even our supply of humor is running low."

"I was coming to that point," his visitor said. "Western weather is now known the world over as American weather, just as Western humor has come to be accepted as American humor. Then the question is whether, with our tremendous monopoly of weather-breeding, we have not assumed responsibilities of corresponding gravity. As a meteorological world-power of unrivalled proportions, are not we bound to regard the preferences and necessities of other nations in such an important matter? We cannot enforce a sort of meteorological Monroe Doctrine as respects their small provincial weather, and yet insist upon their accepting our continental article whether they like it or not. There is such a thing as international comity, and we ought to respect it."

"Well, in the East we might be willing to do so," the higher journalist agreed. "But in the weather-breeding West they do not care for Europe. If they can send *us* such weather as they have been sending lately, in a spirit of humorous exaggeration, do you suppose they are going to forego their joke with the rest of the world?"

"That is a point which hadn't occurred to me," the applied psychologist answered. "I must think it over," and he went out, taking the fan with him.

Some Celtic Poetry and Music

No artistic event of the season just past has been more complete in its excellence, and more rare and appealing in the spirit with which it was animated, than the recent production by the Irish Literary Society of three of the poetic dramas of Mr. W. B. Yeats, with incidental music. The extraordinary beauty and distinction of the plays themselves would alone have been enough to make the occasion quite uncommonly notable.

It is difficult to convey to those who do not know Mr. Yeats's work a sense of the curious and haunting charm of such a play as "The Land of Heart's Desire,"—the first and most important of the three plays produced by the Society. Not only is there nothing in the least like it in modern dramatic literature, but its loveliness is so unique and subtle, its final appeal is so intimately spiritual, so remotely accountable to the conventions of the modern stage, that the convenient currency of critical appreciation is altogether inadequate as a medium of valuation. It is pretty generally conceded, we imagine, that Mr. Yeats is the most richly gifted of those who to-day are continuing the incomparable poetic tradition of the English tongue. No other living poet of his race has so complete a mastery of the sheer beauty of words; none other has his reach of imagination, his spiritual intensity, his continuity of inspiration; and nowhere in his work are the qualities of his genius more clearly evident than in "The Land of Heart's Desire." The two other plays produced were quite new to America: "The Pot of Broth," a delightfully adroit and humorous little comedy of Irish peasant life; and "Cathleen-ni-Hoolihan," a powerful and moving drama of impassioned patriotism, with a strain of noble poetic allegory.

The acting throughout was admirable, although we could wish that the highly important rôle of the *Faery Child* in "The Land of Heart's Desire" might have been played with a manner somewhat less conscious and studied than Miss Mabel Taliaferro brought to it, even if one cannot easily imagine a more lovely material embodiment of the part. The incidental music arranged by Mr. Henry S. Gilbert for the two latter plays was entirely adequate and effective; but that which Mr. Julian Edwards has related to "The Land of Heart's Desire," and which we have before heard with a considerable measure of dissatisfaction, seemed less happy in the association than ever.

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Books and Bookmen

MR. GILBERT CHESTERTON, the young English critic who has been spoken of as the successor of Stevenson the essayist—since Stevenson none certainly has proved so worthy the title—has stirred up things considerably by his volume on Browning, recently contributed to the English "Men of Letters" series. Mr. Chesterton is not a writer to be taken tamely or merely tolerated. He is an intellectual force, and in his service to letters, certainly in his work on Browning, he has shown that he possesses that gift of criticism which is not journalism, the true criticism that is in its nature creative. The business of the critic is to understand and interpret genius. One of the sanest and most clear-sighted critics in London declares that Mr. Chesterton's volume announces a new era in British criticism. "The new era is a reversion to the old, a return to the better and deeper methods of Coleridge and Carlyle."

There are two points in Browning's life and work which test the critic and have primary interest for the reader when he takes up a new work on the poet: the question of his obscurity and his marriage. Claudius Clear, in a singularly lucid and comprehensive article on "Mr. Chesterton on Browning," seems to us to have said the right thing on both points. When he deals with the critic's treatment of Browning's obscurity and grotesqueness, and the inevitable comparison with Meredith, he has this to say which is worth while remembering: "Mr. Chesterton's view is that Browning loved the grotesque, that he turned out a grotesque lyric, and liked it just as he might have liked a grotesque jar and executed it if he had been a potter. There is a sense in which it may be said that Browning cared very much for form. Few of our poets have made more contributions to form in the way of rhymes and rhythms. As Mr. Chesterton says, Browning's dark and elliptical mode of speech was simply himself. It was characteristic, and there is no use quarrelling with it. But when Mr. Chesterton ingeniously maintains that there is an essential difference between the obscurity of Browning and the obscurity of Meredith, I cannot quite follow him. He says that Meredith deals with nameless emotions, fugitive sensations, sub-conscious certainties and uncertainties, and it really requires a somewhat curious and unfamiliar mode of speech to indicate the presence of these. On the other hand, a great part of Browning's actual sentiments, and almost all the finest and most literary of them, are perfectly plain and popular and eternal sentiments. There is much truth in this, but not the whole truth. If it were completely true Meredith would be vindicated. But let Mr. Chesterton read over again *Diana of the Crossways* from the beginning to the end with pencil in hand, and then let him say whether he can unreservedly maintain his thesis. Further, there is another question. Tennyson wrote of the poet, 'His worst he kept, his best he gave.' Is it not true that the law which governs publication need not govern writing? A poet may write many things, but unless he feels that he has said what he meant to say well, he should keep it. For my part I wish to spare nothing of Browning, and can read anything he has ever written. It has all its own interest. Nevertheless, his reputation would have been higher and surer if he had blotted out much. It is here that the ordinary critic may come in with his common sense, but there is so much common sense in current criticism and so little creative appreciation that on this score I cannot quarrel with Mr. Chesterton."

Speaking of the connection of Browning's life with his writings, and especially in signalizing his marriage as the great determining event of the poet's life, Claudius Clear (Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll) finds Mr. Chesterton more penetrating and more suggestive than most critics. "That so conventional a man as Browning should have taken the terrible risk of eloping with a sick woman, who might very well have died in the first days of her honeymoon, was an action which must necessarily color the whole afterthought. As things turned out it was successful, but it might have been otherwise, and Browning never ceased to think of what would have happened then. 'There always remained upon him something which was felt by all who knew him in after years—the spirit of a man who had been ready when his time came, and had walked in his own devotion and certainty to a position counted indefensible, and almost along the brink of murder. This great moral of Browning, which may be called roughly the doctrine of the great hour, enters, of course, into many poems besides the *Ring and the Book*, and is indeed the mainspring of a great part of his poetry taken as a whole.' As at present advised I do not go so far as Mr. Chesterton, and I think I could show that in poems before his marriage the doctrine of the great hour turns up. But, on the whole, the suggestion is valuable and true. There are others like it. For example, nothing could be better than Mr. Chesterton's treatment of the FitzGerald incident."

It was not to be expected that Claudius Clear, who is first and foremost a Christian thinker in letters and life, could pass by Mr. Chesterton's volume without a word on the problem of Browning's relation to Christianity. "I have no thought," he says, "of discussing the Christianity of Browning, but one thing must be pointed out. Mr. Chesterton ignores the fact that both Browning and his wife were convinced Dissenters," that is, they were not members of the Church of England. "Browning was brought up in Congregationalism. He was for a time at Florence a deacon in the Presbyterian Church; when he returned to London after his wife's death he worshipped in a Congregational chapel. The fact is of moment in this way. The Christianity of Browning and his wife was a Christianity which could only have grown up at that time in Nonconformity. It had very little in common with the Low Church, and less in common with the High Church. I am sure that if ever Mr. Chesterton goes into the problem of Browning's faith, he will recognize the significance of this. For the rest the reader may be referred to the masterly volume of Professor Henry Jones, in which almost everything is said rightly, as it seems to me. But Mr. Chesterton is quite entitled to say that in a book like this, where the theme could not be handled adequately, it was better to pass it by."

There is about genius always something exclusive and limited, and the great critic is he who can pursue the comparative method and is able to rank a great book, to place it in its class, and to assign to it its order in that class. In noting this fact, we concur with Claudius Clear when he says that in this, as in many other respects, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton is by far the most instructive critic of our time; he is, indeed, almost the only one who is conversant with the spirit of the great world of literature. Mr. Watts-Dunton was the intimate friend of Tennyson, Browning, William Morris, Meredith, the housemate of Rossetti as he has been for years the housemate of Swinburne. He was editorially associated with the *Examiner* and the *Athenæum*, and is the author of *Aylwin* and a volume of poems. He has contributed a number of brilliant essays, especially that on Poetry, to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which it is hoped will one day be gathered into a volume of criticisms. His literary reminiscences, which he has been urged to write for many years past, has been long expected, and will be one of the most valuable contributions of its kind to the comparative literature of the nineteenth century when it appears.

There is a brief paper on "A Defence of Fine Writing," by Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, in the June *Critic*, which is worthy of consideration. "I saw recently," Mrs. Peattie begins her defence, "in an article by a popular critic, a rebuke for a young novelist because of 'fine writing.' The critic said the one fault of the novelist was his fondness for that sort of thing, and expressed the hope that he would sooner or later become conscious of his mistake. I have not read the books of the writer to whom reference was made, but as he was classed with George Meredith I imagine that his work must have been really literary, and I am willing to admit—without undue urging—that I am not one of those who shy at beauty, even when I see it lying right beside the road." The book in question which serves Mrs. Peattie for her spirited defence is, we believe, *The Triumph of Life*, by Mr. William Farquhar Payson, a fine piece of modern fiction which is calculated to be a stumbling-block to those whom Mrs. Peattie styles as having got into the way of considering matter-of-factness consummate good form. "They cannot tolerate anything pronounced" these good folk, "and would no more indulge in a passionate or exceedingly pictorial sentence than they would drive down Fifth Avenue in a scarlet and gold coach drawn by piebald horses." The critic abides in cramped quarters and is allowed but one activity—that of throwing cold water. The average instructor in English is likewise the Discourager of Genius, the Slayer of Talent. "It is a common thing for originality to be held up to ridicule before a class, and anything like passion of utterance would be considered fit subject for mirth. It is not in such places, surely, that inspiration will be found. It is not here that the writer will learn to express himself with unreserve and delight." The question which all this raises in Mrs. Peattie's mind is: How is the Anglo-Saxon to accustom himself to beauty? He is an idealist in morals, a literalist in art. His imagination is fired by the wizards of modern mechanics, the practical masters of physics, the captains of commerce, but untouched by the impassioned and spiritual artist. "Must the delineator of life forever feign that he finds the mortal experiences of men and women commonplace, smug, sordid and trivial? If the geographer is permitted to tell tremendous tales, may not the poet be permitted to do as much? If the machinist sets the pulses throbbing with his colossal engines, may not the novelist be allowed to rival him?" There is one tremendous comfort, concludes this defender of fine writing so-called; the real genius does not bother very much with the ideas of other men. Meantime, he has to wait until the public come round to him, while the writers who defer to public opinion truckle to it, and fit themselves into the lustreless mosaic of the common scheme. But in the end genius has its revenge.

An English edition of *The Triumph of Life* has been called for, and will shortly be published in London. This author's previous novel, *John Vytal*, published two years ago, was very kindly received in England and highly esteemed by the critics.

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Finance

THE course of the stock-market of late has been not only a disappointment to many optimistic speculators, but a surprise to no small number of dispassionate observers of speculative movements. In view of a variety of circumstances it is not wondered at that security prices should have fallen. In fact, there is a widespread belief that we are in a bear market, and that no news is heeded unless it is bad news, just as in a bull market, nothing that is not favorable is regarded. In bull markets, moreover, prices rise almost continuously, discomfiting time and again those shrewd professionals who insist upon "playing for a reaction." But even though it be admitted that the present is a bear market, such an admission does not explain satisfactorily why values have sustained such great declines and yet show such little rallying power. The downward movement has been gradual rather than violent, great though the loss is, after several weeks of decline.

Several mistakes, or rather erroneous assumptions, have been responsible for the failure to explain the course of the securities market lately. To begin with, one must go back more than a few weeks for the real reasons of the liquidation to which the decline has been due. To put it in a sentence, it all comes from the overproduction of securities; and that is an old story. Then there is the mistake of thinking it is a typical bear market. That is exactly what it is not. It is or has been a declining market. The distinction is not at all subtle. In a bear market of the usual kind, we find that owing to a turn in the value-creating tide or as a result of overspeculation by the public, there is what is termed forced or involuntary liquidation —selling of stocks at the best obtainable price by speculators whose resources are exhausted, and have no option but to sell, since they can no longer carry their stocks. As prices go down the volume of such involuntary sales increases, and, aided by bear manipulation, the decline becomes more rapid until it culminates in a sharp break, during which prices are apt to touch a level lower than is justified by general business conditions. It has been the experience of the past to expect prices to rebound about one-half of the extent of the drop; that is, after a sharp five-point fall look for a two or three point rally. This has been a law almost as fixed as the physical law of action and reaction. It is therefore not surprising that Wall Street should ask why after such extensive declines as have taken place lately the market should not rally at all. Because there have not been the usual rallies, disquietude has filled many minds usually alert. It may be doubted if, in the event of a "slump" of a panicky character, we should see the discriminating bargain-hunter which in the past has never been absent, sentiment having been so thoroughly chilled by the continuous decline.

In explanation of the absence of the expected rallies, it is well to bear in mind the character of the liquidation which has caused the steady fall. The operations of professional speculators on the bear side have been aggressive and skilful, and there has been much selling by small speculators who have been either discouraged or ruined by the steady fall. But all the bears in the Street could not have effected the decline had they not found genuine selling in large volume, and it is no secret that the public at large of late has been carrying, speculatively, fewer stocks than in a long time. The trouble has been that the principal liquidation has come from so-called strong men, who by reason of overextended commitments in connection with some of the later promotions and underwritings, have had to sell the stocks for which there was a market and keep those which were not readily vendible. The banks, to strengthen their own position, notified several of these industrial financiers that loans maturing June 1, and later, could not or would not be renewed. This necessitated liquidation. It was punishment for mistakes of judgment or for excessive cupidity or for the crime of deeming the public perennially gullible, or whatever one chooses to call it. But they had to sell stocks they probably never thought they would have to sell on a declining market. Their selling differed from that of the small speculator whose margin is exhausted and is "sold out" by his broker, in that it was gradual. The flow from the strong boxes could be regulated—reduced when not to have done so would have meant a panic, and increased when the lower level reached tempted hardy investors to buy or led shorts to cover. Prices have fallen practically to a panic level, but there has been no panic. But also there has been no rally. The greatest losses, it is well to note, have been sustained by rich rather than poor speculators, and why the rich sold good stocks is by now pretty clearly realized by the community at large.

At the lower price level now prevailing it is a question of buying only after studying real values rather than of buying to make a "turn." Much, and in many cases, all of the inflation prevailing last fall, has disappeared. Business generally continues good. The two things to watch are the labor troubles and the crops.

Correspondence

CONCERNING PIONEERS

NEW YORK, *June 6, 1903.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As a reader of editorials I have endeavored to train myself not to get "worked up" over opinions that impress me as being devoid of common sense, but my forbearance has encountered that "last straw" that put the camel's back out of business, in "Are Pioneers Our Chief Benefactors?" appearing in the last edition of the WEEKLY, in which the author has allowed his anxiety to find fault, to lead him into the grave error of casting serious reflection upon thousands of the nation's best citizens. According to reliable authorities, "pioneers" and "trail-blazers" are those who go before and open up the way, an occupation in which "cowboys" and "bronco-busters" take little part, if any whatsoever. Surely the author must be one of the "mild makers of our civilization" who has remained at home "back East," "among the haunts of men," and who, imagining the vast territory of the West thoroughly infested with "bar-rooms, bowie-knives, revolvers, and savage whoops," has not investigated the matter, and learned that "colleges, schools, studies, newspaper offices, and pulpits" are quite as common in proportion to the population in what he is pleased to describe as the "outskirts of civilization" as they are throughout New England. I even know of preachers and educators there "who are elevating the moral and the intellectual standards of the country."

If history is to be credited, George Washington was something of a "trail-blazer" himself; his ability in that direction was, in fact, quite valuable to the country; he was also a "man of blood and muscle, a man of iron nerve." Otherwise he never could have held the army together at Valley Forge during those long winter months while the "philanthropists" of his day were so busy "at home" "working out the moral and intellectual problems of the age," that they had no time to aid in the provision of decent sustenance and clothing for the starving and half-naked soldiers—(or did they "hate war"?).

If our friend would really like to know the *facts*, I would repeat Mr. Greeley's advice, "Young man, go West," and he will learn that the pioneers and settlers were and are one and the same, instead of being entirely different; also, that the blazers of trails did not and do not have "an undue proportion of tough characters among them" except, of course, as "tough" means strong and hardy, and that the hundreds of thousands of citizens to whom President Roosevelt has been speaking during the past few weeks are, "generically" speaking, *almost* on a par with their fellow-countrymen "back East." I ask the indulgence of Westerners for the use of the adverb "almost," but I do not want to lay myself open to the accusation of being carried away by enthusiasm. In fact, I wish to write as if I had "stayed my wild galloping, had dismounted, and sat under the shade of a wide-spreading beech-tree."

I am, sir,
T. C. M.

THE WEEKLY FOR NEXT WEEK

OUR special correspondent in Japan sends an interesting letter, illustrated from photographs, on "Japan of To-day and To-morrow," apropos of the World's Fair at Osaka, the first Fair in which Japan has invited competition with the world powers in invention and manufactures; another special feature will be the first article and pictures published of an American inventor's plan for doing away with railway accidents; the Secretary of the New York Yacht Club tells what has to be done to get ready for an International Cup Race; Mary Cadwalader Jones writes on the "Society Woman" in the series now running in the WEEKLY on "Ideals of American Womanhood."

Your newsdealer will have the next WEEKLY on sale June 24.

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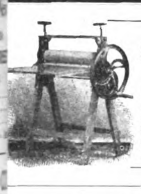
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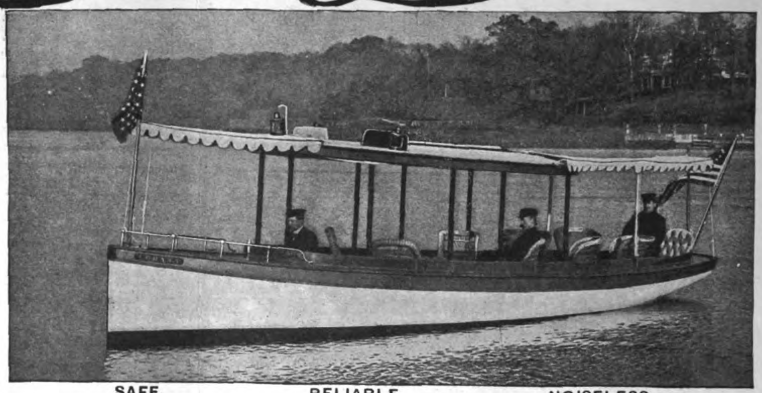
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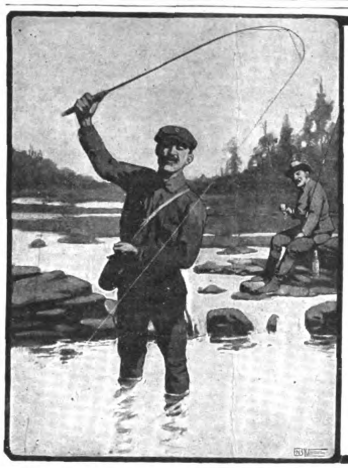
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HARPER'S BAZAR

THE JULY ISSUE also includes a **Supplement Pattern Sheet**, containing patterns to the value of $2.00.

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Part IV.
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By JOHN J. a'BECKET
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By PRISCILLA LEONARD
An exhaustive and entertaining description of its many attractions.

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By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY
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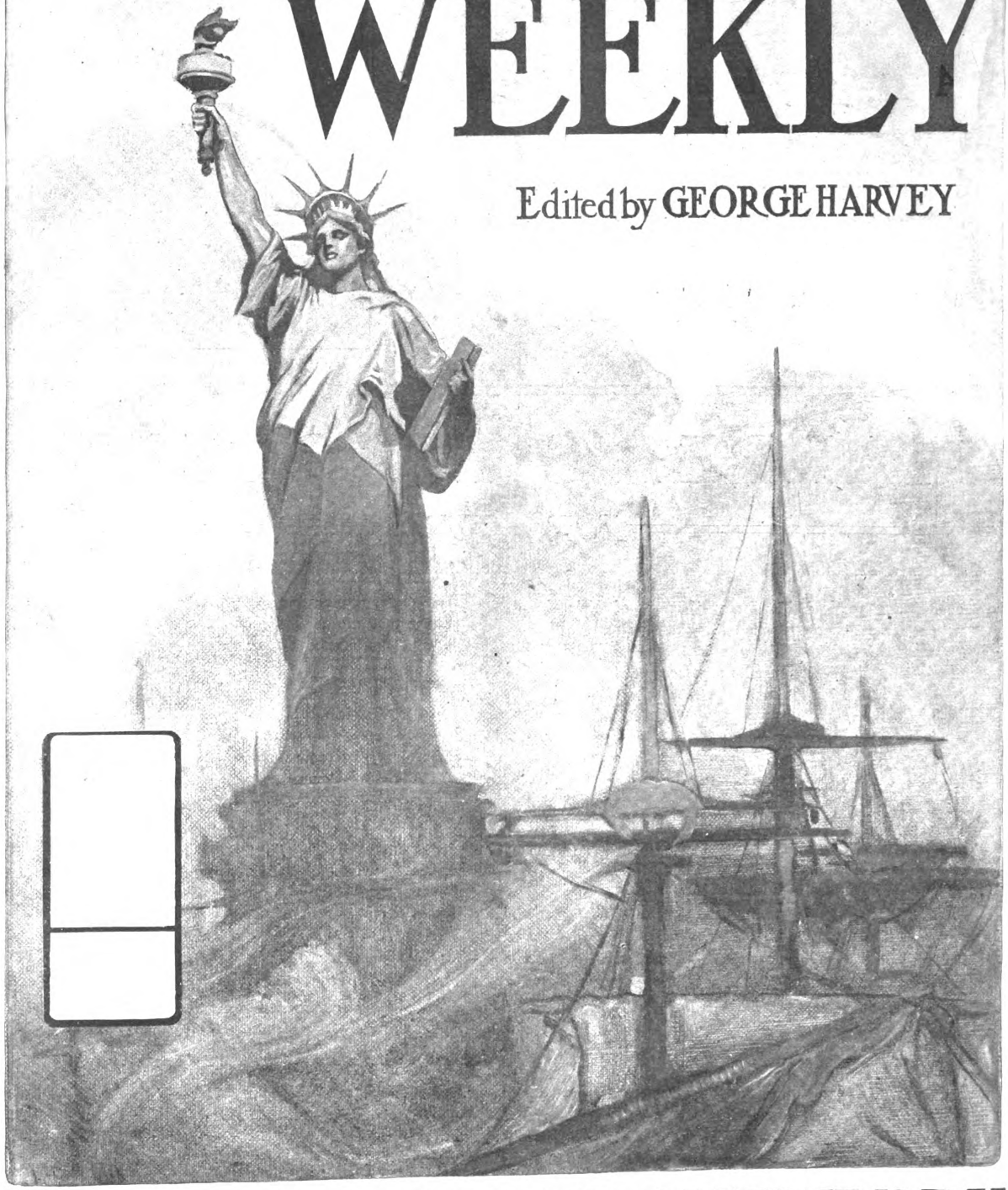
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Edited by GEORGE HARVEY



HARPER & BROTHERS NEW YORK

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Lady Rose's Daughter

By Mrs. Humphry Ward

Author of "Eleanor," "Robert Elsmere," etc.

A story of breathless interest
and persistent charm,
appealing especially to him
who reads for "the story alone."



Frontispiece—from drawing by H. C. CHRISTY

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR JULY

ENGLISH

Professor **Thomas R. Lounsbury,** of Yale, has written a most engrossing and important paper on "The Standard of Pronunciation in English"—radical in its conclusions and sensible in its arguments.

TRAVEL

An interesting travel article tells of the curious region about Lake Titicaca, in South America, the highest lake in the world, where there is steam navigation.

SKETCH

George Buchanan Fife writes of the picturesque side of the port of New York, with its shipping from all parts of the world and its many interesting phases.

LITERATURE

Arthur Symons contributes a charming essay on Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." His paper is accompanied by four pictures in color and tint by **Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.**

SHORT STORIES

There are eight short stories in the July number. Among the authors are **Margaret Sutton Briscoe, Philip Verrill Mighels, Will N. Harben, Arthur Colton,** and **Mrs. Stepney Rawson.**

SCIENCE

Professor **N. S. Shaler,** of Harvard, discusses in a novel way the question as to whether plants are endowed with the same intelligence as animals.

ADVENTURE

John R. Spears, the well-known sea writer, has found the log of an old whaling vessel, and presents the story of the four years' cruise much as it is told in the original log. A vivid personal picture of a now forgotten phase of American life.

SOCIOLOGY

David Graham Phillips writes of the business side of managing a church, which nowadays is run in much the same way as any great corporation.

SERIAL

Mrs. Andrews' delightful novelette, "A Kidnapped Colony," is completed in this number. Its outcome will be a surprise.

PICTURES IN COLOR

Among the pictures in colors are a frontispiece in full color by **Mr. Abbey** together with three other drawings in tint, and three full-page pictures in color by **Elizabeth Shippen Green.**

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. XLVII. *New York, Saturday, June 27, 1903—Illustrated Section* NO. 2427

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Drawn by Scotson-Clark

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

Sir Thomas has just arrived in this country to superintend the management of his new challenger, "Shamrock III.," in American waters, and to take part in the "America's" Cup races

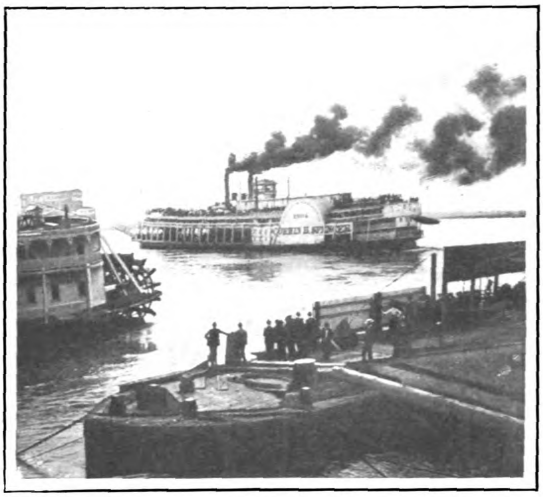
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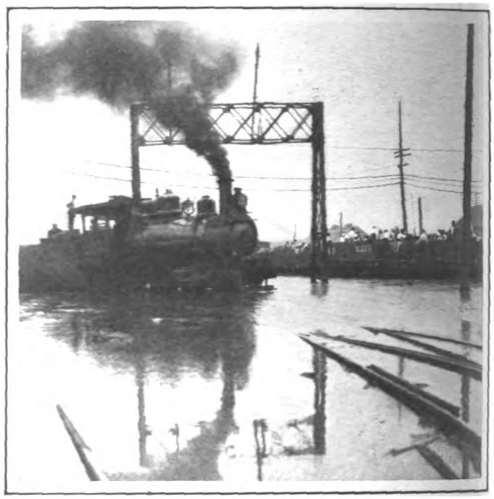
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View looking North from the East End of the Eads Bridge, showing the Extent of the Territory Submerged



The Steamer "Corwin H. Spencer" used as temporary Refuge for several Hundreds of those made Homeless by the Floods



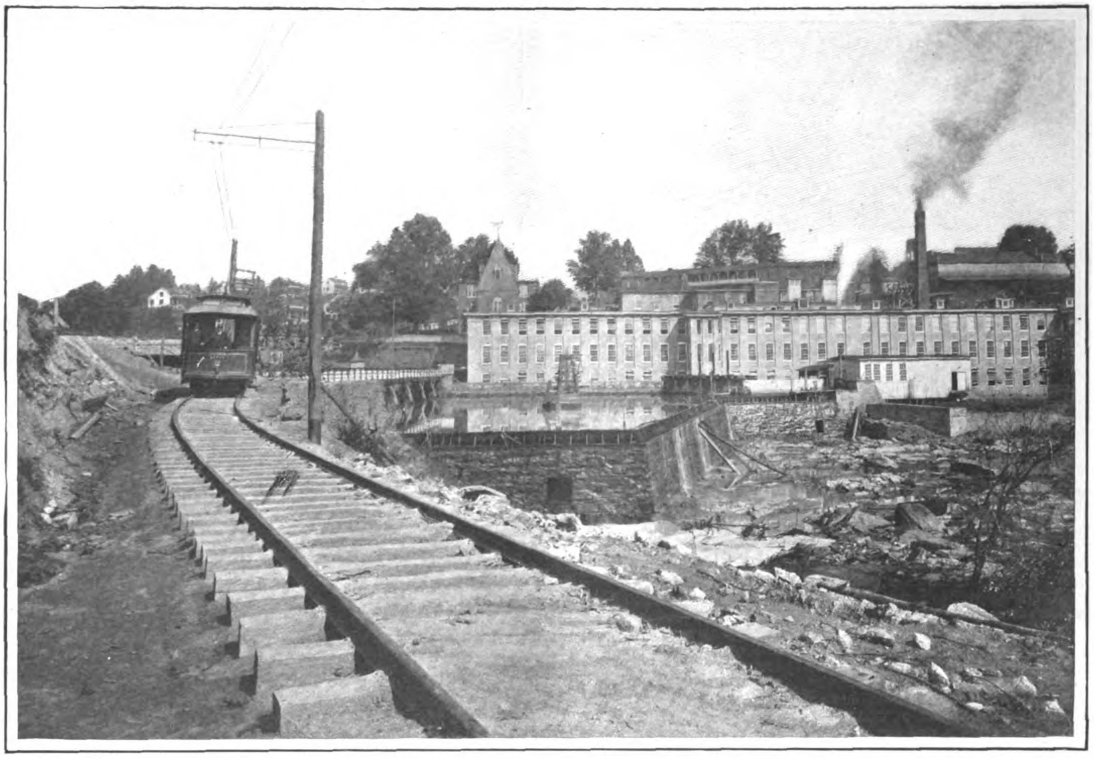
Relief Trains at the Crossing of Missouri Avenue. The Tracks are entirely under Water



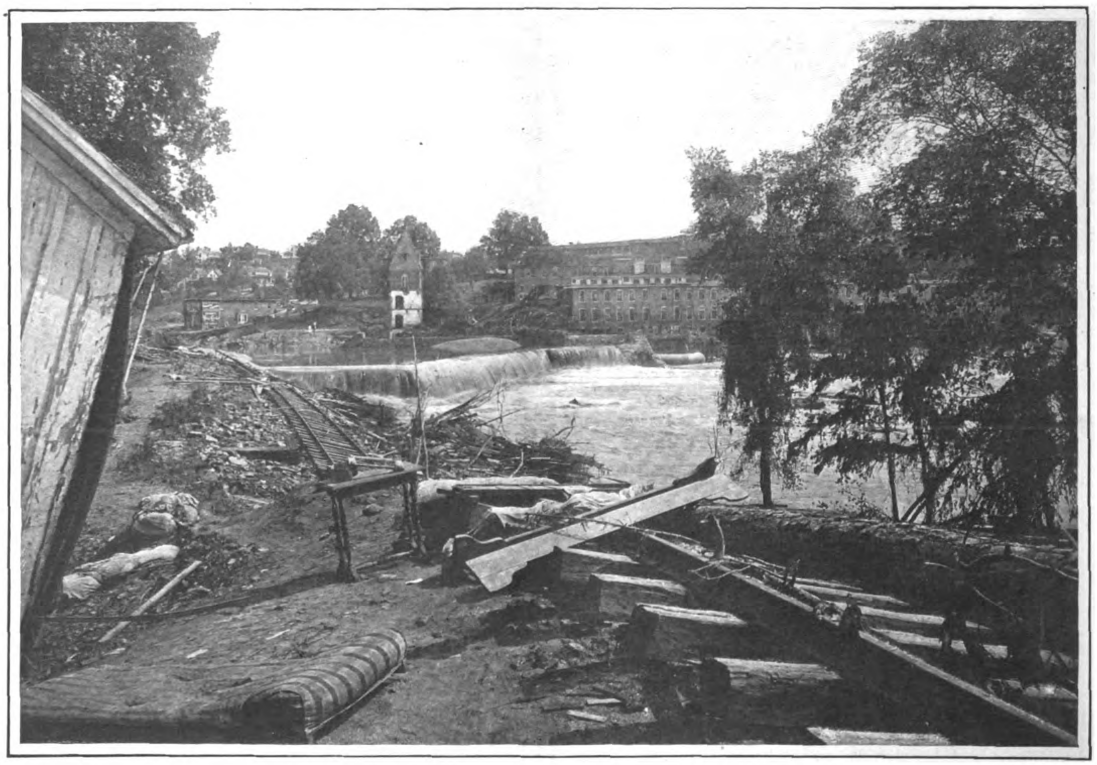
A Scene on Missouri Avenue, near the Relay Depot, at the Time when the Waters began to Encroach on the City Streets

THE FLOODS IN EAST ST. LOUIS

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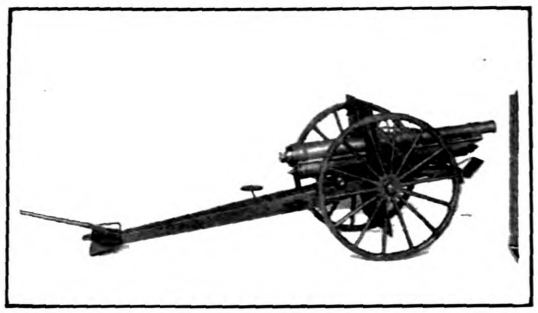
A Mill in the Town of Clifton, South Carolina, as it looked before the Flood



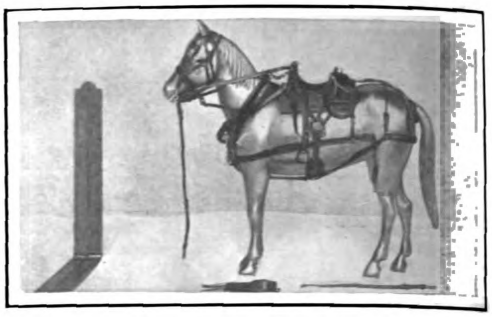
A Photograph taken on the same Spot immediately after the Flood. The Mill, which stood beside the Trolley Tracks, has been entirely destroyed, and the Water flows over the Site of the Building

RUINS OF THE FLOOD IN SOUTH CAROLINA

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Miniature Model of New Type of Artillery Rifle



Seven-inch Model of Horse used in U. S. A. Artillery Service

Our New Field-Artillery

By George F. Summers, M.E.

WE hear a great deal about our navy because it is spectacular, but in a quiet way the army is also keeping pace with American progress, and in its new equipment will hold the same place among other armies that all American machinery holds with that of foreign make. It is simple, direct and efficient.

A battle-ship of to-day is no longer merely a boat mounting guns. It is a vessel filled with complicated machinery of which the guns form only an incidental part. In the same way a piece of field-artillery is not to-day a cannon mounted on wheels, but a high type of mechanism comprising some thousand machine parts, each finished accurately to the ten-thousandth of an inch.

While our manufacturers have been busy perfecting bicycles, watches and locomotives, the Ordnance Department of the army has had its officers and engineers engaged on the problem of making a light field-outfit that would fire, with great rapidity, a shell large enough to be destructive. The outcome of their efforts is a field-battery for which eighty-four carriages are now being built at the government's big machine-shops at Rock Island Arsenal, Illinois, and probably a thousand will be made in the next few years.

This equipment consists of a three-inch nickel-steel, breech-loading rifle with suitable machinery for loading, aiming, and taking up the recoil, all arranged on wheels, to be rushed from place to place by means of horses and accompanied by similar equipments containing ammunition and a portable machine-shop.

The gun will carry effectively about three miles, and the extreme rapidity of fire will permit of a shot once in two seconds, or about as fast as an ordinary Winchester repeating-rifle. As it takes about seventeen seconds for a shell to go three miles, it will be possible to keep eight fifteen-pound shrapnel in the air at once. The enemy might then receive seven shots after it had surrendered!

As a matter of fact the guns will not be fired this fast, for a supply of ammunition capable of being easily carried on the march would then last not quite ten minutes, but instead, for general use, each shot will be carefully placed with about thirty seconds between shots.

In firing with shells it is desirable that the shell should travel slowly, as this gives the gunner a better chance to have it burst at the right place by means of the time-fuse.

At the time of the civil war, field-cannon were "muzzle-loaders," and when the piece was discharged every one stood clear to let the gun "kick" back some six or seven feet. Then it would be run forward by the gun crew, swabbed out and reloaded. This all took time.

The modern gun-carriage is firmly held by a spade on the end of the trail. The spade embeds itself in the ground at the first shot, the gun itself recoiling some three feet on the carriage against an oil buffer, and being returned to position by means of a powerful spring.

The soldiers do not leave their seats during the engagement—except when it is necessary to re-set the entire carriage to keep the enemy within the limits of the pointing mechanism—but sit snugly on their round seats behind the Harveyized armor-plate shield, working the machinery.

The one on the left seat keeps his right hand on the elevating-crank and his left on the traversing-wheel, and, with either open sights or a powerful telescope, holds the gun on the enemy.

The soldier sitting on the right seat keeps the lanyard in his right hand and manœuvres the breech-mechanism with his left.

The ammunition is no longer "loose" but "fixed"; that is, the powder and bullet are held in a brass case looking exactly like a Winchester rifle-cartridge of mammoth size.

The bullet generally used, and dignified by the name of "shell," is a "shrapnel," composed of a thin-walled projectile containing a bursting charge and grids of cast iron, the latter breaking up when the shell explodes, making a whirlwind of small scrap-iron in the face of the enemy.

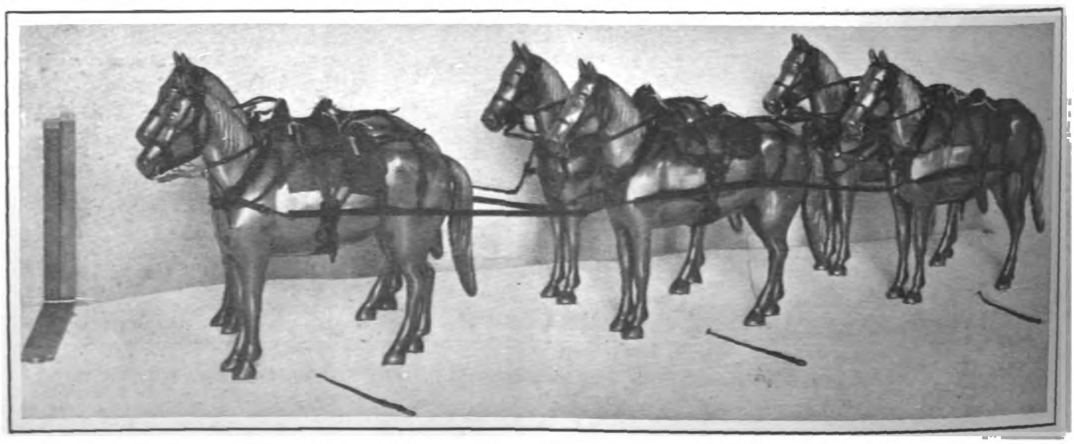
The nose of the shell has a time-fuse which is set for a certain number of seconds before loading, is ignited by the jolt of starting, and bursts the shrapnel a few feet above and ahead of the enemy.

There is one item worthy of remark in the manufacture of these carriages, and that is the apparent inability of the American spring manufacturers to furnish large helical springs of rectangular section. As a consequence the Ordnance Department is preparing to make these springs at one of its arsenals.

The photographs show a model made at the Rock Island Arsenal, which is a credit to the machinists who made it.

Each little bolt and cotter is faithfully reproduced on a microscopic scale, and even the cushions on the seats are filled with real hair, and the little wheels have as many pieces as the real article.

The horses are of bronze, oxydized to represent iron-gray. The little horseshoes are made separately, and are faithful reproductions even to the exact number of nails. The buckles on the harness and the snap-hooks are all "real," and are fastened in place just the same as those in actual service.

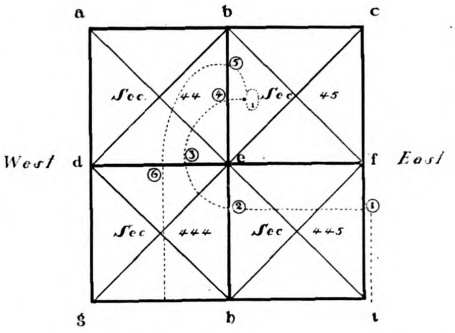


Model of a Team of Artillery Horses in Harness, showing the Equipment of the Horses for the New Field-Artillery

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Baron Dorlodot in Hunting Costume



Four Sections of the Forest



Antoine, the first Huntsman in France

Wild-Boar Hunting in France

By Frank Sherman Peer

IN the forest of Senonches in France at his hunting-lodge — the Château Jardais — lives the best pistol and pigeon-shot in Europe, and one of the greatest sportsmen in the world—the Baron de Dorlodot. Between the months of November and April of each year he hunts the wild boar on his own property for three, four, and even five days a week. He has himself killed nearly a thousand boars. He has his own famous pack of boar-hounds, in charge of the best huntsman in France, a man called Antoine, and only guests invited by himself may join his hunt. It was my good fortune to be numbered among these guests not long ago.

The wild boar, like the fox, seek their food during the night and sleep during the day. They kennel most anywhere that they happen to be when morning begins to break. Sometimes they go in small droves—that is, the younger ones, accompanied by some of the older females—but the males, except in the rutting season, seem to prefer to travel and kennel alone. By daybreak the huntsman with a well-trained hound goes out into the forest to locate a boar. The 30,000 acres owned by the baron are forest land laid out in turnpike roads crossing each other at right angles, and cut diagonally by lanes. The diagram shows four sections of the forest.

We will, for the sake of illustration, start with the huntsman and his one hound led by a line along the road beginning at the southeast corner of section No. 445. When half-way or more across the east side of the section the hound, who is carefully hunting every yard of the way, halts and begins to "feather." His hackles stand on end. Without giving tongue he makes a sharp turn to the left at (1). The huntsman now examines the road carefully, and finds the slot (foot-marks) of a boar that has crossed the road (they seldom follow along in or beside the road). He breaks some bushes, and lays them in the road to mark the spot where the boar entered the section at 1. The huntsman and hound then move on to f, and turn west to e, then south when part of the way from e to h; the hound again halts and "feathers" to the line of a boar that has crossed there from section 445 to section 444 at (2). The footprints are again carefully examined, and noticed to be the same as were first met with. This place is also marked, and the huntsman and hound move on to h, then to g, and d. On the way from d to e the hound again hits off the line, showing the boar to have left section 444 and crossed into section 44 at (3); then on they go to e, and turn north until it is found that the boar has crossed the road e—b into section 45. The huntsman goes on around section 45 to e, the hound having found no track going out of section 45, the game is located as to section. The huntsman now goes down the lane from e towards c; until he meets the lane from f to b, he follows this lane from where they cross each other to b. The hound having found no trace of a boar having crossed the lane, the huntsman returns about nine or ten o'clock, and reports to the master that he has located a boar in the west quarter of section 45, that he is a five or six-year old, etc., etc. The master consults a map of the forest, and determines the method of attack and where to station the riders and hounds.

Breakfast is over by eleven thirty, and at twelve everything is in readiness to start; the huntsman and whips are waiting on the lawn with the hounds; the master's hunter and the carriage that is to conduct madame is in waiting at the door. Friends and guests are walking their horses about until the moment when the baron and the baroness come out to the carriage. When headed by the huntsman and hounds, followed by the riders and carriages, the "equipage" moves on towards section 45.

The master and huntsman and riders are halted at f. The boar's kennel has been approached in a way so that hounds do not cross the trail he made when going to kennel, as they might break away. The hounds are now put in slips, three or four couple, with a short line attached to one long line, one bunch of hounds with a servant is left at f, another is located at e, another lot is sent on to b, and possibly another lot at a and d, etc. The master then directs a certain number of riders,—men to whom he has presented the hunt buttons and wear the hunt uniform, and are therefore entitled to carry the horn,—to station themselves at f, e, b, a, and d.

It must be remembered that the forest is covered in this part with thick undergrowth, so that it is impossible to ride anywhere in it except in the roads and lanes. When time has been given for the hunt members and hounds to have reached their assigned places, and the latter made fast to a tree by the lead line, the master and huntsman and three or four hounds move on *via* e to (4), two or three riders accompanying them the instant they arrive at the spot where the bushes lay in the road, at (4), to mark the spot where the boar crossed the road, these two couples of hounds are slipped at the same time the huntsman rushes in after them on foot, and every one at this point begins to shout or blow horns in order to set the boar on foot.

As before stated, the boars are so conceited as to their own prowess that they disdain to move, especially after they are four or five years old, and will stand in their tracks and kill or wound every hound that comes near them. Therefore all this noise and



The Boar's Last Stand

This photograph was taken just as the Baron was about to despatch a boar, which had led the pack a chase of over forty miles

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racket to arouse him. It is very dangerous business for huntsman or master to go in with the hounds to meet a full-grown boar: sometimes such boars have to be shot in their tracks, as they will not move. If, however, they succeed in putting him on foot before the hounds come upon him he will usually run on until overcome by fatigue. In which case, although he fights desperately at every stand he makes, until in the end his keen edge is gone by the wearisome running and the danger of his doing harm to the hounds is correspondingly lessened. It is on this account that only one or two couples of trusty hounds, who know enough to keep out of range, are sent in to start him.

Instantly they hit upon the line they begin to give tongue, and with the shouting and tooting of horns—we will suppose—the boar is set on foot. Like most other game, he makes one or two short turns and doubles back on his track, and then sails straight away through the forest. As soon as he straightens out for a run, the master, noting the direction, sounds a signal from his horn to liberate the hounds at e and f, who rush on to join the trusty four who are already giving tongue to the line. After doubling back on his track somewhat, as shown in the illustration, the boar crosses the road into section 44 at (5).



The Masters and Hounds returning from the Hunt.

Of course the riders stationed at e and b are on the lookout, and as he crosses this road they sound an alarm on their horns. A few moments later, at a and e, they see the boar cross the lane, a to e, into the southern quarter of section 444, when the hounds at a and b are slipped and rush through the forest to join the others. Riders at f rush down the road towards e. From c they ride down the lane towards e. From b and a they ride down the lanes to the centre of the section. Meanwhile the riders stationed at e and d view the boar crossing out of section 44 into section 444. The remaining hounds at d and e are now slipped, and the riders are racing at the top of their speed southwards, cheered on by the riders stationed at g and h, who have viewed the game, leaving section 444 at (6) going south, and the chase is on.

There is little or no jumping, but the riding at times is at a pace little short of steeplechasing. The wild boar runs remarkably straight when once really away, and for the next two or three hours you may have your fill of cantering on and ever on twenty, thirty, forty, and even to fifty miles before he comes to bay. Instantly he stops the hounds change their baying to the line to barking at their game. This first halt lasts but a few minutes, the huntsman or master rushes in to see if there are any killed or wounded hounds. If so, some one with a horn is left in charge. The boar having recovered his "second wind," again rushes away for another twenty minutes or half an hour. Halts again, and once more he proceeds to give battle to his tormentors; then on again for ten minutes: another stand: on foot once more, but slowly now. When he halts again it will in all probability be his last stand. Hounds are baying and barking at his heels as he plods wearily on. Now the riders cheer on the pack—Hallali! Hallali! Hallali! The master dismounts with short sword in hand, and going up amongst the hounds dispatches the boar with a quick thrust, just back of the elbow joint, that pierces his heart. The honor of the kill on this occasion was accorded to the writer. The wounded hounds are looked after, needle and thread to sew up their wounds, lint and bandages to dress them, and a wagon, that answers for an ambulance, is soon at hand to carry them to the kennel hospital, where they are as faithfully attended as a person would be, and made very much of by every member of the baron's household.

The funeral obsequies is a most ceremonious affair. The master sounds the death rally that calls together stray riders and hounds. A gun is also fired as a signal to those who may be out of hearing of the horn. The boar's carcass is now brought out into the highway or open grass-plot, and the hunt servants attend to taking off the pelt, head, and feet; the latter are given to any one whom the master may delight to honor. When the pelt has been removed it is again spread over the carcass, and the funeral ceremony "L'Hallali la curree" begins. In the mean time the ladies who have accompanied the chase in carriages and carts come on with wine and cold meats, etc., and a general visit and congratulation goes on. Twelve men in uniform, and each carrying a horn that encircles the body, as already described, stand facing the carcass, six on one side and six on the other, at a distance of twenty or twenty-five feet apart, the carcass lying on the ground half-way between them. On the other two sides stand rows of spectators, thus forming a complete circle around the remains. First the six men on one side play the first line of the death song, the other six play the next line, and so on alternately through the song, the horns being purposely keyed to make the music harmonious.

When the last verse is being rendered the huntsman steps to the carcass, and taking the boar by the ears moves the head right and left, as if it were alive, until the hounds are quite beside themselves with eagerness to pounce upon it. As the last notes of the last line die away an attendant removes the head and pelt, which is attached to the head, and at a signal from the huntsman every hound rushes at the remains. Halt! shouts the huntsman when every hound has his nose within a foot of their prey, and every hound stops and moves not a muscle, so well are they trained. When the lot have their position, twenty odd, with noses pointing towards their game and not two feet away, the huntsman cries *charge*, and, no sooner said than done, every hound has his teeth fastened into the carcass, and the tug of war begins. While the snapping and snarling pack are surging first one way and then the other, now losing hold and recovering it again, until piece by piece, joint by joint, the parts give way and are devoured. Amid this scene the crowd sing the death song as it had been previously played. Sometimes it is too late to undertake this ceremony in the woods far from home, and the boar is carted there and laid out upon the lawn in front of the kennels. A bonfire is lighted, and torches are lit to add additional illumination to the scene. When it is all over and the hounds have been kenneled, we return to the house to discuss the run over and over again as we sit about the hospitable board.



NO MORE RAILWAY ACCIDENTS



By Joseph Ray Buchanan

No more terrible railway disasters, with their frightful losses of life: no more head-on or rear-end collisions: no more plunging of railway coaches into abysses made by burned or washed-out bridges: no longer will dead cars blown out upon main lines menace the lives of travelers: in a word, accidents are hereafter to be less than two per cent. as frequent as in the past. This is the promise held out by Professor H. G. Sedgwick, who has been showing to railway managers, at the Astor House, in New York, during the past two weeks, an automatic appliance which he calls the "Train-stop."

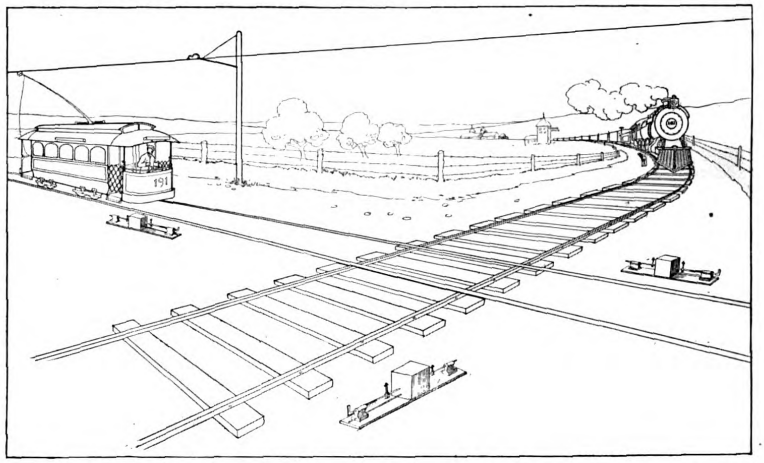
For many years the public has been horrified by frequent reports of railway disasters, and during the past ten years, since the introduction of mile-a-minute trains, these catastrophes have become familiar occurrences and have constantly grown in their heart-breaking consequences. The public and press have protested against the killing of thousands annually by the railways, and the railway managers have answered that they were employing the latest and best safeguards discovered or created by human ingenuity. Some great accident, like that in the New York Central tunnel or the one at Westfield, New Jersey, has stirred the indignation of the people, and the railways have been arraigned before the bar of public opinion, being compelled, on several occasions, to make defences in court. In each such case the company has set up the claim that its line was equipped with a modern signalling system of the latest pattern, that it was in perfect working order at the time of the accident, and that the fault lay with some employee, usually the engineer of the locomotive. These references are not made for the purpose of discussing the justifiableness of the defence offered by the railway companies, but to emphasize the claims made by Professor Sedgwick for his "Train-stop."

Professor Sedgwick is a well-known inventor, possessing a thorough knowledge of the mechanical and electrical sciences, and a practical railway man of many years' experience. Ten years ago he took up the question of safeguarding railway traffic by a system of automatic signalling. How he reached a most important conclusion in his study of the subject of preventing railway accidents is related in the following account of the inventor's experience as a locomotive fireman.

There is a class of large, heavy locomotives known to railway men as "Mother Hubbards," or "Moguls." On these huge

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machines the engineer and fireman are far apart and cannot see each other when at their respective posts, so that the duty of watching the track ahead devolves entirely upon the engineer. Professor Sedgwick was riding upon one of these locomotives one night, sitting on the left side of the cab. The height of the boiler prevented him from seeing the engineer, who was, of course, upon the right side. The train was an Erie fast freight, and was rushing along at the rate of forty miles an hour, with orders to take the siding at a station ahead for No. 4, the fast night express, going in the opposite direction, on a single-track division of the line. Professor Sedgwick was deep in the study of the problem which had occupied his thoughts for years, when he was startled by the crash of breaking glass and the cry of a man evidently in need of assistance. Jumping to the deck of the locomotive, so that he could see around the head of the boiler, he beheld a sight which made his heart cease beating for a moment. The engineer was hanging out of the side-window of the cab—the glass in which had been smashed by his fall—and was saved from being dashed to the ground or under the train only by the fact that one of his feet had caught beneath a pipe on the boiler. He had got upon the seat to correct a slight trouble in the lubricator; the seat had given way, and he had fallen backward through the cab-window.



How Accidents at Trolley Crossings would be prevented. A Train nearing a Crossing would set a Box at each of the other Approaches, invariably stopping the Car

"After I had closed the throttle and pulled the engineer back into the cab," the professor relates, "I said to him, 'It was a lucky thing that I was in the cab to-night. What would have happened if I hadn't heard your cry, or if you had been alone, as you are generally?'

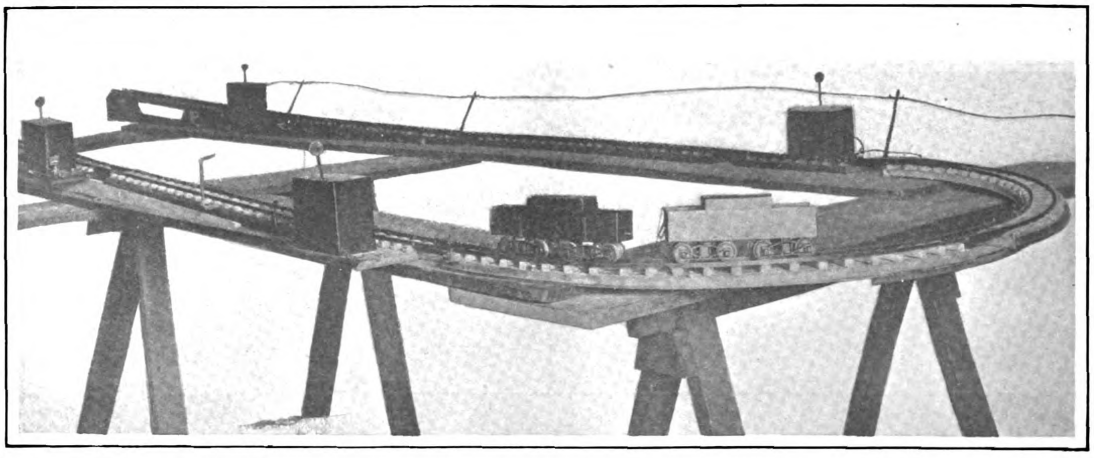
"'We would never have taken the siding for No. 4, and nothing could have prevented a smash between us and her.'

"'It was then that I decided,' says the professor, 'that no scheme that had to depend upon any human agency alone would prove an effective safeguard against railway accidents.'" His "Train-stop," therefore, operates automatically, compelling action by the engineer or stopping his train in advance of a danger point, whether he sees the warning or not, and even if he should be stricken by blindness or death at his post.

The working of Professor Sedgwick's system may be explained by a description of the working model which he has constructed. In a large room in the Astor House he had set up a miniature railway track, with rails, ties, switches and bridges just like an ordinary railway in all except size. The piece of track was thirty-six feet in length, and was elevated at each end so as to make a grade of 300 feet to the mile. Midway between the two ends of the track there was a curve describing 180 degrees. On the side of the track were four iron boxes, placed far enough one from the other to divide the little railway about equally. Two of the boxes represented the single-track railway and two the double-track system. The single-track boxes were so placed as to show the action of the system going each way. The double-track boxes were "companion boxes," placed one ahead of the other. The reader will understand that on a double-track railway each train has only to guard its rear, while on a single-track system there is as great, if not greater, danger ahead than in the rear, so that safety from collisions can be secured only by guards both in front and behind. Professor Sedgwick's "Train-stop" is the first serious attempt to do this by one and the same system of signalling. On each of the boxes a red target was shown when there was danger to an approaching train, and to indicate that the box was in action to stop the train. When the box was restored to its normal condition the red target disappeared. On one side of each box was a "tell-tale," which invariably told why the train was stopped. In actual service one of these boxes will stop a train by automatically setting the brakes, and when the engineer gets off his locomotive and looks at the "tell-tale" he will know why he was stopped, whether by a train on the track ahead, an open switch, a washed-out bridge, or a wild car loose on the track. The iron-boxes hold the mechanism which performs the surprising feats of the "Train-stop," the nature of which the public is not permitted to know, because patents are pending in several foreign countries.

The rolling stock of the miniature railway consisted of several coal-cars loaded with lead, constructed in every particular as are the cars upon full-sized railways, and fitted with spring brakes. The professor started one of the trains, which set the box it passed in its flight; it was then purposely stopped by the professor and left standing on the curve in the track. The other train was then sent down the grade, but as it passed the box set in action by the preceding train the brakes were applied by the mechanism of the box, and the train came to a full stop before it had gone its own length beyond the box, and the "tell-tale" said "Train ahead."

The professor then demonstrated the working of his apparatus on a single-track road. A train was set going, and as it passed a box it caused a red target to be exposed, and put in motion the mechanism that would give protection from trains following, and at the same time set another box at the station ahead, thus completely blocking the road in both directions. When the train passed the second box it restored the first one to normal. This setting and restoring of boxes would be continuous from the beginning to the end of a train's run with the "Train-stop" system in operation.



The Boxes beside the miniature Track shown in the Photograph are the important Features of the System. In actual Service one of these Boxes will stop a Train by automatically setting the Brakes, and will also display a Sign indicating the Danger ahead—whether a Train on the Track, an open Switch, or a washed-out Bridge

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The American and Canadian Machinery Buildings, with the Austrian Pavilion in the Background



The Entrance Gate, with General View of the Exposition Grounds



The Grounds at Night, showing the Plan of Illumination similar to that used at the Buffalo Exposition

A RIVAL WORLD'S FAIR IN JAPAN

At the World's Fair in Osaka, Japan, opened in March, the Japanese invited competition for the first time in their history with the products and industries of the foreign powers. The exhibition, which is described by our correspondent in Japan in this issue of the Weekly, has not only attracted the attention of the world to Japan's progress, but is one of the few expositions which are reported to be financially successful.

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IDEALS OF AMERICAN WOMANHOOD

THE SOCIETY WOMAN

BY MARY CADWALADER JONES

AS proof is gradually evolved from conflicting statements, I must begin by trying to refute the popular opinion as to the ideals of women who are in society. If they were what common report and belief would make them, there would be but little reason for this or any other article concerning such frivolous and harmful creatures.

They are supposed to be a selfish, vain, and silly lot, who begin their day by sipping chocolate in bed at noon, and end it at a ball about four the next morning. Milliners die of overwork to gratify the ambition of these butterflies to be more gorgeously and variously dressed than others of their set; coachmen die of exposure from waiting in the cold while their mistresses dance or gossip for hours; they are supposed to have no patience with the rest of the world, no interest in the perpetual struggle of their fellow-creatures, no sympathy with suffering, no compassion for failure. Their husbands are kept at work like slaves, early and late, that they may enjoy a perpetual holiday in laborious idleness. Newspapers print columns about their entertainments, their jewels, their clothes, their supposed occupations, while most of the scandals in any community are promptly laid to the score of men and women who are immediately called "society leaders," in order that a moral may be more sharply pointed.

Unfortunately, this misconception is as old as society itself; the fashionable woman was berated and abused before the days of Juvenal, and in this country the "society women" of New York are supposed to be, above all others, frivolous and selfish.

There are, of course, silly and useless and vulgar people in society, just as there are scheming hypocrites in religious organizations, but, on the whole, these latter are chiefly made up of respectable people, and so is the social world.

As a matter of fact, any woman who is at all prominent in society has no easy time of it, and needs not only energy and decision of character, but very definite ideals, which are by no means incompatible with fashionable life. She may go out and entertain a great deal, and yet be an excellent housekeeper and bring up her children creditably, as her own fashionable mother did before her. Indeed, her home is probably governed with exceptional efficiency, which is the fulfilment of one important ideal.

As charity is always largely dependent upon what the public is pleased to call the leisure class, it represents in most cases a considerable share in the life of a society woman. It is not too much to say that there is scarcely any philanthropic movement, either in public or private charity, which has not been organized and supported by men and women having every claim to be considered fashionable. Each woman has one or more charities in which she is personally interested, and this does not mean that she occasionally sends a check towards their maintenance, but that she gives her own time and attention, sometimes several hours out of each week. To give one instance out of many, twice a week several girls and married women meet at the rooms of the Hospital Book and Newspaper Society, and there work for two or three hours sorting and packing newspapers and periodicals for the inmates of many charitable institutions,—and very dirty and fatiguing work it is. Then, many women regularly visit the wards of the different hospitals, and report systematically as to their condition, to some recognized authority. All this patient and continuous effort means in most cases devotion to an ideal, and that a high one.

The rich woman has her full share of responsibility which she rarely shirks. Her daily mail is something appalling; requests and demands are made on her, from all over the country, by people she has never known, for objects of which she has never heard. Many of these requests are simply impudent, but others are worthy of being investigated, and most rich women employ at least one secretary or almoner, whose business it is to inquire into all deserving cases, whether near at hand or distant, and to report as to the best way of relieving them. The moral of all this is that one should not conclude, because a woman appears at a large luncheon in a smart frock, and then goes on to a "bridge" party, that her existence is useless, and only pleasure-seeking. She may have spent her whole morning in downright hard work of one sort or another, and her ideals are none the less present to her than if she were always talking about them.



Mary Cadwalader Jones

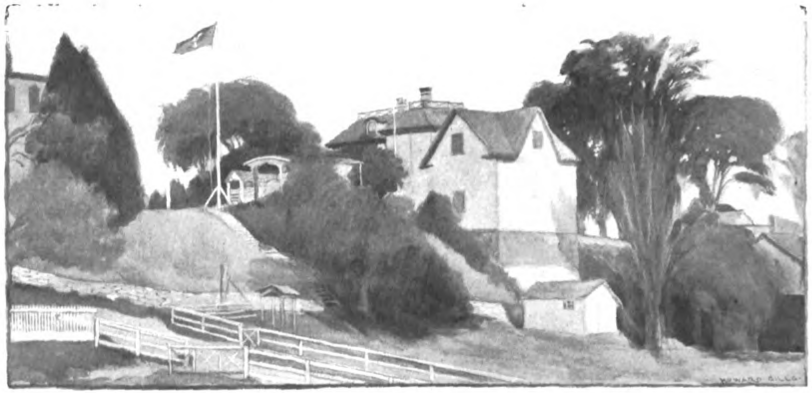
As the strength of a chain is only that of its weakest link, it is but natural that those who have not given much thought to the subject should judge the women whose names appear with tiresome iteration in the newspapers by the follies and vulgarities of a few among them, but by far the larger number have ideals, sometimes very definite, sometimes rather vague, but, at all events, important enough in advantage to the community to exempt the class to which their possessors belong from wholesale condemnation.

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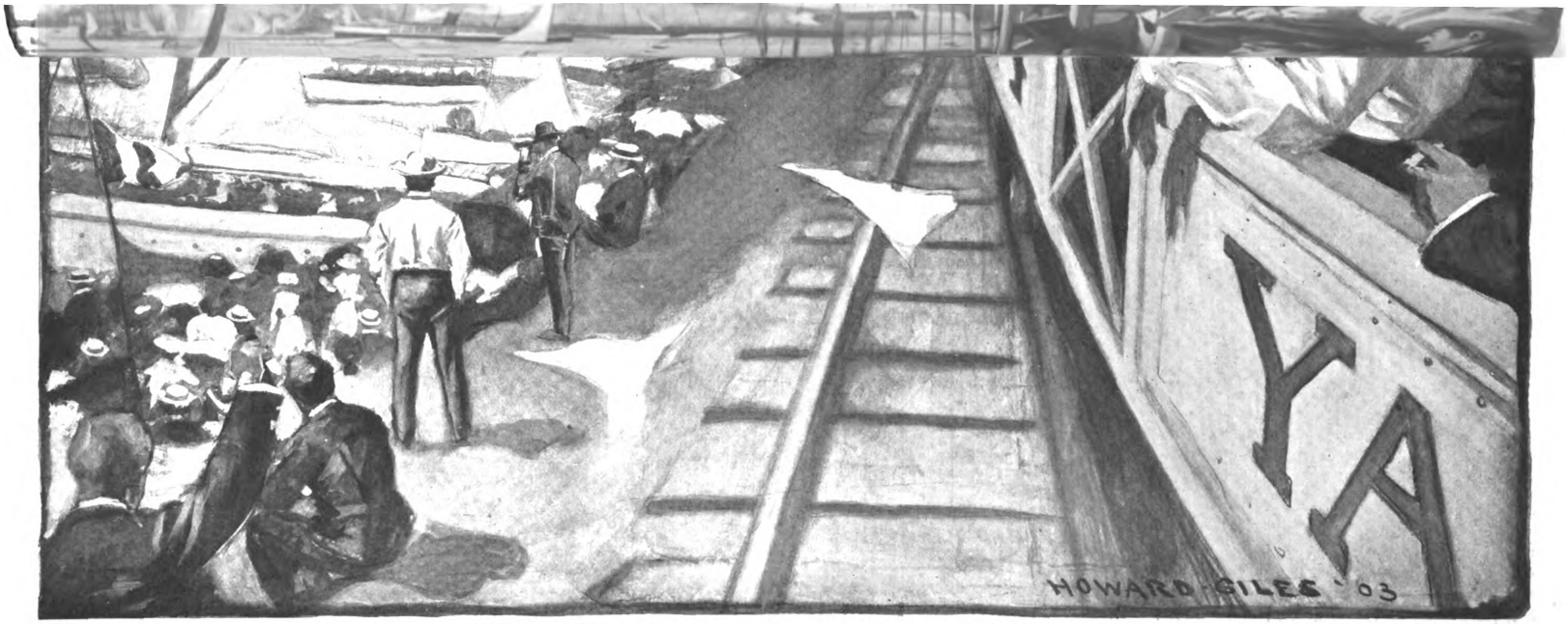
"Gales Ferry," the Quarters of the Yale Oarsmen at New London



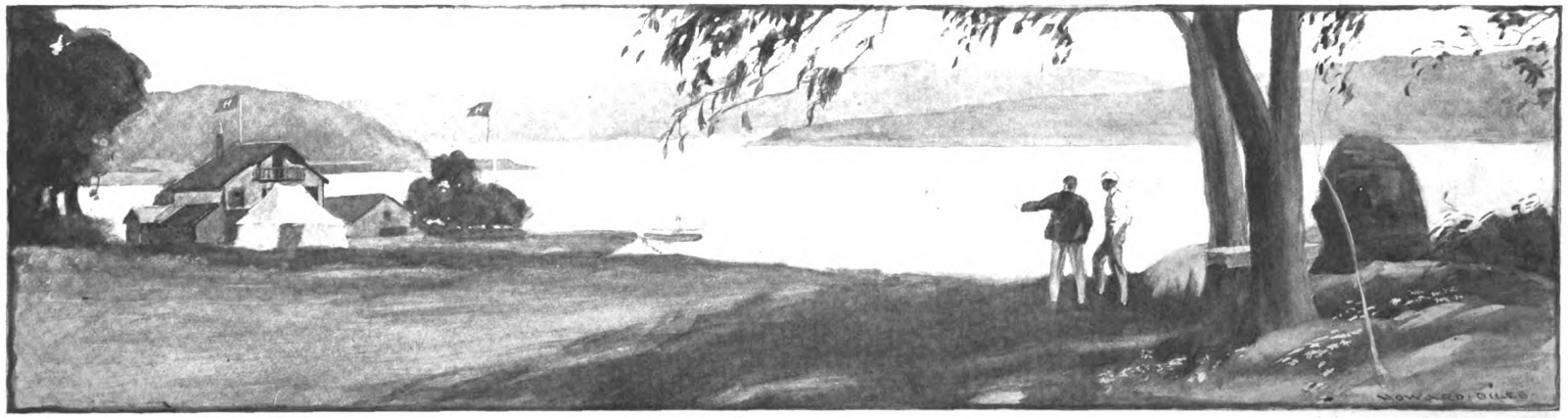
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Watching the Race from the Observation Train



"Red Top," the Quarters of the Harvard Oarsmen at New London

THE HARVARD-YALE BOAT RACE AT NEW LONDON

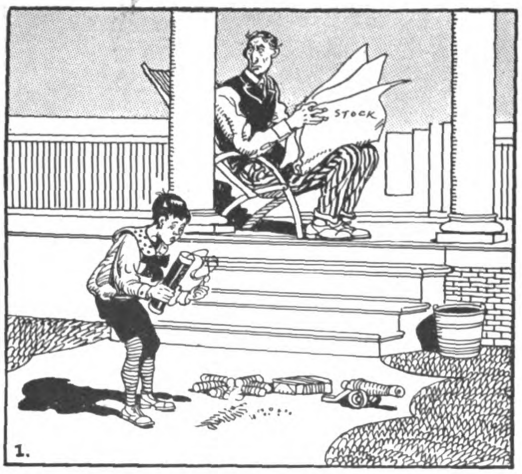
Drawn by Howard Giles

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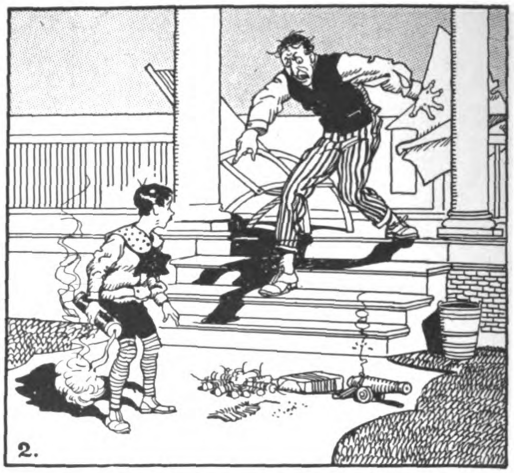
A Forecast of the "Fourth"

In which the Child is Father to the Man

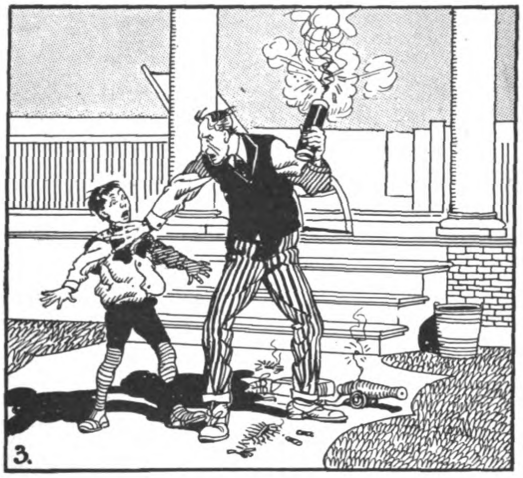
By Albert Levering



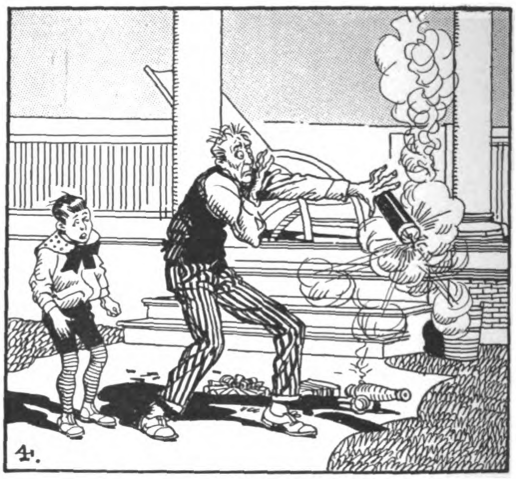
"Gee whiz! That thing will go off an' blow that boy's eyes out in another second—



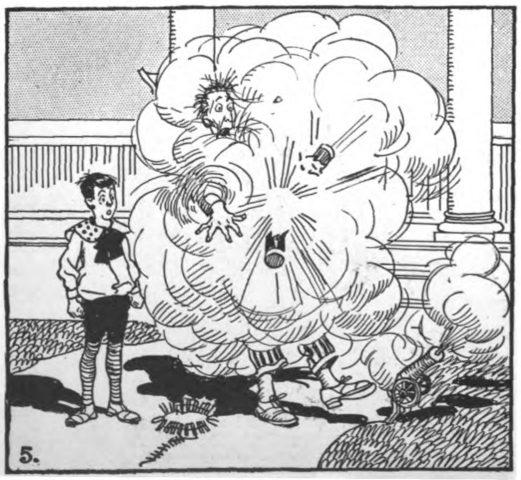
"Here! Don't you see that thing is just ready to explode?

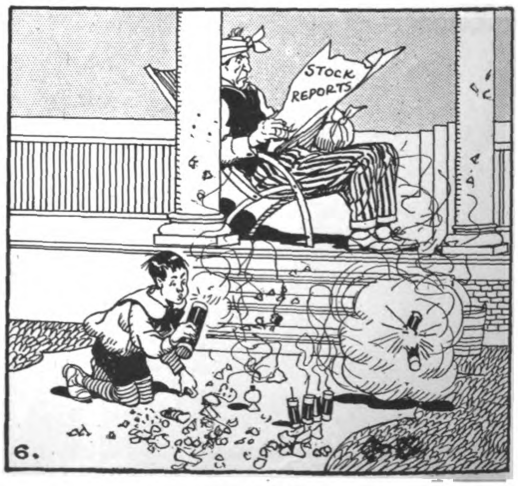


"Give it here! You don't realize the damage one of these—



"Giant crackers—





"—Can do!"

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The Hard-working Human Heart

SOME one with an aptitude for statistics has been doing a little calculating on the subject of the human heart and its activities. The normal heart, it appears, beats about seventy-five times in a minute; so that an hour's record would be something like 4320 beats. Supposing that a man lived to be fifty, his heart would have beaten 1,892,160,000 times. If a son of this man, more robust than his father, should fill out the scriptural allotment of threescore years and ten, his heart-beats would number 2,649,024,000. It is easy to understand, after such a computation, why this hard-working servant of the human body so frequently wears out.

The Novelist and the Obnoxious Neighbor

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH, the eminent novelist, is as alert and witty in his casual talk as he is in his fiction. Not long ago, in conversation with a friend, Mr. Meredith was asked his opinion of a certain obnoxious person who had lately settled in the neighborhood. "He seems to me," replied the author of *Diana of the Crossways*, "to be one of the least of God's mercies."

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

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A "table" of book reviews.

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In the Great North Woods—Poem .. Eben E. Rexford	John Brown's Body ..... John O. Collins
Beautiful Porto Rico ..... Hezekiah Butterworth	The Awakening of the East—Poem. .. Leon Mead
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The Three Oregons ..... Alfred Holman	The Climbing Bear Tree ..... A. Haddock
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THE LONE COMMANDO

BY

James Barnes

HE leaned back against the wire fence, his elbows on the top strand, his hands hanging straight out like the paws of a begging dog. The heel of his worn velt shoe rested on the lower wire and swung it to and fro. He had not joined the crowd of men and women who stood about the gate. As usual he sought to be alone.

An excited uplift of voices down the fence line in the opposite direction caused him to turn his head slowly. There stood, aloof from the other group, a little mob that pointed and gesticulated wildly, with a clamor of coarse gutturals and singsong intonations. They were ragged and dingy with an occasional bright color in the head-dresses of the women; their faces, such as could be seen, were dull black, red black, or dusty sodden brown. Their speech, part taal, part kaffir, part clicking with the aboriginal trace of the great ancient Bush jarred discordantly on the morning stillness—for the people at the gate, whose backs were to him, spoke in whispers or at most in undertones.

All eyes were in one direction, following the edge of the level highland that cut the sky to the east and south. Above it hung a stretching cloud of dust, and drawn against the strip of blue below was a moving, undulating line of men and horses. Where it poured over the farthest eastern hill and disappeared, it glinted occasionally in the great blaze of the sun. On a tall pointed kopje, which stood out from the highlands on the west, a point of light flashed, blazed, flashed, stopped,—blazed again, then flickered intermittently. From that direction there broke suddenly a distant pattering sound that lasted but a minute and died away.

The big man leaning against the wire fence straightened himself.

"Almächtig! They are everywhere!" he groaned. Then, sinking to the ground he squatted with his elbows on his knees and his head bowed down between them. For some minutes he did not move.

How impotent he felt! how he hated these cursed invaders who had come to despoil the land that, despite everything, he loved so dearly! He forgot the numb pains that were on him in this sharp anguish of his soul—again he groaned and was silent.

"Sierstach! they have all the wagons in South Africa—all in the world!" said a voice above him, speaking in Dutch.

The seated one looked up. A little old man lame, bent, and leaning on a heavy stick, stood over him.

"See, man;—man! look!" he repeated—"more have gone by already than we had in the great trek—more than the wagon-makers of the Paarl could build in twenty years!"

Against the sky above the black cliff, only two miles away, they streamed along: span after span of oxen, team after team of straining, stumbling mules. The first long column of mounted men and trudging infantry had moved silently, but now the air was filled with the distant clucking of great wheels, the lilt of the voorloopers, and the cries of the drivers.

Piet Van Rooy could bear it no longer. With a lurch of his great frame he stood erect and, disdaining to answer old Oom David, turned and walked up the wide grass-grown street that separated the lines of little houses.

Odd little houses they were, each like the other, built on one plan,—corrugated iron roofs and sides, with narrow wooden stoops and a water-barrel at the drip of the eaves. He left the dusty foot-path at the fourth house on the left, and striding up the steps seated himself in a great, roughly-made chair.

He looked off to the eastward. Soon he expected to see smoke and flames rising, miles away beyond the hills, where lay the capital. The invaders must be swarming there by now, for the boasted forts had not stopped them.

The nearby scene was the same as he had known it for the last few years. There, outside the wire fence, was the house of the Russian doctor on the side of the barren kopje; down at the corner of the street was the large cottage of the rich family from the colony—they had a loam garden with flowers and vines. Directly in front of him, standing alone, was the church—the strangest church in all the world—built like a great bishop's mitre, with both halves free to the air. The visiting Predicant preached to his congregation across an open space through which one might drive an ox team.

Two little children, a boy and a girl, came walking down the roadway hand in hand. As they passed by the house where Piet Van Rooy sat they nodded to him. There was no smile on their little gnomelike faces; they looked dulled by old age, their features set and molded by premature despair. A short distance behind them walked a woman haltingly. The lower half of her face was concealed by a cloth worn like the Egyptian fellaheen—only her eyes showed.

Piet Van Rooy stretched out his great hands and looked at the huge swelled knuckles—he felt carefully at his throat under his straggly beard. A voice called to him.

There in the doorway stood a woman, face hidden like the other. He answered the hoarse whimpering question:

"Ja, the Roineks have gone," he said. "They will not harm us, Ma. Fear nothing!"

Then he turned again. There was the sky—there was God—there was the universe! And there about him was his world and they that dwelt therein—Lepers; lepers,—every one!

In the garden of the doctor's house a little figure was working with a hoe. Piet Van Rooy strode up the street to the boundary line, and attracting the worker's attention beckoned him with a sweep of his arm.

It was a clear sparkling night, so still that one could hear the trickle of the tiny stream that flowed through the washed-out dam.



The head and shoulders of a man appeared above the rocks less than fifty paces to his right

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over a mile away; so still, that Piet Van Rooy standing outside the flimsy gate could hear the hoof-falls of a horse approaching along the sandy road. Nearer they came. Slowly and painfully he bent, lifting something from the ground. It was a gaudy blanket, rolled tight and tied up for the saddle bow.

"Kleinboy!"

"Baas?"

"You did not fail me?"

"Nie, Baas."

There stood a thin, yellow horse, and at his head a thinner, yellow human being. Over the high-cheekboned face the skin was stretched mummy-wise. The rags scarcely concealed the skeleton figure. Only a glance was needed to tell him, lowest of all, last of the lowest, the pariah of the veldt—the bushman! His age no one might guess within twoscore.

"Did you get everything, Kleinboy; all your master left?"

"Ja, Baas, and the biltong and two loaves of bread."

As the bushman spoke he began to unfasten a strap at the saddle, something heavy fell to the ground, he picked it up. It was a Mauser rifle that topped him by an inch or two. Propping it against him, he extended a heavy strip of canvas with little leather pockets.

Piet Van Rooy slipped it over his shoulders.

"There are more in the bag, Baas," said the yellow skeleton, as he made fast the blanket across the horse's withers.

"Good."

The big man took the bridle and, balancing the rifle in his free hand as a counterpoise, swung himself into the saddle.

"You are a good kerl, Kleinboy, God bless you."

"Master is kind."

From the direction of the town—so far away—there sounded the faint staccato whistle of a locomotive. The road to the cursed gold-fields was open! The invaders had full possession!

The leper raised in his stirrups and shook his great gnarled fist. Then he headed the overburdened horse towards the black western hills, and, with a thump of his heels, urged him into a swift stumbling walk.

II

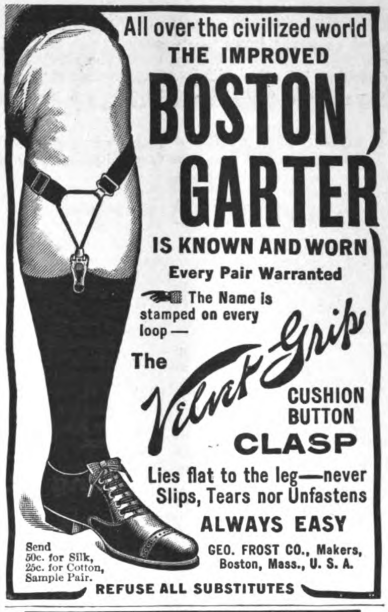
It was an exceedingly long shot, if it had come from the distant river-bed, and surely it must have, for there was not enough cover on the open plain to hide the movements of a meer-cat. A straight shot it was too, for a man had tumbled off his horse, with a jangle of his accoutrements, dead as dead could be.

The incident had thrown the whole column into confusion. A moment before the men had been laughing and talking as they came down the rocky road from the highland. Then had come the swift, short song of the bullet, and there lay the dead man.

"All of twenty-six hundred yards," said a young officer, with glasses to his eyes; "a chance shot and an unlucky one."

"The best man in my company, sir," put in a young subaltern. "Corning's his name. I've detailed two men to bury him."

Perhaps there was going to be an action;



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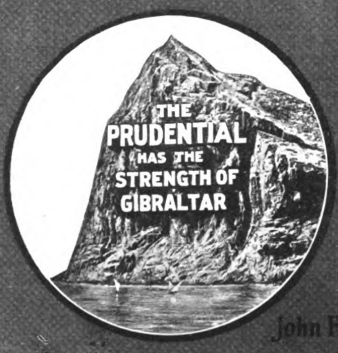


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perhaps they would have to fight their way across the drift? Already at intervals little flakes of dust were jumping here and there amid the sparse wire-grass. It appeared as if the innocent-looking bushes might hide the enemy in force.

One of the group of officers,—all were watching intently, without removing their glasses from their eyes—suddenly exclaimed, aloud:

"By gad! There he goes, just in the line of that depression in the hills. See the dust rising,—back of those bushes? One man, by jove!"

Toward the low line of broken hills, north of the river, rode a big man on a yellow horse; he paused as he entered the shadow of a steep-sided kloof, and turning, brandished his rifle with a triumphant gesture—a gesture that suggested the laugh or shout that might accompany it. Then he disappeared in the shadow.

They finished burying the dead man, the sergeant making notes of the contents of his pockets, and soon the column was moving again; jangling and trampling, sliding and stumbling along the rough road to the drift. They splashed through the stream unmolested, and only the little mound on the hillside was left to mark one of the soon-to-be-forgotten incidents of war.

It began to be monotonous; it grew more than irritating, it became a source of menacing discomfort. No officer with a small escort could ride out ten miles from town in search of butter, chickens, or eggs, without being sniped at, and very often hit. Sometimes it was from behind a kraal wall, sometimes it was from a black, steep-sided kopje, that the bullet came, sometimes it was from a deserted farmhouse. It might be a poor despatch-rider, or a wandering correspondent. Yet, again, it might have been a major or a colonel, for that matter, that was the sniper's object. Already two good officers had fallen victims to the aim of the lone sharp-shooter, and there were three or four in hospital.

It had been pretty well settled by this time that he was alone. His locality and habitat were known, and so it happened one early morning before sunrise that three hundred mounted men, a galloping Colt battery, and two guns of the Royal Horse started out from the conquered capital, and led by two kaffir scouts, threaded their way through the poort, and headed for a barren bit of broken country that lay on the edge of the great bush veldt.

At the same time that this detachment left the town, a smaller one left a post some miles to the westward and was advancing to meet the first. They deployed as the daylight widened and as they approached one another, the two half segments of a circle extended until, in the cordon, lay the few hundred acres of broken table land.

The ground had been fought over twice before. A roving commando had once laagered in the kloof near a little gray farmhouse. They had slaughtered some beeves there, and two rotting heads decorated the stone posts of the kraal gate, where some playful burger had placed them. The farm had also been visited by the British, that was evident. The little house had been ransacked, the doors had been chopped away for firewood, the interior was a chaos.

From out of the ruined doorway there stepped a tall, slouching figure—a big, bearded man, who limped painfully as he walked. As he turned to go to the stable he stopped, and, pushing the ragged flap of his hat up from his forehead, gazed out into the plain.

A curse, in Dutch, broke from his lips. There, he could see them now! a long line of mounted men, swinging in towards his rocky fastness! He shambled hurriedly to the stable, and leading out the yellow horse, tossed the saddle on his back. Scarcely stopping to make fast the buckles, he flung himself into the saddle and rode straight up among the rocks to the highest point.

There he paused and dismounted. He cursed again. To the west stretched another line of oncoming men: to the north the same, and to the south they hemmed him in! Those to the eastward were the nearest now. He backed the horse from the crest of the hill and settled himself among the rocks.

A quick glance out on the plain and he shoved the sights of the rifle up to eighteen hundred metres. His cheek sank to the stock, his keen eye glanced along the barrel, he pressed the trigger quickly. He could hear his own bullet as it sped away. The line stopped. He grunted with satisfaction, for a rider and horse, among the most advanced came down together. The men dismounted now. But there was no reply—they had not found him yet.

The horses were being led back now, and the firing commenced. It came from all round. The bullets spattered in among the rocks, swept up the kloof and fell about the little farmhouse one hundred feet below him. As yet they had not found his hiding-place. The leper laughed! One man against four hundred! He opened up now and fired quickly. In five minutes he had taken twenty sighted shots and then they spotted him. The detachment to the south had called up the Colt battery, and soon the rhythmic thumping of the guns presaged the leaden stream which swept up the hillside until it found his hiding-place.

He must change his position! That was his first thought. He half raised himself on his elbow, and, as he did so, the head and shoulders of a man appeared above the rocks less than fifty paces to his right. They both fired at once. The leper's hat was dashed from his head and the bullet cut a furrow through his hair, but the khaki man had caught it fair between the eyes, and never even quivered when he fell.

Piet Van Rooy scrambled to his feet and dashed down the kloof, heading for the farmhouse. A score of bullets followed him as he half fell through the doorway. He gained a window, his rifle began coughing hurriedly. But his aim was deadly, two men who had exposed themselves on the crest of the hill fell wounded, the rest took cover hurriedly. They were all about him now, and he had but ten cartridges left!

Then, all at once the marksmen, on the hills about, heard a weird, strange sound! Piet Van Rooy had broken into song! He chanted one of the old psalms of David as he fought; his voice rose above the crackling and pattering of the rifles. It challenged and imprecated, it wailed and triumphed, the men on the hills stopped firing.

There was a lull; and out of this silence there came the screaming crescendo of an incoming shell. Fair at the lintel of the door it fell and burst. A tongue of flame leaped from the eaves, another from the edge where the chimney joined the rough thatched roof, a moment more, and the gray farm-house was one red smock of flame. The men from the hills came down and gathered close.

Suddenly there came a shout. A figure with clothes smoking and singed climbed through a window and fell outside. Some men rushed forward. The frightful apparition half-rose to its feet and waved them away, shouting some words in Dutch. A colonial, who had started with the first, held back the men on either side of him.

"He's a leper!" he cried. "Leave him alone! Don't touch him!"

"What of that!" answered a young officer, excitedly. "Here, some of you!"

He hastened to the rescue, calling the others on. Before he could reach him, however, Piet Van Rooy tottered like a ruined tower and fell back through the blazing window.

Down the side of the hill shambled a thin, yellow horse. No one hindered him. Before he had gone half-way the old worn saddle fell from his back. Then like a scapegoat he trotted out into the wilderness.

Getting Ready for a Cup Race

By George A. Cormack

Secretary of the New York Yacht Club

THERE has always been a popular belief to the effect that it is individuals who challenge for and defend the America's Cup. This is, of course, a misapprehension. It is a yacht club that challenges, and another yacht club that defends—it is not Sir Thomas Lipton, but the Royal Ulster Yacht Club which challenges for the America's Cup; and it is not Mr. Morgan or Mr. Iselin, but the New York Yacht Club which defends it. The New York Yacht Club has always defended the Cup for the reason that it was presented with the trophy by the original winners of the prize, and it accordingly remains under their control until their representative is defeated in a race. Individuals may, however, and usually do, own the yachts which are selected to defend the Cup; for instance, in the last races, Mr. J. P. Morgan owned the *Columbia*, but the races were sailed under the name of the New York Yacht Club. In the same races the *Shamrock II.* represented the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, although the boat was owned by Sir Thomas Lipton.

The whole matter of arranging for a Cup race is quite simple and uncomplicated. To take the last challenge as an example: When it was determined to make another try for the Cup this year, the secretary of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club sent a communication to the secretary of the New York Yacht Club conveying the challenge. The secretary of the New York Yacht Club immediately notified the commodore. The commodore then called a special meeting to consider conditions and terms, and a Challenge Committee was appointed with power to arrange the conditions of a match with the challenging club. This Committee on Challenge is identical with the one known to the newspapers and the general public as the Cup Committee. The Challenge Committee of the New York Yacht Club and a challenge committee appointed by the Royal Ulster Yacht Club then made arrangements which constitute virtually a mutual agreement between the two clubs. After these preliminary matters had been satisfactorily arranged, the whole matter was then submitted back to the respective clubs for ratification, after which the committees signed the terms of agreement. This concluded the only preliminary formalities necessary for the arrangement of an international match.

After the challenge is received comes the question of arranging for the actual defence of the Cup. The defender may be built either by a single member or by a syndicate composed of members of the club. Any member or members may build a boat to compete in the trial races, and, if she proves herself the best of the contestants, to defend the Cup. Her length and general dimensions are determined by those of the challenger, subject, of course, to certain restrictions named in the Deed of Gift. The fixing of the date and the number of races to be sailed is the work of the Challenge Committee, while the Regatta Committee takes charge of the actual sailing of the races. The Challenge Committee always requests the Regatta Committee to take charge of the trial races as well.

The New York Yacht Club has always felt obliged to use a boat of the same rig as the challenger, although there is no rule which requires it to do so. In case, however, one club should decide to use a sloop and the other a schooner, or in case the two parties were unable to agree on terms, the situation would be governed by certain fixed rules which are laid down for a match without time allowance.

There are no regulations governing the nationality of the crews of the boats. It is purely a matter of sentimental consideration which requires that the American boat shall be manned by American sailors. The only requirement of this sort that is contained in the Deed of Gift is that the vessels shall be constructed in the country to which the challenging or defending club belongs. This does not, however, apply to the sails or spars, but only to the hulls.

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Mascagni at Rehearsal

DURING the last dress rehearsal at the Metropolitan Opera-house of Mascagni's Japanese opera, "Iris," which was produced last autumn for the first time in America, Mascagni, who was conducting the orchestra, was greatly annoyed by the ineffective performance of one of the singers in a particular scene. The passage was a very intense one—a love scene between the chief reprobate and the heroine.

"Do not move so timidly! stand further to the right! play with more vigor! more color! more variety!" shouted the composer above the surge of the music.

The unfortunate actor, thoroughly discomforted, went from bad to worse in his impersonation, and now was singing almost continually out of tune. The exasperated composer could stand it no longer. He stopped the orchestra and beckoned the singer down to the footlights.

"Since all other methods for making the passage effective seem to have failed," he remarked sarcastically, in his most scrupulous Italian, "suppose you try singing it on the key?"

June and December

THAT youth of thine,
Dear love, I do remember,
Though thy blue eyes no longer shine
With June's delight, and pale December
Hath heaped her snows upon thee:
But still thou dost remember
The gentleness that won me.

Thou art the same
As when I first beheld thee,
For youth, forsooth, is but a name;
And all the graces that impelled thee
Have so exalted duty,
That youth hath ne'er excelled thee
In perfectness of beauty.

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

Japan of To-Day and To-Morrow

By George Lynch

See page 1070

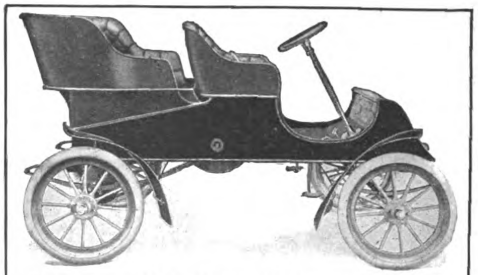
IN this my latest visit to Japan I have been more than ever struck with the alertness, progress, and pushfulness of the people. During the couple of months I have been here I have had opportunity of seeing two celebrations which were jubilant of what the country had accomplished, making for war or peace, since it adopted Western ideas. The review of the fleet held by the Emperor at Kobe seemed to equal in popularity with the masses the opening of the exhibition at Osaka. It appealed to the deep-seated warlike spirit of the people and to their pride, or vanity as those who are not their admirers call it. The clerk of the weather stage-managed it with dramatic effect. A thick fog lay over the bay of Kobe until the Emperor stepped on board the *Asama*, and no sooner had he done so and the imperial standard with the gold chrysanthemum on a crimson ground was unfurled than the fog lifted like a curtain and showed the immense fleet of forty-five vessels, not counting the foreign war-ships, drawn up in five lines. His Majesty stood upon the bridge as the *Asama* steamed slowly through the fleet taking evidently a keen interest in the proceedings, and asking frequent questions of the naval officers surrounding him.

The Emperor on View

There was something impressive in the dead silence, which is considered the most respectful greeting for him, with which he was received by the dense crowd on shore

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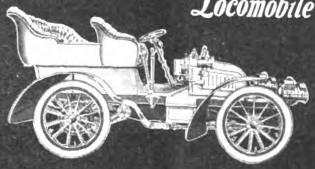
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through which he passed coming to and returning from the review, the flotilla of small boats full of sightseers in the bay, on the crowded deck of the *Asama*, or when passing through the fleet itself; the salutation as he passed each ship of "Ho-Hai" repeated three times serving only to accentuate the profound silence. After the review there was a banquet on the *Asama*, and the Emperor spoke a few words to each of us foreigners who had the honor to be presented. He is tall for a Japanese, and when sitting down looks among Europeans about their ordinary size, but gives one the idea that he suffers from leading too sedentary a life. The prince imperial did not attend the review, and it is an open secret that his health is so delicate that it is very doubtful if he will ever occupy the throne. The fleet represented 220,000 tons, and the government policy of naval expansion seems bound to be carried out by whatever measures of increased taxation the money is to be found for it.

The Osaka Exhibition

There is more real matter of congratulation in the industrial review of the country to be seen at the Osaka Exhibition; there even more than on the placid waters of the bay of Kobe was one filled with astonishment at what this people had accomplished in little over thirty years. The lacquer-work, the embroideries, and the various branches of manufacture where they bring the feeling of the true artist into the making of utensils for every-day life are distinctively and characteristically their own, but their recent progress is more forcibly shown in such things as their machinery, the exhibits of electrical appliances, the ship-building section and such like. They are great imitators of everything from brandy to bicycles, and do not stop short even of imitating the labels. There is one section in which their imitativeness is a ghastly failure—in the picture-gallery. There are some delightful Kakemonos on the walls, and as long as they have painted in their own style the work is good, but some of their artists have evidently been to study in Paris, and the result is a hideous hybrid product not Japanese and not French, and the pictures so poor that no restaurant-keeper in the Quartier Latin would give a meal in exchange for the best of them. It would be far better if they had remained true to themselves, and did not imagine that a foreign style of painting can be adopted with the facility of putting on a silk hat and European clothes. There is an interesting section containing the Formosa exhibits, and the whole exhibition gives an excellent synopsis of Japanese industrial progress.

A Bloodless Invasion

From Japan I crossed to Korea, with which in so many ways it is now closely connected, being dependent on it for a great portion of its food supply, and being the ground where a most curious bloodless invasion may be seen in course of progress. We hear a lot about the Russian occupation of Manchuria, but here on every side signs of the Japanese occupation of Korea and invasion by railway are forced on one's notice. Fusan is likely to become a most important city within a very few years. The harbor, which is perfectly landlocked, is large enough to accommodate the entire Japanese fleet; already the Japanese own all the best sites, and whole streets of Japanese houses can be seen in course of erection; it is almost impossible to buy a site, as the Japanese will not sell. As a matter of fact the Japanese, despite numerous edicts forbidding it, now own one-third of the city of Seoul, and close on one-half of the next largest city in the kingdom. They have an imposing post-office building of their own in Seoul, and a telegraph line from there to Chemulpo and Fusan running side by side with the Korean.



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In fact, there is hardly any department of civil life or industry in which one does not see the quiet Japanese absorption in progress. The native villages were in striking contrast to that laid out and occupied by the Japanese. The thatched cottages and hovels with mud walls are huddled together anyhow with no streets between them; one gets along by devious narrow paths skirting the stone walls that enclose small yards in which the women are constantly to be seen pounding rice, while their better halves recline on mats on the floor, apparently doing their parts by smoking their long pipes.

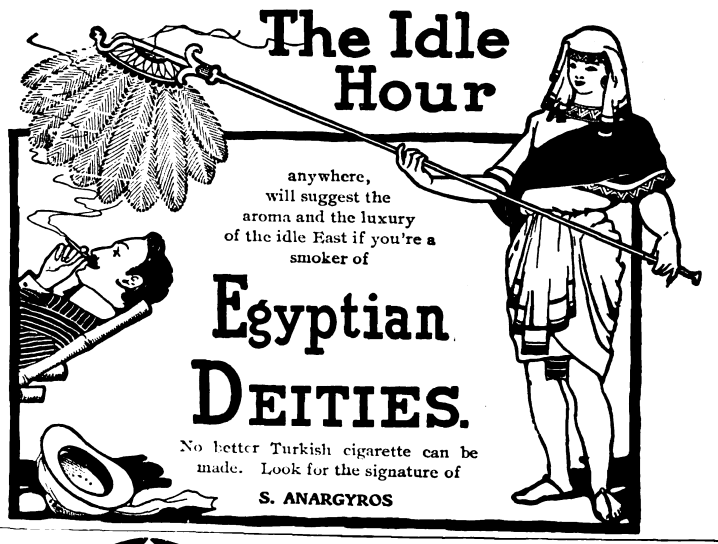
The Japanese Military

Beyond the southern village there is a large Japanese military barracks; on the parade-ground in front the soldiers were drilling with a smartness which could not be surpassed in any parade-ground in Berlin, admiring groups of white-robed Koreans were standing around, from little children who, to be accurate, were robed in nothing, to aristocratic individuals perched on the smallest ponies I have ever seen which were led by attendants. The Japs were going through the manœuvers of an attack, deploying and firing in open order, and advancing with that wonderful quickness which characterizes their movements when in action, until the attack developed and ended in the bayonet charge with the bugles blowing, and the cheering which I last heard when under a hot fire they charged to the assault at the East gate of Pekin.

The whole of this place reminds me very much of Kaio-chou, the Japanese doing here what the Germans are doing or attempting to do there, road-making, harbor works, improvements of all sorts, and the military were very much in evidence. The Japs have their own policemen also, to all intents and purposes it appears to be in reality owned by Japanese, the occupations of hewers of wood and drawers of water being, however, still the monopoly of the natives, and I hear, by the way, that the Japs are pretty hard taskmasters from men who have opportunity of observing them both here and in Formosa. These placid white-robed people are probably the most peaceful on the face of the earth, and therefore are naturally having an extremely bad time of it. They are bullied and robbed by everybody, and their only safeguard against having everything taken from them is the jealousy existing among their despoilers.

Unhappy Korea

The following are a few of the things at present moment in process of being wrung from them. Japan wants to have the notes of the First National Bank of Japan forced on them and has just succeeded. She also wants a grant to the Japanese at Chennan-po of the right to catch fish. The United States want the purchase of the Seoul Electric railway and an extension of the conceded territory within which the gold mine at Sal-san is to be worked. France, the payment of an indemnity of 16,000 yen and the settlement of the missionary affair at Hwang-hai-do. Belgium, the engagement of a Belgian as the highest foreign adviser to the court. Japan, by the way, wants their Mr. Kato put in that position. Great Britain wants permission to mine in the district where the Eunsan mine is situated. Germany, an indemnity for damages done to a German's house. Russia demands the connection of the Russian and Korean telegraph systems. Italy wants permission to open a mine, and China has a bill for 10,000. Their principal domestic trouble arises from the ex-territorial rights exercised by the followers of missionaries, and there is a conflict going on at present in the province of Whang-hai between the Protestants and Catholics, so it is not all peace and happiness and goodwill in this Hermit kingdom—the Land of the Morning Calm.



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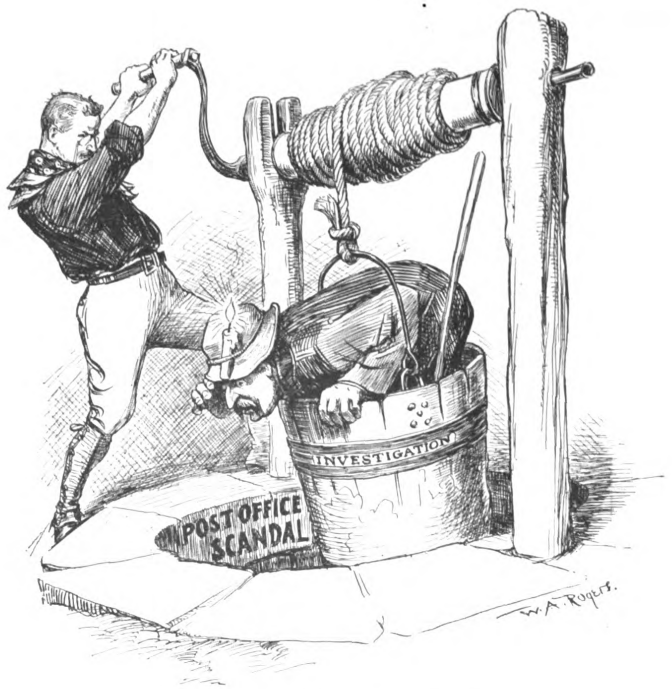
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COMMENT

BEFORE this number of the WEEKLY meets the reader's eye two candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency will have visited the Southern States, and the measure of welcome given them will have been carefully noted. Chief-Judge Alton B. Parker, of the New York Court of Appeals, is to keep his promise to deliver an address before the Georgia State Bar Association, a promise made last autumn, before he was suggested as a nominee for the Presidency. The invitation, it may be remembered, was communicated in a letter from a brother of Mr. Hoke Smith, formerly Secretary of the Interior. During the same week Mr. Edward M. Shepard is to deliver the Commencement address at the Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Virginia; and, subsequently, an address before the Alabama State Bar Association at Montgomery. This is the first, and, probably, will be the only, opportunity that Southern Democrats, and, for that matter, Northern Democrats as well, will have of learning Judge Parker's political views before the assembling of the Democratic national convention. It is true that he may, with technical propriety, restrict himself to purely legal subjects, but it is improbable that he will do so. He can scarcely avoid referring to the bearing of the recent refusal of the United States Supreme Court to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment on the political, social, and industrial future of the Southern States.

So far as Judge Parker's personal fortunes are concerned, much will depend on the conclusions at which the able lawyers of the South shall arrive concerning his political principles, intellectual ability, and firmness of character. That Mr. Shepard will make an extremely favorable impression on all these grounds may be taken for granted. The question of availability also is certain to be gravely pondered, for the thinking men of the South are well aware how much their section may have at stake in the course of the next few years. Now Chief-Judge Parker carried the State of New York in 1897, only a year after McKinley obtained the unparalleled plurality of 268,469 in that State. Mr. Shepard, on the other hand, failed to carry the city of New York in his contest for the Mayoralty in 1901. It is believed, however, by well-informed politicians that, had he been nominated for Governor in 1902 instead of Coler, he would have beaten Odell, whose plurality, as it was, sank below 9000. The belief is founded on the fact that Mr. Shepard would have received in Albany, Rensselaer, and other counties many votes which were withheld from Coler as being the candidate of ex-Governor Hill. It is probable enough that the apprehension of such an outcome of the election caused Mr. Hill to withhold the nomination from Mr. Shepard, who, if elected, would have distanced other candidates for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. As it is, Mr. Hill retains a strong hold on the Democratic machine in the State outside of the city of New York, and hopes to be able to dictate the nomination if he cannot secure it for himself.

A new candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1904 has been put forward by Mr. Henry Watterson and endorsed by Mr. Bryan. The gentleman whom they suggest is Mr. Joseph W. Folk, circuit attorney of St. Louis, who has acquired a national reputation by his relentless exposure of corrupt boodlers in that city, and of bribe-takers in the Missouri Legislature. It may be said with perfect truth that Mr. Folk, in his city and State, has played a part strikingly similar to that played by Samuel J. Tilden in the city and State of New York. There is this difference, however: Mr. Tilden so thoroughly exterminated the corrupt element in his party that he gained absolute control of the machinery in his State, secured the Governorship by a large plurality, and controlled the larger part of the New York delegation in the ensuing Democratic national convention. Mr. Folk may have deserved similar success, but he cannot be said to have attained it. The corruptionists in the Missouri Democracy have the party machinery of their State so absolutely in their hands that it is doubtful whether Mr. Folk could secure any considerable part of the Missouri delegation. It is true that if, in spite of his lack of support from his own State, the national convention should give him the nomination, he would undoubtedly carry Missouri, for under no circumstances would that State reject the nominee of the Democracy.

For that very reason the nomination of Mr. Folk would be inexpedient. Democratic leaders at the South and at the North are well aware that for them the coming campaign will be one of extreme difficulty, as well as of vital moment. Their Republican opponents feel sure of victory, and, on the surface of things, there is ample ground for their confidence. As against Mr. Roosevelt, the Democrats cannot afford to waste an atom of their materials for gaining the good-will of the electors. Of those materials, one of the most effective is an appeal to State pride, which over and over again in our political history has availed to turn the scale. Now Missouri being one of the States which the Democrats are certain of carrying under any circumstances, it would be almost suicidal to take from it the nominee of the party for either the Presidency or the Vice-Presidency. At this crisis those nominations must go to the doubtful States. The nominee for the Presidency should be a man who has at least a fair chance of regaining New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut; and the nominee for the Vice-Presidency should be selected from one of the States of the central West which Mr. Cleveland carried in 1892. Nobody knows this better than Mr. Henry Watterson, and for that reason we can hardly believe him to have been serious in putting forward Mr. Folk, who would make an ideal Attorney-General of the United States under a Democratic Administration, but who, from considerations of locality, is not qualified at the present time to lead the Democratic hosts to victory.

We are glad to see that our view of the issue upon which the Democratic party should go to the country in the next Democratic campaign meets with the approval of Mr. James

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H. Eckels, Comptroller of the Currency under President Cleveland, and now at the head of some of the largest financial institutions of Chicago. In a published statement of his views he agrees with us that the free-silver question is dead, or, not to quarrel for a phrase, in a state of suspended animation; and that the expansion question has been eliminated from the canvass by repeated decisions of the United States Supreme Court. According to the latest pronouncement of that tribunal, the Constitution did not follow the flag into Hawaii any more than it did into Porto Rico or the Philippines. It is true that we have since organized Hawaii as a Territory, and admitted her delegate to the House of Representatives. No doubt we shall do as much for Porto Rico by and by, and eventually for the more civilized sections of the Philippines. Republicans and Democrats now only differ as to the date when such a Territorial organization would be expedient in the case of the last-named islands. Under the circumstances, the expansion question can play no considerable part in the campaign.

So far as the trust issue is concerned, Mr. Eckels concedes that Mr. Roosevelt has temporarily spiked the Democratic guns. The only material step taken in a dozen years to enforce the anti-trust act has been taken under the Roosevelt Administration. If, indeed, he should refrain from using the additional powers of enforcing the anti-trust act which recent acts of Congress and the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Northern Securities case have given him, it will be possible for the Democrats to train new artillery upon him. We add, what Mr. Eckels evidently sees, that by his unconstitutional interposition in the anthracite-coal strike Mr. Roosevelt has temporarily outbid Democrats of Mr. Bryan's type for the labor vote. That demonstration of personal sympathy might not weigh against the tidal wave of dislike of Republican administration which would sweep over the country should an industrial crisis occur before November, 1904. Of a prostration of the national industries there are, as yet, however, but few, if any, indications. What issue, then, is there left upon which, with any reasonable hope of success, the Democracy can force the campaign to turn? Mr. Eckels concurs with us in thinking that such an issue can nowhere be found except in the demand for an immediate and thorough revision of the Dingley tariff. Experience has shown that there is absolutely no chance of securing such a revision from the Republicans, and that the people must look for it exclusively to the Democracy. On no other issue can the Democratic party hope to secure considerable accessions in Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and other States deeply permeated with the "Iowa idea."

It is amusing to hear some of the Republican organs asserting that the frauds which have been exposed in the Washington post-office, and which are threatened with exposure in the post-office of New York city, date back to the second Cleveland Administration. As a matter of fact, the acts of corruption brought to light by Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow were, every one of them, committed during the last six years, and have been brought home to members of the "new crowd," the name which, according to ex-Cashier Tulloch, was boastingly applied to themselves by the men who took possession of the offices after March 4, 1897. Moreover, the report of the Civil Service Commission, which was made public on Saturday, June 13, declares, as a result of a recent investigation of the state of things in the Washington post-office, that under Postmaster-General Smith and First Assistant Postmaster-General Heath that office was unlawfully used for political and personal purposes. Mr. Procter, the president of the commission, says that as early as February 9, 1898, he called the attention of the department to the illegal practices in the Washington post-office, and secured a promise from Heath that they should be discontinued. The promise was not kept. Mr. Procter says further that, while Postmaster Merritt did not initiate the improper practices except in eleven cases, he did not protest against the unlawful orders of his official superiors.

We are glad, and not surprised, to learn that, when the violations of the civil-service law were called to Mr. Roosevelt's attention, he forthwith put an end to them. We have no doubt that he will pursue an equally summary course with the bribe-takers and blackmailers in the Washington city post-office, and in the post-office of New York city, which is believed to be equally honeycombed with fraud. As we write, it is reported that a Federal grand jury will be called upon to investigate some of the employees in the last-named office. Postmaster-General Payne is acquitted by the Civil Service Commission of personal responsibility for violations of the civil-service law. It did not enter within the province of the commission to examine charges of bribe-taking and blackmail, and, therefore, Postmaster-General Payne stands precisely where he did as regards the imputation of doing his utmost to hush up and deride the accusations of corruption in the Postal Department and in the Washington post-office. Since Mr. Roosevelt's return to the Federal capital, Mr. Payne has ceased to describe the specific charges of fraud brought against favorite employees as "buncombe" and "hot air," but First Assistant Postmaster-General Wynne and Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow must, if they have any sense of humor, smile when they hear their official chief vociferate "turn the rascals out." It begins to look as if the Post-office Department were an Augean stable, but the President is just the man to clean it.

Both the War Department and the Navy Department have made public the draughts of regulations devised for the reorganization of our military and naval services. To begin with the army, we observe that the adoption of the plan proposed will make the chief of staff all-powerful. He will unite in himself all the authority theoretically exercised by the commanding general under the present law, and all the power that has been practically, though unofficially, vested in the Adjutant-General. The new regulations will reduce the Adjutant-General to a mere keeper of records, though, of course, he will also officiate as the speaking-trumpet of the chief of staff, by whom all orders will be issued. All staff bureaus will receive instruction directly from the chief of staff in the name of the Secretary of War. Not only is the control in military matters now nominally vested in the commanding general transferred to the chief of staff, but supplies and equipments will also be ordered and supervised by him. We note, further, that an officer detailed from the general staff to either a department, a division, or a brigade in the field, is to become the chief of staff of the commanding officer of the department, division, or brigade, no matter how much he may be outranked by other staff-officers in the command. In other words, efficiency instead of seniority is to qualify for command under the new system, and the chief of staff himself will be the most powerful officer that has ever held a position in the United States army in times of peace.

Turning to the navy, we find that the proposed reorganization will place under the control of the Assistant Secretary all the bureaus of the department except the Bureau of Navigation, the duties of which are to be performed by the general staff. The senior naval officer on duty at the department is to be chief of the general staff, and it is planned that he shall have the high rank of vice-admiral. Under him will be three divisions of the staff—the divisions of the personnel, of the fleet, and of war plans, respectively—and the heads of at least two or three divisions will rank as rear-admirals. In the absence of the chief of the general staff, the head of the personnel division will have general supervision over the entire organization. We add that the scheme here outlined, which has been submitted to Secretary Moody, and which Congress will be asked to adopt, contemplates the creation of an executive committee for the specific purpose of formulating war plans and directing the work of all the branches of the general staff. Whether this projected reorganization of the navy will be sanctioned in all its details may be doubted, but it is believed that the general principles on which it is framed will be accepted.

There will be no new coal strike. Delegates representing the United Mine Workers in the three anthracite districts met in convention on June 15 at Scranton, with the determination to either endorse or elect the presidents of the three district unions who had previously been appointed representatives of the miners on the Conciliation Board. The delegates, apparently, were willing either to endorse the three

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representatives by a collective act of the convention, or to resolve themselves into three district conventions, and proceed to elections of the same representatives. Yielding to the objection raised by the operators, they did both, and their action was accepted by President Baer. We are again constrained to say that the objection was merely technical, and that, even considered as a technicality, it was not well founded. A clause of the award rendered by the Coal Strike Commission provided that in any district where a majority of the miners were organized the representative of that district on the Conciliation Board should be appointed by such organization. The word "appoint" is used twice in the clause, and the word "elect" not once. Judge Gray, the chairman of the Strike Commission, having been requested to give his view of the way in which the clause should be interpreted, confined himself to pointing out that "appoint" and "elect" were not synonymous terms. Nevertheless, the operators refused to recognize the three representatives of the miners, on the plea that they had not been elected each in his own district. They have never alleged that a majority of the miners in each district are not organized. Under the circumstances, if the position taken by the operators had caused the miners to strike, the latter would have commanded the sympathy of the community.

We find it difficult to believe the report which comes to us from Washington, that President Roosevelt has decided to invite Senator Quay to supersede Senator Hanna as chairman of the next Republican national committee, and, consequently, to assume the management of the campaign in 1904. It is said that Senator Platt of New York has strongly recommended the change, and that his advice will be heeded. No sincere, well-informed, and far-sighted friend of the President's can wish to see the funds and the fortunes of the Republican party intrusted to Mr. Quay. Has Mr. Roosevelt forgotten that the Senator from Pennsylvania narrowly escaped the penitentiary? Does he not know that there is no other conspicuous member of the Republican party who would be so likely to repel the support of reputable men? Does he imagine that bankers and manufacturers would cheerfully make large contributions to a campaign chest controlled by Mr. Quay? Even Mr. Hanna found it very difficult to extract from business men the funds urgently needed for campaign purposes in 1900, and would have failed to secure the necessary supply of money had he not circulated alarmist rumors. In view of that fact, it may be plausibly argued that Mr. Hanna's day of usefulness is over, but to replace him with Senator Quay would be a fatal blunder.

Fancy Mr. Quay applying to New York bankers for funds to be used against Mr. Cleveland! The subject suggests cartoons. We warn the Republicans that, if their Democratic opponents nominate, as we believe they will, a man of flawless reputation who commands universal respect, they will need to push the better element of their party to the front, and keep it there. There will be no "hurrah" campaign in 1904, no rough-riding into the White House. The business community is by no means convinced that the Presidency can be safely intrusted to Mr. Roosevelt for seven years, and, if its confidence is desired, prudence would dictate the relegation of Mr. Quay to a back seat. To see him chosen for the rôle of standard-bearer—such is practically the function of the chairman of a national committee—might please the people responsible for the post-office scandals in Cuba and Washington, but it would not rouse pulpits to enthusiasm, nor call out the vest-pocket vote. Still, it is possible that Mr. Roosevelt next year will exemplify the saying that whom the gods mean to destroy they first make mad, in which event, of course, dismay and sorrow will cloud the countenance of Senator Platt. There are as many ways of injuring a candidate as there are of killing a cat, but the most effective of all methods would be the selection of Mr. Quay for the chairmanship of the Republican national committee.

Those who take it for granted, in view of the recent unfavorable reports from Bogota, that the canal treaty will be rejected by Colombia, are reckoning without the French Canal Company, or rather without the principal stockholders or bondholders therein. In its collective capacity, the company can neither bribe nor intimidate, but the large holders of its securities are in a different position. They are well aware that their investments will be worthless unless the property of the company can be sold to the United States. Their agents, therefore, at Bogota, are likely to subject the members of the Colombian Congress to a pressure that they will be unable to resist. They will be unable because the pressure will not take the form of appeals to their immediate pecuniary interests exclusively. It will be pointed out that, unless the canal treaty is ratified, it would be worth while for the large holders of the Canal Company's securities to bring about a secession of Panama, and, perhaps, of the adjoining province of Cauca, and to convert their territory into an independent republic. There is no doubt that a revolution with such an end in view could easily be started, and it is probable that, owing to the utter destitution of the Bogota government, it would be successful, provided the revolutionists could privily secure from France war vessels, cannon, rifles, and ammunition. Our own position, of course, pending the revolution would be one of neutrality, so long as order should be maintained on the line of the Panama Railway, which we are bound by treaty to protect.

But the revolution once triumphant, and independence established, we should be bound by precedents to recognize the new republic, and to acknowledge that the treaty rights relating to the isthmus guaranteed by us to New Granada in 1846 had passed to the Republic of Panama. We should then be at liberty to enter into a canal convention with the new republic, which, on its part, would receive the whole of the ten million dollars in gold accruing by way of purchase money under the existing treaty, as well as the annual subvention to be ultimately paid. As things are now, the province of Panama, or, for that matter, the adjacent province of Cauca, which stretches along the Pacific coast from Panama to Ecuador, is unlikely to receive a penny of the price to be paid by us for the canal franchise. If the present treaty is ratified, the whole of the purchase money will be divided among the Bogota politicians. That is one of the two reasons why many citizens of Panama would like to see the present treaty rejected. The other reason is that, as the treaty guarantees the sovereignty of Colombia over the zone through which the canal is to run, the province of Panama would, should the treaty be ratified, be deprived of a recourse to revolution hereafter, no matter what oppression she might suffer at the hands of the Bogota government. What the natives of Panama want is not only a portion of the purchase money, but a guarantee of their own sovereignty over the canal zone. With these objects in view, they will be tempted to begin a revolution within a week after the rejection of the treaty at Bogota. Such a movement is dreaded by President Marroquin, and for that reason he will strive to get the present treaty ratified.

The amazing improvement of Porto Rico in material well-being during the short period which has elapsed since that island acquired free trade with the United States is an impressive object-lesson, not only to Cuba, but to Canada, now that the latter country has seen her dream of a preference in the British market dispelled. Moreover, the advance already made by Porto Rico is but a foretaste of the unexampled prosperity to which she may now look forward. This will be evident if we glance at some statistics just published in Washington, and consider them in connection with the information furnished by Governor W. H. Hunt, who is now on a visit to his native land. It appears that in the ten months ending with April the total shipments of merchandise from the United States to Porto Rico were valued at $10,062,594. During the same ten months the aggregate shipments of merchandise from Porto Rico to the United States amounted to $8,833,464. In the single month of April the shipments from this country to the island were valued at nearly a million dollars, and those from Porto Rico to the United States at almost two millions. From these figures it is a fair deduction that during the fiscal year which ends June 30 the total shipments from the United States to Porto Rico will reach $12,000,000, and those from Porto Rico to the United States about an equal sum.

To appreciate these statistics, we should recall that in the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1898, immediately preceding our

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acquisition of the island, our exports to Porto Rico were valued at $1,506,000, and in the next fiscal year at $2,686,000. Thus our shipments to the island to-day are eight times as great as they were in 1898. On the other hand, shipments from Porto Rico to the United States have increased during the same short interval from less than $2,415,000 to about $12,000,000, or almost fivefold. It may be remembered that, after the transfer of the island from Spain to the United States, Porto Rico was threatened with industrial depression, owing to her loss of the Spanish market for her principal export staple, coffee, a loss not counterbalanced by the gain of a market in the United States, where, as yet, there was no demand for the Porto Rico berry, though this is of admirable quality, and has always commanded a high price. There are now signs of a change in this respect. We learn from Governor Hunt that from January to June of the current year more than five hundred thousand dollars' worth of Porto Rico coffee was exported to the United States, as against only $21,000 worth during the same period in 1902. Again, over five hundred thousand dollars' worth of Porto Rico sugar has been sent to the United States since January 1; this also represents a heavy increase over last year. We add that the tobacco manufacturers of the United States are at last beginning to import the leaf from Porto Rico, where a great deal of tobacco is now being cultivated under canvas. Such facts warrant the belief that within a decade the island is likely to attain a surprising level of prosperity.

At the hour when we write it seems improbable that our Federal government will comply with the request of our Jewish fellow citizens, and express regret at the failure to avert the massacre of Jews in Kishinef. It is understood that the Russian ambassador at Washington has been instructed to intimate in a private interview with President Roosevelt that the Czar's government, while deploring the atrocities perpetrated at Kishinef, and having taken measures to punish the authors of them, as well as the functionaries responsible for a failure to avert them, could not brook, even from the United States, an official expression of criticism on its management of its own affairs. That was precisely the position taken by the Bucharest government with reference to the treatment of Jews in Rumania, but it did not prevent Secretary Hay from requesting the signatory powers to enforce the Treaty of Berlin, which, as he pointed out, was violated by the anti-Semitic legislation in Rumania. Has our State Department one rule for weak powers and another rule for strong powers? Secretary Blaine recognized no such distinction when, about a dozen years ago, a ukase was issued at St. Petersburg rigorously confining Russian Jews to certain specified provinces, and subjecting them, even there, to regulations and privations that rendered life almost intolerable. It was foreseen that the outcome of the ukase would be a signally increased emigration of Russian Jews to the United States, and Mr. Blaine pointed out that this country, being injuriously affected by the act of a foreign ruler, had a moral, if not a legal, right to protest against it. It was on this precedent that Secretary Hay's remonstrance against the disabilities suffered by Jews in Rumania was mainly based. Now, no wrong ever experienced by Jews in Rumania is comparable with the massacre of which they were the victims in Kishinef. Neither is there the slightest doubt that the terror caused by the outbreak of race hatred in Bessarabia and the adjoining provinces will cause an even greater outflow of Jewish fugitives to the United States than was occasioned by the ukase to which we have referred. It may, indeed, be too early to trace in the emigration statistics any marked effect of the Kishinef massacre, but, just as soon as such an effect shall be clearly traceable, we do not see how our State Department, with any show of consistency or decency, can ignore the two precedents which we have named, and omit to repeat the protest which it uttered not long ago in the case of Rumania, and, under the Harrison Administration, in the case of Russia herself.

An interesting and very important side of the Servian revolution is the question of dynastic connections which will be secured to the little Balkan state by the accession of the Karageorgevitch family. It is well known that Peter Karageorgevitch married a daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, who, however, died some years ago. She was the mother of two sons, however, who are therefore in the line of succession for the Servian throne. These two boys are nephews of Queen Helena of Italy, the daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, and sister-in-law of the new Servian King; they are also, needless to say, the grandsons of the ruler of Montenegro, whom Alexander III., of Russia, used to call his only friend in Europe. The relations between the little principality of Montenegro and Russia have been of the closest, and the two sons of the new Servian monarch are being educated in Russia, under the auspices of the imperial family, and in close touch with the court. It is evident that this close alliance with the royal house of Italy and the equally close friendship with Russia are elements of stability in favor of the new Servian dynasty. It is well for us to remember that the bond of language between Servia and Russia is also very strong, each being able easily to understand the speech of the other, and both using the same Slavonic alphabet. Servian is simply antiquated Russian, and is identical with Croatian, the Slavonic tongue of southern Austria and Hungary. All this has a bearing on the politics of the Near East, which will reinforce the tendencies of the Lamsdorff-Goluchowski understanding between Russia and Austria, for a peaceful solution of the Balkan question. The present overtures which Bulgaria is making to the Porte are in the same direction, though we must remember the deep and bitter jealousy which has for centuries existed between Bulgaria and Servia, and which broke out into open war in 1885, when Rumelia was added to the Bulgarian principality.

Do the United States owe no duty to humanity in the matter of the Belgrade massacre? Queen Victoria caused the dismissal of Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Office for hastily recognizing the usurped authority of Prince Louis Napoleon after the *coup d'etat* of December 2, 1851, because he seemed thus to condone the wanton slaughter of bystanders on the Paris boulevards, which was one of the incidents of that revolution. The Queen desired to withhold such recognition, and thus to signify her abhorrence of the atrocious methods by which the French Constitution had been subverted. Are civilized peoples to leave unrebuked the palace tragedy at Belgrade, many of whose hideous details are probably as yet unrevealed? We fear that the question must be answered in the affirmative, so far as most of the European powers are concerned. They seem disposed to regard the massacre as a merely domestic incident of which they can take no official cognizance. That is the position which they took with respect to the persecution of the Armenians, and which they are now taking with reference to the sufferings of which Christians are the victims in Macedonia, and Jews in Bessarabia.

Señor Matos, sometime called "General" Matos, ex-candidate for the Venezuelan Presidency, is holding up his hands, promising to be good, and begging that great and good man, Don General Cipriano Castro, not to shoot. So it is all over with the Venezuelan revolution. A few days ago Señor Matos turned up in Curaçao, begged for a good draught of the eponymous liqueur, and announced that he was dead beat. The Dutch government, evidently unwilling to incur the enmity of that powerful ruler and progressive statesman, Don Cipriano Castro, told Mr. Matos to move on: he is still moving on, and is now expected in New York, where he will explain how it was that his revolution failed. We are happily, however, already informed as to the reason his enterprise proved abortive,—he was foolish enough to go into the fighting business without knowing how to fight, and this against a remarkable man who seemingly knows nothing else, unless it be the arts of irregular finance. While temporarily enjoying the unwilling hospitality of Curaçao, Mr. Matos published a manifesto, addressed to the Venezuelan people, confessing that his revolution had petered out, and announcing that he would ask the great and good man whom we have already named to guarantee the safety of himself and all his followers, so that they may be able to return to their homes, and work for the consolidation and peace and prosperity of Venezuela. It is all very beautiful and idyllic, but for our own part, were we Mr. Matos, we should consider

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the advantages of foreign travel and the improvement of our minds as against the cloying delights of languorous Venezuelan life, which cannot be really healthy for the ex-revolutionist, fresh from the scenes of stirring activity. In a word, we should be somewhat unwilling to expose ourselves to the climate of Caracas until the long-promised change of dynasty had materialized.

Premier Combes evidently has the bulk of the French voters at his back, even with all the crudities and excesses of his recent anti-clerical campaign fresh in all minds. All the recent by-elections have gone to the Ministry, including five the week before last, so that the Premier feels that he has a mandate to carry his crusade farther. He has, therefore, proposed to the Chamber to pass at once on eighty-one applications, made by various orders of sisters, for permission to remain in France, continuing their work as teachers. M. Combes asks the Chamber to refuse all these applications by a single vote. Meanwhile, two other measures, even more radical, and even socialistic in a certain degree, have been passed by the French Senate. The first of these reduces the term of military service in France from three to two years, the socialistic character of the measure being emphasized by the greatly increased stringency in the curtailment of exemptions, by which it is intended in part to make up for the reduced term of training. Even more striking is the establishment of old-age pensions, on which the Chamber has for some time been at work. This bill provides that old, incurable, and infirm people, who are aided in their homes, will have the right to receive a sum not less than two dollars a month, to be voted by the Municipal Council, and of which the commune, the department, and the nation, each of which has its own treasury, shall each pay one-third. This new and, from one point of view, very admirable law is the work of M. Millerand, the socialist so warmly commended by Kaiser Wilhelm, and M. Henri Monod, Director of Public Assistance. It is doubly interesting to find France realizing this plan, while Secretary Chamberlain is dangling it before the eyes of the British electorate as the bait for his imperial zollverein.

The German elections show great gains for the Social Democrats, who are gradually taking their place among the stronger parties in the medley of groups which make up the Reichstag. At the same time, prosperity is evidently having its effect on them, for they have gradually become transformed into something hardly distinguishable from advanced Radicalism, as unlike as possible to the militant and revolutionary socialists like Hertzen and Bakunin and the Geneva group. The evidence all over the Continent, and in this country also, goes to show that, while we are seeing more and more socialistic measures becoming law, we are at the same time drifting farther and farther from the prospect of a general socialistic polity, in the sense desired by extreme theorists like Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lasalle. We may confidently expect the Kaiser presently to discover that the German socialists are less black than they have been painted, a discovery for which he has already paved the way by his praises of M. Millerand. He will then proceed to appropriate and father the best of their measures, perhaps following France in reducing the term of military service, and establishing old-age pensions. Thus the best elements of the socialistic programme will gradually be woven into the laws of the nations, without any of those extreme revolutionary movements which the enemies of socialism have so much dreaded.

The grotesque ignorance of the average Briton, no matter what his claim to education, regarding the United States, has long been notorious. Every American visitor to London is amazed and amused at it. We do not expect such ineptitude to be betrayed, however, on the part of distinguished British statesmen, who have been, now are, or are likely to be, called upon to shape the policies by which the relations of Great Britain and the United States are determined. Yet, within the last week, we have had two memorable exhibitions of ignorance with regard to matters about which the exhibitors should have found it easy to procure correct information. In a letter to a working-man friend, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of the Colonies, and formerly president of the Board of Trade, alleged the other day that the registration fee on grain and flour, reimposed in April, 1902, in Great Britain, was paid, not by the British consumer, but by the American railways, who were compelled to transport the food products of the West to the seaboard at a lower rate. Now the fact is that, during the summer of 1902, the cost of carrying grain from the Middle West to the seaboard increased from ten to twenty per cent. over what it had been the previous season. A little later grain rates were advanced still farther from two to five cents per one hundred pounds. That is to say, during the very period when, according to Mr. Chamberlain, the British bread-eater was relieved from the onus of the registration duty on imported breadstuffs by the American railways, those common carriers were getting far more for transportation than they had previously received.

So much for Mr. Chamberlain's competence to discuss a politico-economical question of the most vital moment to his countrymen. Next to the Colonial Secretary, no member of the House of Commons ought to be better informed regarding things American than Sir Charles Dilke, who has been repeatedly a globe-trotter, and who is well known to us, not only by his former relation to the British Foreign Office, but as the author of *Greater Britain*. Now, according to a telegram, which has not been contradicted, Sir Charles Dilke, speaking in Parliament on Wednesday, June 10, asserted that Great Britain had not been injured by free trade, for the reason that her foreign exports were still equal to the combined exports of the United States, Germany, and France. As a matter of fact, in 1901 the British exports were valued at $1,362,728,893; or, in other words, they fell more than $75,000,000 short of the exports of the United States alone, which, in the year named, were valued at $1,438,078,651. It is true that in 1902 the British exports amounted in the aggregate to $1,379,847,313, or some $46,000,000 more than those of the United States, which last year were $1,333,288,491. In 1902, however, Germany's exports were valued at more than $856,000,000, and those of France at upwards of $741,000,000. It follows that the combined exports of the United States, Germany, and France last year were very much more than double those of the United Kingdom. Such was the monumental blunder of a statesman who, when the Liberals return to power, will co-operate in determining the politico-economical future of the British Islands.

There is the authority of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* for the declaration that the commonwealth's attorney, Byrd, of Kentucky, who has undertaken to secure the conviction and punishment of the chief assassins in Breathitt County, in that State, "is the only official in Breathitt County whose desire to vindicate the law at all hazards is not under suspicion." Not even the judges are exempt from the accusation of indifference or cowardice or implication in the crimes. This is a charge which a non-resident of the State might well hesitate to make, for indirectly it is an accusation against the honor of all the inhabitants. These assassinations in Kentucky are attributed by some observers to the system of county politics in Kentucky. The struggle for the county offices is so intense that rival politicians and their partisans are led to murder to attain their ends, and assassination is further fostered by the spirit of the vendetta which prevails in the mountainous regions of the State. Under the circumstances, a county attorney who enters upon the task of punishing the criminals, with a sincere purpose to secure punishment, comes so near to being a hero that he deserves as much glory as if he undertook to charge a Spanish fortress. He takes as much physical risk, and he seeks an accomplishment as well worth while. Not all prosecuting attorneys have the opportunity to exhibit courage as Mr. Byrd has, but all his professional brethren all over the country must be proud of him, as an example of how a lawyer can exhibit a high type of heroism in the discharge of a patriotic duty.

The retirement of the Kneisel Quartette from the Boston Symphony Orchestra doubtless will compel that unexcelled organization's wealthy and beneficently inclined backer—Major Higginson—to search Europe thoroughly this summer for men to take their places and that of Mr. Loefler, who also leaves the orchestra, and it will be some time before Mr. Gericke can expect to have under his control again quite as perfect an

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orchestra as he has had of late. But it had become quite impossible for the members of this quartette to stand longer the double strain involved in their own organization's tours and in those of the larger body of musicians. One or the other had to be given up. Moreover, they cherished the natural ambition to see Europe again, to display their skill there, and enter into competition with the best that the Continent has. Therefore, the severance of relations, which, by their own confession, is "difficult and painful," but imperative. The fame of both the orchestra and the quartette is so much more than local, or national even, that this sudden alteration in long-standing relations has peculiar interest to lovers of music throughout this country.

A not uncommon intellectual diversion in Boston is the construction of definitions of drunkenness. One or two of the municipal-court justices have heretofore gained fleeting fame by devising meanings which were calculated to make easy the escape of offenders who came before them. Perhaps this is what induced Mr. John E. Macy, an instructor at the Boston University Law School, to give his attention to the subject, and to declare that any person "is guilty of the offence who is found in a public place so influenced by liquor as to be an example demoralizing to the public and subversive of good-citizenship." As a comprehensive definition, this leaves nothing to be desired. Under its rigid application, no guilty man could escape, and the duties of petty judges would be confined to the imposition of fines and costs. However, as Mr. Macy is not a justice, but only an instructor of possible justices, who are yet in the chrysalis stage, and in whom the experiences of life will tend to promote leniency of judgment long before they are recognized as fit to sit on even the lowest bench, it is to be presumed that the criminal jurisprudence of the State will adopt his decision as a most admirable statement of a solemnly correct principle rather than as a rule to be uncompromisingly followed.

Just as a man has precisely the friends that he deserves, a nation undoubtedly possesses the literature that it is fairly entitled to. The ordinary American will not take much interest in the discussion in the literary journals of the questions whether the present literary output of the United States is unworthy of the country, and whether the public taste is degenerating. The tree bears just such fruit as its seed, the soil in which it grows, the winds, the rains, and the birds and insects make it bear or let it bear; and though much of its fruit may be blighted and rotten, and though the crop occasionally is very light, there is assurance that the well-watered, well-nourished, and well-pedigreed tree will turn out its due proportion of good fruit in the long run. The orchardist's safest policy is to let it go on producing the kind of fruit that it was designed by nature to bear. As to our American literature, there has been rather too much of the endeavor to engraft nectarines, pomegranates, and other impossible Old World fruit upon it. The grafting process is all right, but in order that the stock shall support and nourish it it is necessary that the scion shall be akin to the tree, after all. Exotic and alien branches will only wither away, no matter how smoothly they are waxed to our tree. Also the tree must get its growth before it can realize its possibilities. Our greatest present real trouble is that the gatherers of our national literary fruit are so numerous and so zealous that they pick far too much of it before it is ripe.

There has been much thought and much talk about the possibility of ex-President Cleveland's running again for the Presidency, and much speculation about Mr. Cleveland's desires in the matter. After all, his preferences are not of so very much consequence. If he wanted ever so much to be renominated, he is not in a position where his own activities could very greatly improve his chances, and if he were ever so loath to be President again, he is hardly in a position to refuse if the people's call to him should be sufficiently urgent. Perhaps his sentiments in the matter are not yet formulated. And why should they be? For him the strenuous period of life seems to have passed. It may recur again, but he has worked through it once, and is surely under no obligation to chase around after it. His intentions or desires he makes no effort to disclose, but something has transpired that throws some light on his general state of mind. It is "A Word to Fishermen," which he contributed to a recent number of the *Independent*. Adverting to the different kinds of fishermen that there are—though one name has to do for all of them—he writes:

"We who claim to represent the highest fishing aspirations are sometimes inclined to complain on days when the fish refuse to bite. There can be no worse exhibition than this of an entire misconception of a wise arrangement for our benefit. We should always remember that we have about us on every side thousands of those who claim membership in the fishing fraternity, because, in a way, they love to fish, when the fish bite—and only then. These are contented only when capture is constant, and their only conception of the pleasures of fishing rests upon uninterrupted slaughter. If we reflect for a moment upon the consequences of turning an army of fishermen like these loose upon fish that would bite every day and every hour, we should see how nicely the vicissitudes of fishing have been adjusted, and how precisely and usefully the fatal attack of discouraging bad luck selects its victims. If on days when we catch few or no fish we feel symptoms of disappointment, these should immediately give way to satisfaction when we remember how many spurious and discouraged fishermen are spending their time in hammocks or under trees or on golf-fields instead of with fishing outfits, solely on account of just such unfavorable days. We have no assurance that if fish could be easily taken at all times the fishing waters within our reach would not be depopulated, a horrible thing to contemplate. . . . What has been said naturally leads to the suggestion that consistency requires those of us who are right-minded fishermen to reasonably limit ourselves as to the number of fish we should take on favorable days. On no account should edible fish be caught in such quantities as to be wasted. By restraining ourselves in this matter we discourage in our own natures the growth of greed, we prevent wicked waste, we make it easier for us to bear the fall between what we may determine upon as decent good luck and bad luck, or no luck, and we make ourselves at all points better men and better fishermen. We ought not to forget these things as we enter upon the pleasures of our summer's fishing. But in any event let us take with us when we go out good tackle, good bait, and plenty of patience. If the wind is in the south or west, so much the better, but let's go, wherever the wind may be. If we catch fish, we shall add zest to our recreation. If we catch none, we shall still have the outing and the recreation—more healthful and more enjoyable than can be gained in any other way."

Any one who is anxious for fear that Mr. Cleveland is losing sleep over the chance of being nominated for President again may surely find abundant reassurance in the tone of philosophy that pervades this piscatory discourse. He certainly is not fishing for the Presidency, but as a fisherman he must notice a constant nibbling at his hook to see if it has Presidential bait on it. As a fisherman he must be amused by these attentions, for they make for sport, but as a philosopher he sits imperturbable, secure in his recreation, whether the nibbles develop into actual bites or not. Let us have no concern about his peace of mind. He is not greedy; he is not hustling; and whether the wind is in the south or the west, or even in the east, he doubtless finds sport pretty good.

We print on another page an article by Mr. George F. Summers, M. E., on "Our New Field-Artillery." The article has been examined and its publication authorized by the Secretary of War, so that it may be considered authentic, and, in effect, official, in point of substance. While seemingly a casual description, the article contains considerable food for thought. Mr. Summers believes that, as the distance necessary for effectual warfare between combatants in a field engagement is constantly increasing, it is probable that future land battles will be fought, not with small arms, but with shrapnel, and at a distance of from two to three miles. The subject invites speculation.

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What does the Fourth of July really Mean?

IMMEDIATELY, the Fourth of July is noisily observed to celebrate the adoption of the Declaration of Independence. Essentially, the celebration has a deeper significance, and one which the Americans ought to know more about than they do. It recalls not only our own independence, but the triumph of the English people over the crown, and the relegation of the king to his true place in the English system of government. By the English system of government we mean not only the system in England, but the system obtaining in the United States, the systems of Canada, of Australia, of all the truly independent powers which have grown up as a result of the great English movements of adventure and of colonization which, from time to time, expressed English energy, or the English spirit of revolt, or that of unrest, from the days of Elizabeth to the days of Victoria.

To those who know the development of English popular government, the Fourth of July marks the time since when no English monarch has dared to demand the right to tax English people, at home or in distant colonies, without their consent. The struggle was long, and the crown fought hard for its prerogative, but, despite this, the principle of English liberty survived under what were apparently most untoward circumstances, the crown became what it is, and a republic was established which has become the strongest nation in the world. The story is a romance, and it cannot be told too often, or read too many times. For those who have not the time for special investigation, it is best told in Green's *History of the English People*. For those who have more leisure or a greater interest, there are a score of books, and so inspiriting is the tale that the style of nearly every writer on English constitutional law is affected by it, and is marked by that nervous energy which makes Green one of the most intensely interesting of historians.

The movement began far back in the shadowy times even before an indefinite number of kingdoms were united under a West Saxon overlord, or were called the heptarchy. Even in those early days we find the money needed by the king going to him from the local government freely, not as a tax, but as a gift. At last we find the king putting his hand out and taking money for the purpose of keeping off the Danes, or of confining them in that northern and eastern part of the island which, in later times, became the home of a real English nobility, moved by real national passion, and the birthplace of popular power. Even then the people objected to the tax-gatherer, and the tax was levied against angry protests. Later kings, recognizing its unpopularity, promised to do away with it.

It was a happy fact in English history that when the Normans came the kings had need of the English people. The question which confronted William the Conqueror after he had taken away the lands of the Anglo-Saxon thegnhood was presented by the feudalism which he was bound to set up in his new realm. The issue was whether the newly and greatly enriched Norman baronage, or the king, should rule the land. The great vassals ruled France. The king there was at the mercy of his feudatories. William himself was not loyal to his master at Paris. Should it be the same in England? It never was the same in England, because the Norman kings made the people their allies, and, with their aid, kept down the barons.

It is not a simple story. The conflict was full of ups and downs. The Normans and Plantagenets were not only absolute, but tyrannical. The power of the people developed slowly and against much kingly opposition. It was because Henry II. possessed, in France, a realm vaster in extent, and of greater importance, than England, that he was forced to be absent most of his time. It was because of his absence that he was compelled to build up an administrative machine which made the law paramount in the island, and gave to the ministers of law opportunities which, on the whole, worked for the advantage of the people. It was mainly a matter of bargaining. The king gave to the people in order that they might help him to prevent the loss of royal power and dignity, and the reign of anarchy, which prevailed in France. They got from him the right of trial by jury and the administration of justice at home, because juries and judges were first used for taxing purposes. They received the gift of king's justice to do away with the oppression of the courts of the barons. They were relieved of the oppression of venal judges. They were protected by the king against their immediate lords, and these lords were compelled to promise to do to their men as the king did to them. But at the bottom of the fabric was the king's acceptance of the principle that the king should have no money except by the consent of the Great Council, and this Great Council was always, in theory at least, representative of the nation. It was variously called Witenagemot, Common Council, Parliament. It was first, in theory, democratic, for all freeholders had the right to attend. Then it became representative, composed entirely of the lords, the bishops, and the other tenants-in-chief. Then the Commons were invited to send representatives, and, finally, we had the two Houses of Parliament as we have them today. There was never a time when the nation did not believe that the king's revenue was a free gift from it, given by the county courts or by the Great Council. Kings demanded concessions, and the nation, through their representatives, assented. The crown took money to which the law and the ancient customs did not entitle it, and the people rebelled. Parliament, giving the money, finally insisted upon determining the manner in which it should be expended, made appropriations. Making appropriations, the question arose as to which body should originate money bills. The claim of the right to originate by the Commons was admitted by king and lords. Then followed the demand that the Commons had the right to examine into the accounts of the king's officers, then the right to impeach the king's ministers. While these demands were under discussion, the king undertook to secure money without consent, basing his claims on ancient customs. He insisted on rights of prerogative which would have enabled him to do without Parliament, as Charles I. tried to do without one for eleven years, as other kings before and after him undertook to govern despotically. The king construed his rights in such a way that the Tudors repealed statutes by the acquiescence of subservient Parliaments. The Stuarts undertook to play the same royal game, and the second lost his head and the last his crown. Sometimes the king seemed to win, but invariably each epoch was closed with the gains of the people fixed in a charter or in a statute.

When the last Stuart was declared to have abdicated because he left the kingdom, England had seen the last king who ever dared, in England, to try to tax Englishmen without their consent, or to overthrow English laws by the exercise of his prerogative. But the Englishmen on this side of the water were obliged to carry on the conflict, and they carried it on for English-speaking people everywhere, as well as for themselves. When George III. came to the throne he intended to follow his mother's urging, and to be king. He undertook to overthrow the responsible ministers by his "kitchen cabinet," and to defeat the will of the constituents by corrupting the House of Commons. This was his home policy. Some of the American colonies had royal charters, and he undertook to govern them despotically. He was beaten by a union of the colonies. Then Parliament, with its corrupted House of Commons, forgot that we were English too, and undertook to tax us as if we were dependents. So the old fight, which had endured since the days when Norman kings began to try to cheat the people of their right to consent to the amounts of money which they would give to the crown, was finished on this side of the water. No English king since George III. has tried to circumvent the ministry which represents the majority of the House of Commons. Victoria insisted that the Queen had the supreme power over foreign affairs, and both Palmerston and Gladstone ignored her, while Disraeli and Salisbury did what seemed good to them, although they disappointed her more politely than did her Liberal ministers. She insisted that a member of the royal family should always command the army, and that the crown should be its real head, and, before her death, she saw the army itself entirely under the control of the Commons. On this side of the water, George III. first, and Parliament after him, undertook to govern colonies as dependencies, and lost this country. The consequence of this is not only a great republic, but some strong and independent English-speaking colonies. The Fourth of July is the day on which we celebrate the rule of the people here and abroad, the growth of individual liberty, and the absolute dependence of the crown in English lands.

Whom Will the Republicans Nominate for Vice-President?

SINCE the endorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy by the Ohio State convention, and the renouncement of Senator Fairbanks's candidacy by Indiana politicians, it is taken for granted by Republican leaders and Republican newspapers that their national convention will nominate Mr. Roosevelt for the Presidency — and probably by acclamation. They are now discussing candidates for the Vice-Presidency. Messrs. La Follette, Yates, Cummins, and Van Sant have been put forward in Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota, respectively, but, as the choice of any one of them would be likely to excite factional discontent within the party in his State, the national convention will doubtless look elsewhere. Mr. Myron T. Herrick, Senator Hanna's lieutenant, and candidate this year for the Governorship of Ohio, is also talked of, but it is doubtful whether Senator Foraker's friends would like to see him in the Vice-Presidential chair. The same thing may be said of Senator Hanna himself. Ohio, however, might present a candidate to whom there ought to be no objection. We refer, of course, to Judge Taft, now Governor-General of the Philippines. He has no enemies within his party that we have heard of, and, by his reputation for sound and sober judgment, he would strengthen the Republican ticket. If, however, Republican leaders see reason to fear defeat, they are likely to use the Vice-Presidency as a means of propitiating wavering voters in a pivotal State. In that event they will offer the nomination for the

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Vice-Presidency to Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, if they are well advised, and if he is willing to accept it. They would thus achieve the double purpose of fortifying their party in a doubtful State and of selecting for the second highest post in the Federal government a man thoroughly qualified to occupy the highest.

We hope that many years will elapse before a national convention shall again nominate for the Vice-Presidency a man whom it would never dream of selecting for the office of Chief Magistrate. We also hope that as long a time will pass before a statesman of the first rank shall again regard the office of Vice-President as unworthy of his acceptance. Two unexpected and three tragical events have brought thinking men to the position with reference to the Vice-Presidency which was occupied by the framers of the Federal Constitution, and which continued to be held by statesmen for a long time after the Twelfth Amendment altered the mode of procedure in the electoral colleges. It is well known that originally the Presidential electors of each State did not vote for President and Vice-President separately, but for two persons, each of whom they believed to be qualified for the higher office. All the electoral votes having been transmitted to the President of the Senate and counted by him, the person having the largest number of votes became President of the United States, provided the number was a majority of all the Presidential electors. The person having the next largest number of votes for the Presidency became Vice-President. The four Presidential elections up to and including 1800 were conducted in conformity to this provision, and the result was that the Vice-Presidents were men considered by a majority, or nearly half, of the Presidential electors qualified for the highest office in the Union. Thus, under Washington, John Adams was Vice-President, and under Adams, Thomas Jefferson. It may be said that Aaron Burr was an exception to the rule we have laid down, but those who say this allow their judgment to be warped by their knowledge of Burr's subsequent conduct. In 1800 Burr was much more acceptable as a candidate for the Presidency to Anti-Federalists in the North than was Jefferson, and but for the combination of Burr's friends with Jefferson's, the Federalists could not have been beaten. Indeed, the subsequent proceedings in the House of Representatives, which had to choose between them (Jefferson and Burr having received the same number of electoral votes), showed that most of the Federalists preferred Burr for the Presidency, and might have made him President but for the influence exerted by Alexander Hamilton. In 1805 and 1809—that is to say, for Jefferson's second term and Madison's first term—George Clinton was Vice-President. Now there is no doubt that, although Clinton was specifically chosen Vice-President by the Presidential electors under the Twelfth Amendment, he was deemed by his party in the State of New York, and generally in the North, to be of full Presidential stature. Before being nominated for the Vice-Presidency, George Clinton had been elected and re-elected Governor of New York from 1780 to 1795, and again in 1801. Elbridge Gerry, who became Vice-President in 1813, had been long the most distinguished member of his party in New England. He had been a member of the Continental Congress, of the Philadelphia Convention of 1787, and of the first Congress under the Constitution, an envoy to France, and a Governor of Massachusetts. Daniel D. Tompkins, who was Vice-President during both of Monroe's terms, had been Governor of New York from 1807 to 1817, and had acquired great distinction by the energy of his administration during the War of 1812–15. The Vice-President under John Quincy Adams, and during Jackson's first term, was one of the most remarkable and influential statesmen that this country has produced; we refer, of course, to John C. Calhoun. He was succeeded in 1833 by Martin Van Buren, who, at the time, was the most conspicuous Democrat in the Northern States, and who retained enormous influence over his party in New York for fifteen years. We scarcely need point out that, with the exception of Adams and Jefferson, we have in Martin Van Buren the only example of a Vice-President who ever became by election a President.

Since Van Buren's time the office of Vice-President has generally been looked upon as less desirable than that of Secretary of State. It has been rejected by men who would gladly have accepted the latter post, and it has usually been conferred on men not regarded at the time as of Presidential calibre. It is a fact sometimes overlooked that in 1840 and 1848 the Vice-Presidency would willingly have been conceded by the Whig convention to Daniel Webster, and, had he not rejected the office as beneath him, he must have become President through the death of his official superior. He accepted the post of Secretary of State under Harrison, Tyler, and Fillmore. It is even less generally known that, in 1864, the Republican nomination for the Vice-Presidency, which eventually fell to Andrew Johnson, might probably have been secured by Benjamin F. Butler, had he thought it worthy of his tenancy. Who now remembers the names of Richard M. Johnson and William R. King, respectively chosen Vice-President in 1836 and 1852? How long are the names of John C. Breckinridge, Hannibal Hamlin, Schuyler Colfax, Henry Wilson, and William A. Wheeler likely to be remembered? Not any one of those men would have been selected for the office of Secretary of State in the days when it was held only by a man next in party eminence to the President himself. Everybody knows that in 1880 Conkling, by lifting a finger, might have secured the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, which was given to Chester A. Arthur in the hope of conciliating the Senator from New York. It is well known that Arthur never held an elective office, and that from the appointive Federal office of Collector of Customs for the Port of New York he was dismissed by a Republican administration. It would be absurd to say that Levi P. Morton, Adlai E. Stevenson, and Garret A. Hobart were men of national reputation when they received the nomination for Vice-President. On two occasions, however, namely, in 1884 and 1888, the Democratic national convention recurred to the practice of an elder time, and named for Vice-President one of the men whom, next to Mr. Cleveland, it would have wished to see President. We allude, of course, to Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, and to Judge Thurman of Ohio. We scarcely need recall the fact that in 1900, had the Republican leaders foreseen Mr. McKinley's tragic death, they would not for a moment have considered Mr. Roosevelt's name for the Vice-Presidency. Had Mr. Hobart lived, he would no doubt have been selected.

We believe that the national conventions in 1904 will take warning by former oversights, and will nominate for the Vice-Presidency men, in their judgment, thoroughly qualified for the higher office of Chief Magistrate. This consideration, operating in conjunction with the desire to carry a pivotal State, will probably cause the Republicans to select for Vice-President Senator Fairbanks of Indiana, and we opine that he, taught by the past, is unlikely to repeat Daniel Webster's blunder.

Will Canadian Liberals Turn to the United States?

THE outcome of the memorable debate in the House of Commons on June 9 and 10 must have convinced all intelligent inhabitants of the Dominion of Canada that the present generation will not witness the grant of a preferential tariff on food products by the United Kingdom to its colonies. In other words, the Canadian Conservatives were right when they insisted that the gratuitous concession of a preference of 33 1-3 per cent. to British manufactures in certain schedules of the Dominion tariff should not have been made, but that such concession should have been conditioned on the simultaneous reception of a *quid pro quo*. Magnanimity, they said, might be magnificent, but it was not politics or political economy. The Liberals, on their part, denied that they were actuated by magnanimous motives alone, but said that they had given the tariff preference to the mother country in the firm belief that, ultimately, their generosity would be appreciated, and would be rewarded with an equivalent concession. They will now recognize that the hope must be renounced, not only for the present hour, but, so far as we can forecast the future, forever. With every year, the numerical superiority of the non-agricultural to the agricultural section of the British population is increasing, and what the former section will not hear of today it cannot be expected to tolerate a decade hence. What course, then, is left to Canadian Liberals, if they desire to promote the prosperity of their native country, the rapid growth of the Dominion in wealth and population? There is absolutely no alternative but to revert to the programme of 1891, when the Canadian Liberals advocated unrestricted reciprocity with the United States. Let us remind them of the aims and views which at that time they proclaimed when they were confronted by a far more formidable opponent, Sir John Macdonald, than they would now have to face.

Sir Richard Cartwright was the first of the active political leaders of the Dominion to declare for commercial union with the United States. He made the declaration at a time when he was the most influential personality in the Liberal party, at least in the Federal arena, and his words had an authority with the Liberals in Ontario which Mr. Laurier's could not as yet command. In a public speech made on October 12, 1887, Sir Richard Cartwright said: "I am as averse as any man can be to annexation, or to resign our political independence, but I cannot shut my eyes to the facts. We have greatly misused our advantages. We have been most foolish and most wasteful in our expenditures. We have no means of satisfying the just demands of large portions of the Dominion, except through such an arrangement as commercial union with the United States." Subsequently the programme of commercial union was abandoned by the Liberals in favor of a policy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States, or Continental free trade, each of the parties to the compact retaining its own tariff system as against other foreign countries. In the autumn of 1887 the interprovincial conference which met at Quebec, and which included representatives not only of the Liberal governments of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island, but also of the Coalition government of New Brunswick and of the Conservative government of Manitoba agreed unanimously on a resolution to the following effect: that, having reference to the agitation on the subject of

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the trade relations between the Dominion and the United States, the interprovincial conference, consisting of representatives of all political parties, desired to record its opinion that unrestricted reciprocity would be of advantage to all the provinces of the Dominion. Thus the controversy stood when the Ottawa Parliament assembled for the session of 1888, and the Liberal members came together in caucus to define the policy of their party on the subject which for many months had engrossed the attention of the Dominion. The caucus authorized Sir Richard Cartwright to introduce a resolution setting forth that it was highly desirable that the largest possible freedom of commercial intercourse should obtain between the Dominion of Canada and the United States, and that it was expedient that all articles manufactured in, or the natural products of, either country should be admitted free of duty into the other, articles subject to duties of excise or of internal revenue alone excepted. The policy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States was thus definitely adopted, and for the next three years all the energies of the Liberal press and of the Liberal leaders were devoted to educating the country to an acceptance of the proposal. On February 3, 1891, the Ottawa Parliament was dissolved, and there is but little doubt that in the ensuing campaign the Liberals would have been triumphant but for Sir John Macdonald's success in stealing their ammunition by requesting the British government to transmit to Washington a proposal for a renewal of the reciprocity treaty of 1854, with the modifications required by the altered circumstances of both countries, and with the extensions deemed by a joint commission to be in the interests of Canada and the United States. Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues argued that, as they only desired the sanction of the country to conclude a reciprocity treaty, it would be rash and untimely to disturb the negotiations by a change of government in Canada. Events were soon to prove that Sir John Macdonald and his Conservative friends were not sincere in their professed desire for reciprocity, but the pretence of such a desire, together with fervent appeals to Canadian loyalty, sufficed to carry the general election, though the Liberal party broke even in Ontario and Quebec. It is now interesting to recall that in the course of the campaign of 1891 Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the present Premier of the Dominion, declared that the reform suggested by the Liberals was absolute reciprocal freedom of trade between Canada and the United States. The advantages of such a policy he placed upon the one controlling consideration that the producing power of the Dominion was vastly in excess of its consuming power; that, as a consequence, new markets had to be found abroad, and that its geographical position made the great neighboring nation of 63,000,000 [now upwards of 80,000,000] people of kindred origin the best market obtainable by Canada. To the charge that unrestricted reciprocity with the United States would involve discrimination against England, he answered that it could not be expected, would indeed be folly to expect, that the interests of a colony must always be identical with the interests of the motherland. He recognized that the day must come when, from no other cause than the development of national life in the colony, there must be a clashing of interests with the mother country, and in any such case, much as he would regret the necessity, he [Laurier] would stand by his native land. Mr. Edward Blake, the former official chief of the Canadian Liberals, had remained silent throughout the contest of 1891, but, after the election was over, he published a letter in which he admitted that he had viewed with personal disapproval the programme of unrestricted reciprocity largely because he could not see how, under such a fiscal régime, the revenue needed for the expenditures of the Dominion could be raised. He insisted that direct taxation would be out of the question, and, therefore, of the financial problem presented by unrestricted reciprocity he could see no solution which would not leave the Dominion embarrassed by a great deficit. In the same letter, however, he admitted that unrestricted free trade with the United States, secured for a long term of years, would greatly advance the most material interests of the Canadians, and help their national, their largest, their most substantial and promising industries; would create an influx of population and capital, and promote a rapid development of forces and materials as yet unused. In three words, unrestricted reciprocity with the United States would give the Dominion what it imperatively needed, to wit—men, money, and markets.

For some years, the Canadian Liberals have abandoned the policy which they advocated in 1891, and have pursued an *ignis fatuus*. They have fondly caressed a hope that, if they were very, very good, and gratuitously gave to British manufactures a preference in the Dominion's markets, they would eventually gain a corresponding preference for their food products in the market of the mother country. That hope is gone. They must now recognize that the interests of Great Britain and the interests of the Dominion are not only *not* identical, but are growing more divergent every year. Under the circumstances, what remains for them but to own frankly that they have been misguided, and to recur to the wiser policy of a dozen years ago?

The Servian Tragedy

For sheer dramatic effect, the fall of the Obrenovitch dynasty through the assassinations at Belgrade is equal to the catastrophe of Macbeth, the death scene in "Hamlet," or the murder of Julius Cæsar. It was the instinctive recognition of this element of drama in real life which lent such tremendous interest to the events in Servia, a country of small weight in world politics, and of which even the location was hardly known to one in a hundred readers who were thrilled by the horrors surrounding the death of King Alexander and Queen Draga.

For any adequate parallel we have to go back to the Middle Ages, the days when wars raged all over Europe for decades and generations, when dynasties rose and fell by armed might, when assassination was a recognized form of statecraft. That such a grim mediæval tragedy should unfold itself before us in the twentieth century is a forceful reminder that the heart of man is little changed by all our boasted progress; that the same passions work themselves out in the same ways as of old; that vast masses of mankind are still inspired by the primitive forces of hatred and revenge, the bloodthirstiness of the enraged animal.

But to gain the full dramatic effect of the Belgrade catastrophe we must have the perspective of the events which led up to it, the sense of the earlier acts of the drama, which began about a century ago; and, in a tremendous stage-setting of oak forests and mountains, we must watch the first rivalry sown between the descendants of Kara Georgé and the descendants of Obren, the final struggle between whom has just terminated in the utter extinction of the latter. Strictly speaking, the struggle which made the name of Black George Petrovitch, or, in Turkish, Kara Georgé, a household word in Servia, was not directed against the Sultan or the principle of Turkish rule. It was a fight against the abuses and atrocities of the Janizaries, who, like the Pretorian Guard in the declining Roman Empire, grew overbearing and insolent, and turned their power against the throne itself. The Janizaries carried on the work of butchery and outrage which has made the Turkish name infamous through the annals of Europe, and the Sultan Selim fought against their power and their abuses only less determinedly than did their Servian victims. For thus helping unbelievers against the faithful, Selim was nicknamed Giaour Sultan, the Infidel Emperor, and many attempts were made by the Janizaries to kill him.

It was in the midst of this storm and strife that Black George emerged into fame and national celebrity. A giant in strength, fierce, rude, illiterate, he is something like a reappearance of Hercules or Achilles, in these latter days, a man who again and again won battles against tremendous odds, by sheer force of personal valor and personal muscular force. He was passionate and moody, utterly unable to bear opposition, and had that disregard of human life which gives the Balkans such an evil name. Black George was once in flight from the Janizaries, with his aged father and family. His father refused to cross the Danube and become a voluntary exile. Black George promptly shot him, saying afterwards that this was a better fate than falling into the hands of the enemy. Another time, having a quarrel with his mother, who was holding a hive of bees in her hands, Black George seized the hive and crushed it on her head, like a cap, leaving her to the horrible torture of the bee-stings, which nearly brought about her death. In like manner he ended a dispute by hanging his own brother to a neighboring tree, drawing the noose tight with his own hands. Need it be said that his methods of warfare against the Turks were not marked by gentleness and humanity? He was rather a survival of the warrior types of ancient days, having something of the spirit of a neolithic cannibal, a rude quality of aboriginal force, marvellous enough in our modern days. When he finally raised himself to the highest power in the Servian nation, he manifested, as a ruler, the same character that made him great as a warrior, the cunning of the bandit, the keen sense of the peasant, the passionate temper and despotic will which gave him such Homeric force in battle. His eclipse was as sudden as his rise. Though he had a thousand times shown himself absolutely dauntless in face of seemingly certain death, he finally gave way to panic and fled to the Austrian dominions, carrying nothing with him but a personal hoard of money and valuables. He drifted eastward to Bessarabia, and there passed several years of exile.

The despotic power which had slipped from the hands of Kara Georgé was seized by Milosh Obrenovitch, a former swineherd, who had fought his way to prominence along with George Petrovitch. Milosh was, if possible, even more despotic than his predecessor, and his reign is a record of arbitrary and tyrannous acts, his opponents being punished with rigors that recall the Inquisition,—impaled, broken on the rack, mutilated, and mercilessly hunted down or driven into exile. After Milosh had held the sovereignty for some years, Black George bethought him that he should return to his native forests and hills and make one more bid for supreme power. He set out, but was met on the way by two emissaries of Milosh Obrenovitch, who, failing to persuade him, took the Balkan way of settling matters and

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cut off the old man's head. It was afterwards exposed by the Turkish authorities, stuck on a stake, in the grim way that things are done in those realistic lands.

The struggle between the two houses went on. After a few years the descendants of Kara Georgé, the Karageorgevitches, got the upper hand, but they once more succumbed to Balkan methods of statecraft, and the Obrenovitch family had another innings, which has just closed as we have seen. The sordid tragedy which gave at least the pretext for this last act of violence is too well known to need much description. Alexander, son of the dethroned and divorced *roué* and gambler, while a mere boy of fifteen plunged into an intrigue with a married woman twice his age. Her husband finally divorced her, and this worthy daughter of a Servian cattle-dealer saw her way clear to a throne. She gained absolute control over her youthful slave, and ruled Servia even more despotically, with even greater disregard for the liberty and rights of others, than Milosh the tyrant or Black George the warrior. How her victims paid their scores, and, incidentally, set the descendant of Black George once more on the throne, is now a matter of universal knowledge.

A Wedding in the First Circles

SENATOR MARK HANNA'S family enjoyed a wedding some days ago. There was nothing strange in the fact of the wedding. It was one of those inevitable things to which families are liable. Families with daughters in them are often thus disrupted, and families with nothing but sons are prone to be recipients of new members. Mr. Hanna's wedding for his daughter showed the best side of him, and it prospered him in reputation, as fathers are in the habit of winning commendation when there comes to them the opportunity of revealing what they think of daughters. Mr. Hanna's wedding, however, had a national aspect, and it is from the public point of view that we wish to consider it for a moment.

For the wedding was a great political event. Somehow the bride and the bridegroom disappear, and we see the President arriving, walking with Mr. Hanna in the cool of the morning, hear him call the statesman of Cleveland "Uncle Mark," and watch him, on his return, join with "Uncle Mark," Senators Hale and Kean, and other gentlemen of good political fortunes, on the back piazza. The occasion was nothing; the event was everything. The pilgrimage of the President and of the other mighty men was the recognition of the festivity as that of the leader of the party.

It was natural that Republican politics should drift into society, and it was appropriate that the Hanna wedding should be a political affair. It is doubtless a pity, and it will be exceedingly regretted, that the blushing bride and the strong bridegroom should so completely disappear. What was obvious was the gathering of the politicians, and the character of the event became of secondary importance. It might as well have been a convention or a "reorganization plot" as a wedding. However that may be, the conclusion is clear that, at last, the Republican leaders stand apart as a class, and that their social functions are among the most important functions of the party. Mr. Hanna is not only the political but he is the social leader of his party. The President ought to be, but so far he has not been, and probably will not be, for the simple reason that he is not as rich as the practical leaders of his party. Mr. Roosevelt comes nearer to social leadership than any other President, but that is because, unlike most Presidents, he is used to the ways of society.

The new phase is, in the end, that a Republican society has grown up with monarchical imitations. It was certain that this would be one of the consequences of the fostering of a class. It has been the aim of the Republican party, of late years, to breed and maintain a class interest, and, in turn, it has depended for its political fortunes on that interest. In its early days the Republican party was an organization with a distinct moral purpose, and very soon its leaders and its politicians were at the front in the great civil war. Its idealists died or separated from it, and its selfish self-seekers remained. Reconstruction days bred vice enough for any two parties, but the tariff bred even greater vice, and, besides, built up a class. This class, starting from the foundations, became rich, and was then ambitious of splendor. The war with Spain, the terror with which we inspired the monarchical continent of Europe, gave to this class new impulses, encouraged half-concealed desires, bred a love of splendor in its members; and so we have a new uniform for the army, precedence for civilians, and a politico-social life which is a reminder of the ways of Mother England. Perhaps the fashion starts a little late on this side of the water, and perhaps the Republican leaders are a little too much like the useless and impotent "Old Whigs" of George III.'s time, but we have the imitation, for good or ill, and the class which the Republican party has constructed with money favors from the public treasury is now entering upon that social course which is still a reminiscence on the other side of the water. In time, we may see the President making the rounds of the country houses of his party's social and political leaders, just as the Queen used to pay visits to the Whig nobility when she wanted to show her sympathy with Melbourne, or to the Tory nobility when she was exerting her royal influence for Peel when he was trying to repeal the corn laws, or against Gladstone when he was intent upon looking after the affairs of England and upon leaving liberty to have her sweet way among foreign countries.

In Washington already we have the royal rules of etiquette. At the most business-like of the President's luncheons, when the political drummer is most in evidence, and at the most intimate and non-political affairs, the President receives the first attention, as becomes his rank. Society generally in Washington is taking on more and more of a political hue. The leaders of the party in power stick closer and closer together, stuff one another with good food, and encourage one another to deeds of party enterprise, complete the political solidarity by adding the social capstone. The times when the closer friendships, because they were freed from personal jealousy, were the strongest, when Edmunds and Thurman were the Dromios of the Senate, seem to have passed away. Society is more official, as well as stiffer, since it became political. Women who are accustomed to the capital say that of late society there is not so pleasant as it used to be before party took possession of it. Society having thus been seized upon by party leaders, the members of the diplomatic corps court the official entertainments, to the neglect of the others and of the entertainers. To crown the new social structure, which is composed, as we have tried to describe, of the political chiefs of a party and of their immediate followers, is the wedding of the "big chief." A distinguished scientist, a sprightly wit, a most accomplished man of the world, once returned from glorious social triumphs in Europe to taste the joys of his familiar New York, and was ungrateful enough, and witty enough, to say that it was Simian.

"Roman Generals"

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Army and Navy Journal* takes exception to a statement of ours in an editorial comment on the comparative forwardness of young men in modern and ancient times. The statement was that "by law a Roman had to be well advanced in middle life before he was eligible for the consulate. There was no such thing as a young military commander. The career of Alexander, of Hannibal, or of Bonaparte would have been impossible under the Roman Republic." What we should have said is that *by law* there was no such thing as a young proconsular commander. The critic of this statement goes on to say that "three of the greatest of Rome's generals were Julius Cæsar, Pompey, and Scipio Africanus. Cæsar was Prætor in Spain, had attained military distinction before the age of thirty-eight, and began his magnificent campaign in Gaul when forty. Pompey held high military command at the age of twenty-five, was accorded a triumph at thirty, had chief command in Spain before thirty-five. Scipio Africanus commanded in chief in Spain at the age of twenty-five, was elected consul at thirty, and at the age of thirty-three defeated Hannibal in the great battle of Zama. Either HARPER'S or history must be at fault." HARPER'S WEEKLY is not at fault, but the critic's history is. In the paragraph to which we have referred we were not penning a dissertation on the laws of the Roman Republic respecting the age required for the consulship and the military command thereto attached. We alluded cursorily to the rule which prevailed in the Roman Republic under normal conditions.

There is no doubt that during the civil war which preceded Sulla's dictatorship, and that under the triumvirate of Pompey, Cæsar, and Crassus, the laws were suspended or temporarily overridden. The fact nevertheless remains that under the republic, while a republic it was, the legal age for enjoying the consulship was forty-five. By law, also, no one could be made consul a second time till after the lapse of ten years. These laws were very rarely broken. It is true that about the middle of the fourth century B.C., M. Valerius Corvus was made consul at the age of twenty-three, and that in 198 B.C. T. Quintius Flamininus obtained the office when he was thirty, against the vehement opposition of the tribunes, who insisted that the law should be observed. These are two genuine exceptions. It is true, also, that when Rome was fighting for her life against Hannibal, Scipio Africanus the Elder was elected consul at the age of twenty-eight (not thirty); in the last war with Carthage, Scipio Africanus the Younger became consul at thirty-eight.

The last-mentioned case may also be deemed a genuine exception. Pompeius Magnus was made consul in his thirty-sixth year. With regard to Julius Cæsar, he went to Spain, not as Prætor but as Proprætor, in 61 B.C., being then either forty-one or thirty-nine, according as we take the date of his birth to be 102 or 100 B.C. He was consul in 57 B.C., being then either forty-five or forty-three. The popular vote by which he obtained as proconsul the command in Cisalpine Gaul for five years (to which the Senate added Transalpine Gaul) was a violation of Rome's organic law, and bore witness to the extralegal power of the Triumvirate. We repeat that, so long as the laws of the Roman Republic were observed, the career of Alexander or of Hannibal or of Napoleon Bonaparte would have been impossible. The republic was already moribund when Julius Cæsar dealt it a death-blow.

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Diversions of the Higher Journalist

By William Dean Howells

A Grain of Wheat in the Heap of Chaff

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER, with a book bearing the outward artistic evidences of a Franklin Square publication in his hand, took the tattered and decrepit chair which the Higher Journalist keeps for the discouragement of visitors and, "You Americans are a most amusing lot," he said.

"Why do you say *you* Americans?" the higher journalist demanded. "Aren't you an American yourself?"

"Yes, but I have lived abroad so long that in coming back I am able to bring the alien eye of Europe to bear on American conditions; and I find nothing more striking from a psychological point of view than the unanimity with which you Americans have lately resolved to rehabilitate the South in the glamour of romance which used to hang about it in the days before the South tried to destroy the Americans as a nation. It's quite without parallel in history. I was at a play — one of half a dozen like it — in New York last winter where the Confederate gray bore the palm from the Union blue in the applause of the audience, and the strains of 'Dixie Land' roused the theatre to a frenzy of cheers which 'Yankee Doodle' quite failed to inspire. In your popular fiction I find the same anomalous acceptance of the Lost Cause, as the highest and best cause that ever was lost. When I went to live at Paris, in the middle eighteen-seventies, we were still in the belief that it was a cause in which men mistakenly fought against the notion of American nationality, in order to keep some millions of other men in slavery. Were we wrong, and if so, why were you so long in finding it out?"

"I think," the higher journalist suggested, "that you mistake our position somewhat. We do not applaud the Lost Cause, for we still believe it was bad, but we sympathize with the brave men who lost it, no matter how bad it was."

"Well, that sounds fine—finer, perhaps, than it really is. But we will pass that, and get down to business."

"Ah, there is some business, then?" the higher journalist inquired, with the irony he is endeavoring to make his specialty.

"Of course there is!" his visitor retorted. "I might waste your time—which is apparently of the value of a setting hen's—but I have some conscience about my own. Have you seen this book?" he abruptly demanded, holding the volume he had brought with him.

The higher journalist glanced at the title. "Of course I have! Are you trying to argue yourself unknown? Or have you read it so mistakenly as to suppose it is one of our instruments for "the rehabilitation of the South in the glamour of romance'?"

"It is exactly *not* that!" the mysterious stranger exulted, "and for that reason I rejoice in it. For the first time—or say, the second; for the other book by the same authors was of the same good sense and good art—the South seems to be getting itself written about as it really is. At any rate, it was an entirely intelligible and imaginable South that I found in 'Eastover Court House,' and that I find again in 'The Redfields Succession.' And it is here a charming South, a South that I should like to live in, whereas the South of the Lost Cause would have bored me to death—or to extinction, as I heard a lively lady phrase it, the other day. What interesting, probable, and delightful people these 'Redfields Succession' people are! The women seem to me particularly good, and they are the life of the story, as the women are of every novel worth reading. There are two or three among them—Nannie Carrington, and 'Miss Bessie' Taylor, Southern types uninfluenced by the North, and Virginia Sanford, characterized but not corrupted by New York—who are women it has done me one of the greatest pleasures to know. I not only personally like them, because they are so good and agreeable, but because they are so well and agreeably portrayed by the authors. I am getting rather too rheumatic for a gallop across country with them at the fox-hunts, but I have sat out a great many dances with them at the hops and balls they seem to be always having down there in that post-bellum Virginia of theirs. The whole atmosphere of the book is of the quality of the air one breathes; the light is not "the light that never was on land or sea," but much better—the familiar sunlight and moonlight of our every-day money-making and love-making. The good sense and the good-will that these Southern women have are in keeping with the common sense of their environment. Life there seems to be business as well as pleasure. The men work hard, as well as drink hard and ride hard; sometimes they do all three; but they are honest, and if they are not so amusing to me as the women, they would probably be more amusing to a woman reader. I'm very glad to have the authors—why do they write in couples? I wish they would write separately, for then we should have twice as many novels from them—make their hero behave so magnanimously, and at the same time so credibly; and I'm glad to have them make him a New York newspaper man by training, though a Virginian by blood. It is not often, I suppose, that a New York reporter gives up a manor of two thousand acres when he finds that his uncle meant to leave it to a lady—even such a lady as 'Miss Bessie'?"

"Well, I don't know," the higher journalist answered. "The newspaper is trying hard to be a school of morals, now that the theatre has gone to the bad."

"Well if it graduates such fellows as Trueman Gault, I congratulate it on its success. He is a genuine man, whereas that St. Clair, who marries Miss Bessie, and incidentally the manor, rings a little romantic, and is more of the old-style Southern-fiction convention. He is quite as selfish as Gault, and not nearly so noble. But what I like most in the work of your Mr. Henry B. Boone and your Mr. Kenneth Brown is their self-evident accuracy in rendering the Virginian accent: not in speech only, that would be easy, but in conduct, in ideal, in character. From high to low, their people are the creatures of their environment, with reaches beyond it, which best attest their truth to it. 'Miss Bessie' is as conscientious as any New England woman, but with what other than a New England conscience! Tell me," the mysterious stranger broke off, "how does this grain of wheat in that heap of chaff which your popular fiction seems to be, succeed with your imbecile public generally?"

"Is that important, or pertinent even?" the higher journalist warily parleyed.

"It isn't of the big-selling stamp, then?"

"It will be of the long-lasting, I think. And I am glad you appreciate it, even if you are not so numerous as our imbecile public. A student of our conditions could hardly leave their books out hereafter, and the lover of good literature will like to take them in now. As you say, they are not only delightful, but lifelike."

"Why, my face is hot and my back cold yet with standing before their big wood fires in their vast rooms down there, and I am still stifling in the heat of their sultry fields! Those fellows know how to give the sense of things physical as well as moral in their scenes. And I like the simple, unbragging courage with which they paint the modern Virginian's struggle against the odds of adversity, and his willingness to work as well as play. That is much kinder and truer than feasting the South on perpetual fatted calf, which, in worshippers of the golden calf like you of the North, here, is a sort of continuous deicide. The old South you are making-believe in was, as you seem to have forgotten, an agricultural community, with little urban civilization, in which the aristocratic virtues and the aristocratic vices flourished equally at the expense of the plebeian virtues and vices. It was a patriciate founded on the subjection of the poor whites and the slave blacks. Its impulses were sometimes generous, its passions were violent, its native force was great, its education either exotic or provincial. It was mediæval in the structure of its society, or, if you prefer, it was antique. In some respects it was better, and it was certainly showier than the North. When you now look back on the old South, and feel a lump of pathos rise in your throat for the Lost Cause, you think of the South as all patrician, and you behold it bathed in the light of an idyllic beauty, mixed with the glow of a picturesque chivalry. You must feed your fancy somewhere, and you prefer to pasture it, just now, in the Southern swamps, sand hills, and pine barrens. You tried for a while to make an ideal of the humorous blackguard of the Western frontier, but he could not last; he had his little day, with his joke, and his slang, and his gun, but he could not last. You are a lot of snobs, you poor, later Americans, and you must somehow have your superiors. You have tried finding them among your new rich, but the life of your millionaires forbids anything like romantic association. It is too obviously vulgar, too openly and hopelessly dull, for the vine of sentiment to cling to, or the flower of poesy to perfume. So you turn, not unnaturally, to the old South, and look for your superiors there: men all courage and love, women all tenderness and daring self-sacrifice. I don't blame you; I try to account for you, to define you. You are sick and ashamed of your getting and having, and you yearn for social conditions in which these shall not be the highest things. But you are looking in the wrong place, when you look toward the past anywhere, and especially the past of our South. The present there, in the Virginia portrayed by the authors of 'The Redfields Succession,' has something worth while. They don't pretend that their Virginians are exemplary; but they show you in them an indigenous American life which has not only grace and charm, but has a claim, by its strength, and repose, and dignity amidst the toil of rebuilding the commonwealth on a sounder basis than the old, upon your honor and respect."

With these words the mysterious stranger effected a mysterious disappearance.

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England and Protection

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON, *June 11, 1903.*

"A REVOLT against free trade? There is just as likely to be a revolt against the rule of three." That is what the Cobdenites have been confidently repeating for the last thirty years. They are repeating it still, but not quite so confidently. The truth is that England, while not actually reopening the question of protection or free trade, is coming to have an open mind about it. She is beginning, that is, to see that free trade is not an absolute law of nature, but an economic policy which may be discussed without sacrilege. That in itself is an immense step—whether backwards or forwards depends upon your point of view. But one must be careful—a good deal more careful than the out-and-out English protectionists have the sense to be—not to exaggerate its importance. It does not mean that the country is reverting to the principles of protection either now or in the not distant future. So far as I can see, there is not the smallest chance that England will ever turn her back on the policy which gave her her phenomenal start in the 'forties, and enabled her for a time to become the workshop of the world. Nothing of that kind is to be anticipated. An English version of the McKinley and Dingley tariff acts is just as unthinkable to-day as it has been any time during the last half-century.

Nevertheless, a change is undoubtedly at work, and the general trend of events favors rather than fights it. The old fanatical devotion to free trade has, to begin with, almost entirely worn itself out. For this the astounding successes which America and Germany have built up on the opposite system are largely to be thanked. The bright dreams of the Cobdenites have turned visibly to dust and ashes. Immensely justified as they were by the circumstances of the moment, their enthusiasm made them expand the peculiar and accidental into a law of the universe. They were optimists, as all reformers must be, and they did not spare the paint in picturing the halcyon future of commercial peace that was to follow England's adoption of the principles they advocated. England listened, believed, and tried the experiment—to find herself, at the end of fifty years, even more isolated than when she began it. So far from making a single disciple, she has intensified her rivals in their adhesion to the ancient faith. Both as a system and as an idea protection was never stronger throughout the world, free trade never weaker, than to-day. This is a development the mere possibility of which was flatly scouted by the Cobdenites. The cornerstone of their whole argument was that when once England set the example, did the pioneering work, all Christendom would be bound to follow. The awakening from all such golden expectations has been mournfully complete. England to-day no more expects the rest of the world to take to free trade than to disarmament.

Again, the country has several times of late been sharply reminded of the political drawbacks to free trade, and of the rebuffs to which she exposes herself by having nothing to give and no weapon to strike back with. The helplessness to which free trade condemns England is a direct incentive to Continental Anglophobia. The German or French politician who is looking round for something to bring him into notice, attacks England all the more readily because he knows that nothing he can say will affect the material interests of his country. He need not measure his words nor in any way curb his indignation. At the worst there will be but a growl from the English press. The persuasive deterrent of a tariff duty England has long since agreed to forego. Her hands are therefore tied; she has given all she can; and, short of war, no method of retaliation lies open to her. In almost every conceivable case, when it comes to a matter of political bargaining, this puts her at an enormous disadvantage. From the Continental point of view, an anti-British policy is, therefore, the safest of all moves. It has the vital merit of impunity, and may be prosecuted not only without any fear of immediate consequences, but with a lively consciousness that nothing can be lost by it and that something substantial may be gained. Except in the last resort, England is virtually impotent. She can but grin and bear it; and there is always the chance, as the Wilhelmstrasse has proved more than once, that if only the pressure is kept up long enough, England may be induced to make terms with it by a "graceful concession." In the modern world of competing empires and clashing "spheres of influence," when government and diplomacy are infinitely more complicated and difficult than they used to be before commerce and the earth-hunger reached their present height, Englishmen are painfully realizing that free trade is a severe and entangling handicap on their freedom of negotiation. They find that, voluntarily but inadvertently, they have pushed all the counters over to their opponents' side of the table.

Agriculture is still the greatest of British industries, and free trade, by universal admission, has dealt it a staggering blow. Nobody, not even the most rigid Cobdenite, pretends to deny that. But is agriculture the only industry that has suffered? That is what a good many Englishmen, watching the tremendous advances made by Germany and the United States, are beginning to ask themselves. The "decline of British commerce," which is, of course, only a relative decline, and means nothing more than that the old days of England's monopoly have passed, has badly frightened them. They realize that the inventiveness, the adaptability, the energy, the imagination, necessary for commercial success under present-day conditions are ten times more necessary for a free-trade than for a protectionist country; that England has virtually challenged the world and needs business qualities of a superlative order to hold her own. The growing sense that she does not possess these qualities has led—unjustly, I think, because the right solution is to be found in a better educational system and a wider mental horizon among both employers and employed—to a certain querulousness and despair under the extremes of competition that free trade has brought upon her, and to a desire to equalize matters of artificial means. That of course tells against the strict doctrines of the Manchester school; and the revolt is further aided by two movements of whose influence one can at present prophesy nothing except that it will certainly be great and may conceivably be overwhelming. One of these movements is based on the conviction that the national revenue, as now raised, grows less and less able to keep pace with the enormous expansion of national expenditure; that the "area of taxation" is dangerously narrow and, merely as a matter of sound finance, ought to be enlarged. The other movement, and by far the more important of the two, is the impulse, that every year grows stronger, towards an imperial zollverein, or at least towards closer fiscal relations with the colonies on a preferential basis.

All these influences, then, point, not necessarily to protection, but assuredly to a modification of the old free-trade ideal, and to an increase in the number of tariff schedules. Nevertheless, anything in the nature of a frank return to protection is impossible in England. The masses have been too long accustomed to cheap food to tolerate anything of the kind; I believe they would fight to prevent it. The cry that a government is "taxing the poor man's bread" is the most fatal charge that can be brought against any ministry in England. On this point the history of the famous corn tax is wonderfully illuminating. It was a small tax of six cents a hundredweight on corn and ten cents on flour imposed last year by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach "for revenue only." The most vehement protestations were made that it was not intended to be protective in any shape or form. Sir Michael claimed that it would neither raise the price of bread nor benefit the British farmer, but would simply confine itself to bringing in the required revenue. He added that it was to be a permanent part of the fiscal system. Since then a year has gone by; the expected revenue has been raised from the tax; the price of bread, if it has gone up at all, has increased so imperceptibly that no one has noticed it; and the millers, and perhaps the farmers, too, have benefited by it. Now comes Mr. Ritchie, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, and abolishes it at a stroke. All the arguments by which it was defended a year ago are now coolly thrown overboard.

Sir Michael put it on "because it will hurt nobody"; Mr. Ritchie takes it off "because it hurts everybody"; and Mr. Balfour, with infinite subtlety, maintains that it neither hurts nor benefits anybody, and *therefore* should be abandoned. The agriculturists in and out of the House are furious, and threatening revolt; and one cannot blame them. But the real reason for the abolition of the tax is neither fiscal nor economic, but purely tactical. It was unpopular, lent itself to misrepresentation, smacked too suggestively of protection—in short, the people would not stand it. Therefore it is abandoned and the country diagnoses the process as about as naked a bit of electioneering as was ever perpetrated. The truth probably is that neither the moderate free-traders nor the moderate protectionists have the courage of their opinions or even of their hopes.

But there is one man who has both—Mr. Chamberlain; and Mr. Chamberlain has come out flat-footed in favor of preferential treatment of the colonies. Unless I am wholly out of my reckoning, his speech of last Saturday turns a tremendous page not only in British fiscal policy, but in imperial relations. In it he spoke with all his usual lucidity, and more than his usual feeling, of the problems that lie ahead of the British Empire, and particularly of this problem of an imperial customs union. There were, he said, two alternatives, either (1) "to maintain in all its severity the interpretation—to my mind an entirely artificial and wrong interpretation—which has been placed upon the doctrine of free trade by a small remnant of Little-Englanders in the Manchester school; in which case we shall be absolutely precluded from giving any kind of preference or favor to our colonies"; or (2) "to insist that we will not be bound by any purely technical definition of free trade, that we will recover our freedom, resume our power of negotiation, and, if necessary, retaliation, whenever our own interests or our relations between our colonies and ourselves are threatened by other people." It was on this issue, he hinted, that the government would appeal to the country at the next general election. If so, there cannot, in the present fervor of imperialism, be much doubt as to the result. There is a good deal of virtue in a phrase; and England, though she may never abandon free trade in name, will quite readily adopt "preferential treatment" in fact.

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The Battle of Monmouth

By Will Carleton

June 28, 1778

From a Poem read at the Celebration of the 125th Anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth, held on the Field, at Freehold, N. J., June 27, 1903

June 28, 1903

AGAIN to-day are the Jersey pines
Made dark by the glitter of Clinton's lines:
Through marsh and valley, o'er hill and plain,
And green-flagged meadow and waving grain,
From southern river to northern bay,
Twelve miles of soldiery wends its way.
Heroes of many a conquered clime;
  Cavalry, cannon, and grenadiers;
Their general strong in his hardy prime—
  A veteran, even at forty years.

Another line—a patriot band—
Have waited for sunrise to storm the land:
Not men who with mischief only to do,
Have fed and fattened the winter through;
Not men who have lounged on flowery tracks—
A rich old nation behind their backs;
But men who have frozen and starved their way
Through many a winter night and day;
And men who suffered that those at home
Might live in peace through the years to come;
And men that would die with a cheerful smile,
If but their country could live meanwhile.
No ribbons nor orders nor medals have they;
  No tinsel to capture the dazzled sight;
Their flag is their pillar of cloud by day,
  Their faith is their pillar of fire by night.

The lines have met!—the duel is on,
Ere high in the sky is the Sabbath sun!
And Dickinson's guns, no longer mute,
Have given the visitors rough salute.
They fall on the foe with patriot zeal,
And bullet to bullet and steel to steel,
Take place of the morning bells of prayer
On the startled hush of the sacred air.

But what can a band of true men do,
If he who commands them prove untrue?
And how can a loyal fight be made,
If under the rule of a renegade?
O wise psychologists, picture me
The heart, that day, of General Lee!
Patriot or hireling, or hero, or knave?
American warrior, or British slave?
Or did his strangeness, leaping design,
Pass o'er insanity's border-line?

But students of souls, waste not an hour,
  Waste not a minute, in telling me
The heart of that man, of godlike power,
  Who met and swore at General Lee!
He met that breeder of dangerous fright,
Who held that Americans could not fight,
Leading the legions toward despair,
And cursed him handsomely then and there.
The accusing angel was not loath
To take heaven's chancery that honest oath:
He did not blush as he gave it in:
The godly purpose wiped out the sin.
Perhaps when his ear a moment caught
  That solemn outburst of heart and brain,
The recording angel simply thought
  That not to have sworn would have been profane.
O fields of battle, by patriots' blood
  Made bright on this happy summer day,
You gleam still brighter in glory's flood
  Because our Washington passed this way!

No longer led by a uniformed doubt,
  But a man they love and know,
The patriot columns wheel about,
  And savagely face the foe.
Now unto the monster Strife again
  This Sabbath day is wed,
And churches are full of wounded men,
  And pale unfuneralled dead;
Now, women with homes from tyrants free,
  And angels in homes above,
Look sharp through the smoke-stained air, and see
  Men fight for the homes they love!

What boy is this—with a face as bright
  As the morning's freshly opened flowers,
Who fought with Lee for a chance to fight,
  Through all those terrible morning hours?
Oh, who, as our hosts once more advance,
  For a moment can forget
The lad that came from the land of France—
  The marvellous La Fayette?
Right well did the fates his mission know:
He was born a noble, and doubly so!
He left his wife and fortune and kin,
  For that which he deemed the right;
He followed the banner and helped it win,
  Through many a glorious fight.
Not yet at manhood's earliest age
He turned this history's glowing page;
For half a century still was he
  To live for his race: with heart and hands,
Both sides of the proud applauding sea,
  He fought for the two republic lands—
France and America: now the ones
Under the eastern and western suns,
Which still are striving to teach the world
That men with liberty's flag unfurled
Can govern themselves, with no such thing
As feeble aid from an unsought king.

What woman is this of the saving craft,
  With flashing and handsome eyes?
She brings to the soldiers the cooling draught,
  Till her husband falls and dies,
And then, with sorrow and rage and pride,
She loads the cannon, that corpse beside,
And she, the woman of loving heart,
Who, acting a woman's gentler part,
Brought fragments of heaven from the brook's clear well,
Now turns and gives the enemy—shell
And shot, and powder, and all the woe
That woman can fling at a hated foe.

Mad Anthony Wayne, to judge by the way
You fought, you were mad indeed, that day:
Foaming to fight when once let free
From the prison-squad of the laggard Lee,
Though happily under that same poltroon
You did good work in the afternoon!
Again in the hot strife you are seen,
Brave Knox and Hamilton—Scott and Green;
And Monckton—bravest of honest foes—
Shall still on the field of his fame repose;
Again we meet you with tearful smile,
O men of the patriot rank and file,
That carved for their country a bloody track,
And beat the army of Clinton back,
And pounded him all the afternoon
Until he "skipped by the light of the moon,"
And after that new moon long had set,
Was skipping away from danger yet!

Our army slept in the sultry air:
And the crescent moon looked on them there,
Emblem of growth—and prophesied
  The growth of our nation yet to be—
For which those patriots fought and died—
  The nation they made for you and me.
Oh, long shall this shaft of glory tell
The deeds of the men who fought so well!
And long may it mark the friendship taught
'Twixt two great nations that twice have fought,
And felt a truth that has oft been shown—
That each is safer if left alone.

O dead of the nations, doubly blessed,
  Reach upward and clasp your spectre hands,
And pray that God's good blessings rest
  On both of the English-speaking lands!

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Books and Bookmen

TIME was when the literature of America was the literature of New England. Even to-day the writers in America whose work is distinctive are of New England, with the exception of Mr. James Lane Allen and, one might add, Mr. H. B. Fuller if he were still writing. There never was a period of greater literary activity and intellectual stir than the present; from all quarters of the United States authors are busy in the making, and the "noise of pens writing" fills the air like the sound of a buzz-saw. But when we look for that note of distinction in our literature which is the mark of the master, the countersign of the artist, with few exceptions we shall find it solely in the work of New England writers. Talk to English critics about American authors, and the names that come most readily to their lips are William Dean Howells, Mary E. Wilkins, Sara Orne Jewett and James Lane Allen among the living. In this respect New England shares with old England the classic spirit and form of literary art. The greatest American novel yet written is *The Scarlet Letter*, measured by the English perspective, and next to that comes Miss Wilkins's *Pembroke* and Mr. Howells's *The Lady of the Aroostook*, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, and *A Modern Instance*. It takes a long time before the impulse that is behind expression resolves itself into perfect artistic form. It is style that gives the final touch to literary art, and stamps it with immortality.

Of living New England writers it seems to us that the work of Miss Alice Brown has not yet been fully appreciated and recognized. First of all a poet, tingling with the rapture and lyric joy of the country, she came to the writing of prose by devious ways. *The Road to Castally* gave her high rank among American poets. *Meadow-Grass* was her first attempt at fiction, and, like *Tiverton Tales*, is a volume of short stories which let in more sunshine and happy humor into the grim lives of the New England folk as Miss Wilkins had portrayed them. *By Oak and Thorn* was a series of charming papers on English outdoor life, the fruit of a tramping-tour through English byways and hedgerows in the company of her intimate friend, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney. Her first novel, *The Day of His Youth*, was a poetic fancy wrought out with distinctive grace and literary power, but infirm and unconvincing in psychology and creative imagination. It was, at best, the novel of a graceful writer and a poetic mind. Two novels followed, in which Miss Brown strengthened her sinews and gathered force and grasp in creating character and welding it to the destined ends of the story—dramatic power and execution subordinating pictorial writing and poetic fancy to the more immediate and essential needs of the novel.

In *The Mannerings*, her latest novel, recently published, she has given us her best work, and a glance back at *Meadow-Grass* will show the observant and critical reader how far she has travelled since then. In none of her novels has she reached such a height of imagination; into none has she breathed such a power of vital intensity, such a sense of reality and impending drama. One reads for the sake of the deep human interest of the story, and again for the poetic feeling and noble distinction of style that dwell in an air of quiet beauty. There are the aloofness, the restraint, the austerity that belong to the impersonal quality of genius, a quality that isolates her work only to bring it the closer, more intimately within the ken of the initiate. Miss Brown has shown a wonderful divination of woman's nature in *The Mannerings*, and the disclosure is as poignant and penetrating as life itself. It is full of a wise and discerning sympathy and understanding of a woman's heart, the tragedy of her history in little. There are three women in the book, diverse in temperament and feeling, seeking after the ideal, as such women do, with passionate and unfulfilled longing, each in the end chastened to the practical level upon which alone the soul with its hunger and striving after the unattainable can mount within sight and reach of human realization of the ideal. In Katharine's case it is the rebellious straining of a proud and independent spirit at the bonds of an uncongenial marriage; in Natalie's it is the heartbreak of a tender, all-loving nature that hides itself like a wounded creature of the woods when love has deserted her; in Elinor's it is the struggle against giving her love to a man who cannot love her to the height and fulness of her dream. There is a passage in which Madam Walsingham, the grandmother of Natalie,—a brave old figure who has weathered the storm, but wears the brunt of it—philosophizes in grim retrospection, and epitomizes the tragic elements of the story:

Madam Walsingham got up, and pushed back her chair. "I am tired of the hunger of women," she said, still as if she had no auditor. "They agonize and dream and agonize again for one thing—to be loved. They dream a dream about love, and they find it, and it is never like the dream. And then they go to sleep, and dream the dream all over."

"What do you want us to do?" asked Natalie, in a voice that held a cry.

"I want you to take the world as men take it: see how good it is, work a little, play a little, and keep down hunger. . . . I want you to be wise. We live like children until it is too late. We are at the mercy of our emotions, and we call our emotions sacred. We might as well call a drifting leaf sacred because the wind hurries it. What you feel, my dear, is the awful remnant of strength you were meant to put into bearing children and being patient with them. Put it into other things. Work, play. When you come to my time, don't be burnt out with futile fires. . . . And yet there is something better. The incredible thing is always true. *Credo quia impossibile est*. The one way is the way that woman Elinor has found."

"What is the way?"

"It is the way that has given that woman her look, as if she wore a halo. She is starved, like the rest of you, but she feeds on something else. She has submitted to something, and it feeds her."

The hidden tragedy of womanhood enters into the very fibre of the book, but we would not have the reader understand that this is a sad or tragic tale. It has a spirit of companionship, a joy in human life, a pleasure in nature, a large compassion, and a belief in human happiness in spite of human weakness and errancy which comfort and inspire and yield the deepest satisfaction. *The Mannerings* deserves a wide reading, and we heartily and unreservedly recommend it to all readers who want a strong absorbing love-story and who care for genuine literature. Miss Brown's next novel, by the way, will begin to appear serially in the August number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is entitled *Judgment*, the scene is New England, and curiously enough this story also is concerned with three women. It is the most dramatic work Miss Brown has done, and will probably do more to strengthen her reputation than anything she has yet written, as it is of a nature to widen her audience and increase her popularity.

It must be six years ago that we read *Mademoiselle de Berny*, and since then we have followed the career of the author with interest through her successive books, *Ye Lyttle Salem Maide*, *A Georgian Actress*, *The Washingtonians* and now *The Voice in the Desert*. Her latest book which is her best, and was but recently published, was not inappropriately named by her at first *The Eternities*. Nowhere, perhaps, do the eternal verities press on human consciousness as in the vast spaces that lie between earth and sky in the solitudes of the desert, and the scene of this story is laid in the little town of Sahuaro, where "the desert air, wonderful, dry, life-giving, swayed the palms and pepper-trees" and "stirred the road into miniature sand-whirls, and blew soft into the faces of the people." Twice a day the great Overland arrived, "rushing into the little station like a black monster, puffing and steaming, its red eye blazing," then swept on "from out the warmly pulsating little town into the desolate waste of sand, of cacti, of barren mountains." Here the lonely drama of a woman's pent-up passionate life is lived, gathering into its vortex the lives of the shy recluse and scholarly clergyman, her husband, of Trent, her former lover in the years gone by, and the beautiful girl, Yucca. Nothing Pauline Bradford Mackie has written is at once so ambitious and so high and noble an achievement as *The Voice in the Desert*. Gifted with fine sensibilities and quick sympathy, she always invests whatever story she may write with a warm feeling of life and a rare human interest. Her sympathy, indeed, is her most vital gift. So intense and alive is this quality in her that it is apt to make a partisan of her and to blind her to reality when the issues of life are ruled by an inexorable fate that can only lead to tragic results—as errant a tendency in fiction as in biography when truth to life is sacrificed for dramatic effect. There is no lack of sincerity in this, as a rule, when the writer is a woman; it is the natural shrinking of the feminine mind from the irony and cruelty of life. So naked and aware are the sincerity and simplicity of purpose in *The Voice in the Desert*, so vivid and appealing its sense of reality as imaged forth by the author that almost she persuades us of the truth of her story. At least half of the book goes unfalteringly and you can foresee the end; it must end in catastrophe. But no, the author has predestined her characters to happiness, and so she plays with them to fashion them to her ends, and while the story goes on and closes as agreeably as a fairy-tale, and no doubt pleases the majority of readers, it does not ring true to life as we have observed and learned it. But there is unmistakably a voice in the desert as we hear it, ominous and sad and tragic; it has not escaped the author's imagination, for she makes us feel it—something beautiful and terrible, something that lingers like a haunting dread. The book has power and vision and a sense of life's tragedy, and in turning these to ends of peace and happiness that seem alien to the drama and its inherent consequences the author has but obeyed her impulses and, one must confess, contributed to the pleasure of the greater number. The author who still retains her maiden name on the title-page is the wife of Mr. Herbert Müller Hopkins, whose first novel, *The Fighting Bishop* made an impression when it was published a year ago. For some years his name has been familiar to magazine readers as a poet of exquisite lyric beauty and feeling. Both these young authors have aroused the hope and expectation that they will do stronger and more mature work as their gifts ripen and as experience fortifies and enriches their intellectual resources.

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Correspondence

THE OSAKA EXHIBITION

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—With the St. Louis Exposition nearing completion, it would no doubt be of unusual interest, to those who have heard so much of Japan and its progressive people, to learn something of the Osaka Exhibition, which was opened to the public on March 1 of this year. To those who have visited the Paris, Chicago, and Buffalo expositions the Osaka Exhibition will appear extremely small, but when it is taken into consideration that Japan is comparatively very young in the line of industries and manufactures, the extent of the undertaking and the undoubted success of the exhibition are most surprising, and a credit to all concerned.

The site of the exhibition is Imamiya, on the outskirts of Osaka city, being considerably over 100,000 *tsubo* (1 *tsubo* equals 36 square feet), fully double the size of the last exhibition at Kyoto in 1895. Osaka was ably chosen for the exhibition, not only for its accessible position, but because the city is, and will always be, with its enterprise and its population of nearly a million people, the most important business and manufacturing centre of Japan.

The exhibition was supposed to have been completed on March 1, but what exhibition is on time? To those who visited the grounds a week before the date set for the opening it would have appeared impossible, but the manner in which at the last moment matters were rushed to some sort of completion was little short of marvellous. The Emperor opened the exhibition in person on April 20, before the ministers of state, governors, foreign representatives, commissioners, exhibitors, and a large concourse of prominent people. Although brief, the ceremony was well arranged and impressive, the Emperor from his throne in the Ceremonial Hall, built specially for the occasion, expressing his satisfaction at the wonderful progress made, the success of the undertaking, and the presence, for the first time, of exhibits from foreign countries. In erecting a special building for the foreign exhibitors, the people seem to imagine that it is the first step towards a universal fair which they are aspiring to have at some future day, though whether their hopes in this respect will ever be realized is rather open to doubt.

The visitor from abroad will perhaps expect to see on all sides quaint gardens, specimens of so-called Japanese architecture everywhere, bevies of beautiful girls in the artistic *kimono*, and, in the way of amusements, jugglers and conjurors. If this is the expectation, and a natural one, the visitor will be sadly disappointed. In the first place, the buildings are all of foreign architecture, of the wood-and-plaster temporary type seen at all exhibitions, though there are a few native restaurants and one typical tea house and garden. But you would have to hunt for them, as the whole aspect is foreign from the time you enter the huge and artistically foreign entrance gate. The Japanese crave after foreign ideas, and to them native buildings would have been disappointing and non-progressive. Even the girls in the different buildings seem different, attempts at modernizing in a way the national dress making it anything but artistic. If the buildings for the Japanese exhibits had been purely Japanese, and foreign architecture been confined to the special buildings for foreign exhibitors, the whole would have appeared far more effective and typical of the country, although one cannot help but recognize and admire the progress which is shown by their desire to emulate foreign ideas. Even the amusements are new and non-Japanese, with the exception, perhaps, of one native theatre. A water-chute is taking immensely with the people, as is an American merry-go-round, while the enthusiasm shown over a specially imported American serpentine dancer (Carmencella) is fast putting money into the pockets of the syndicate that was clever enough to think of amusing the novel-loving Oriental with foreign dancing. This is all there is in the way of side-shows, for, unlike the Buffalo and other expositions with their superabundance of amusements, the Osaka Exhibition is purely and simply an exhibition, and not a conglomeration of frivolity.

The ticket of admission is only five *sen* (2½ cents of our money), an absurdly low price; two tickets are required on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays. The prospect from the entrance is a fine one, and could have been even beautiful had there been more attempts to beautify the grounds with gardens and trees. The exhibition buildings are ranged around the four sides of a sort of quadrangle, in the centre of which is an electric fountain,—pretty to see especially at night, but, on account of the scarcity of water, not entirely a success. The main buildings comprise the Fine Arts, crowning the hill at the head of the quadrangle; the Industries and Educational on one side; the Agricultural, Fishery, Machinery, Communication and Transportation, and what is peculiarly called the Foreign Samples Building. Then, of course, there are a good many special structures of different native and foreign firms who could not be accommodated with space in the main buildings, restaurants and beer-halls galore, besides other smaller money-making ventures too numerous to mention. The grounds at first were rather in an impassable condition, but the ample covering of loose gravel, when worn in by the daily thousands, gave the grounds a neat appearance,—a creditable transformation from former paddy-fields. In the buildings there has been no visible attempt at classification, the exhibits of the different industries in the Japanese portions being arranged in a bewildering mass. It is the same in the Foreign Samples Building, where the latest in collar buttons is exhibited next to a piece of machinery, and so on. The Osaka Exhibition is entirely a government affair, the construction amount being *yen* 1,093,973, considerably more than was granted for the last Kyoto exhibition, which was *yen* 443,303. The forty-seven prefectures of Japan represented in the different buildings have each contributed *yen* 20,000. The Japanese exhibits in the huge main building are so numerous that it would take fully a week to view them with any degree of thoroughness. Each case shows clearly what *ken* (province) the exhibits are from, while banners and flags of varied hues are hung from every available space. Some of the interior decorations are most unique and artistic. Samples of Japan's rice, silk, and every other conceivable article of her industries are displayed in one endless array. It is impossible to describe the countless articles or even give one an idea of the display. Porcelains, satsumas, silks and velvets, an infinite variety of metal ware, lacquer, ivories, from sardines in tins to Japanese-made cigars and sporting-rifles—all form part of a bewildering mass of Japan's industries that can only confuse the visitor from abroad. Every bit of the exhibition is interesting, but the interest is hard to maintain, owing to the unsystematic arrangement.

The Osaka Exhibition is a little world in itself, and the Japanese are justly proud of its undoubted success. The average number of visitors daily ranges from thirty to forty thousand. On certain nights in the week the main buildings are illuminated with hundreds of electric lights, and, with bands playing, the scene is brilliant and gay. The Japanese government is intending to have an elaborate display at the St. Louis Exposition, without question the best Japan has ever made at an international fair. The government has decided upon an appropriation of about $400,000, which will enable the country to make a most comprehensive and interesting exhibit.

I am, sir,

CHARLES HASTINGS THORN.

THE WEEKLY FOR NEXT WEEK

THIS issue will be dated July 4, and will be on the news-stands July 1. One of the important features will be the reproduction of a hitherto unpublished miniature of George Washington, painted from life by John Trumbull, whose "Signing of the Declaration of Independence" and "Surrender of Cornwallis," now in the Capitol at Washington, are among the best-known Colonial paintings. W. D. Howells writes on the "Diversions of the Higher Journalist"; Morgan Robertson contributes a short story called the "Sleep-walker"; Sydney Brooks sends an entertaining letter on Americans in London, showing how they are really Americanizing the city.

These are only a few of the features of an interesting number.

ON THE NEWS-STANDS JULY 1

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Finance

It was natural that after an almost uninterrupted decline for weeks, security prices should break sharply, and that with the break the downward movement should culminate, at least for the time being. It was a long time in coming, so long, indeed, that the financial community was alarmed. A wave of pessimism swept over the entire body of "ticker-watchers" and the violent break merely reflected their feelings which, as usual, became gloomier as prices touched lower levels. The decline, however, attracted investment-buying by the shrewder or the more courageous part of the public, as well as by those strong financial interests whose non-resistance to the fall in values for weeks past had awakened widespread suspicion of their inability to check the decline. Their indisposition to do so had been evident throughout. It may be true, as reported, that certain "financial troubles" known to Wall Street's inner circle were settled on the very day the market was weakest. It is far likelier that prices were so low as to invite discriminating buying, or that had the movement not been checked by heavy purchases a serious panic could not have been averted. At all events, with the heavy buying came the cessation of the liquidation and the downward movement ended. From the very low level reached a rebound in prices was inevitable. They rallied sharply. At this writing, however, the market has developed the "drooping" tendency that is noted after the first sharp break and the ensuing recoil.

Railroad earnings, it must be admitted, keep up amazingly. Even the undoubtedly heavy flood damages thus far have been unable to keep the earnings from showing increases over last year. The government crop report showed a better outlook, for very large winter and spring wheat crops than had been expected, but corn is so late in the planting that estimates are impossible; and the country must wait some months before it can judge whether the general prosperity is to last another year. There are not lacking indications that the trade expansion is halting, contributory causes being the labor troubles, higher wages, and increased cost of commodities and materials. But, obviously, there is nothing in the commercial or industrial situation at the moment, or distinctly in sight, to justify a bear market in stocks which have fallen from 20 to 100 points in a few months.

At the same time, the recent talk, unfounded though it may have been, of this or the other great operator being in financial straits, and the acknowledged non-success of several of the later promotions and underwriting syndicates have not been calculated to inspire confidence to a public already suffering from an excess of securities new and old. Such disclosures, for example, as have been made in connection with the "Shipyard Combine" are bound to affect sentiment unfavorably. The questions which the public at large asks are precisely the questions which promoters will be the last to answer. Great sins have been committed, and the day of reckoning cannot be put off forever by the financial sinners. The public, made enormously rich by the amazing prosperity and development of the country, went stock-mad two years ago. Advantage was taken of the clamoring demand for securities by great financiers. At first the promotions were not glaringly wicked. But it was too rich a mine not to tempt less scrupulous "plungers," and the overcreation of securities and insecurities followed. One feature stands out prominently: In nearly all cases, the promoters depended upon the public's speculative proclivities for their market. Stocks have been brought out which represented little or no real value, and by skilful manipulation in the stock-market have been unloaded on the public. The later enterprise being confronted by the condition of excessive supply of new and inflated securities, came a cropper, deservedly. The arguments once so potent to make buyers, were unavailing. The colossal "paper profits" of underwriters and wholesale vendors vanished, just as two years ago their predecessors grew rich over night.

A condition of affairs has been created for which these excesses of promotion are responsible. The money of the country is held by the people of moderate means. They have deposited it in savings-banks and trust companies, getting a low rate of interest on it, because they are mortally afraid of securities paying dividends amounting to twice or three times what the savings-bank deposit yields. The "rich men" have property and securities, but very little cash. The effect of this virtual locking up of money by the people at large is bad. It retards the legitimate development of the country, which would be greater did it have the aid of the public's capital. The trouble has been that too much of the public's money has gone into the pockets of the original vendors, the promoters, and the underwriters, instead of going into the properties itself. It would, therefore, seem as though the time had come for the exercise of financial virtue. It will pay to be honest with the public. An interesting departure has been made by an industrial company. There is not the slightest intention of "booming" the enterprise in question, whose success depends upon the skill and commercial sagacity of the managers, and the quality of the goods manufactured by them. But there is no question that the method of organization and financing is in every way commendable, and that no personal profit can be made by the promoters, unless the public investing in it have first profited. The company was organized by the Corporations' Organization. It was done legally, in conformity with existing laws, without the necessity of securing new legislation. Then the stock which the public was asked to buy was placed under the trusteeship of a reputable trust company. Every cent paid in must be spent upon the property, and the stockholders are protected by a contract between the company and each of them—individual contracts which can not be overthrown by any court or legislative body. They are inviolable. The money goes direct from the public to the trust company to be used as stated. There is no unloading to do, no buying of stock from promoters, no "watering" and triplicate profits. The Audit Company is auditor, and must audit all accounts and prepare statements that go to all the stockholders from time to time, showing exactly how the directors are spending the money deposited by the public with the trust company.

Every protection has been secured for the investing public. Only the preferred stock is sold. The common is held by the promoters of the company. The president and vice-president receive no salaries until the preferred has paid dividends at the rate fixed, and all net earnings will be equally divided between the preferred and common stocks, the former, which the public has bought, having priority of lien and preferential claims upon the company's assets. The profits of the promoters are absolutely dependent upon the success of the enterprise. There is a premium placed upon intelligence, and there can be no question as to honesty, since nothing else is possible under the safeguards provided. Theft by individual employees is possible. But it is possible in banks, in government departments, and in every institution in which human beings are employed. But there can be no financial excesses, no juggling of capital. "Honest promotion" sounds curious in Wall Street just now. But it ought to pay well.

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WM. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Cashier

CONDENSED STATEMENT
DECEMBER 1, 1902

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts . . .	$22,821,102.41
Due from Banks	1,809,133.52
Banking Houses and Lots .	1,524,792.96
Bonds, Stocks, etc.	1,024,125.34
Cash and c'ks on other Banks	9,386,664.23
	$36,565,818.54

LIABILITIES

Capital, Surplus, and Undivided Profits	$5,216,107.76
Deposits subject to Check .	31,349,710.78
	$36,565,818.54

How To Keep Household Accounts

By Chas. Waldo Haskins

Late Dean of the School of Accountancy, New York University

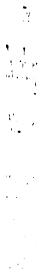
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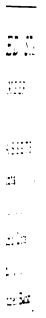
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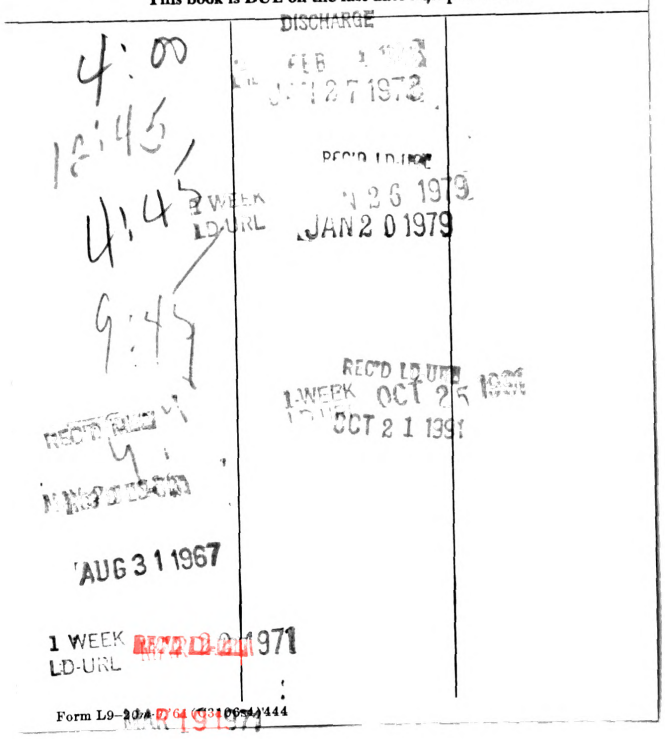


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